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WITH

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

OF

SCOTT'S WORKS;

BEING VOL. II. OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN,
BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR,
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TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

SECOND SERIES.

THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

Ahora bien, dijo el Cura, traedlos, señor huésped, aquesos libros, que los quiero ver. Que me respondió él, y entrando en su aposento, sacó dél una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y a dola, halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.—Don Qu

Parte I. Capitulo 32.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see. With all my heart, answered the host; and going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloak-bag a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes and some manuscript written in a fine character.—Jarvis's *Translation*.

INTRODUCTION TO THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

The author has stated in the preface to the Chronicles of the Canongate, 1827, that he received from an anonymous correspondent an account of the incident upon which the following story is founded. He is now at liberty to say, that the information was conveyed to him by a late amiable and ingenious lady, whose wit and power of remarking and judging of character still survive in the memory of her friends. Her maiden name was Miss Helen Lawson, of Girthhead, and she was wife of Thomas Goldie, Esq., of Craigmuie, Commissary of Dumfries.

Her communication was in these words:

"I had taken for summer lodgings a cottage near the old Abbey of Lincluden. It had formerly been inhabited by a lady who had pleasure in embellishing cottages, which she found perhaps homely and even poor enough; mine therefore possessed many marks of taste and elegance unusual in this species of habitation in Scotland, where a cottage is literally what its name declares.

"From my cottage door I had a partial view of the old Abbey before mentioned; some of the highest arches were seen over, and some through, the trees scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all those old ashes accorded wonderfully well with the building they at once shaded and ornamented.

"The Abbey itself from my door was almost on a level with the cottage, but on coming to the end of the lane, it was discovered to be situated on a high perpendicular bank, at the foot of which run the clear waters of the Cluden, where they hasten to join the sweeping Nith,

'Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.'

As my kitchen and parlour were not very far distant, I one day went in to purchase some chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. It was a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood, tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent; I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, &c.

"She said that in winter she footed stockings, that is, knit feet to country people's stockings, which bears about the same relation to stocking-knitting that cobbling does to shoe-making, and is of course both less profitable and less dignified; she likewise taught a few children to read, and in summer she whiles reared a few chickens.

"I said I could venture to guess from her face she had never been married. She laughed heartily at this, and said, 'I maun hae the queerest face that ever was seen, that ye could guess that. Now, do tell me, madam, how ye cam to think sae?' I told her it was from her cheerful disengaged countenance. She said, 'Mem, have ye na far mair reason to be happy than me, wi' a gude husband and a fine family o' bairns, and plenty o' every thing? for me, I'm the puirest o' a' puir bodies, and can hardly contrive to keep mysell alive in a' the wee bits o' ways I hae tell't ye.' After some more conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the old woman's sensible conversation, and the *naïveté* of her remarks, she rose to go away, when I asked her name. Her countenance suddenly clouded, and she said gravely, rather colouring, 'My name is Helen Walker; but your husband kens weel about me.'

"In the evening I related how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was extraordinary in the history of the poor woman. Mr ——— said, there were perhaps few more remarkable people than Helen Walker. She had been left an orphan, with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, and who was educated and maintained by her exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, therefore, it will not be easy to conceive her feelings, when she found that this only sister must be tried by the laws of her country for child-murder, and upon being called as principal witness against her. The counsel for the prisoner told Helen, that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, that such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen said, 'It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood; and, whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience.'

"The trial came on, and the sister was found guilty and condemned; but, in Scotland, six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution, and Helen Walker availed herself of it. The very day of her sister's condemnation, she got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and that very night set out on foot to London.

"Without introduction or recommendation, with her simple (perhaps ill-expressed) petition, drawn up by some inferior clerk of the court, she presented herself, in her tartan plaid and country attire, to the late Duke of Argyle, who immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, and Helen returned with it, on foot, just in time to save her sister.

"I was so strongly interested by this narrative, that I determined immediately to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to defer it till my return in spring, when the first walk I took was to Helen Walker's cottage.

"She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavoured to obtain some account of Helen from an old woman who inhabited the other end of her cottage. I inquired if Helen ever spoke of her past history, her *journey to London*, &c. 'Na,' the old woman said, '*Helen was a wily body, and whene'er ony o' the neebors asked any thing about it, she aye turned the conversation.*'

"In short, every answer I received only tended to increase my regret, and raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroic virtue."

This narrative was enclosed in the following letter to the author, without date or signature:—

"Sir,—The occurrence just related happened to me 26 years ago. Helen Walker lies buried in the churchyard of Irongray, about six miles from Dumfries. I once proposed that a small monument should have been erected to commemorate so remarkable a character, but I now prefer leaving it to you to perpetuate her memory in a more durable manner."

The reader is now able to judge how far the author has improved upon, or fallen short of, the pleasing and interesting sketch of high principle and steady affection displayed by Helen Walker, the prototype of the fictitious Jeanie Deans. Mrs. Goldie was unfortunately dead before the author had given his name to these volumes, so he lost all opportunity of thanking that lady for her highly valuable communication. But her daughter, Miss Goldie, obliged him with the following additional information.

"Mrs. Goldie endeavoured to collect further particulars of Helen Walker, particularly concerning her journey to London, but found this nearly impossible; as the natural dignity of her character, and a high sense of family respectability, made her so indissolubly connect her sister's disgrace with her own exertions, that none of her neighbours durst ever question her upon the subject. One old woman, a distant relation of Helen's, and who is still living, says she worked an harvest with her, but that she never ventured to ask her about her sister's trial, or her journey to London; 'Helen,' she added, 'was a lofty body, and used a high style o' language.' The same old woman says, that every year Helen received a cheese from her sister, who lived at Whitehaven, and that she always sent a liberal portion of it to herself or to her father's family. This fact, though trivial in itself, strongly marks the affection subsisting between the two sisters, and the complete conviction on the mind of the criminal, that her sister had acted solely from high principle, and not from any want of feeling, which another small but characteristic trait will further illustrate. A gentleman, a relation of Mrs. Goldie's, who happened to be travelling in the North of England, on coming to a small inn, was shown into the parlour by a female servant, who, after cautiously shutting the door, said, 'Sir, I'm Nelly Walker's sister.' Thus practically showing that she considered her sister as better known by her high conduct, than even herself by a different kind of celebrity.

"Mrs. Goldie was extremely anxious to have a tombstone and an inscription upon it, erected in Irongray churchyard; and if Sir Walter Scott will condescend to write the last, a little subscription could be easily raised in the immediate neighbourhood, and Mrs. Goldie's wish be thus fulfilled."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the request of Miss Goldie will be most willingly complied with, and without the necessity of any tax on the public. Nor is there much occasion to repeat how much the author conceives himself obliged to his unknown correspondent, who thus afforded him a theme affording such a pleasing view of the moral dignity of virtue, though unaided by birth, beauty, or talent. If the picture has suffered in the execution, it is from the failure of the author's powers to present in detail the same simple and striking portrait, exhibited in Mrs. Goldie's letter.

Abbotsford, *April* 1, 1830.

TO THE BEST OF PATRONS,

A PLEASED AND INDULGENT READER,

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM

WISHES HEALTH, AND INCREASE, AND CONTENTMENT.

Courteous Reader,

If ingratitude comprehendeth every vice, surely so foul a stain worst of all beseemeth him whose life has been devoted to instructing youth in virtue and in humane letters. Therefore have I chosen, in this prolegomenon, to unload my burden of thanks at thy feet, for the favour with which thou hast kindly entertained the Tales of my Landlord. Certes, if thou hast chuckled over their facetious and festivous descriptions, or hast thy mind filled with pleasure at the strange and pleasant turns of fortune which they record, verily, I have also simpered when I beheld a second story with attics, that has arisen on the basis of my small domicile at Gandercleugh, the walls having been aforehand pronounced by Deacon Barrow to be capable of enduring such an elevation. Nor has it been without delectation, that I have endued a new coat, (snuff brown, and with metal buttons) having all nether garments corresponding thereto. We do therefore lie, in respect of each other, under a reciprocation of benefits, whereof those received by me being the most solid, (in respect that a new house and a new coat are better than a new tale and an old song,) it is meet that my gratitude should be expressed with the louder voice and more preponderating vehemence. And how should it be so expressed?—Certainly not in words only, but in act and deed. It is with this sole purpose, and disclaiming all intention of purchasing that pendicle or poffle of land called the Carlinescroft, lying adjacent to my garden, and measuring seven acres, three roods, and four perches, that I have committed to the eyes of those who thought well of the former tomes, these four additional volumes of the Tales of my Landlord. Not the less, if Peter Prayfort be minded to sell the said poffle, it is at his own choice to say so; and, peradventure, he may meet with a purchaser: unless (gentle reader) the pleasing portraictures of Peter Pattieson, now given unto thee in particular, and unto the public in general, shall have lost them

favour in thine eyes, whereof I am no way distrustful. And so much confidence do I repose in thy continued favour, that, should thy lawful occasions call thee to the town of Gandercleugh, a place frequented by most at one time or other in their lives, I will enrich thine eyes with a sight of those precious manuscripts whence thou hast derived so much delectation, thy nose with a snuff from my mull, and thy palate with a dram from my bottle of strong waters, called, by the learned of Gandercleugh, the Dominie's Dribble o' Drink.

It is there, O highly esteemed and beloved reader, thou wilt be able to bear testimony, through the medium of thine own senses, against the children of vanity, who have sought to identify thy friend and servant with I know not what inditer of vain fables; who hath cumbered the world with his devices, but shrunken from the responsibility thereof. Truly, this hath been well termed a generation hard of faith; since what can a man do to assert his property in a printed tome, saving to put his name in the title-page thereof, with his description, or designation, as the lawyers term it, and place of abode? Of a surety I would have such sceptics consider how they themselves would brook to have their works ascribed to others, their names and professions imputed as forgeries, and their very existence brought into question; even although, peradventure, it may be it is of little consequence to any but themselves, not only whether they are living or dead, but even whether they ever lived or no. Yet have my maligners carried their uncharitable censures still further.

These cavillers have not only doubted mine identity, although thus plainly proved, but they have impeached my veracity and the authenticity of my historical narratives! Verily, I can only say in answer, that I have been cautelous in quoting mine authorities. It is true, indeed, that if I had hearkened with only one ear, I might have rehearsed my tale with more acceptation from those who love to hear but half the truth. It is, it may hap, not altogether to the discredit of our kindly nation of Scotland, that we are apt to take an interest, warm, yea partial, in the deeds and sentiments of our forefathers. He whom his adversaries describe as a perjured prelatist, is desirous that his predecessors should be held moderate in their power, and just in their execution of its privileges, when, truly, the unimpassioned peruser of the Annals of those times shall deem them sanguinary, violent, and tyrannical. Again, the representatives of the suffering nonconformists desire that their ancestors, the Cameronians, shall be represented not simply as honest enthusiasts, oppressed for conscience-sake, but persons of fine breeding, and valiant heroes. Truly, the historian cannot gratify these predilections. He must needs describe the cavaliers as proud and high-spirited, cruel, remorseless, and vindictive; the suffering party as honourably tenacious of their opinions under persecution; their own tempers being, however, sullen, fierce, and rude; their opinions absurd and extravagant, and their whole course of conduct that of persons whom hellebore would better have suited than prosecutions unto death for high-treason. Natheless, while such and so preposterous were the opinions on either side, there were, it cannot be doubted, men of virtue and worth on both, to entitle either party to claim merit from its martyrs. It has been demanded of me, Jedediah Cleishbotham, by what right I am entitled to constitute myself an impartial judge of their discrepancies of opinions, seeing (as it is stated) that I must necessarily have descended from one or other of the contending parties, and be, of course, wedded for better or for worse, according to the reasonable practice of Scotland, to its dogmata, or opinions, and bound, as it were, by the tie matrimonial, or, to speak without metaphor, *ex jure sanguinis*, to maintain them in preference to all others.

But, nothing denying the rationality of the rule, which calls on all now living to rule their political and religious opinions by those of their great-grandfathers, and inevitable as seems the one or the other horn of the dilemma betwixt which my adversaries conceive they have pinned me to the wall, I yet spy some means of refuge, and claim a privilege to write and speak of both parties with impartiality. For, O ye powers of logic! when the Prelatists and Presbyterians of old times went together by the ears in this unlucky country, my ancestor (venerated be his memory!) was one of the people called Quakers, and suffered severe handling from either side, even to the extenuation of his purse and the incarceration of his person.

Craving thy pardon, gentle Reader, for these few words concerning me and mine, I rest, as above expressed, thy sure and obligated friend,* J. C.

GANDERCLEUGH, *this 1st of April*, 1818.

* It is an old proverb, that "many a true word is spoken in jest." The existence of Walter Scott, third son of Sir William Scott of Harden, is instructed, as it is called, by a charter under the great seal. Domino Wilhelmo Scott de Harden Militi, et Waltero Scott suo filio legitimo tertio genito, terrarum de Roberton.* The munificent old gentleman left all his four sons considerable estates, and settled those of Eilrig and Raeburn, together with valuable possessions around Lessudden, upon Walter, his third son, who is ancestor of the Scotts of Raeburn, and of the Author of Waverley. He appears to have become a convert to the doctrine of the Quakers, or Friends, and a great assertor of their peculiar tenets. This was probably at the time when George Fox, the celebrated apostle of the sect, made an expedition into the south of Scotland about 1657, on which occasion he boasts, that "as he first set his horse's feet upon Scottish ground, he felt the seed of grace to sparkle about him like innumerable sparks of fire." Upon the same occasion, probably, Sir Gideon Scott of Highchester, second son of Sir William, immediate elder brother of Walter, and ancestor of the author's friend and kinsman, the present representative of the family of Harden, also embraced the tenets of Quakerism. This last convert, Gideon, entered into a controversy with the Rev. James Kirkton, author of the Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, which is noticed by my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in his valuable and curious edition of that work, 4to, 1817. Sir William Scott, eldest of the brothers, remained, amid the defection of his two younger brethren, an orthodox member of the Presbyterian Church, and used such means for reclaiming Walter of Raeburn from his heresy, as savoured far more of persecution than persuasion. In this he was assisted by MacDougal of Makerston, brother to Isabella MacDougal, the wife of the said Walter, and who like her husband, had conformed to the Quaker tenets.

The interest possessed by Sir William Scott and Makerston was powerful enough to procure the two following acts of the Privy Council of Scotland, directed against Walter of Raeburn as an heretic and convert to Quakerism, appointing him to be imprisoned first in Edinburgh jail, and then in that of Jedburgh, and his children to be taken by force from the society and direction of their parents, and educated at a distance from them, besides the assignment of a sum for their maintenance, sufficient in those times to be burdensome to a moderate Scottish estate.

"Apud Edin. vigesimo Junii 1665.

"The Lords of his Magesty's Privy Council having receaved information that Scott of Raeburn, and Isobel Mackdougall, his wife, being infected with the error of Quakerism, doe endeavour to breid and traine up William, Walter, and Isobel Scotts, their children, in the same profession, doe therefore give order and command to Sir William Scott of Harden, the said Raeburn's brother, to seperat and take away the saids children from the custody and society of the saids parents, and to cause educat and bring them up in his owne house, or any other convenient place, and ordaines letters to be direct at the said Sir William's instance against Raeburn, for a maintenance to the saids children, and that the said Sir Wm. give ane account of his diligence with all conveniency."

"Edinburgh, 5th July 1666.

"Anent a petition presented be Sir Wm. Scott of Harden, for himself and in name and behalf of the three children of Walter Scott of Raeburn, his brother, showing that the Lords of Councill, by ane act of the 22d day of Junii 1665, did grant power and warrand to the petitioner, to separat and take away Raeburn's children, from his family and education, and to breed them in some convenient place, where they might be free from all infection in their younger years, from the principalls of Quakerism, and, for maintenance of the saids children, did ordain letters to be direct against Raeburn; and, seeing the Petitioner, in obedience to the said order, did take away the saids children, being two sonnes and a daughter, and after some paines taken upon them in his owne family, hes sent them to the city of Glasgow, to be bread at schooles, and there to be principled with the knowledge of the true religion, and that it is necessary the Councill determine what shall be the maintenance for which Raeburn's three children may be charged, as likewise that Raeburn himself, being now in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where he dayley converses with all the Quakers who are prisoners there, and others who daily resort to them, whereby he is hardened in his pernitious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unlesse he be separat from such pernitious company, humbly therefore, desyring that the Councell might determine upon the soume of money to be payed be Raeburn, for the education of his children, to the petitioner, who will be countable therefore; and that, in order to his conversion, the place of his imprisonment may be changed. The Lords of his Maj. Privy Councell having at length heard and considered the foresaid petition, doe modifie the soume of two thousand pounds Scots, to be payed yearly at the terme of Whitsunday be the said Walter Scott of Raeburn, furth of his estate to the petitioner, for the entertainment and education of the said children, beginning the first termes payment therof at Whitsunday last for the half year preceding, and so furth yearly, at the said terme of Whitsunday in tym comeing till furder orders; and ordaines the said Walter Scott of Raeburn to be transported from the tolbooth of Edinburgh to the prison of Jedburgh, where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him. And to the effect he may be secured from the practice of other Quakers, the said Lords doe hereby discharge the magistrates of Jedburgh to suffer any persons suspect of these principles to have access to him; and in case any contraveen, that they secure ther persons till they be therfore punlest; and ordaines letters to be direct heirupon in form, as effeirs."

Both the sons, thus harshly separated from their father, proved good scholars. The eldest, William, who carried on the line of Raeburn, was, like his father, a deep Orientalist; the younger, Walter, became a good classical scholar, a great friend and correspondent of the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn, and a Jacobite so distinguished for zeal, that he made a vow never to shave his beard till the restoration of the exiled family. This last Walter Scott was the author's great-grandfather.

There is yet another link betwixt the author and the simple-minded and excellent Society of Friends, through a proselyte of much more importance than Walter Scott of Raeburn. The celebrated John Swinton of Swinton, sixth baron in descent of that ancient and once powerful family, was, with Sir William Lockhart of Lee, the person whom Cromwell chiefly trusted in the management of the Scottish affairs during his usurpation. After the Restoration, Swinton was devoted as a victim to the new order of things, and was brought down in the same vessel which conveyed the Marquis of Argyle to Edinburgh, where that nobleman was tried and executed. Swinton was destined to the same fate. He had assumed the habit, and entered into the society of the Quakers, and appeared as one of their number before the Parliament of Scotland. He renounced all legal defence, though several pleas were open to him, and answered, in conformity to the principles of his sect, that at the time these crimes were imputed to him, he was in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity; but that God Almighty having since called him to the light, he saw and acknowledged these errors, and did not refuse to pay the forfeit of them, even though, in the judgment of the Parliament, it should extend to life itself.

Respect to fallen greatness, and to the patience and calm resignation with which a man once in high power expressed himself under such a change of fortune, found Swinton friends; family connexions, and some interested considerations of Middleton the commissioner, joined to procure his safety, and he was dismissed, but after a long imprisonment, and much dilapidation of his estates. It is said, that Swinton's admonitions, while confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, had a considerable share in converting to the tenets of the Friends Colonel David Barclay, then lying there in garrison. This was the father of Robert Barclay, author of the celebrated Apology for the Quakers. It may be observed among the inconsistencies of human nature, that Kirkton, Wodrow, and other Presbyterian authors, who have detailed the sufferings of their own sect for non-conformity with the established church, censure the government of the time for not exerting the civil power against the peaceful enthusiasts we have treated of, and some express particular chagrin at the escape of Swinton. Whatever might be his motives for assuming the tenets of the Friends, the old man retained them faithfully till the close of his life.

Jean Swinton, grand-daughter of Sir John Swinton, son of Judge Swinton, as the Quaker was usually termed, was mother of Anne Rutherford, the author's mother.

And thus, as in the play of the Anti-Jacobin, the ghost of the author's grandmother having arisen to speak the Epilogue, it is full time to conclude, lest the reader should remonstrate that his desire to know the Author of Waverley never included a wish to be acquainted with his whole ancestry.

* See Douglas's Baronage, page 215.

THE

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

CHAPTER I.

BEING INTRODUCTORY.

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides. FRERE.

THE times have changed in nothing more (we follow as we were wont the manuscript of Peter Pattieson) than in the rapid conveyance of intelligence and communication betwixt one part of Scotland and another. It is not above twenty or thirty years, according to the evidence of many credible witnesses now alive, since a little miserable horse-cart, performing with difficulty a journey of thirty miles *per diem*, carried our mails from the capital of Scotland to its extremity. Nor was Scotland much more deficient in these accommodations, than our richer sister had been about eighty years before. Fielding, in his Tom Jones, and Farquhar, in a little farce called the Stage-Coach, have ridiculed the slowness of these vehicles of public accommodation. According to the latter authority, the highest bribe could only induce the coachman to promise to anticipate by half an hour the usual time of his arrival at the Bull and Mouth.

But in both countries these ancient, slow, and sure modes of conveyance, are now alike unknown: mail-coach races against mail-coach, and high-flyer against high-flyer, through the remote districts of Britain. And in our village alone, three post-coaches, and four coaches with men armed, and in scarlet cassocks, thunder through the streets each day, and rival in brilliancy and noise the invention of the celebrated tyrant:

Demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et cornipedum pulsu, simularat, equorum.

Now and then, to complete the resemblance, and to correct the presumption of the venturous charioteers, it does happen that the career of these dashing rivals of Salmoneus meets with as undesirable and violent a termination as that of their prototype. It is on such occasions that the Insides and Outsides, to use the apropriate vehicular phrases, have reason to rue the exchange of the slow and safe motion of the ancient Fly-coaches, which, compared with the chariots of Mr. Palmer, so ill deserve the name. The ancient vehicle used to settle quietly down, like a ship scuttled and left to sink by the gradual influx of the waters, while the modern is smashed to pieces with the velocity of the same vessel hurled against breakers, or rather with the fury of a bomb bursting at the conclusion of its career through the air. The late ingenious Mr. Pennant, whose humour it was to set his face in stern opposition to these speedy conveyances, had collected, I have heard, a formidable list of such casualties, which, joined to the imposition of innkeepers, whose charges the passengers had no time to dispute, the sauciness of the coachman, and the uncontrolled and despotic authority of the tyrant called the Guard, held forth a picture of horror, to which murder, theft, fraud, and peculation, lent all their dark colouring. But that which gratifies the impatience of the human disposition will be practised in the teeth of danger, and in defiance of admonition; and, in despite of the Cambrian antiquary, mail-coaches not only roll their thunders round the base of Penman-Maur and Cader-Edris, but

Frighted Skiddaw hears afar
The rattling of the unscythed car.

And perhaps the echoes of Ben-Nevis may soon be awakened by the bugle, not of a warlike chieftain, but of the guard of a mail-coach.

It was a fine summer day, and our little school had obtained a half holiday, by the intercession of a good-humoured visiter.* I expected by the coach a new number of an interesting periodical publication, and walked forward on the highway to meet it, with the impatience which Cowper has described as actuating the resident in the country when longing for intelligence from the mart of news:

———————"The grand debate,
The popular harangue,—the tart reply,—
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh,—I long to know them all;—
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance again."

It was with such feelings that I eyed the approach of the new coach, lately established on our road, and known by the name of the Somerset, which, to say the truth, possesses some interest for me, even when it conveys no such important information. The distant tremulous sound of its wheels was heard just as I gained the summit of the gentle ascent, called the Goslin-brae, from which you command an extensive view down the valley of the river Gander. The public road, which comes up the side of that stream, and crosses it at a bridge about a quarter of a mile from the place where I was standing, runs partly through enclosures and plantations, and partly through open pasture land. It is a childish amusement perhaps,—but my life has been spent with children, and why should not my pleasures be like theirs?—childish as it is then, I must own I have had great pleasure in watching the approach of the carriage, where the openings of the road permit it to be seen. The gay glancing of the equipage, its diminished and toy-like appearance at a distance, contrasted with the rapidity of its motion, its appearance and disappearance at intervals, and the progressively increasing sounds that announce its nearer approach, have all to the idle and listless spectator, who has nothing more important to attend to, something of awakening interest. The ridicule may attach to me, which is flung upon many an honest citizen, who watches from the window of his villa the passage of the stage-coach; but it is a very natural source of amusement notwithstanding, and many of those who join in the laugh are perhaps not unused to resort to it in secret.

On the present occasion, however, fate had decreed that I should not enjoy the consummation of the amusement by seeing the coach rattle past me as I sat on the turf, and hearing the hoarse grating voice of the guard as he skimmed forth for my grasp the expected packet, without the carriage checking its course for an instant. I had seen the vehicle thunder down the hill that leads to the bridge with more than its usual impetuosity, glittering all the while by flashes from a cloudy tabernacle of the dust which it had raised, and leaving a train behind it on the road resembling a wreath of summer mist. But it did not appear on the top of the nearer bank within the usual space of three minutes, which frequent observation had enabled me to ascertain was the medium time for crossing the bridge and mounting the ascent. When double that space had elapsed, I became alarmed, and walked hastily forward. As I came in sight of the bridge, the cause of delay was too manifest, for the Somerset had made a summerset in good earnest, and overturned so completely, that it was literally resting upon the ground, with the roof undermost, and the four wheels in the air. The "exertions of

* His Honour Gilbert Goslinn of Gandercleugh; for love to be precise in matters of importance.—J. C.

the guard and coachman," both of whom were gratefully commemorated in the newspapers, having succeeded in disentangling the horses by cutting the harness, were now proceeding to extricate the *insides* by a sort of summary and Cæsarean process of delivery, forcing the hinges from one of the doors which they could not open otherwise. In this manner were two disconsolate damsels set at liberty from the womb of the leathern conveniency. As they immediately began to settle their clothes, which were a little deranged, as may be presumed, I concluded they had received no injury, and did not venture to obtrude my services at their toilette, for which, I understand, I have since been reflected upon by the fair sufferers. The *outsides*, who must have been discharged from their elevated situation by a shock resembling the springing of a mine, escaped, nevertheless, with the usual allowance of scratches and bruises, excepting three, who, having been pitched into the river Gander, were dimly seen contending with the tide, like the relics of Æneas's shipwreck,—

Rari apparent nantes in gurgite vasto.

I applied my poor exertions where they seemed to be most needed, and with the assistance of one or two of the company who had escaped unhurt, easily succeeded in fishing out two of the unfortunate passengers, who were stout active young fellows; and but for the preposterous length of their great-coats, and the equally fashionable latitude and longitude of their Wellington trousers, would have required little assistance from any one. The third was sickly and elderly, and might have perished but for the efforts used to preserve him.

When the two great-coated gentlemen had extricated themselves from the river, and shaken their ears like huge water-dogs, a violent altercation ensued betwixt them and the coachman and guard, concerning the cause of their overthrow. In the course of the squabble, I observed that both my new acquaintances belonged to the law, and that their professional sharpness was likely to prove an over-match for the surly and official tone of the guardians of the vehicle. The dispute ended in the guard assuring the passengers that they should have seats in a heavy coach which would pass that spot in less than half an hour, providing it were not full. Chance seemed to favour this arrangement, for when the expected vehicle arrived, there were only two places occupied in a carriage which professed to carry six. The two ladies who had been disinterred out of the fallen vehicle were readily admitted, but positive objections were stated by those previously in possession to the admittance of the two lawyers, whose wetted garments being much of the nature of well-soaked spunges, there was every reason to believe they would refund a considerable part of the water they had collected, to the inconvenience of their fellow-passengers. On the other hand, the lawyers rejected a seat on the roof, alleging that they had only taken that station for pleasure for one stage, but were entitled in all respects to free egress and regress from the interior, to which their contract positively referred. After some altercation, in which something was said upon the edict *Nautæ, caupones, stabularii*, the coach went off, leaving the learned gentlemen to abide by their action of damages.

They immediately applied to me to guide them to the next village and the best inn; and from the account I gave them of the Wallace-Head, declared they were much better pleased to stop there than to go forward upon the terms of that impudent scoundrel the guard of the Somerset. All that they now wanted was a lad to carry their travelling bags, who was easily procured from an adjoining cottage; and they prepared to walk forward, when they found there was another passenger in the same deserted situation with themselves. This was the elderly and sickly-looking person, who had been precipitated into the river along with the two young lawyers. He, it seems, had been too modest to push his own plea against the coachman when he saw that of his betters rejected, and now remained behind with a look of timid anxiety, plainly intimating that he was deficient in those means of recommendation which are necessary passports to the hospitality of an inn.

I ventured to call the attention of the two dashing young blades, for such they seemed, to the desolate condition of their fellow-traveller. They took the hint with ready good-nature.

"O, true, Mr. Dunover," said one of the youngsters, "you must not remain on the pavé here; you must go and have some dinner with us—Halkit and I must have a post-chaise to go on, at all events, and we will set you down wherever suits you best."

The poor man, for such his dress, as well as his diffidence, bespoke him, made the sort of acknowledging bow by which says a Scotchman, "It's too much honour for the like of me;" and followed humbly behind his gay patrons, all three besprinkling the dusty road as they walked along with the moisture of their drenched garments, and exhibiting the singular and somewhat ridiculous appearance of three persons suffering from the opposite extreme of humidity, while the summer sun was at its height, and every thing else around them had the expression of heat and drought. The ridicule did not escape the young gentlemen themselves, and they had made what might be received as one or two tolerable jests on the subject before they had advanced far on their peregrination.

"We cannot complain, like Cowley," said one of them, "that Gideon's fleece remains dry, while all around is moist; this is the reverse of the miracle."

"We ought to be received with gratitude in this good town; we bring a supply of what they seem to need most," said Halkit.

"And distribute it with unparalleled generosity," replied his companion; "performing the part of three water-carts for the benefit of their dusty roads."

"We come before them, too," said Halkit, "in full professional force—counsel and agent"—

"And client," said the young advocate, looking behind him. And then added, lowering his voice, "that looks as if he had kept such dangerous company too long."

It was, indeed, too true, that the humble follower of the gay young men had the threadbare appearance of a worn-out litigant, and I could not but smile at the conceit, though anxious to conceal my mirth from the object of it.

When we arrived at the Wallace Inn, the elder of the Edinburgh gentlemen, and whom I understood to be a barrister, insisted that I should remain and take part of their dinner; and their inquiries and demands speedily put my landlord and his whole family in motion to produce the best cheer which the larder and cellar afforded, and proceed to cook it to the best advantage, a science in which our entertainers seemed to be admirably skilled. In other respects they were lively young men, in the hey-day of youth and good spirits, playing the part which is common to the higher classes of the law at Edinburgh, and which nearly resembles that of the young templars in the days of Steele and Addison. An air of giddy gayety mingled with the good sense, taste, and information which their conversation exhibited; and it seemed to be their object to unite the character of men of fashion and lovers of the polite arts. A fine gentleman, bred up in the thorough idleness and inanity of pursuit, which I understand is absolutely necessary to the character in perfection, might in all probability have traced a tinge of professional pedantry which marked the barrister in spite of his efforts and something of active bustle in his companion, ar would certainly have detected more than a fashio ble mixture of information and animated interes the language of both. But to me, who had no tensions to be so critical, my companions seemec form a very happy mixture of good-breeding and l ral information, with a disposition to lively r pun, and jest, amusing to a grave man, becaus what he himself can least easily command.

The thin pale-faced man, whom their good- had brought into their society, looked out of pl well as out of spirits; sate on the edge of hi and kept the chair at two feet distance from the thus incommoding himself considerably in cor

the victuals to his mouth, as if by way of penance for partaking of them in the company of his superiors. A short time after dinner, declining all entreaty to partake of the wine, which circulated freely round, he informed himself of the hour when the chaise had been ordered to attend; and saying he would be in readiness, modestly withdrew from the apartment.

"Jack," said the barrister to his companion, "I remember that poor fellow's face; you spoke more truly than you were aware of; he really is one of my clients, poor man."

"Poor man!" echoed Halkit—"I suppose you mean he is your one and only client?"

"That's not my fault, Jack," replied the other, whose name I discovered was Hardie. "You are to give me all your business, you know; and if you have none, the learned gentleman here knows nothing can come of nothing."

"You seem to have brought something to nothing though, in the case of that honest man. He looks as if he were just about to honour with his residence the Heart of Mid-Lothian."

"You are mistaken—he is just delivered from it.—Our friend here looks for an explanation. Pray, Mr. Pattieson, have you been in Edinburgh?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Then you must have passed, occasionally at least, though probably not so faithfully as I am doomed to do, through a narrow intricate passage, leading out of the north-west corner of the Parliament Square, and passing by a high and antique building, with turrets and iron grates,

> Making good the saying odd,
> Near the church and far from God"—

Mr. Halkit broke in upon his learned counsel, to contribute his moiety to the riddle—"Having at the door the sign of the Red Man"——

"And being on the whole," resumed the counsellor, interrupting his friend in his turn, "a sort of place where misfortune is happily confounded with guilt, where all who are in wish to get out"——

"And where none who have the good luck to be out, wish to get in," added his companion.

"I conceive you, gentlemen," replied I; "you mean the prison."

"The prison," added the young lawyer—"You have hit it,—the very reverend Tolbooth itself; and let me tell you, you are obliged to us for describing it with so much modesty and brevity; for with whatever amplifications we might have chosen to decorate the subject, you lay entirely at our mercy, since the Fathers Conscript of our city have decreed, that the venerable edifice itself shall not remain in existence to confirm or to confute us."

"Then the Tolbooth of Edinburgh is called the Heart of Mid-Lothian?" said I.

"So termed and reputed, I assure you."

"I think," said I, with the bashful diffidence with which a man lets slip a pun in the presence of his superiors, "the metropolitan county may, in that case, be said to have a sad heart."

"Right as my glove, Mr. Pattieson," added Mr. Hardie; "and a close heart, and a hard heart—Keep it up, Jack."

"And a wicked heart, and a poor heart," answered Halkit, doing his best.

"And yet it may be called in some sort a strong heart, and a high heart," rejoined the advocate. "You see I can put you both out of heart."

"I have played all my hearts," said the younger gentleman.

"Then we'll have another lead," answered his companion.—"And as to the old and condemned Tolbooth, what pity the same honour cannot be done to it as has been done to many of its inmates. Why should not the Tolbooth have its 'Last Speech, Confession, and Dying Words?' The old stones would be just as conscious of the honour as many a poor devil who has dangled like a tassel at the west end of it, while the hawkers were shouting a confession the culprit had never heard of."

"I am afraid," said I, "if I might presume to give my opinion, it would be a tale of unvaried sorrow and guilt."

"Not entirely, my friend," said Hardie; "a prison is a world within itself, and has its own business, griefs, and joys, peculiar to its circle. Its inmates are sometimes short-lived, but so are soldiers on service; they are poor relatively to the world without, but there are degrees of wealth and poverty among them, and so some are relatively rich also. They cannot stir abroad, but neither can the garrison of a besieged fort, or the crew of a ship at sea; and they are not under a dispensation quite so desperate as either, for they may have as much food as they have money to buy, and are not obliged to work whether they have food or not."

"But what variety of incident," said I, (not without a secret view to my present task,) "could possibly be derived from such a work as you are pleased to talk of?"

"Infinite," replied the young advocate. "Whatever of guilt, crime, imposture, folly, unheard-of misfortunes, and unlooked-for change of fortune, can be found to chequer life, my Last Speech of the Tolbooth should illustrate with examples sufficient to gorge even the public's all-devouring appetite for the wonderful and horrible. The inventor of fictitious narratives has to rack his brains for means to diversify his tale, and after all can hardly hit upon characters or incidents which have not been used again and again, until they are familiar to the eye of the reader, so that the development, *enlèvement*, the desperate wound of which the hero never dies, the burning fever from which the heroine is sure to recover, become a mere matter of course. I join with my honest friend Crabbe, and have an unlucky propensity to hope when hope is lost, and to rely upon the cork-jacket, which carries the heroes of romance safe through all the billows of affliction." He then declaimed the following passage, rather with too much than too little emphasis:

> "Much have I fear'd, but am no more afraid,
> When some chaste beauty, by some wretch betray'd,
> Is drawn away with such distracted speed,
> That she anticipates a dreadful deed.
> Not so do I—Let solid walls impound
> The captive fair, and dig a moat around;
> Let there be brazen locks and bars of steel,
> And keepers cruel, such as never feel;
> With not a single note the purse supply,
> And when she begs, let men and maids deny.
> Be windows there from which she dares not fall,
> And help so distant, 'tis in vain to call;
> Still means of freedom will some Power devise,
> And from the baffled ruffian snatch his prize."

"The end of uncertainty," he concluded, "is the death of interest; and hence it happens that no one now reads novels."

"Hear him, ye gods!" returned his companion. "I assure you, Mr. Pattieson, you will hardly visit this learned gentleman, but you are likely to find the new novel most in repute lying on his table,—snugly intrenched, however, beneath Stair's Institutes, or an open volume of Morrison's Decisions."

"Do I deny it?" said the hopeful jurisconsult, "or wherefore should I, since it is well known these Dalilahs seduce my wisers and my betters? May they not be found lurking amidst the multiplied memorials of our most distinguished counsel, and even peeping from under the cushion of a judge's arm-chair? Our seniors at the bar, within the bar, and even on the bench, read novels; and, if not belied, some of them have written novels into the bargain. I only say, that I read from habit and from indolence, not from real interest; that, like Ancient Pistol devouring his leek, I read and swear till I get to the end of the narrative. But not so in the real records of human vagaries—not so in the State Trials, or in the Books of Adjournal, where every now and then you read new pages of the human heart, and turns of fortune far beyond what the boldest novelist ever attempted to produce from the coinage of his brain."

"And for such narratives," I asked, "you suppose the history of the Prison of Edinburgh might afford appropriate materials?"

"In a degree unusually ample, my dear sir," said Hardie—"Fill your glass, however, in the mean while. Was it not for many years the place in which the Scottish parliament met? Was it not James's

place of refuge, when the mob, inflamed by a seditious preacher, broke forth on him with the cries of 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon—bring forth the wicked Haman?' Since that time how many hearts have throbbed within these walls, as the tolling of the neighbouring bell announced to them how fast the sands of their life were ebbing; how many must have sunk at the sound—how many were supported by stubborn pride and dogged resolution—how many by the consolations of religion? Have there not been some, who, looking back on the motives of their crimes, were scarce able to understand how they should have had such temptation as to seduce them from virtue? and have there not, perhaps, been others, who, sensible of their innocence, were divided between indignation at the undeserved doom which they were to undergo, consciousness that they had not deserved it, and racking anxiety to discover some way in which they might yet vindicate themselves? Do you suppose any of these deep, powerful, and agitating feelings, can be recorded and perused without exciting a corresponding depth of deep, powerful, and agitating interest?—O! do but wait till I publish the *Causes Célèbres* of Caledonia, and you will find no want of a novel or a tragedy for some time to come. The true thing will triumph over the brightest inventions of the most ardent imagination. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*"

"I have understood," said I, encouraged by the affability of my rattling entertainer, "that less of this interest must attach to Scottish jurisprudence than to that of any other country. The general morality of our people, their sober and prudent habits"——

"Secure them," said the barrister, "against any great increase of professional thieves and depredators, but not against wild and wayward starts of fancy and passion, producing crimes of an extraordinary description, which are precisely those to the detail of which we listen with thrilling interest. England has been much longer a highly civilized country; her subjects have been very strictly amenable to laws administered without fear or favour, a complete division of labour has taken place among her subjects, and the very thieves and robbers form a distinct class in society, subdivided among themselves according to the subject of their depredations, and the mode in which they carry them on, acting upon regular habits and principles, which can be calculated and anticipated at Bow Street, Hatton Garden, or the Old Bailey. Our sister kingdom is like a cultivated field,—the farmer expects that, in spite of all his care, a certain number of weeds will rise with the corn, and can tell you beforehand their names and appearance. But Scotland is like one of her own Highland glens, and the moralist who reads the records of her criminal jurisprudence, will find as many curious anomalous facts in the history of mind, as the botanist will detect rare specimens among her dingles and cliffs."

"And that's all the good you have obtained from three perusals of the Commentaries on Scottish Criminal Jurisprudence?" said his companion. "I suppose the learned author very little thinks that the facts which his erudition and acuteness have accumulated for the illustration of legal doctrines, might be so arranged as to form a sort of appendix to the half-bound and slip-shod volumes of the circulating library."

"I'll bet you a pint of claret," said the elder lawyer, "that he will not feel sore at the comparison. But as we say at the bar, 'I beg I may not be interrupted;' I have much more to say upon my Scottish collection of *Causes Célèbres*. You will please recollect the scope and motive given for the contrivance and execution of many extraordinary and daring crimes, by the long civil dissensions of Scotland—by the hereditary jurisdictions, which, until 1748, rested the investigation of crimes in judges, ignorant, partial, or interested—by the habits of the gentry, shut up in their distant and solitary mansion-houses, nursing their revengeful passions just to keep their blood from stagnating—not to mention that amiable national qualification, called the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, which our lawyers join in alleging as a reason for the severity of some of our enactments. When I come to treat of matters so myste-

rious, deep, and dangerous, as these circumst have given rise to, the blood of each reader sh curdled, and his epidermis crisped into goose sl But, hist!—here comes the landlord, with tidir suppose, that the chaise is ready."

It was no such thing—the tidings bore, th chaise could be had that evening, for Sir Peter had carried forward my landlord's two pairs of h that morning to the ancient royal borough of bleburgh, to look after his interest there. B Bubbleburgh is only one of a set of five bor which club their shares for a member of parlia Sir Peter's adversary had judiciously watch departure, in order to commence a canvass in t less royal borough of Bitem, which, as all the knows, lies at the very termination of Sir I avenue, and has been held in leading-strings b and his ancestors for time immemorial. No Peter was thus placed in the situation of an tious monarch, who, after having commen daring inroad into his enemies' territories, is suc recalled by an invasion of his own hereditary nions. He was obliged in consequence to returr the half-won borough of Bubbleburgh to look the half-lost borough of Bitem, and the two of horses which had carried him that morni Bubbleburgh, were now forcibly detained to trar him, his agent, his valet, his jester, and his drinker, across the country to Bitem. The cau this detention, which to me was of as little c quence as it may be to the reader, was impo enough to my companions to reconcile them t delay. Like eagles, they smelled the battle afa ordered a magnum of claret and beds at the Wa and entered at full career into the Bubbleburgh Bitem politics, with all the probable "petition complaints" to which they were likely to give ri

In the midst of an anxious, animated, and, t most unintelligible discussion, concerning prov bailies, deacons, sets of boroughs, leets, town-cl burgesses, resident and non-resident, all of a su the lawyer recollected himself. "Poor Dunove must not forget him;" and the landlord was disp ed in quest of the *pauvre honteux*, with an earr civil invitation to him for the rest of the evenin could not help asking the young gentlemen if knew the history of this poor man; and the cou lor applied himself to his pocket to recover th morial or brief from which he had stated his ca

"He has been a candidate for our *remedium rabile*," said Mr. Hardie, "commonly called a *bonorum*. As there are divines who have doubt eternity of future punishments, so the Scotch yers seem to have thought that the crime of po might be atoned for by something short of perp imprisonment. After a month's confinement must know, a prisoner for debt is entitled, on a cient statement to our Supreme Court, setting the amount of his funds, and the nature of his fortunes, and surrendering all his effects to his tors, to claim to be discharged from prison."

"I had heard," I replied, "of such a humane lation."

"Yes," said Halkit, "and the beauty of it the foreign fellow said, you may get the *cessio* the *bonorums* are all spent—But what, are you zling in your pockets to seek your only mem among old play-bills, letters requesting a meeti the Faculty, rules of the Speculative Society, bus' of lectures—all the miscellaneous contents young advocate's pocket, which contains every but briefs and bank notes? Can you not state a of *cessio* without your memorial? Why it is every Saturday. The events follow each oth regularly as clock-work, and one form of co scendence might suit every one of them."

"This is very unlike the variety of distress w this gentleman stated to fall under the consider of your judges," said I.

"True," replied Halkit; "but Hardie spok criminal jurisprudence, and this business is p civil. I could plead a *cessio* myself without th spiring honours of a gown and three-tailed periw Listen.—My client was bred a journeyman wea

made some little money—took a farm—(for conducting a farm, like driving a gig, comes by nature)—late severe times—induced to sign bills with a friend, for which he received no value—landlord sequestrates—creditors accept a composition—pursuer sets up a public-house—fails a second time—is incarcerated for a debt of ten pounds seven shillings and sixpence—his debts amount to blank—his losses to blank—his funds to blank—leaving a balance of blank in his favour. There is no opposition; your lordships will please grant commission to take his oath."

Hardie now renounced this ineffectual search, in which there was perhaps a little affectation, and told us the tale of poor Dunover's distresses, with a tone in which a degree of feeling, which he seemed ashamed of as unprofessional, mingled with his attempts at wit, and did him more honour. It was one of those tales which seem to argue a sort of ill-luck or fatality attached to the hero. A well-informed, industrious, and blameless, but poor and bashful man, had in vain essayed all the usual means by which others acquire independence, yet had never succeeded beyond the attainment of bare subsistence. During a brief gleam of hope, rather than of actual prosperity, he had added a wife and family to his cares, but the dawn was speedily overcast. Every thing retrograded with him towards the verge of the miry Slough of Despond, which yawns for insolvent debtors; and after catching at each twig, and experiencing the protracted agony of feeling them one by one elude his grasp, he actually sunk into the miry pit whence he had been extricated by the professional exertions of Hardie.

"And, I suppose, now you have dragged this poor devil ashore, you will leave him half naked on the beach to provide for himself?" said Halkit. "Hark ye,"—and he whispered something in his ear, of which the penetrating and insinuating words, "Interest with my Lord," alone reached mine.

"It is *pessimi exempli*," said Hardie laughing, "to provide for a ruined client; but I was thinking of what you mention, provided it can be managed—But hush! here he comes."

The recent relation of the poor man's misfortunes had given him, I was pleased to observe, a claim to the attention and respect of the young men, who treated him with great civility, and gradually engaged him in a conversation, which, much to my satisfaction, again turned upon the *Causes Célèbres* of Scotland. Emboldened by the kindness with which he was treated, Mr. Dunover began to contribute his share to the amusement of the evening. Jails, like other places, have their ancient traditions, known only to the inhabitants, and handed down from one set of the melancholy lodgers to the next who occupy their cells. Some of these, which Dunover mentioned, were interesting, and served to illustrate the narratives of remarkable trials, which Hardie had at his finger ends, and which his companion was also well skilled in. This sort of conversation passed away the evening till the early hour when Mr. Dunover chose to retire to rest, and I also retreated to take down memorandums of what I had learned, in order to add another narrative to those which it had been my chief amusement to collect, and to write out in detail. The two young men ordered a broiled bone, Madeira negus, and a pack of cards, and commenced a game at picquet.

Next morning the travellers left Gandercleugh. I afterwards learned from the papers that both have been since engaged in the great political cause of Bubbleburgh and Bitem, a summary case, and entitled to particular dispatch; but which, it is thought, nevertheless, may outlast the duration of the parliament to which the contest refers. Mr. Halkit, as the newspapers informed me, acts as agent or solicitor; and Mr. Hardie opened for Sir Peter Plyem with singular ability, and to such good purpose, that I understand he has since had fewer play-bills and more briefs in his pocket. And both the young gentlemen deserve their good fortune; for I learned from Dunover, who called on me some weeks afterwards, and communicated the intelligence with tears in his eyes, that their interest had availed to obtain him a small office for the decent maintenance of his famil that, after a train of constant and uninterrupt fortune, he could trace a dawn of prosperity having the good fortune to be flung from the t mail-coach into the river Gander, in compan an advocate and a writer to the signet. The will not perhaps deem himself equally obliged accident, since it brings upon him the followi rative, founded upon the conversation of the e

CHAPTER II.

Whoe'er's been at Paris must needs know the Grêve,
The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave,
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute,
To ease heroes' pains by an halter and gibbet.

There death breaks the shackles which force had pu
And the hangman completes what the judge but beg
There the squire of the poet, and knight of the post,
Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes
cross'd.

IN former times, England had her Tyburn, to the devoted victims of justice were conducted lemn procession up what is now called Oxford In Edinburgh, a large open street, or rather square, surrounded by high houses, called the market, was used for the same melancholy p It was not ill chosen for such a scene, being siderable extent, and therefore fit to accomm great number of spectators, such as are usu sembled by this melancholy spectacle. On th hand, few of the houses which surround i even in early times, inhabited by persons of fa so that those likely to be offended or over de fected by such unpleasant exhibitions were no way of having their quiet disturbed by them houses in the Grass-market are, generally sp of a mean description; yet the place is not some features of grandeur, being overhung southern side of the huge rock on which th stands, and by the moss-grown battlements a roted walls of that ancient fortress.

It was the custom, until within these thirt or thereabouts, to use this esplanade for the public executions. The fatal day was annou the public, by the appearance of a huge bla lowe-tree towards the eastern end of the Gra ket. This ill-omened apparition was of great with a scaffold surrounding it, and a double placed against it, for the ascent of the unhapp nal and the executioner. As this apparat always arranged before dawn, it seemed a gallows had grown out of the earth in the co one night, like the production of some foul and I well remember the fright with which the boys, when I was one of their number, used to these ominous signs of deadly preparation. night after the execution the gallows again dis ed, and was conveyed in silence and darkness place where it was usually deposited, which v of the vaults under the Parliament-house, or of justice. This mode of execution is now exc for one similar to that in front of Newgate what beneficial effect is uncertain. The men ferings of the convict are indeed shortened. longer stalks between the attendant cler dressed in his grave-clothes, through a consi part of the city, looking like a moving and v corpse, while yet an inhabitant of this world; the ultimate purpose of punishment has in v prevention of crimes, it may at least be d whether, in abridging the melancholy ceremo have not in part diminished that appalling effe the spectators which is the useful end of all s flictions, and in consideration of which alone, in very particular cases, capital sentences ca together justified.

On the 7th day of September, 1736, these o preparations for execution were descried in th we have described, and at an early hour th around began to be occupied by several grou gazed on the scaffold and gibbet with a ste vindictive show of satisfaction very seldom by the populace, whose good-nature, in most

forgets the crime of the condemned person, and dwells only on his misery. But the act of which the expected culprit had been convicted was of a description calculated nearly and closely to awaken and irritate the resentful feelings of the multitude. The tale is well known; yet it is necessary to recapitulate its leading circumstances, for the better understanding what is to follow; and the narrative may prove long, but I trust not uninteresting, even to those who have heard its general issue. At any rate, some detail is necessary, in order to render intelligible the subsequent events of our narrative.

Contraband trade, though it strikes at the root of legitimate government, by encroaching on its revenues,—though it injures the fair trader, and debauches the minds of those engaged in it,—is not usually looked upon, either by the vulgar or by their betters, in a very heinous point of view. On the contrary, in those counties where it prevails, the cleverest, boldest, and most intelligent of the peasantry, are uniformly engaged in illicit transactions, and very often with the sanction of the farmers and inferior gentry. Smuggling was almost universal in Scotland in the reigns of George I. and II.; for the people, unaccustomed to imposts, and regarding them as an unjust aggression upon their ancient liberties, made no scruple to elude them whenever it was possible to do so.

The county of Fife, bounded by two friths on the south and north, and by the sea on the east, and having a number of small seaports, was long famed for maintaining successfully a contraband trade; and, as there were many seafaring men residing there, who had been pirates and buccaneers in their youth, there were not wanting a sufficient number of daring men to carry it on. Among these, a fellow, called Andrew Wilson, originally a baker in the village of Pathhead, was particularly obnoxious to the revenue officers. He was possessed of great personal strength, courage, and cunning,—was perfectly acquainted with the coast, and capable of conducting the most desperate enterprises. On several occasions he succeeded in baffling the pursuit and researches of the king's officers; but he became so much the object of their suspicious and watchful attention, that at length he was totally ruined by repeated seizures. The man became desperate. He considered himself as robbed and plundered; and took it into his head, that he had a right to make reprisals, as he could find opportunity. Where the heart is prepared for evil, opportunity is seldom long wanting. This Wilson learned, that the Collector of the Customs at Kirkaldy had come to Pittenweem, in the course of his official round of duty, with a considerable sum of public money in his custody. As the amount was greatly within the value of the goods which had been seized from him, Wilson felt no scruple of conscience in resolving to reimburse himself for his losses, at the expense of the Collector and the revenue. He associated with himself one Robertson, and two other idle young men, whom, having been concerned in the same illicit trade, he persuaded to view the transaction in the same justifiable light in which he himself considered it. They watched the motions of the Collector; they broke forcibly into the house where he lodged,—Wilson, with two of his associates, entering the Collector's apartment, while Robertson, the fourth, kept watch at the door with a drawn cutlass in his hand. The officer of the customs, conceiving his life in danger, escaped out of his bedroom window, and fled in his shirt, so that the plunderers, with much ease, possessed themselves of about two hundred pounds of public money. This robbery was committed in a very audacious manner, for several persons were passing in the street at the time. But Robertson, representing the noise they heard as a dispute or fray betwixt the Collector and the people of the house, the worthy citizens of Pittenweem felt themselves no way called on to interfere in behalf of the obnoxious revenue officer; so, satisfying themselves with this very superficial account of the matter, like the Levite in the parable, they passed on the opposite side of the way. An alarm was at length given, military were called in, the depredators were pursued, the booty recovered, and Wilson and Robertson tried and condemned to death, chiefly on the evider accomplice.

Many thought, that, in consideration of t erroneous opinion of the nature of the action committed, justice might have been satisfi less forfeiture than that of two lives. On hand, from the audacity of the fact, a sever was judged necessary; and such was the o the government. When it became apparen sentence of death was to be executed, files, implements necessary for their escape, we mitted secretly to the culprits by a friend fr out. By these means they sawed a bar out the prison-windows, and might have made cape, but for the obstinacy of Wilson, wl was daringly resolute, was doggedly pertin his opinion. His comrade, Robertson, a y slender man, proposed to make the expe passing the foremost through the gap they h and enlarging it from the outside, if necess low Wilson free passage. Wilson, howeve on making the first experiment, and being and lusty man, he not only found it imposs through betwixt the bars, but, by his stri jammed himself so fast, that he was unabl his body back again. In these circumstan very became unavoidable, and sufficient pr were taken by the jailer to prevent any re the same attempt. Robertson uttered not reflection on his companion for the conse his obstinacy; but it appeared from the se Wilson's mind was deeply impressed with lection, that, but for him, his comrade, ov mind he exercised considerable influence, v have engaged in the criminal enterprise w terminated thus fatally; and that now h come his destroyer a second time, since, b obstinacy, Robertson might have effected h Minds like Wilson's, even when exercis practices, sometimes retain the power of and resolving with enthusiastic generos whole thoughts were now bent on the pos saving Robertson's life, without the least his own. The resolution which he adopte manner in which he carried it into effect, w ing and unusual.

Adjacent to the Tolbooth or city jail of F is one of three churches into which the ca St. Giles is now divided, called, from its vi Tolbooth Church. It was the custom, that under sentence of death were brought to th with a sufficient guard, to hear and join worship on the Sabbath before execution supposed that the hearts of these unfortunat however hardened before against feelings of could not but be accessible to them upo their thoughts and voices, for the last ti with their fellow-mortals, in addressing thei And to the rest of the congregation, it wa it could not but be impressive and affectin their devotions mingling with those, who, s doom of an earthly tribunal to appear v whole earth is judged, might be considered trembling on the verge of eternity. The however edifying, has been discontinued, quence of the incident we are about to det

The clergyman, whose duty it was to o the Tolbooth Church, had concluded an affe course, part of which was particularly direc unfortunate men, Wilson and Robertson, v in the pew set apart for the persons in thei situation, each secured betwixt two soldi city guard. The clergyman had reminded t the next congregation they must join woul of the just, or of the unjust: that the psalms heard must be exchanged, in the space of days, for eternal hallelujahs, or eternal lame and that this fearful alternative must depend state to which they might be able to bring th before the moment of awful preparation: should not despair on account of the sudd the summons, but rather to feel this comfo misery, that, though all who now lifted the bent the knee in conjunction with them,

the same sentence of certain death, *they* only had the advantage of knowing the precise moment at which it should be executed upon them. "Therefore," urged the good man, his voice trembling with emotion, "redeem the time, my unhappy brethren, which is yet left; and remember, that, with the grace of Him to whom space and time are but as nothing, salvation may yet be assured, even in the pittance of delay which the laws of your country afford you."

Robertson was observed to weep at these words; but Wilson seemed as one whose brain had not entirely received their meaning, or whose thoughts were deeply impressed with some different subject;—an expression so natural to a person in his situation, that it excited neither suspicion nor surprise.

The benediction was pronounced as usual, and the congregation was dismissed, many lingering to indulge their curiosity with a more fixed look at the two criminals, who now, as well as their guards, rose up, as if to depart when the crowd should permit them. A murmur of compassion was heard to pervade the spectators, the more general, perhaps, on account of the alleviating circumstances of the case; when all at once, Wilson, who, as we have already noticed, was a very strong man, seized two of the soldiers, one with each hand, and calling at the same time to his companion, "Run, Geordie, run!" threw himself on a third, and fastened his teeth on the collar of his coat. Robertson stood for a second as if thunderstruck, and unable to avail himself of the opportunity of escape; but the cry of "Run, run!" being echoed from many around, whose feelings surprised them into a very natural interest in his behalf, he shook off the grasp of the remaining soldier, threw himself over the pew, mixed with the dispersing congregation, none of whom felt inclined to stop a poor wretch taking this last chance for his life, gained the door of the church, and was lost to all pursuit.

The generous intrepidity which Wilson had displayed on this occasion augmented the feeling of compassion which attended his fate. The public, where their own prejudices are not concerned, are easily engaged on the side of disinterestedness and humanity, admired Wilson's behaviour, and rejoiced in Robertson's escape. This general feeling was so great, that it excited a vague report that Wilson would be rescued at the place of execution, either by the mob or by some of his old associates, or by some second extraordinary and unexpected exertion of strength and courage on his own part. The magistrates thought it their duty to provide against the possibility of disturbance. They ordered out, for protection of the execution of the sentence, the greater part of their own City Guard, under the command of Captain Porteous, a man whose name became too memorable from the melancholy circumstances of the day, and subsequent events. It may be necessary to say a word about this person, and the corps which he commanded. But the subject is of importance sufficient to deserve another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

> And thou, great god of aqua-vitæ!
> Wha sways the empire of this city,
> (When fou we're sometimes capernoity,)
> Be thou prepared,
> To save us frae that black banditti,
> The City Guard!
>
> FERGUSON'S *Daft Days.*

CAPTAIN JOHN PORTEOUS, a name memorable in the traditions of Edinburgh, as well as in the records of criminal jurisprudence, was the son of a citizen of Edinburgh, who endeavoured to breed him up to his own mechanical trade of a tailor. The youth, however, had a wild and irreclaimable propensity to dissipation, which finally sent him to serve in the corps long maintained in the service of the States of Holland, and called the Scotch Dutch. Here he learned military discipline; and, returning afterwards, in the course of an idle and wandering life, to his native city, his services were required by the magistrates of Edinburgh in the disturbed year 1715, for disciplining their City Guard, in which he shortly afterwards received a captain's commission. It was only by his military skill, and an alert and resolute character as an officer of police, that he merited this promotion, for he is said to have been a man of profligate habits, an unnatural son, and a brutal husband. He was, however, useful in his station, and his harsh and fierce habits rendered him formidable to rioters or disturbers of the public peace.

The corps in which he held his command is, or perhaps we should rather say *was*, a body of about one hundred and twenty soldiers, divided into three companies, and regularly armed, clothed, and embodied. They were chiefly veterans who enlisted in this corps, having the benefit of working at their trades when they were off duty. These men had the charge of preserving public order, repressing riots and street robberies, acting, in short, as an armed police, and attending on all public occasions where confusion or popular disturbance might be expected.* Poor Ferguson, whose irregularities sometimes led him into unpleasant rencontres with these military conservators of public order, and who mentions them so often that he may be termed their poet laureate, thus admonishes his readers, warned doubtless by his own experience:

> "Gude folk, as ye come frae the fair,
> Bide yont frae this black squad;
> There's nae sic savages elsewhere
> Allow'd to wear cockad."

In fact, the soldiers of the City Guard, being, as we have said, in general discharged veterans, who had strength enough remaining for this municipal duty, and being, moreover, for the greater part, Highlanders, were neither by birth, education, or former habits, trained to endure with much patience the insults of the rabble, or the provoking petulance of truant schoolboys, and idle debauchees of all descriptions, with whom their occupation brought them into contact. On the contrary, the tempers of the poor old fellows were soured by the indignities with which the mob distinguished them on many occasions, and frequently might have required the soothing strains of the poet we have just quoted—

> "O soldiers! for your ain dear sakes,
> For Scotland's love, the Land o' Cakes,
> Gie not her bairns sic deadly paiks,
> Nor be sae rude,
> Wi' firelock or Lochaber-axe,
> As spill their bluid!"

On all occasions when a holyday licensed some riot and irregularity, a skirmish with these veterans was a favourite recreation with the rabble of Edinburgh. These pages may perhaps see the light when many have in fresh recollection such onsets as we allude to. But the venerable corps, with whom the contention was held, may now be considered as totally extinct. Of late the gradual diminution of these civic soldiers reminds one of the abatement of King Lear's hundred knights. The edicts of each succeeding set of magistrates have, like those of Goneril and Regan, diminished this venerable band with the similar question, "What need we five-and-twenty?—ten?—or five?" And it is now nearly come to, "What need one?" A spectre may indeed here and there still be seen, of an old gray-headed and gray-bearded Highlander, with war-worn features, but bent double by age; dressed in an old-fashioned cocked hat, bound with white tape instead of silver lace; and in coat, waistcoat, and breeches of a muddy-coloured red, bearing in his withered hand an ancient weapon, called a Lochaber-axe; a long pole, namely, with an axe at the extremity, and a hook at the back of the hatchet.† Such a phantom of former days still creeps, I have been informed, round the statue of Charles the Second, in the Parliament Square, as if the image of a Stewart were the last refuge for any memorial of our ancient manners; and one or two others are supposed to glide around the door of the guard-house assigned to them in the Luckenbooths, when their ancient refuge in the

* The Lord Provost was ex officio commander and colonel of the corps, which might be increased to three hundred men when the times required it. No other drum but theirs was allowed to sound on the High Street between the Luckenbooths and the Netherbow.

† This hook was to enable the bearer of the Lochaber-axe to scale a gateway, by grappling the top of the door and swinging himself up by the staff of his weapon.

High Street was laid low.* But the fate of manuscripts bequeathed to friends and executors is so uncertain, that the narrative containing these frail memorials of the old Town-Guard of Edinburgh, who, with their grim and valiant corporal, John Dhu, (the fiercest-looking fellow I ever saw,) were, in my boyhood, the alternate terror and derision of the petulant brood of the High-school, may, perhaps, only come to light when all memory of the institution has faded away, and then serve as an illustration of Kay's caricatures, who has preserved the features of some of their heroes. In the preceding generation, when there was a perpetual alarm for the plots and activity of the Jacobites, some pains were taken by the magistrates of Edinburgh to keep this corps, though composed always of such materials as we have noticed, in a more effective state than was afterwards judged necessary, when their most dangerous service was to skirmish with the rabble on the king's birth-day. They were, therefore, more the objects of hatred, and less that of scorn, than they were afterwards accounted.

To Captain John Porteous, the honour of his command and of his corps seems to have been a matter of high interest and importance. He was exceedingly incensed against Wilson for the affront which he construed him to have put upon his soldiers, in the effort he made for the liberation of his companion, and expressed himself most ardently on the subject. He was no less indignant at the report, that there was an intention to rescue Wilson himself from the gallows, and uttered many threats and imprecations upon that subject, which were afterwards remembered to his disadvantage. In fact, if a good deal of determination and promptitude rendered Porteous, in one respect, fit to command guards designed to suppress popular commotion, he seems, on the other, to have been disqualified for a charge so delicate, by a hot and surly temper, always too ready to come to blows and violence; a character void of principle; and a disposition to regard the rabble, who seldom failed to regale him and his soldiers with some marks of their displeasure, as declared enemies, upon whom it was natural and justifiable that he should seek opportunities of vengeance. Being, however, the most active and trust-worthy among the captains of the City Guard, he was the person to whom the magistrates confided the command of the soldiers appointed to keep the peace at the time of Wilson's execution. He was ordered to guard the gallows and scaffold, with about eighty men, all the disposable force that could be spared for that duty.

But the magistrates took further precautions, which affected Porteous's pride very deeply. They requested the assistance of part of a regular infantry regiment, not to attend upon the execution, but to remain drawn up on the principal street of the city, during the time that it went forward, in order to intimidate the multitude, in case they should be disposed to be unruly, with a display of force which could not be resisted without desperation. It may sound ridiculous in our ears, considering the fallen state of this ancient civic corps, that its officer should have felt punctiliously jealous of its honour. Yet so it was. Captain Porteous resented, as an indignity, the introducing the Welsh Fusileers within the city, and drawing them up in the street where no drums but his own were allowed to be sounded, without the special command or permission of the magistrates. As he could not show his ill-humour to his patrons the magistrates, it increased his indignation and his desire to be revenged on the unfortunate criminal Wilson, and all who favoured him. These internal emotions of jealousy and rage wrought a change on the man's mien and bearing, visible to all who saw him on the fatal morning when Wilson was appointed to suffer. Porteous's ordinary appearance w rather favourable. He was about the middle si stout, and well made, having a military air, and y rather a gentle and mild countenance. His co plexion was brown, his face somewhat fretted wi the scars of the small-pox, his eyes rather langu than keen or fierce. On the present occasion, how ever, it seemed to those who saw him as if he we agitated by some evil demon. His step was irreg lar, his voice hollow and broken, his countenan pale, his eyes staring and wild, his speech imperfe and confused, and his whole appearance so disord ed, that many remarked he seemed to be *fey*, a Sc tish expression, meaning the state of those who driven on to their impending fate by the strong i pulse of some irresistible necessity.

One part of his conduct was truly diabolical, indeed, it has not been exaggerated by the gene prejudice entertained against his memory. Wh Wilson, the unhappy criminal, was delivered to hi by the keeper of the prison, in order that he might conducted to the place of execution, Porteous, satisfied with the usual precautions to prevent esca ordered him to be manacled. This might be justi ble from the character and bodily strength of t malefactor, as well as from the apprehensions generally entertained of an expected rescue. But handcuffs which were produced being found t small for the wrists of a man so big-boned as Wils Porteous proceeded with his own hands, and by gr exertion of strength, to force them till they clasp together, to the exquisite torture of the unhap criminal. Wilson remonstrated against such b barous usage, declaring that the pain distracted thoughts from the subjects of meditation proper his unhappy condition.

"It signifies little," replied Captain Porteo "your pain will be soon at an end."

"Your cruelty is great," answered the suffer "You know not how soon you yourself may h occasion to ask the mercy, which you are now fusing to a fellow-creature. May God forgive you

These words, long afterwards quoted and reme bered, were all that passed between Porteous and prisoner; but as they took air, and became know the people, they greatly increased the popular c passion for Wilson, and excited a proportionate gree of indignation against Porteous; against wh as strict, and even violent in the discharge of unpopular office, the common people had some and many imaginary causes of complaint.

When the painful procession was completed, Wilson, with the escort, had arrived at the scaf in the Grass-market, there appeared no signs of attempt to rescue him which had occasioned precautions. The multitude, in general, looked with deeper interest than at ordinary executions; there might be seen, on the countenances of ma stern and indignant expression, like that with wh the ancient Cameronians might be supposed to ness the execution of their brethren, who glori the Covenant on the same occasion, and at the spot. But there was no attempt at violence. Wil himself seemed disposed to hasten over the sp that divided time from eternity. The devotions p per and usual on such occasions were no soo finished than he submitted to his fate, and the tence of the law was fulfilled.

He had been suspended on the gibbet so long as be totally deprived of life, when at once, as if occ sioned by some newly received impulse, there a a tumult among the multitude Many stones w thrown at Porteous and his guards; some misc was done; and the mob continued to press forw with whoops, shrieks, howls, and exclamations. young fellow, with a sailor's cap slouched over face, sprung on the scaffold, and cut the rope which the criminal was suspended. Others proached to carry off the body, either to secure for decent grave, or to try, perhaps, some means of re citation. Captain Porteous was wrought, by appearance of insurrection against his authority, a rage so headlong as made him forget, that, sentence having been fully executed, it was his d

* This ancient corps is now entirely disbanded. Their last march to do duty at Hallow-fair, had something in it affecting. Their drums and fifes had been wont on better days to play, on this joyous occasion, the lively tune of

"Jockey to the fair;"

ut on this final occasion the afflicted veterans moved slowly to the dirge of

"The last time I came ower the muir"

not to engage in hostilities with the misguided multitude, but to draw off his men as fast as possible. He sprung from the scaffold, snatched a musket from one of his soldiers, commanded the party to give fire, and, as several eye-witnesses concurred in swearing, set them the example, by discharging his piece, and shooting a man dead on the spot. Several soldiers obeyed his command or followed his example; six or seven persons were slain, and a great many were hurt and wounded.

After this act of violence, the Captain proceeded to withdraw his men towards their guard-house in the High Street. The mob were not so much intimidated as incensed by what had been done. They pursued the soldiers with execrations, accompanied by volleys of stones. As they pressed on them, the rearmost soldiers turned, and again fired with fatal aim and execution. It is not accurately known whether Porteous commanded this second act of violence; but of course the odium of the whole transactions of the fatal day attached to him, and to him alone. He arrived at the guard-house, dismissed his soldiers, and went to make his report to the magistrates concerning the unfortunate events of the day.

Apparently by this time Captain Porteous had begun to doubt the propriety of his own conduct, and the reception he met with from the magistrates was such as to make him still more anxious to gloss it over. He denied that he had given orders to fire; he denied he had fired with his own hand; he even produced the fusee which he carried as an officer for examination; it was found still loaded. Of three cartridges which he was seen to put in his pouch that morning, two were still there; a white handkerchief was thrust into the muzzle of the piece, and returned unsoiled or blackened. To the defence founded on these circumstances it was answered, that Porteous had not used his own piece, but had been seen to take one from a soldier. Among the many who had been killed and wounded by the unhappy fire, there were several of better rank; for even the humanity of such soldiers as fired over the heads of the mere rabble around the scaffold, proved in some instances fatal to persons who were stationed in windows, or observed the melancholy scene from a distance. The voice of public indignation was loud and general; and, ere men's tempers had time to cool, the trial of Captain Porteous took place before the High Court of Justiciary. After a long and patient hearing, the jury had the difficult duty of balancing the positive evidence of many persons, and those of respectability, who deposed positively to the prisoner's commanding his soldiers to fire, and himself firing his piece, of which some swore that they saw the smoke and flash, and beheld a man drop at whom it was pointed, with the negative testimony of others, who, though well stationed for seeing what had passed, neither heard Porteous give orders to fire, nor saw him fire himself; but, on the contrary, averred that the first shot was fired by a soldier who stood close by him. A great part of his defence was also founded on the turbulence of the mob, which witnesses, according to their feelings, their predilections, and their opportunities of observation, represented differently; some describing as a formidable riot, what others represented as a trifling disturbance, such as always used to take place on the like occasions, when the executioner of the law, and the men commissioned to protect him in his task, were generally exposed to some indignities. The verdict of the jury sufficiently shows how the evidence preponderated in their minds. It declared that John Porteous fired a gun among the people assembled at the execution; that he gave orders to his soldiers to fire, by which many persons were killed and wounded; but, at the same time, that the prisoner and his guard had been wounded and beaten, by stones thrown at them by the multitude. Upon this verdict, the Lords of Justiciary passed sentence of death against Captain John Porteous, adjudging him, in the common form, to be hanged on a gibbet at the common place of execution, on Wednesday, 8th September, 1736, and all his moveable property to be forfeited to the king's use, according to the Scottish law in cases of wilful murder.

CHAPTER IV

"The hour's come, but not the man."* —*Kelpie.*

On the day when the unhappy Porteous was expected to suffer the sentence of the law, the place of execution, extensive as it is, was crowded almost to suffocation. There was not a window in all the lofty tenements around it, or in the steep and crooked street called the Bow, by which the fatal procession was to descend from the High Street, that was not absolutely filled with spectators. The uncommon height and antique appearance of these houses, some of which were formerly the property of the Knights Templars, and the Knights of St. John, and still exhibit on their fronts and gables the iron cross of these orders, gave additional effect to a scene in itself so striking. The area of the Grass-market resembled a huge dark lake or sea of human heads, in the centre of which arose the fatal tree, tall, black, and ominous, from which dangled the deadly halter. Every object takes interest from its uses and associations, and the erect beam and empty noose, things simple in themselves, became on such an occasion objects of terror and of solemn interest.

Amid so numerous an assembly there was scarcely a word spoken, save in whispers. The thirst of vengeance was in some degree allayed by its supposed certainty; and even the populace, with deeper feeling than they are wont to entertain, suppressed the clamorous exultation, and prepared to enjoy the scene of retaliation in triumph, silent and decent, though stern and relentless. It seemed as if the depth of their hatred to the unfortunate criminal scorned to display itself in any thing resembling the more noisy current of their ordinary feelings. Had a stranger consulted only the evidence of his ears, he might have supposed that so vast a multitude were assembled for some purpose which affected them with the deepest sorrow, and stilled those noises which, on all ordinary occasions, arise from such a concourse; but if he gazed upon their faces he would have been instantly undeceived. The compressed lip, the bent brow, the stern and flashing eye of almost every one on whom he looked, conveyed the expression of men come to glut their sight with triumphant revenge. It is probable that the appearance of the criminal might have somewhat changed the temper of the populace in his favour, and that they might in the moment of death have forgiven the man against whom their resentment had been so fiercely heated. It had however, been destined, that the mutability of their sentiments was not to be exposed to this trial.

The usual hour for producing the criminal had been past for many minutes, yet the spectators observed no symptom of his appearance. "Would they venture to defraud public justice?" was the question which men began anxiously to ask at each other. The first answer in every case was bold and positive,—"They dare not." But when the point was further canvassed, other opinions were entertained, and various causes of doubt were suggested. Porteous had been a favourite officer of the magistracy of the city, which, being a numerous and fluctuating body, requires for its support a degree of energy in its functionaries, which the individuals who compose it cannot at all times alike be supposed to possess in their own persons. It was remembered, that in the Information for Porteous, (the paper, namely, in which his case was stated to the Judges of the criminal court,) he had been described by his counsel as the person on whom the magistrates chiefly relied in all emergencies of uncommon difficulty. It was argued, too, that his conduct on the unhappy occasion of Wilson's execution, was capable of being attributed to an imprudent excess of zeal in the execution of his duty, a motive for which those under whose authority he acted might be supposed to have great sympathy. As these considerations might move the magistrates

* There is a tradition, that while a little stream was swollen into a torrent by recent showers, the discontented voice of the Water Spirit was heard to pronounce these words. At the same moment a man, urged on by his fate, or, in Scottish language, *fey*, arrived at a gallop, and prepared to cross the water. No remonstrance from the bystanders was of power to stop him—he plunged into the stream, and perished.

make a favourable representation of Porteous's case, there were not wanting others, in the higher departments of government, which would make such suggestions favourably listened to.

The mob of Edinburgh, when thoroughly excited, had been at all times one of the fiercest which could be found in Europe; and of late years they had risen repeatedly against the government, and sometimes not without temporary success. They were conscious, therefore, that they were no favourites with the rulers of the period, and that, if Captain Porteous's violence was not altogether regarded as good service, it might certainly be thought, that to visit it with a capital punishment would render it both delicate and dangerous for future officers, in the same circumstances, to act with effect in repressing tumults. There is also a natural feeling, on the part of all members of government, for the general maintenance of authority; and it seemed not unlikely, that what to the relatives of the sufferers appeared a wanton and unprovoked massacre, should be otherwise viewed in the cabinet of St. James's. It might be there supposed, that, upon the whole matter, Captain Porteous was in the exercise of a trust delegated to him by the lawful civil authority; that he had been assaulted by the populace, and several of his men hurt; and that, in finally repelling force by force, his conduct could be fairly imputed to no other motive than self-defence in the discharge of his duty.

These considerations, of themselves very powerful, induced the spectators to apprehend the possibility of a reprieve; and to the various causes which might interest the rulers in his favour, the lower part of the rabble added one which was peculiarly well adapted to their comprehension. It was averred, in order to increase the odium against Porteous, that while he repressed with the utmost severity the slightest excesses of the poor, he not only overlooked the license of the young nobles and gentry, but was very willing to lend them the countenance of his official authority, in execution of such loose pranks as it was chiefly his duty to have restrained. This suspicion, which was perhaps much exaggerated, made a deep impression on the minds of the populace; and when several of the higher rank joined in a petition, recommending Porteous to the mercy of the crown, it was generally supposed he owed their favour not to any conviction of the hardship of his case, but to the fear of losing a convenient accomplice in their debaucheries. It is scarcely necessary to say how much this suspicion augmented the people's detestation of this obnoxious criminal, as well as their fear of his escaping the sentence pronounced against him.

While these arguments were stated and replied to, and canvassed and supported, the hitherto silent expectation of the people became changed into that deep and agitating murmur, which is sent forth by the ocean before the tempest begins to howl. The crowded populace, as if their motions had corresponded with the unsettled state of their minds, fluctuated to and fro without any visible cause of impulse, like the agitation of the waters, called by sailors the ground-swell. The news, which the magistrates had almost hesitated to communicate to them, were at length announced, and spread among the spectators with a rapidity like lightning. A reprieve from the Secretary of State's office, under the hand of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, had arrived, intimating the pleasure of Queen Caroline, (regent of the kingdom during the absence of George II. on the Continent,) that the execution of the sentence of death pronounced against John Porteous, late Captain-Lieutenant of the City-Guard of Edinburgh, present prisoner in the tolbooth of that city, be respited for six weeks from the time appointed for his execution.

The assembled spectators of almost all degrees, whose minds had been wound up to the pitch which we have described, uttered a groan, or rather a roar of indignation and disappointed revenge, similar to that of a tiger from whom his meal has been rent by his keeper when he was just about to devour it. This fierce exclamation seemed to forebode some immediate explosion of popular resentment, and, in fact, such had been expected by the magistrates, and necessary measures had been taken to repres But the shout was not repeated, nor did any sud tumult ensue, such as it appeared to announce. populace seemed to be ashamed of having expres their disappointment in a vain clamour, and the so changed, not into the silence which had preceded arrival of these stunning news, but into stifled n terings, which each group maintained among the selves, and which were blended into one deep hoarse murmur which floated above the assembly

Yet still, though all expectation of the execu was over, the mob remained assembled, station as it were, through very resentment, gazing on preparations for death, which had now been m in vain, and stimulating their feelings, by recal the various claims which Wilson might have ha royal mercy, from the mistaken motives on whic acted, as well as from the generosity he had disp ed towards his accomplice. "This man," they —"the brave, the resolute, the generous, was exe ed to death without mercy for stealing a purs gold, which in some sense he might consider fair reprisal; while the profligate satellite, who advantage of a trifling tumult, inseparable from occasions, to shed the blood of twenty of his fel citizens, is deemed a fitting object for the exerci the royal prerogative of mercy. Is this to be bo —would our fathers have borne it? Are not we, them, Scotsmen and burghers of Edinburgh?"

The officers of justice began now to remove scaffold, and other preparations which had been m for the execution, in hopes, by doing so, to accele the dispersion of the multitude. The measure the desired effect; for no sooner had the fatal been unfixed from the large stone pedestal or so in which it was secured, and sunk slowly down u the wain intended to remove it to the place whe was usually deposited, than the populace, after gi vent to their feelings in a second shout of rage mortification, began slowly to disperse to their u abodes and occupations.

The windows were in like manner gradually des ed, and groups of the more decent class of citis formed themselves, as if waiting to return homew when the streets should be cleared of the rab Contrary to what is frequently the case, this desc tion of persons agreed in general with the se ments of their inferiors, and considered the cause common to all ranks. Indeed, as we have alre noticed, it was by no means amongst the lowest c of the spectators, or those most likely to be enga in the riot at Wilson's execution, that the fatal of Porteous's soldiers had taken effect. Seve persons were killed who were looking out at w dows at the scene, who could not of course bel to the rioters, and were persons of decent rank condition. The burghers, therefore, resenting loss which had fallen on their own body, and pr and tenacious of their rights, as the citizens of inburgh have at all times been, were greatly exa rated at the unexpected respite of Captain Porteou

It was noticed at the time, and afterwards m particularly remembered, that, while the mob w in the act of dispersing, several individuals were busily passing from one place and one group of p ple to another, remaining long with none, but wh pering for a little time with those who appeared t declaiming most violently against the conduct of vernment. These active agents had the appear of men from the country, and were generally s posed to be old friends and confederates of Wil whose minds were of course highly excited agai Porteous.

If, however, it was the intention of these me stir the multitude to any sudden act of mutiny seemed for the time to be fruitless. The rabble well as the more decent part of the assembly, persed, and went home peaceably; and it was by observing the moody discontent on their bro or catching the tenor of the conversation they with each other, that a stranger could estimate state of their minds. We will give the reader advantage, by associating ourselves with one of

numerous groups who were painfully ascending the steep declivity of the West Bow, to return to their dwellings in the Lawn-market.

"An unco thing this, Mrs. Howden," said old Peter Plumdamas to his neighbour the rouping-wife, or saleswoman, as he offered her his arm to assist her in the toilsome ascent, "to see the grit folk at Lunnon set their face against law and gospel, and let loose sic a reprobate as Porteous upon a peaceable town!"

"And to think o' the weary walk they hae gien us," answered Mrs. Howden, with a groan; "and sic a comfortable window as I had gotten, too, just within a penny-stane-cast of the scaffold—I could hae heard every word the minister said—and to pay twalpennies for my stand, and a' for naething!"

"I am judging," said Mr. Plumdamas, "that this reprieve wadna stand gude in the auld Scots law, when the kingdom *was* a kingdom."

"I dinna ken muckle about the law," answered Mrs. Howden; "but I ken, when we had a king, and a chancellor, and parliament-men o' our ain, we could aye peeble them wi' stanes when they werena gude bairns—But naebody's nails can reach the length o' Lunnon."

"Weary on Lunnon, and a' that e'er came out o't!" said Miss Grizel Damahoy, an ancient seamstress; "they hae taen awa our parliament, and they hae oppressed our trade. Our gentles will hardly allow that a Scots needle can sew ruffles on a sark, or lace on an owerlay."

"Ye may say that, Miss Damahoy, and I ken o' them that hae gotten raisins frae Lunnon by forpits at ance," responded Plumdamas, "and then sic an host of idle English gaugers and excisemen as hae come down to vex and torment us, that an honest man canna fetch sae muckle as a bit anker o' brandy frae Leith to the Lawn-market, but he's like to be rubbit o' the very gudes he's bought and paid for.—Weel, I winna justify Andrew Wilson for pitting hands on what wasna his; but if he took nae mair than his ain, there's an awfu' difference between that and the fact this man stands for."

"If ye speak about the law," said Mrs. Howden, "Here comes Mr. Saddletree, that can settle it as weel as ony on the bench."

The party she mentioned, a grave elderly person, with a superb periwig, dressed in a decent suit of sad-coloured clothes, came up as she spoke, and courteously gave his arm to Miss Grizel Damahoy.

It may be necessary to mention, that Mr. Bartoline Saddletree kept an excellent and highly-esteemed shop for harness, saddles, &c. &c. at the sign of the Golden Nag, at the head of Bess Wynd. His genius, however, (as he himself and most of his neighbours conceived,) lay towards the weightier matters of the law, and he failed not to give frequent attendance upon the pleadings and arguments of the lawyers and judges in the neighbouring square, where, to say the truth, he was oftener to be found than would have consisted with his own emolument; but that his wife, an active pains-taking person, could, in his absence, make an admirable shift to please the customers and scold the journeymen. This good lady was in the habit of letting her husband take his way, and go on improving his stock of legal knowledge without interruption; but, as if in requital, she insisted upon having her own will in the domestic and commercial departments which he abandoned to her. Now, as Bartoline Saddletree had a considerable gift of words, which he mistook for eloquence, and conferred more liberally upon the society in which he lived than was at all times gracious and acceptable, there went forth a saying, with which wags used sometimes to interrupt his rhetoric, that, as he had a golden nag at his door, so he had a gray mare in his shop. This reproach induced Mr. Saddletree, on all occasions, to assume rather a haughty and stately tone towards his good woman, a circumstance by which she seemed very little affected, unless he attempted to exercise any real authority, when she never failed to fly into open rebellion. But such extremes Bartoline seldom provoked; for, like the gentle King Jamie, he was fonder of talking of authority than really exercising it. This turn of mind was, on the whole, lucky for him; since his substance was increased without any trouble on his part, or any interruption of his favourite studies.

This word in explanation has been thrown in to the reader, while Saddletree was laying down, with great precision, the law upon Porteous's case, by which he arrived at this conclusion, that, if Porteous had fired five minutes sooner, before Wilson was cut down, he would have been *versans in licito;* engaged, that is, in a lawful act, and only liable to be punished *propter excessum*, or for lack of discretion, which might have mitigated the punishment to *pœna ordinaria*.

"Discretion!" echoed Mrs Howden, on whom, it may well be supposed, the fineness of this distinction was entirely thrown away,—"whan had Jock Porteous either grace, discretion, or gude manners?—I mind when his father"——

"But, Mrs. Howden," said Saddletree——

"And I," said Miss Damahoy, "mind when his mother"——

"Miss Damahoy," entreated the interrupted orator——

"And I," said Plumdamas, "mind when his wife"——

"Mr. Plumdamas—Mrs. Howden—Miss Damahoy," again implored the orator,—"mind the distinction, as Counsellor Crossmyloof says,—'I,' says he, 'take a distinction.' Now, the body of the criminal being cut down, and the execution ended, Porteous was no longer official; the act which he came to protect and guard, being done and ended, he was no better than *cuivis ex populo*."

"*Quivis—quivis*, Mr. Saddletree, craving your pardon," said (with a prolonged emphasis on the first syllable) Mr. Butler, the deputy schoolmaster of a parish near Edinburgh, who at that moment came up behind them as the false Latin was uttered.

"What signifies interrupting me, Mr. Butler?—but I am glad to see ye notwithstanding—I speak after Counsellor Crossmyloof, and he said *cuivis*."

"If Counsellor Crossmyloof used the dative for the nominative, I would have crossed *his* loof with a tight leathern strap, Mr. Saddletree; there is not a boy on the booby form but should have been scourged for such a solecism in grammar."

"I speak Latin like a lawyer, Mr. Butler, and not like a schoolmaster," retorted Saddletree.

"Scarce like a schoolboy, I think," rejoined Butler.

"It matters little," said Bartoline; "all I mean to say is, that Porteous has become liable to the *pœna extra ordinem*, or capital punishment; which is to say, in plain Scotch, the gallows, simply because he did not fire, when he was in office, but waited till the body was cut down, the execution whilk he had in charge to guard implemented, and he himself exonered of the public trust imposed on him."

"But, Mr. Saddletree," said Plumdamas, "do ye really think John Porteous's case wad hae been better if he had begun firing before ony stanes were flung at a'?"

"Indeed do I, neighbour Plumdamas," replied Bartoline, confidently, "he being then in point of trust and in point of power, the execution being but inchoat, or, at least, not implemented, or finally ended; but after Wilson was cut down, it was a' ower—he was clean exauctorate, and had nae mair ado but to get awa wi' his guard up this West Bow as fast as if there had been a caption after him—And this is law, for I heard it laid down by Lord Vincovincentem."

"Vincovincentem?—Is he a lord of state, or a lord of seat?" inquired Mrs. Howden.*

"A lord of seat—a lord of session.—I fash mysell little wi' lords o' state; they vex me wi' a wheen idle questions about their saddles, and curpels, and holsters, and horse-furniture, and what they'll cost, and whan they'll be ready—a wheen galloping geese—my wife may serve the like o' them."

"And so might she, in her day, hae served the best lord in the land, for as little as ye think o' her, Mr. Saddletree," said Mrs. Howden, somewhat indignant at the contemptuous way in which her gossip was

* A nobleman was called a Lord of State. The Senators of the College of Justice were termed Lords of Seat, or of the Session.

mentio' d; "when she and I were twa gilpies, we little thought to hae sitten doun wi' the like o' my auld Davie Howden, or you either, Mr. Saddletree."

While Saddletree, who was not bright at a reply, was cudgelling his brains for an answer to this home-thrust, Miss Damahoy broke in on him.

"And as for the lords of state," said Miss Damahoy, "ye suld mind the riding o' the parliament, Mr. Saddletree, in the gude auld time before the Union, —a year's rent o' mony a gude estate gaed for horse-graith and harnessing, forby broidered robes and foot-mantles, that wad hae stude by their lane wi' gold brocade, and that were muckle in my ain line."

"Ay, and then the lusty banqueting, with sweet-meats and comfits wet and dry, and dried fruits of divers sorts," said Plumdamas. "But Scotland was Scotland in these days."

"I'll tell you what it is, neighbours," said Mrs. Howden, "I'll ne'er believe Scotland is Scotland ony mair, if our kindly Scots sit doun with the affront they hae gien us this day. It's not only the blude that *is* shed, but the blude that might hae been shed, that's required at our hands; there was my daughter's wean, little Eppie Daidle—my oe, ye ken, Miss Grizel—had played the truant frae the school, as bairns will do, ye ken, Mr. Butler"——

"And for which," interjected Mr. Butler, "they should be soundly scourged by their well-wishers."

"And had just cruppen to the gallows' foot to see the hanging, as was natural for a wean; and what for mightna she hae been shot as weel as the rest o' them, and where wad we a' hae been then? I wonder how Queen Carline (if her name be Carline) wad hae liked to hae had ane o' her ain bairns in sic a venture?"

"Report says," answered Butler, "that such a circumstance would not have distressed her majesty beyond endurance."

"Aweel," said Mrs. Howden, "the sum o' the matter is, that, were I a man, I wad hae amends o' Jock Porteous, be the upshot what like o't, if a' the carles and carlines in England had sworn to the nay-say."

"I would claw down the tolbooth door wi' my nails," said Miss Grizel, "but I wad be at him."

"Ye may be very right, ladies," said Butler, "but I would not advise you to speak so loud."

"Speak!" exclaimed both the ladies together, "there will be naething else spoken about frae the Weigh-house to the Water-gate, till this is either ended or mended."

The females now departed to their respective places of abode. Plumdamas joined the other two gentlemen in drinking their *meridian*, (a bumper-dram of brandy,) as they passed the well-known low-browed shop in the Lawn-market, where they were wont to take that refreshment. Mr. Plumdamas then departed towards his shop, and Mr. Butler, who happened to have some particular occasion for the rein of an old bridle, (the truants of that busy day could have anticipated its application,) walked down the Lawn-market with Mr. Saddletree, each talking as he could get a word thrust in, the one on the laws of Scotland, the other on those of Syntax, and neither listening to a word which his companion uttered.

CHAPTER V.

Elswhair he colde right weel lay down the law,
But in his house was meek as is a daw.

DAVIE LINDSAY.

"THERE has been Jock Driver the carrier here, speering about his new graith," said Mrs. Saddletree to her husband, as he crossed his threshold, not with the purpose, by any means, of consulting him upon his own affairs, but merely to intimate, by a gentle recapitulation, how much duty she had gone through in his absence.

"Weel," replied Bartoline, and deigned not a word more.

"And the Laird of Girdingburst has had his running footman here, and ca'd himsell, (he's a civil pleasant young gentleman,) to see when the broidered saddle-cloth for his sorrel horse will be ready, for he wants it agane the Kelso races."

"Weel, aweel," replied Bartoline, as l[aconically as] before.

"And his lordship, the Earl of Blaz[onbury, Lord] Flash and Flame, is like to be clean [daft, that the] harness for the six Flanders mears, w[ith the] coronets, housings, and mountings co[nform, are no] sent hame according to promise gien."

"Weel, weel, weel—weel, weel, gu[de wife," said] Saddletree, "if he gangs daft, we'll hae [him cogn]osced—it's a' very weel."

"It's weel that ye think sae, Mr. S[addletree," an]swered his helpmate, rather nettled at th[e indifference] with which her report was received; " [there's mony] ane wad hae thought themselves affr[onted, if sae] mony customers had ca'd and naebod[y to answer] them but women-folk; for a' the lads [were aff, as] soon as your back was turned, to see P[orteous hang]ed, that might be counted upon; and [sae, you no] being at hame"——

"Houts, Mrs. Saddletree," said Bart[oline, with an] air of consequence, "dinna deave me w[i' your non]sense; I was under the necessity of bei[ng elsewhere] —*non omnia*—as Mr. Crossmyloof sa[id, when he] was called by two macers at once, *non o[mnia possu]mus—pessimus—possimis*—I ken our [Latin of]fends Mr. Butler's ears, but it means na[e mair than, if it] were the Lord President himsell, can d[o twa turns at] ance."

"Very right, Mr. Saddletree," answer[ed his careful] helpmate, with a sarcastic smile; "ar[d nae doubt] it's a decent thing to leave your wife [to look after] young gentlemen's saddles and bridles, w[hile ye gang] to see a man, that never did ye nae ill, rax [a tow."]

"Woman," said Saddletree, assumin[g an elevated] tone, to which the *meridian* had some[what contri]bute[d], "desist,—I say forbear, from intr[omitting with] affairs thou canst not understand. D'y[e think I was] born to sit here broggin an elshin thro[ugh bend-lea]ther, when sic men as Duncan Forbes, a[nd that other] Arniston chield there, without muckle [mair law,] if the close-head speak true, than mys[ell, become] presidents and king's advocates, nae do[ubt, and wha] but they? Whereas, were favour equal[ly distributed,] as in the days of the wight Wallace"—

"I ken naething we wad hae gotte[n by the wight] Wallace," said Mrs. Saddletree, "unl[ess, as I hae] heard the auld folk tell, they fought in [thae days wi'] bend leather-guns, and then it's a chanc[e but what] he had bought them, he might have for[got to pay] them. And as for the greatness of you[r Bailie Wal]ley, the folk in the close-head maun k[en mair about] them than I do, if they make sick a repo[rt of them."]

"I tell ye, woman," said Saddletree, [in huge dud]geon, "that ye ken naething about t[hae matters.] In Sir William Wallace's days, there w[as nae man] pinned down to sic a slavish wark as a [saddler's, for] they got ony leather graith that they had [use for ready-]made out of Holland."

"Well," said Butler, who was, like [many of his] profession, something of a humorist a[nd pedant,] "if that be the case, Mr. Saddletree, I t[hink we have] changed for the better; since we make [our own harness, and only import our lawyers from [Holland."]

"It's ower true, Mr. Butler," answe[red Bartoline,] with a sigh; "if I had had the luck—or [rather, if my] father had had the sense to send me to [Leyden and] Utrecht to learn the Substitutes and Pa[ndects"]—

"You mean the Institutes—Justinia[n's Institutes,] Mr. Saddletree?" said Butler.

"Institutes and substitutes are synon[ymous words,] Mr. Butler, and used indifferently as su[ch in deeds of] tailzie, as you may see in Balfour's I[Practiques, or] Dallas of St. Martin's Styles. I und[erstand these] things pretty weel, I thank God; but I [own I should] have studied in Holland."

"To comfort you, you might not h[ave been fur]ther forward than you are now, Mr. [Saddletree,"] replied Mr. Butler; "for our Scottish [advocates are] an aristocratic race. Their brass is [of the right] Corinthian quality, and *Non cuivis c[ontigit adire] Corinthum*—Aha, Mr. Saddletree?"

"And aha, Mr. Butler," rejoined Ba[rtoline,]

whom, as may be well supposed, the jest was lost, and all but the sound of the words, "ye said a gliff syne it was *curiis*, and now I heard ye say *curiis* with my ain ears, as plain as ever I heard a word at the fore-bar."

"Give me your patience, Mr. Saddletree, and I'll explain the discrepancy in three words," said Butler, as pedantic in his own department, though with infinitely more judgment and learning, as Bartoline was in his self-assumed profession of the law—"Give me your patience for a moment—You'll grant that the nominative case is that by which a person or thing is nominated or designed, and which may be called the primary case, all others being formed from it by alterations of the termination in the learned languages, and by prepositions in our modern Babylonian jargons—You'll grant me that, I suppose, Mr. Saddletree?"

"I dinna ken whether I will or no—*ad avisandum*, ye ken—naebody should be in a hurry to make admissions, either in point of law, or in point of fact," said Saddletree, looking, or endeavouring to look, as if he understood what was said.

"And the dative case," continued Butler——

"I ken what a tutor dative is," said Saddletree, "readily enough."

"The dative case," resumed the grammarian, "is that in which any thing is given or assigned as properly belonging to a person, or thing—You cannot deny that, I am sure."

"I am sure I'll no grant it though," said Saddletree.

"Then, what the *deevil* d'ye take the nominative and the dative cases to be?" said Butler, hastily, and surprised at once out of his decency of expression and accuracy of pronunciation.

"I'll tell you that at leisure, Mr. Butler," said Saddletree, with a very knowing look; "I'll take a day to see and answer every article of your condescendence, and then I'll hold you to confess or deny, as accords."

"Come, come, Mr. Saddletree," said his wife, "we'll hae nae confessions and condescendences here, let them deal in thae sort o' wares that are paid for them—they suit the like o' us as ill as a demipique saddle would set a draught ox."

"Aha!" said Mr. Butler, "*Optat ephippia bos piger*, nothing new under the sun—But it was a fair hit of Mrs. Saddletree, however."

"And it wad far better become ye, Mr. Saddletree," continued his helpmate, "since ye say ye hae skeel o' the law, to try if ye can do ony thing for Effie Deans, puir thing, that's lying up in the tolbooth yonder, cauld, and hungry, and comfortless—A servant lass of ours, Mr. Butler, and as innocent a lass, to my thinking, and as usefu' in the shop—When Mr. Saddletree gangs out,—and ye're aware he's seldom at hame when there's ony o' the plea-houses open,—puir Effie used to help me to tumble the bundles o' barked leather up and down, and range out the gudes, and suit a' body's humours—And troth, she could aye please the customers wi' her answers, for she was aye civil, and a bonnier lass wasna in auld Reekie. And when folk were hasty and unreasonable, she could serve them better than me, that am no sae young as I hae been, Mr. Butler, and a wee bit short in the temper into the bargain. For when there's ower mony folks crying on me at anes, and nane but ae tongue to answer them, folk maun speak hastily, or they'll ne'er get through their wark—Sae I miss Effie daily."

"*De die in diem*," added Saddletree.

"I think," said Butler, after a good deal of hesitation, "I have seen the girl in the shop—a modest-looking, fair-haired girl?"

"Ay, ay, that's just puir Effie," said her mistress. "How she was abandoned to hersell, or whether she was sackless o' the sinfu' deed, God in Heaven knows; but if she's been guilty, she's been sair tempted, and I wad amaist take my Bible-aith she hasna been hersell at the time."

Butler had by this time become much agitated; he fidgeted up and down the shop, and showed the external agitation that a person of such strict decorum could be supposed to give way to. "Was not this girl," he said, "the daughter of David Deans, that had the parks at St. Leonard's taken? and has she not a sister?"

"In troth has she—puir Jeanie Deans, ten years aulder than hersell; she was here greeting a wee while syne about her tittie. And what could I say to her, but that she behooved to come and speak to Mr. Saddletree when he was at hame? It wasna that I thought Mr. Saddletree could do her or ony other body muckle good or ill, but it wad aye serve to keep the puir thing's heart up for a wee while; and let sorrow come when sorrow maun."

"Ye're mistaen though, gudewife," said Saddletree scornfully, "for I could hae gien her great satisfaction; I could hae proved to her that her sister was indicted upon the statute saxteen hundred and ninety, chapter one—For the mair ready prevention of child-murder—for concealing her pregnancy, and giving no account of the child which she had borne."

"I hope," said Butler,—"I trust in a gracious God, that she can clear herself."

"And sae do I, Mr. Butler," replied Mrs. Saddletree. "I am sure I wad hae answered for her as my ain daughter; but, wae's my heart, I had been tender a' the simmer, and scarce ower the door o' my room for twal weeks. And as for Mr. Saddletree, he might be in a lying-in hospital, and ne'er find out what the women cam there for. Sae I could see little or naething o' her, or I wad hae had the truth o' her situation out o' her, I'se warrant ye—But we a' think her sister maun be able to speak something to clear her."

"The haill Parliament House," said Saddletree, "was speaking o' naething else, till this job o' Porteous's put it out o' head—It's a beautiful point of presumptive murder, and there's been nane like it in the Justiciar Court since the case of Luckie Smith the howdie, that suffered in the year saxteen hundred and seventy-nine."

"But what's the matter wi' you, Mr. Butler?" said the good woman; "ye are looking as white as a sheet; will ye take a dram?"

"By no means," said Butler, compelling himself to speak. "I walked in from Dumfries yesterday, and this is a warm day."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Saddletree, laying hands on him kindly, "and rest ye—ye'll kill yoursell, man, at that rate—And are we to wish you joy o' getting the scule, Mr. Butler?"

"Yes—no—I do not know," answered the young man vaguely. But Mrs. Saddletree kept him to the point, partly out of real interest, partly from curiosity.

"Ye dinna ken whether ye are to get the free scule o' Dumfries or no, after hinging on and teaching it a' the simmer?"

"No, Mrs. Saddletree—I am not to have it," replied Butler, more collectedly. "The Laird of Black-at-the-bane had a natural son bred to the kirk, that the presbytery could not be prevailed upon to license; and so"——

"Ay, ye need say nae mair about it; if there was a laird that had a puir kinsman or a bastard that it wad suit, there's enough said.—And ye're e'en come back to Libberton to wait for dead men's shoon?—and, for as frail as Mr. Whackbairn is he may live as lang as you, that are his assistant and successor."

"Very like," replied Butler with a sigh; "I do not know if I should wish it otherwise."

"Nae doubt it's a very vexing thing," continued the good lady, "to be in that dependant station; and you that hae right and title to sae muckle better, I wonder how ye bear these crosses."

"*Quos diligit castigat*," answered Butler; "even the pagan Seneca could see an advantage in affliction. The Heathens had their philosophy, and the Jews their revelation, Mrs. Saddletree, and they endured their distresses in their day. Christians have a better dispensation than either—but doubtless"——

He stopped and sighed.

"I ken what you mean," said Mrs. Saddletree, looking toward her husband; "there's whiles we lose patience in spite of baith book and Bible—But

ye are no' gaun awa, and looking sae poorly—ye'll stay and take some kail wi' us?"

Mr. Saddletree laid aside Balfour's Practiques, (his favourite study, and much good may it do him.) to join in his wife's hospitable importunity. But the teacher declined all entreaty, and took his leave upon the spot.

"There's something in a' this," said Mrs. Saddletree, looking after him as he walked up the street; "I wonder what makes Mr. Butler sae distressed about Effie's misfortune—there was nae acquaintance atween them that ever I saw or heard of; but they were neighbours when David Deans was on the Laird o' Dumbiedikes' land. Mr. Butler wad ken her father, or some o' her folk.—Get up, Mr. Saddletree—ye have set yoursell down on the very brecham that wants stitching- and here's little Willie, the prentice.—Ye little rin-there-out deil that ye are, what takes you raking through the gutters to see folk hangit?—how wad ye like when it comes to be your ain chance, as I winna ensure ye, if ye dinna mend your manners?—And what are ye maundering and greeting for, as if a word were breaking your banes?—Gang in by, and be a better bairn another time, and tell Peggy to gie ye a bicker o' broth, for ye'll be as gleg as a gled, I'se warrant ye.—It's a fatherless bairn, Mr. Saddletree, and motherless, whilk in some cases may be waur, and ane would take care o' him if they could—it's a Christian duty."

"Very true, gudewife," said Saddletree, in reply, "we are *in loco parentis* to him during his years of pupillarity, and I hae had thoughts of applying to the Court for a commission as factor *loco tutoris*, seeing there is nae tutor nominate, and the tutor-at-law declines to act; but only I fear the expense of the procedure wad not be *in rem versam*, for I am not aware if Willie has ony effects whereof to assume the administration."

He concluded this sentence with a self-important cough, as one who has laid down the law in an indisputable manner.

"Effects!" said Mrs. Saddletree, "what effects has the puir wean?—he was in rags when his mother died; and the blue polonie that Effie made for him out of an auld mantle of my ain, was the first decent dress the bairn ever had on. Puir Effie! can ye tell me now really, wi' a' your law, will her life be in danger, Mr. Saddletree, when they arena able to prove that ever there was a bairn ava?"

"Whoy," said Mr. Saddletree, delighted at having for once in his life seen his wife's attention arrested by a topic of legal discussion—"Whoy, there are two sorts of *murdrum*, or *murdragium*, or what you *populariter et vulgariter* call murther. I mean there are many sorts; for there's your *murthrum, per vigilias et insidias*, and your *murthrum* under trust.'

"I am sure," replied his moiety, "that murther by trust is the way that the gentry murther us merchants, and whiles makes us shut the booth up—but that has naething to do wi' Effie's misfortune."

"The case of Effie (or Euphemia) Deans," resumed Saddletree, "is one of those cases of murder presumptive, that is, a murder of the law's inferring or construction, being derived from certain *indicia* or grounds of suspicion."

"So that," said the good woman, "unless puir Effie has communicated her situation, she'll be hanged by the neck, if the bairn was still-born, or if it be alive at this moment?"

"Assuredly," said Saddletree, "it being a statute made by our sovereign Lord and Lady, to prevent the horrid delict of bringing forth children in secret—The crime is rather a favourite of the law, this species of murther being one of its ain creation."

"Then, if the law makes murders," said Mrs. Saddletree, "the law should be hanged for them; or if they wad hang a lawyer instead, the country wad find nae faut."

A summons to their frugal dinner interrupted the further progress of the conversation, which was otherwise like to take a turn much less favourable to the science of jurisprudence and its professors, than Mr. *Bartoline* Saddletree, the fond admirer of both, had *at its opening anticipated.*

CHAPTER VI.

But up then raise all Edinburgh,
They all rose up by thousands three.

Johnnie Armstrong's Goodnight.

BUTLER, on his departure from the sign of the Golden Nag, went in quest of a friend of his connected with the law, of whom he wished to make particular inquiries concerning the circumstances in which the unfortunate young woman mentioned in the last chapter was placed, having, as the reader has probably already conjectured, reasons much deeper than those dictated by mere humanity, for interesting himself in her fate. He found the person he sought absent from home, and was equally unfortunate in one or two other calls which he made upon acquaintances whom he hoped to interest in her story. But every body was, for the moment, stark-mad on the subject of Porteous, and engaged busily in attacking or defending the measures of government in reprieving him; and the ardour of dispute had excited such universal thirst, that half the young lawyers and writers, together with their very clerks, the class whom Butler was looking after, had adjourned the debate to some favourite tavern. It was computed by an experienced arithmetician, that there was as much two-penny ale consumed on the discussion as would have floated a first-rate man-of-war.

Butler wandered about until it was dusk, resolving to take that opportunity of visiting the unfortunate young woman, when his doing so might be less observed; for he had his own reasons for avoiding the remarks of Mrs. Saddletree, whose shop-door opened at no great distance from that of the jail, though on the opposite or south side of the street, and a little higher up. He passed, therefore, through the narrow and partly covered passage leading from the north-west end of the Parliament Square.

He stood now before the Gothic entrance of the ancient prison, which, as is well known to all men, rears its ancient front in the very middle of the High Street, forming, as it were, the termination to a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town, leaving for passage a narrow street on the north, and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow crooked lane, winding betwixt the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and the adjacent houses on the one side, and the buttresses and projections of the old Cathedral upon the other. To give some gayety to this sombre passage, (well known by the name of the Krames,) a number of little booths, or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments, so that it seemed as if the traders had occupied with nests, bearing the same proportion to the building, every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth's Castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops, where the little loiterers chiefly interested in such wares are tempted to linger, enchanted by the rich display of hobby-horses, babies, and Dutch toys, arranged in artful and gay confusion; yet half scared by the cross looks of the withered pantaloon, or spectacled old lady, by whom these tempting stores are watched and superintended. But, in the times we write of, the hosiers, the glovers, the hatters, the mercers, the milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed haberdasher's goods, were to be found in this narrow alley.

To return from our digression. Butler found the outer turnkey, a tall, thin, old man, with long silver hair, in the act of locking the outward door of the jail. He addressed himself to this person, and asked admittance to Effie Deans, confined upon accusation of child-murder. The turnkey looked at him earnestly, and, civilly touching his hat out of respect to Butler's black coat and clerical appearance, replied, "It was impossible any one could be admitted at present."

"You shut up earlier than usual, probably on account of Captain Porteous's affair?" said Butler.

The turnkey, with the true mystery of a person in office, gave two grave nods, and withdrawing from the wards a ponderous key of about two feet in

length, he proceeded to shut a strong plate of steel which folded down above the keyhole, and was secured by a steel spring and catch. Butler stood still instinctively while the door was made fast, and then looking at his watch, walked briskly up the street, muttering to himself almost unconsciously—

> *Porta adversa, ingens, solidoque adamante columnæ;*
> *Vis ut nulla virûm, non ipsi exscindere ferro*
> *Cœlicolæ valeant—Stat ferrea turris ad auras—&c.**

Having wasted half an hour more in a second fruitless attempt to find his legal friend and adviser, he thought it time to leave the city and return to his place of residence, in a small village about two miles and a half to the southward of Edinburgh. The metropolis was at this time surrounded by a high wall, with battlements and flanking projections at some intervals, and the access was through gates, called in the Scottish language *ports*, which were regularly shut at night. A small fee to the keepers would indeed procure egress and ingress at any time, through a wicket left for that purpose in the large gate, but it was of some importance, to a man so poor as Butler, to avoid even this slight pecuniary mulct; and fearing the hour of shutting the gates might be near, he made for that to which he found himself nearest, although, by doing so, he somewhat lengthened his walk homewards. Bristo Port was that by which his direct road lay, but the West Port, which leads out of the Grass-market, was the nearest of the city gates to the place where he found himself, and to that, therefore, he directed his course. He reached the port in ample time to pass the circuit of the walls, and enter a suburb called Portsburgh, chiefly inhabited by the lower order of citizens and mechanics. Here he was unexpectedly interrupted.

He had not gone far from the gate before he heard the sound of a drum, and, to his great surprise, met a number of persons, sufficient to occupy the whole front of the street, and form a considerable mass behind, moving with great speed towards the gate he had just come from, and having in front of them a drum beating to arms. While he considered how he should escape a party, assembled, as it might be presumed, for no lawful purpose, they came full on him and stopped him.

"Are you a clergyman?" one questioned him.

Butler replied, that "he was in orders, but was not a placed minister."

"It's Mr. Butler from Libberton," said a voice from behind; "he'll discharge the duty as weel as ony man."

"You must turn back with us, sir," said the first speaker, in a tone civil but peremptory.

"For what purpose, gentlemen?" said Mr. Butler. "I live at some distance from town—the roads are unsafe by night—you will do me a serious injury by stopping me."

"You shall be sent safely home—no man shall touch a hair of your head—but you must and shall come along with us."

"But to what purpose or end, gentlemen?" said Butler. "I hope you will be so civil as to explain that to me?"

"You shall know that in good time. Come along—for come you must, by force or fair means; and I warn you to look neither to the right hand nor the left, and to take no notice of any man's face, but consider all that is passing before you as a dream."

"I would it were a dream I could awaken from," said Butler to himself; but having no means to oppose the violence with which he was threatened, he was compelled to turn round and march in front of the rioters, two men partly supporting and partly holding him. During this parley the insurgents had made themselves masters of the West Port, rushing upon the Waiters, (so the people were called who had the charge of the gates,) and possessing themselves of the keys. They bolted and barred the folding doors, and commanded the person, whose duty it usually was, to secure the wicket, of which they did not understand the fastenings. The man, terrified at an incident so totally unexpected, was unable to perform his usual office, and gave the matter up, after several attempts. The rioters, who seemed to have come prepared for every emergency, called for torches, by the light of which they nailed up the wicket with long nails, which, it appeared probable, they had provided on purpose.

While this was going on, Butler could not, even if he had been willing, avoid making remarks on the individuals who seemed to lead this singular mob. The torch-light, while it fell on their forms, and left him in the shade, gave him an opportunity to do so without their observing him. Several of those who appeared most active were dressed in sailors' jackets, trousers, and sea-caps; others in large loose-bodied great-coats, and slouched hats; and there were several who, judging from their dress, should have been called women, whose rough deep voices, uncommon size, and masculine deportment and mode of walking, forbade them being so interpreted. They moved as if by some well-concerted plan of arrangement. They had signals by which they knew, and nicknames by which they distinguished each other. Butler remarked, that the name of Wildfire was used among them, to which one stout Amazon seemed to reply.

The rioters left a small party to observe the West Port, and directed the Waiters, as they valued their lives, to remain within their lodge, and make no attempt for that night to repossess themselves of the gate. They then moved with rapidity along the low street called the Cowgate, the mob of the city everywhere rising at the sound of their drum, and joining them. When the multitude arrived at the Cowgate Port, they secured it with as little opposition as the former, made it fast, and left a small party to observe it. It was afterwards remarked, as a striking instance of prudence and precaution, singularly combined with audacity, that the parties left to guard those gates did not remain stationary on their posts, but flitted to and fro, keeping so near the gates as to see that no efforts were made to open them, yet not remaining so long as to have their persons closely observed. The mob, at first only about one hundred strong, now amounted to thousands, and were increasing every moment. They divided themselves so as to ascend with more speed the various narrow lanes which lead up from the Cowgate to the High Street; and still beating to arms as they went, and calling on all true Scotsmen to join them, they now filled the principal street of the city.

The Netherbow Port might be called the Temple-bar of Edinburgh, as intersecting the High Street at its termination, it divided Edinburgh, properly so called, from the suburb named the Canongate, as Temple-bar separates London from Westminster. It was of the utmost importance to the rioters to possess themselves of this pass, because there was quartered in the Canongate at that time a regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Moyle, which might have occupied the city by advancing through this gate, and would possess the power of totally defeating their purpose. The leaders therefore hastened to the Netherbow Port, which they secured in the same manner, and with as little trouble, as the other gates, leaving a party to watch it, strong in proportion to the importance of the post.

The next object of these hardy insurgents was at once to disarm the City Guard, and to procure arms for themselves; for scarce any weapons but staves and bludgeons had been yet seen among them. The Guard-house was a long, low, ugly building, (removed in 1787,) which to a fanciful imagination might have suggested the idea of a long black snail crawling up the middle of the High Street, and deforming its beautiful esplanade. This formidable insurrection had been so unexpected, that there were no more than the ordinary serjeant's guard of the city-corps upon duty; even these were without any supply of powder and ball; and sensible enough what had raised the storm, and which way it was rolling, could hardly be supposed very desirous to expose themselves by a valiant defence to the animosity of so numerous and despe-

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* Wide is the fronting gate, and, raised on high,
With adamantine columns threats the sky;
Vain is the force of man, and Heaven's as vain
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain;
Sublime on these a tower of steel is rear'd.
Dryden's *Virgil*, book vi.

rate a mob, to whom they were on the present occasion much more than usually obnoxious.

There was a sentinel upon guard, who (that one town-guard soldier might do his duty on that eventful evening) presented his piece, and desired the foremost of the rioters to stand off. The young amazon, whom Butler had observed particularly active, sprung upon the soldier, seized his musket, and after a struggle succeeded in wrenching it from him, and throwing him down on the causeway. One or two soldiers, who endeavoured to turn out to the support of their sentinel, were in the same manner seized and disarmed, and the mob without difficulty possessed themselves of the Guard-house, disarming and turning out of doors the rest of the men on duty. It was remarked, that, notwithstanding the city soldiers had been the instruments of the slaughter which this riot was designed to revenge, no ill usage or even insult was offered to them. It seemed as if the vengeance of the people disdained to stoop at any head meaner than that which they considered as the source and origin of their injuries.

On possessing themselves of the guard, the first act of the multitude was to destroy the drums, by which they supposed an alarm might be conveyed to the garrison in the castle; for the same reason they now silenced their own, which was beaten by a young fellow, son to the drummer of Portsburgh, whom they had forced upon that service. Their next business was to distribute among the boldest of the rioters the guns, bayonets, partisans, halberds, and battle or Lochaber axes. Until this period the principal rioters had preserved silence on the ultimate object of their rising, as being that which all knew, but none expressed. Now, however, having accomplished all the preliminary parts of their design, they raised a tremendous shout of "Porteous! Porteous! To the Tolbooth! To the Tolbooth!"

They proceeded with the same prudence when the object seemed to be nearly in their grasp, as they had done hitherto when success was more dubious. A strong party of the rioters, drawn up in front of the Luckenbooths, and facing down the street, prevented all access from the eastward, and the west end of the defile formed by the Luckenbooths was secured in the same manner; so that the Tolbooth was completely surrounded, and those who undertook the task of breaking it open effectually secured against the risk of interruption.

The magistrates, in the meanwhile, had taken the alarm, and assembled in a tavern, with the purpose of raising some strength to subdue the rioters. The deacons, or presidents of the trades, were applied to, but declared there was little chance of their authority being respected by the craftsmen, where it was the object to save a man so obnoxious. Mr. Lindsay, member of parliament for the city, volunteered the perilous task of carrying a verbal message from the Lord Provost to Colonel Moyle, the commander of the regiment lying in the Canongate, requesting him to force the Netherbow Port, and enter the city to put down the tumult. But Mr. Lindsay declined to charge himself with any written order, which, if found on his person by an enraged mob, might have cost him his life; and the issue of the application was, that Colonel Moyle, having no written requisition from the civil authorities, and having the fate of Porteous before his eyes as an example of the severe construction put by a jury on the proceedings of military men acting on their own responsibility, declined to encounter the risk to which the Provost's verbal communication invited him.

More than one messenger was dispatched by different ways to the Castle, to require the commanding officer to march down his troops, to fire a few cannon-shot, or even to throw a shell among the mob, for the purpose of clearing the streets. But so strict and watchful were the various patrols whom the rioters had established in different parts of the street, that none of the emissaries of the magistrates could reach the gate of the Castle. They were, however, turned back without either injury or insult, and with nothing more of menace than was necessary to deter them from again attempting to accomplish their errand.

The same vigilance was used to prevent ever[...] of the higher, and those which, in this case, mi[...] deemed the more suspicious orders of society, appearing in the street, and observing the move[...] or distinguishing the persons, of the rioters. [...] person in the garb of a gentleman was stopp[...] small parties of two or three of the mob, who [...] exhorted, partly required of them, that they s[...] return to the place from whence they came. M[...] quadrille table was spoiled that memorable eve[...] for the sedan-chairs of ladies even of the h[...] rank, were interrupted in their passage from on[...] to another, in despite of the laced footmen and [...]ing flambeaux. This was uniformly done with [...]ference and attention to the feelings of the te[...] females, which could hardly have been expected [...] the videttes of a mob so desperate. Those who [...]ped the chair usually made the excuse, that the[...] much disturbance on the streets, and that it w[...] solutely necessary for the lady's safety that the[...] should turn back. They offered themselves to [...] the vehicles which they had thus interrupted i[...] progress, from the apprehension, probably, that [...] of those who had casually united themselves [...] riot might disgrace their systematic and deter[...] plan of vengeance, by those acts of general [...] and license which are common on similar occa[...]

Persons are yet living who remember to have [...] from the mouths of ladies thus interrupted on [...] journey in the manner we have described, tha[...] were escorted to their lodgings by the young me[...] stopped them, and even handed out of their c[...] with a polite attention far beyond what was co[...]ent with their dress, which was apparently tl[...] journeymen mechanics.* It seemed as if the co[...]rators, like those who assassinated the Cardina[...]toun in former days, had entertained the opinio[...] the work about which they went was a judgm[...] Heaven, which, though unsanctioned by the [...] authorities, ought to be proceeded in with ord[...] gravity.

While their outposts continued thus vigilan[...] suffered themselves neither from fear nor curio[...] neglect that part of the duty assigned to the[...] while the main guards to the east and west se[...] them against interruption, a select body of th[...]ers thundered at the door of the jail, and dem[...] instant admission. No one answered, for the [...] keeper had prudently made his escape with th[...] at the commencement of the riot, and was no [...] to be found. The door was instantly assailed [...] sledge-hammers, iron-crows, and the coult[...] ploughs, ready provided for the purpose, with [...] they prized, heaved, and battered for some tim[...] little effect; for, being of double oak planks, cle[...] both end-long and athwart, with broad-headed [...] the door was so secured as to yield to no me[...] forcing, without the expenditure of much time. [...] rioters, however, appeared determined to gain [...]tance. Gang after gang relieved each other [...] exercise, for, of course, only a few could wor[...] time; but gang after gang retired, exhausted [...] their violent exertions, without making muc[...]gress in forcing the prison-door. Butler had be[...] up near to this the principal scene of action; so [...] indeed, that he was almost deafened by the r[...]sing clang of the heavy fore-hammers again[...] iron-bound portals of the prison. He began [...]tertain hopes, as the task seemed protracted, th[...] populace might give it over in despair, or that [...] rescue might arrive to disperse them. There [...] moment at which the latter seemed probable.

The magistrates, having assembled their of[...] and some of the citizens who were willing to h[...] themselves for the public tranquillity, now s[...] forth from the tavern where they held their si[...] and approached the point of danger. Their o[...] went before them with links and torches, with [...] rald to read the riot act, if necessary. They [...]

* A near relation of the author's used to tell of havin[...] stopped by the rioters, and escorted home in the man[...]scribed. On reaching her own home, one of her attend[...] appearance a *baxter*, *i. e.* a baker's lad, handed her out [...] chair, and took leave with a bow, which, in the lady's o[...] argued breeding that could hardly be learned beside the [...]

drove before them the outposts and videttes of the rioters; but when they approached the line of guard which the mob, or rather, we should say, the conspirators, had drawn across the street in the front of the Luckenbooths, they were received with an unintermitted volley of stones, and, on their nearer approach, the pikes, bayonets, and Lochaber-axes, of which the populace had possessed themselves, were presented against them. One of their ordinary officers, a strong resolute fellow, went forward, seized a rioter, and took from him a musket; but, being unsupported, he was instantly thrown on his back in the street, and disarmed in his turn. The officer was too happy to be permitted to rise and run away without receiving any further injury; which afforded another remarkable instance of the mode in which these men had united a sort of moderation towards all others, with the most inflexible inveteracy against the object of their resentment. The magistrates, after vain attempts to make themselves heard and obeyed, possessing no means of enforcing their authority, were constrained to abandon the field to the rioters, and retreat in all speed from the showers of missiles that whistled around their ears.

The passive resistance of the Tolbooth-gate promised to do more to baffle the purpose of the mob than the active interference of the magistrates. The heavy sledge-hammers continued to din against it without intermission, and with a noise which, echoed from the lofty buildings around the spot, seemed enough to have alarmed the garrison in the Castle. It was circulated among the rioters, that the troops would march down to disperse them, unless they could execute their purpose without loss of time; or that, even without quitting the fortress, the garrison might obtain the same end by throwing a bomb or two upon the street.

Urged by such motives for apprehension, they eagerly relieved each other at the labour of assailing the Tolbooth door: yet such was its strength, that it still defied their efforts. At length, a voice was heard to pronounce the words, "Try it with fire." The rioters, with an unanimous shout, called for combustibles, and as all their wishes seemed to be instantly supplied, they were soon in possession of two or three empty tar-barrels. A huge red glaring bonfire speedily arose close to the door of the prison, sending up a tall column of smoke and flame against its antique turrets and strongly-grated windows, and illuminating the ferocious and wild gestures of the rioters who surrounded the place, as well as the pale and anxious groups of those, who, from windows in the vicinage, watched the progress of this alarming scene. The mob fed the fire with whatever they could find fit for the purpose. The flames roared and crackled among the heaps of nourishment piled on the fire, and a terrible shout soon announced that the door had kindled, and was in the act of being destroyed. The fire was suffered to decay, but, long ere it was quite extinguished, the most forward of the rioters rushed, in their impatience, one after another, over its yet smouldering remains. Thick showers of sparkles rose high in the air, as man after man bounded over the glowing embers, and disturbed them in their passage. It was now obvious to Butler, and all others who were present, that the rioters would be instantly in possession of their victim, and have it in their power to work their pleasure upon him, whatever that might be.*

* The ancient Tolbooth of Edinburgh, situated and described as in the last chapter, was built by the citizens in 1561, and destined for the accommodation of Parliament, as well as of the High Courts of Justice; and at the same time for the confinement of prisoners for debt, or on criminal charges. Since the year 1640, when the present Parliament House was erected, the Tolbooth was occupied as a prison only. Gloomy and dismal as it was, the situation in the centre of the High Street rendered it so particularly well-aired, that when the plague laid waste the city in 1645, it affected none within these melancholy precincts. The Tolbooth was removed, with the mass of buildings in which it was incorporated, in the autumn of the year 1817. At that time the kindness of his old schoolfellow and friend, Robert Johnstone, Esquire, then Dean of Guild of the city, with the liberal acquiescence of the persons who had contracted for the work, procured for the author of Waverley the stones which composed the gateway, together with the door, and its ponderous fastenings, which he employed in decorating the entrance of his kitchen-court at Abbotsford. "To such base offices may we return." The application of these relics of the heart of Mid-Lothian to serve as the postern gate to a court of modern offices, may be justly ridiculed as whimsical; but yet it is not without interest, that we see the gateway through which so much of the stormy politics of a rude age, and the vice and misery of later times, had found their passage, now occupied in the service of rural economy. Last year, to complete the change, a tom-tit was pleased to build her nest within the lock of the Tolbooth,—a strong temptation to have committed a sonnet, had the author, like Tony Lumpkin, been in a concatenation accordingly.

It is worth mentioning, that an act of beneficence celebrated the demolition of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. A subscription, raised and applied by the worthy Magistrate above-mentioned, procured the manumission of most of the unfortunate debtors confined in the old jail, so that there were few or none transferred to the new place of confinement.

CHAPTER VII.

The evil you teach us, we will execute; and it shall go hard but we will better the instruction. *Merchant of Venice.*

THE unhappy object of this remarkable disturbance had been that day delivered from the apprehension of a public execution, and his joy was the greater, as he had some reason to question whether government would have run the risk of unpopularity by interfering in his favour, after he had been legally convicted by the verdict of a jury, of a crime so very obnoxious. Relieved from this doubtful state of mind, his heart was merry within him, and he thought, in the emphatic words of Scripture on a similar occasion, that surely the bitterness of death was past. Some of his friends, however, who had watched the manner and behaviour of the crowd when they were made acquainted with the reprieve, were of a different opinion. They augured, from the unusual sternness and silence with which they bore their disappointment, that the populace nourished some scheme of sudden and desperate vengeance; and they advised Porteous to lose no time in petitioning the proper authorities, that he might be conveyed to the Castle under a sufficient guard, to remain there in security until his ultimate fate should be determined. Habituated, however, by his office, to overawe the rabble of the city, Porteous could not suspect them of an attempt so audacious as to storm a strong and defensible prison; and, despising the advice by which he might have been saved, he spent the afternoon of the eventful day in giving an entertainment to some friends who visited him in jail, several of whom, by the indulgence of the Captain of the Tolbooth, with whom he had an old intimacy, arising from their official connexion, were even permitted to remain to supper with him, though contrary to the rules of the jail.

It was, therefore, in the hour of unalloyed mirth, when this unfortunate wretch was "full of bread," hot with wine, and high in mistimed and ill-grounded confidence, and alas! with all his sins full blown, when the first distant shouts of the rioters mingled with the song of merriment and intemperance. The hurried call of the jailer to the guests, requiring them instantly to depart, and his yet more hasty intimation that a dreadful and determined mob had possessed themselves of the city gates and guard-house, were the first explanation of these fearful clamours.

Porteous might, however, have eluded the fury from which the force of authority could not protect him, had he thought of slipping on some disguise, and leaving the prison along with his guests. It is probable that the jailor might have connived at his escape, or even that, in the hurry of this alarming contingency, he might not have observed it. But Porteous and his friends alike wanted presence of mind to suggest or execute such a plan of escape. The former hastily fled from a place where their own safety seemed compromised, and the latter, in a state resembling stupefaction, awaited in his apartment the termination of the enterprise of the rioters. The cessation of the clang of the instruments with which they had at first attempted to force the door, gave him momentary relief. The flattering hopes, that the military had marched into the city, either from the Castle or from the suburbs, and that the rioters were intimidated and dispersing, were soon destroyed by the broad and glaring light of the flames, which, illuminating through the grated window every corner of his apartment, plainly showed that the mob,

determined on their fatal purpose, had adopted a means of forcing entrance equally desperate and certain.

The sudden glare of light suggested to the stupified and astonished object of popular hatred the possibility of concealment or escape. To rush to the chimney, to ascend it at the risk of suffocation, were the only means which seem to have occurred to him; but his progress was speedily stopped by one of those iron gratings, which are, for the sake of security, usually placed across the vents of buildings designed for imprisonment. The bars, however, which impeded his further progress, served to support him in the situation which he had gained, and he seized them with the tenacious grasp of one who esteemed himself clinging to his last hope of existence. The lurid light, which had filled the apartment, lowered and died away; the sound of shouts was heard within the walls, and on the narrow and winding stair, which, cased within one of the turrets, gave access to the upper apartments of the prison. The huzza of the rioters was answered by a shout wild and desperate as their own, the cry, namely, of the imprisoned felons, who, expecting to be liberated in the general confusion, welcomed the mob as their deliverers. By some of these the apartment of Porteous was pointed out to his enemies. The obstacle of the lock and bolts was soon overcome, and from his hiding-place the unfortunate man heard his enemies search every corner of the apartment, with oaths and maledictions, which would but shock the reader if we recorded them, but which served to prove, could it have admitted of doubt, the settled purpose of soul with which they sought his destruction.

A place of concealment so obvious to suspicion and scrutiny as that which Porteous had chosen, could not long screen him from detection. He was dragged from his lurking-place, with a violence which seemed to argue an intention to put him to death on the spot. More than one weapon was directed towards him, when one of the rioters, the same whose female disguise had been particularly noticed by Butler, interfered in an authoritative tone. "Are ye mad?" he said, "or would ye execute an act of justice as if it were a crime and a cruelty? This sacrifice will lose half its savour if we do not offer it at the very horns of the altar. We will have him die where a murderer should die, on the common gibbet—We will have him die where he spilled the blood of so many innocents!"

A loud shout of applause followed the proposal, and the cry, "To the gallows with the murderer!—To the Grass-market with him!" echoed on all hands.

"Let no man hurt him," continued the speaker; "let him make his peace with God, if he can; we will not kill both his soul and body."

"What time did he give better folk for preparing their account?" answered several voices. "Let us mete to him with the same measure he measured to them."

But the opinion of the spokesman better suited the temper of those he addressed, a temper rather stubborn than impetuous, sedate though ferocious, and desirous of colouring their cruel and revengeful action with a show of justice and moderation.

For an instant this man quitted the prisoner, whom he consigned to a selected guard, with instructions to permit him to give his money and property to whomsoever he pleased. A person confined in the jail for debt received this last deposit from the trembling hand of the victim, who was at the same time permitted to make some other brief arrangements to meet his approaching fate. The felons, and all others who wished to leave the jail, were now at full liberty to do so; not that their liberation made any part of the settled purpose of the rioters, but it followed as almost a necessary consequence of forcing the jail doors. With wild cries of jubilee they joined the mob, or disappeared among the narrow lanes to seek out the hidden receptacles of vice and infamy, where they were accustomed to lurk and conceal themselves from justice.

Two persons, a man about fifty years old, and a girl about eighteen, were all who continued within the fatal walls, excepting two or three debtors probably saw no advantage in attempting the escape. The persons we have mentioned remai the strong-room of the prison, now deserted others. One of their late companions in misf called out to the man to make his escape, in th of an acquaintance. "Rin for it, Ratcliffe—the clear."

"It may be sae, Willie," answered Ratcliffe posedly, "but I have taen a fancy to leave aff and set up for an honest man."

"Stay there, and be hanged, then, for a d auld deevil!" said the other, and ran down tl son-stair.

The person in female attire whom we have guished as one of the most active rioters, was the same time at the ear of the young woman. Effie, flee!" was all he had time to whisper. turned towards him an eye of mingled fear, aff and upbraiding, all contending with a sort of st surprise. He again repeated, "Flee, Effie, fl the sake of all that's good and dear to you!" she gazed on him, but was unable to answer. noise was now heard, and the name of Madge fire was repeatedly called from the bottom staircase.

"I am coming,—I am coming," said the who answered to that appellative; and then r ting hastily, "For God's sake—for your own for my sake, flee, or they'll take your life!" l the strong-room.

"The girl gazed after him for a moment, and faintly muttering, "Better tyne life, since tint i fame," she sunk her head upon her hand, a mained, seemingly, unconscious as a statue, noise and tumult which passed around her.

That tumult was now transferred from the to the outside of the Tolbooth. The mob had b their destined victim forth, and were about t duct him to the common place of execution, they had fixed as the scene of his death. The whom they distinguished by the name of Wildfire, had been summoned to assist at th cession by the impatient shouts of his confede

"I will ensure you five hundred pounds," s unhappy man, grasping Wildfire's hand,—"fiv dred pounds for to save my life."

The other answered in the same under-ton returning his grasp with one equally conv "Five hundred-weight of coined gold should n you.—Remember Wilson!"

A deep pause of a minute ensued, when W added, in a more composed tone, "Make your with Heaven.—Where is the clergyman?"

Butler, who, in great terror and anxiety, ha detained within a few yards of the Tolbooth d wait the event of the search after Porteous, wa brought forward, and commanded to walk prisoner's side, and to prepare him for imn death. His answer was a supplication that th ters would consider what they did. "You a ther judges nor jury," said he. "You cannot by the laws of God or man, power to take aw life of a human creature, however deserving h be of death. If it is murder even in a lawful trate to execute an offender otherwise than place, time, and manner which the judges' se prescribes, what must it be in you, who have n rant for interference but your own wills? name of Him who is all mercy, show mercy t unhappy man, and do not dip your hands in his nor rush into the very crime which you are d of avenging!"

"Cut your sermon short—you are not in yo pit," answered one of the rioters.

"If we hear more of your clavers," said ar "we are like to hang you up beside him."

"Peace—hush!" said Wildfire. "Do the goo no harm—he discharges his conscience, and him the better."

He then addressed Butler. "Now, sir, we patiently heard you, and we just wish you to stand, in the way of answer, that you may a argue to the ashler-work and iron-stanchels

Tolbooth as think to change our purpose—Blood must have blood. We have sworn to each other by the deepest oaths ever were pledged, that Porteous shall die the death he deserves so richly; therefore, speak no more to us, but prepare him for death as well as the briefness of his change will permit."

They had suffered the unfortunate Porteous to put on his night-gown and slippers, as he had thrown off his coat and shoes, in order to facilitate his attempted escape up the chimney. In this garb he was now mounted on the hands of two of the rioters, clasped together, so as to form what is called in Scotland, 'The King's Cushion." Butler was placed close to his side, and repeatedly urged to perform a duty always the most painful which can be imposed on a clergyman deserving of the name, and now rendered more so by the peculiar and horrid circumstances of the criminal's case. Porteous at first uttered some supplications for mercy, but when he found that there was no chance that these would be attended to, his military education, and the natural stubbornness of his disposition, combined to support his spirits.

"Are you prepared for this dreadful end?" said Butler, in a faltering voice. "O turn to him, in whose eyes time and space have no existence, and to whom a few minutes are as a lifetime, and a lifetime as a minute."

"I believe I know what you would say," answered Porteous sullenly. "I was bred a soldier; if they will murder me without time, let my sins as well as my blood lie at their door."

"Who was it," said the stern voice of Wildfire, "that said to Wilson at this very spot, when he could not pray, owing to the galling agony of his fetters, that his pains would soon be over?—I say to you to take your own tale home; and if you cannot profit by the good man's lessons, blame not them that are still more merciful to you than you were to others."

The procession now moved forward with a slow and determined pace. It was enlightened by many blazing links and torches; for the actors of this work were so far from affecting any secrecy on the occasion, that they seemed even to court observation. Their principal leaders kept close to the person of the prisoner, whose pallid yet stubborn features were seen distinctly by the torch-light, as his person was raised considerably above the concourse which thronged around him. Those who bore swords, muskets, and battle-axes, marched on each side, as if forming a regular guard to the procession. The windows, as they went along, were filled with the inhabitants, whose slumbers had been broken by this unusual disturbance. Some of the spectators muttered accents of encouragement; but in general they were so much appalled by a sight so strange and audacious, that they looked on with a sort of stupified astonishment. No one offered, by act or word, the slightest interruption.

The rioters, on their part, continued to act with the same air of deliberate confidence and security which had marked all their proceedings. When the object of their resentment dropped one of his slippers, they stopped, sought for it, and replaced it upon his foot with great deliberation.* As they descended the Bow towards the fatal spot where they designed to complete their purpose, it was suggested that there should be a rope kept in readiness. For this purpose the booth of a man who dealt in cordage was forced open, a coil of rope fit for their purpose was selected to serve as a halter, and the dealer next morning found that a guinea had been left on his counter in exchange; so anxious were the perpetrators of this daring action to show that they meditated not the slightest wrong or infraction of law, excepting so far as Porteous was himself concerned.

Leading, or carrying along with them, in this determined and regular manner, the object of their vengeance, they at length reached the place of common execution, the scene of his crime, and destined spot of his sufferings. Several of the rioters (if they should not rather be described as conspirators, endeavoured to remove the stone which filled up the socket in which the end of the fatal tree was sunk when it was erected for its fatal purpose; others sought for the means of constructing a temporary gibbet, the place in which the gallows itself was deposited being reported too secure to be forced, without much loss of time. Butler endeavoured to avail himself of the delay afforded by these circumstances, to turn the people from their desperate design. "For God's sake," he exclaimed, "remember it is the image of your Creator which you are about to deface in the person of this unfortunate man! Wretched as he is, and wicked as he may be, he has a share in every promise of Scripture, and you cannot destroy him in impenitence without blotting his name from the Book of Life—Do not destroy soul and body; give time for preparation."

"What time had they," returned a stern voice, "whom he murdered on this very spot?—The laws both of God and man call for his death."

"But what, my friends," insisted Butler, with a generous disregard to his own safety—"what hath constituted you his judges?"

"We are not his judges," replied the same person; "he has been already judged and condemned by lawful authority. We are those whom Heaven, and our righteous anger, have stirred up to execute judgment, when a corrupt government would have protected a murderer."

"I am none," said the unfortunate Porteous; "that which you charge upon me fell out in self-defence, in the lawful exercise of my duty."

"Away with him—away with him!" was the general cry. "Why do you trifle away time in making a gallows?—that dyester's pole is good enough for the homicide."

The unhappy man was forced to his fate with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles. Unnoticed by those who had hitherto detained him as a prisoner, he fled from the fatal spot, without much caring in what direction his course lay. A loud shout proclaimed the stern delight with which the agents of this deed regarded its completion. Butler then, at the opening into the low street called the Cowgate, cast back a terrified glance, and, by the red and dusky light of the torches, he could discern a figure wavering and struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude, and could even observe men striking at it with their Lochaber-axes and partisans. The sight was of a nature to double his horror, and to add wings to his flight.

The street down which the fugitive ran opens to one of the eastern ports or gates of the city. Butler did not stop till he reached it, but found it still shut. He waited nearly an hour, walking up and down in inexpressible perturbation of mind. At length he ventured to call out, and rouse the attention of the terrified keepers of the gate, who now found themselves at liberty to resume their office without interruption. Butler requested them to open the gate. They hesitated. He told them his name and occupation.

"He is a preacher," said one; "I have heard him preach in Haddo's-hole."

"A fine preaching has he been at the night," said another; "but maybe least said is sunest mended."

Opening then the wicket of the main-gate, the keepers suffered Butler to depart, who hastened to carry his horror and fear beyond the walls of Edinburgh. His first purpose was, instantly to take the road homeward; but other fears and cares, connected with the news he had learned in that remarkable day, induced him to linger in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh until daybreak. More than one group of persons passed him as he was whileing away the hours of darkness that yet remained, whom, from the stifled tones of their discourse, the unwonted hour when they travelled, and the hasty pace at which they walked, he conjectured to have been engaged in the late fatal transaction.

Certain it was, that the sudden and total dispersion of the rioters, when their vindictive purpose was accomplished, seemed not the least remarkable feature

* This little incident, characteristic of the extreme composure of this extraordinary mob, was witnessed by a lady, who, disturbed, like others, from her slumbers, had gone to the window. It was told to the author by the lady's daughter.

of this singular affair. In general, whatever may be the impelling motive by which a mob is at first raised, the attainment of their object has usually been only found to lead the way to further excesses. But not so in the present case. They seemed completely satiated with the vengeance they had prosecuted with such staunch and sagacious activity. When they were fully satisfied that life had abandoned their victim, they dispersed in every direction, throwing down the weapons which they had only assumed to enable them to carry through their purpose. At daybreak there remained not the least token of the events of the night, excepting the corpse of Porteous, which still hung suspended in the place where he had suffered, and the arms of various kinds which the rioters had taken from the city guard-house, which were found scattered about the streets as they had thrown them from their hands, when the purpose for which they had seized them was accomplished.

The ordinary magistrates of the city resumed their power, not without trembling at the late experience of the fragility of its tenure. To march troops into the city, and commence a severe inquiry into the transactions of the preceding night, were the first marks of returning energy which they displayed. But these events had been conducted on so secure and well-calculated a plan of safety and secrecy, that there was little or nothing learned to throw light upon the authors or principal actors in a scheme so audacious. An express was dispatched to London with the tidings, where they excited great indignation and surprise in the council of regency, and particularly in the bosom of Queen Caroline, who considered her own authority as exposed to contempt by the success of this singular conspiracy. Nothing was spoke of for some time save the measure of vengeance which should be taken, not only on the actors of this tragedy, so soon as they should be discovered, but upon the magistrates who had suffered it to take place, and upon the city which had been the scene where it was exhibited. On this occasion, it is still recorded in popular tradition, that her Majesty, in the height of her displeasure, told the celebrated John, Duke of Argyle, that, sooner than submit to such an insult, she would make Scotland a hunting-field. "In that case, Madam," answered that high-spirited nobleman, with a profound bow, "I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready."

The import of the reply had more than met the ear; and as most of the Scottish nobility and gentry seemed actuated by the same national spirit, the royal displeasure was necessarily checked in mid-volley, and milder courses were recommended and adopted, to some of which we may hereafter have occasion to advert.

NOTE TO CHAPTER VII.

MEMORIAL CONCERNING THE MURDER OF CAPTAIN PORTEOUS.

The following interesting and authentic account of the inquiries made by Crown Counsel into the affair of the Porteous Mob, seems to have been drawn up by the Solicitor-General. The office was held in 1737 by Charles Erskine, Esq.

I owe this curious illustration to the kindness of a professional friend. It throws, indeed, little light on the origin of the tumult; but shows how profound the darkness must have been, which so much investigation could not dispel.

"Upon the 7th of September last, when the unhappy wicked murder of Captain Porteous was committed, His Majesty's Advocate and Sollicitor were out of town; the first beyond Inverness, and the other in Annandale, not far from Carlyle: neither of them knew any thing of the reprieve, nor did they in the least suspect that any disorder was to happen.

"When the disorder happened, the magistrates and other persons concerned in the management of the town, seemed to be all struck of a heap: and whether from the great terror that had seized all the inhabitants, they thought ane immediate enquiry would be fruitless, or whether being a direct insult upon the prerogative of the crown, they did not care rashly to intermeddle; but no proceedings was had by them. Only, soon after, ane express was sent to his Majesties Sollicitor, who came to town as soon as was possible for him: but, in the meantime, the persons who had been most guilty, had either run off, or, at least, kept themselves upon the wing until they should see what steps were taken by the Government.

"When the Sollicitor arrived he perceived the whole inhabitants under a consternation. He had no materials furnished him; nay, the inhabitants were so much afraid of being reputed informers, that very few people had so much as the courage to speak with him on the streets. However, having received her Majesties orders, by a letter from the Duke of Newcastle, he resolved to sett about the matter in earnest, and entered upon ane enquiry, groping in the dark. He had no assistance from the magistrates worth mentioning, but called witness after witness in the privatest manner, before himself in his own house, and for six weeks time, from morning to evening, went on in the enquiry without taking the least diversion, or turning his thoughts to any other business.

"He tried at first what he could do by declarations, by engaging secrecy, so that those who told the truth should never be discovered; made use of no clerk, but wrote all the declarations with his own hand, to encourage them to speak out. After all, for some time, he could get nothing but ends of stories, which, when pursued, broke off; and those who appeared and knew any thing of the matter, were under the utmost terror, lest it should take air that they had mentioned any one man as guilty.

"During the course of the enquiry, the run of the town, which was strong for the villanous actors, begun to alter a little, and when they saw the King's servants in earnest to do their best, the generality, who before had spoke very warmly in defence of the wickedness, begun to be silent, and at that period more of the criminals begun to abscond.

"At length the enquiry began to open a little, and the Sollicitor was under some difficulty how to proceed. He very well saw that the first warrand that was issued out would start the whole gang; and as he had not come at any one of the most notorious offenders, he was unwilling, upon the slight evidence he had, to begin. However, upon notice given him by Generall Moyle, that one King, a butcher in the Canongate, had boasted in presence of Bridget Knell, a soldier's wife, the morning after Captain Porteus was hanged, that he had a very active hand in the mob, a warrand was issued out, and King was apprehended and imprisoned in the Canongate tolbooth.

"This obliged the Sollicitor immediately to proceed to take up those against whom he had any information. By a signed declaration, William Stirling, apprentice to James Stirling, merchant in Edinburgh, was charged as having been at the Nether-Bow, after the gates were shut, with a Lochaber ax, or halbert in his hand, and haveing begun a huzza, marched upon the head of the mob towards the Guard.

"James Braidwood, son to a candlemaker in town, was, by a signed declaration, charged as haveing been at the Tolbooth door, giveing directions to the mob about setting fire to the door, and that the mob named him by his name, and asked his advice.

"By another declaration, one Stoddart, a journeyman smith, was charged of haveing boasted publicly, in a smith's shop at Leith, that he had assisted in breaking open the Tolbooth door.

"Peter Traill, a journeyman wright, by one of the declarations, was also accused of haveing lockt the Nether-Bow Port when it was shutt by the mob.

"His Majesties Sollicitor having these informations, imployed privately such persons as he could best rely on, and the truth was, there were very few in whom he could repose confidence. But he was, indeed, faithfully served by one Webster a soldier in the Welsh fuzileers, recommended to him by Lieutenant Alshton, who, with very great address, informed himself, and really run some risque in getting his information, concerning the places where the persons informed against used to haunt, and how they might be seized. In consequence of which, a party of the Guard from the Canongate was agreed on to march up at a certain hour, when a message should be sent. The Sollicitor wrote a letter and gave it to one of the town officers, ordered to attend Captain Maitland, one of the town Captains, promoted to that command since the unhappy accident, who, indeed, was extremely diligent and active throughout the whole; and haveing got Stirling and Braidwood apprehended, dispatched the officer with the letter to the military in the Canongate, who immediately begun their march, and by the time the Sollicitor had half examined the said two persons in the Burrow-room, where the magistrates were present, a party of fifty men, drums beating, marched into the Parliament close, and drew up, which was the first thing that struck a terror, and from that time forward, the insolence was succeeded by fear.

"Stirling and Braidwood were immediately sent to the Castle, and imprisoned. That same night, Stoddart the smith was seized, and he was committed to the Castle also; as was likewise Traill the journeyman wright, who were all severally examined, and denied the least accession.

"In the meantime, the enquiry was going on, and it haveing cast up in one of the declarations, that a hump'd-backed creature marched with a gun as one of the guards to Porteus when he went up the Lawn Market, the person who emitted this declaration, was employed to walk the streets to see if he could find him out; at last he came to the Sollicitor and told him he had found him, and that he was in a certain house. Whereupon a warrand was issued out against him, and he was apprehended and sent to the Castle, and he proved to be one Birnie, a helper to the Countess of Weemys's coachman.

"Thereafter, ane information was given in against William M'Lauchlan, ffootman to the said Countess, he haveing been very active in the mob; ffor sometime he kept himself out of the way, but at last he was apprehended and likewise committed to the Castle.

"And these were all the prisoners who were putt under confinement in that place.

"There were other persons imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and severalls against whom warrands were issued, but could not be apprehended, whose names and cases shall afterwards be more particularly taken notice of.

"The friends of Stirling made an application to the Earl of Islay, Lord Justice-Generall, setting furth, that he was seized with a bloody flux; that his life was in danger; and that upon ane examination of witnesses whose names were given in, it would appear to conviction, that he had not the least access to any of the riotous proceedings of that wicked mob.

"This petition was by his Lordship putt in the hands of his Majesties Sollicitor, who examined the witnesses; and by their

testimonies it appeared, that the young man, who was not above eighteen years of age, was that night in company with about half a dozen companions, in a public house in Stephen Law's close, near the back of the Guard, where they all remained until the noise came to the house, that the mob had shut the gates and seized the Guard, upon which the company broke up, and he and one of his companions, went towards his master's house; and, in the course of the after examination, there was a witness who declared, nay, indeed swore, (for the Sollicitor, by this time, saw it necessary to put those he examined upon oath,) that he met him (Stirling) after he entered into the alley where his master lives, going towards his house; and another witness, fellow-prentice with Stirling, declares, that after the mob had seized the Guard, he went home, where he found Stirling before him; and that his master lockt the door, and kept them both at home till after twelve at night: upon weighing of which testimonies, and upon consideration had, That he was charged by the declaration only of one person, who really did not appear to be a witness of the greatest weight, and that his life was in danger from the imprisonment, he was admitted to baill by the Lord Justice-General, by whose warrant he was committed.

"Braidwood's friends applyed in the same manner; but as he stood charged by more than one witness, he was not releasd—tho', indeed, the witnesses adduced for him say somewhat in his exculpation—that he does not seem to have been upon any original concert; and one of the witnesses says he was along with him at the Tolbooth door, and refuses what is said against him, with regard to his having advised the burning of the Tolbooth door. But he remains still in prison.

"As to Trail, the journeyman wright, he is charged by the same witness who declared against Stirling, and there is none concurs with him; and to say the truth concerning him, he seemed to be the most ingenuous of any of them whom the Sollicitor examined, and pointed out a witness by whom one of the first accomplices was discovered, and who escaped when the warrand was to be put in execution against them. He positively denys his having shutt the gate, and 'tis thought Traill ought to be admitted to baill.

"As to Burnie, he is charged only by one witness, who had never seen him before, nor knew his name; so, tho' I dare say the witness honestly mentioned him, 'tis possible he may be mistaken; and in the examination of above 200 witnesses, there is no body concurrs with him, and he is ane insignificant little creature.

"With regard to M'Lauchlan, the proof is strong against him by one witness, that he acted as a serjeant or sort of commander, for some time, of a Guard, that stood cross between the upper end of the Luckenbooths and the north side of the street, to stop all but friends from going towards the Tolbooth; and by other witnesses, that he was at the Tolbooth door with a link in his hand, while the operation of beating and burning it was going on: that he went along with the mob with a halbert in his hand, until he came to the gallows stone in the Grass-market, and that he stuck the halbert into the hole of the gallows stone; that afterwards he went in amongst the mob when Captain Porteous was carried to the dyer's tree; so that the proof seems very heavy against him.

"To sum up this matter with regard to the prisoners in the Castle, 'tis believed there is strong proof against M'Lauchlan; there is also proof against Braidwood. But as it consists only in emission of words said to have been had by him while at the Tolbooth door, and that he is ane insignificant pitiful creature, and will find people to swear heartily in his favours, 'tis at best doubtful whether a jury will be got to condemn him.

"As to those in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, John Crawford, who had for some time been employed to ring the bells in the steeple of the new Church of Edinburgh, being in company with a soldier accidentally, the discourse falling in concerning Captain Porteous and his murder, as he appears to be a lightheaded fellow, he said, that he knew people that were more guilty than any that were putt in prison. Upon this information, Crawford was seized, and being examined, it appeared, that when the mob began, as he was coming down from the steeple, the mob took the keys from him: that he was that night in several corners, and did indeed delate severall persons whom he saw there, and immediately warrands were dispatched, and it was found they had absconded and fled. But there was no evidence against him of any kind. Nay, on the contrary, it appeared, that he had been with the Magistrates in Clerk's the vintner's, relating to them what he had seen in the streets. Therefore, after haveing detained him in prison ffor a very considerable time, his Majesties Advocate and Sollicitor signed a warrand for his liberation.

"There was also one James Wilson incarcerated in the said Tolbooth, upon the declaration of one witness, who said he saw him on the streets with a gun; and there he remained for some time, in order to try if a concurring witness could be found, or that he acted any part in the tragedy and wickedness. But nothing further appeared against him; and being seized with a severe sickness, he is, by a warrand signed by his Majesties Advocate and Sollicitor, liberated upon giving sufficient baill.

"As to King, enquiry was made, and the ffact comes out beyond all exception, that he was in the lodge at the Nether-Bow with *Lindsay* the waiter, and several other people, not at all concerned in the mob. But after the affair was over, he went up towards the guard, and having met with Sandie the Turk and his wife, who escaped out of prison, they returned to his house at the Abbey, and then 'tis very possible he may have thought fitt in his beer to boast of villany, in which he could not possibly have any share; for that reason he was desired to find baill and he should be set at liberty. But he is a stranger and a fellow of very indifferent character, and 'tis believed it won't be easy for him to find baill. Wherefore, it's thought he must be sett at liberty without it. Because he is a burden upon the government while kept in confinement, not *being able to maintain himself.*

"What is above is all that relates to persons in custody. But there are warrands out against a great many other persons who had fled, particularly against one William White, a journeyman baxter, who, by the evidence, appears to have been at the beginning of the mob, and to have gone along with the drum, from the West-Port to the Nether Bow, and is said to have been one of those who attacked the guard, and probably was as deep as any one there.

"Information was given that he was lurking at Falkirk, where he was born. Whereupon directions were sent to the Sheriff of the County, and a warrand from his Excellency General Wade, to the commanding officers at Stirling and Linlithgow to assist, and all possible endeavours were used to catch hold of him, and 'tis said he escaped very narrowly, having been concealed in some outhouse; and the misfortune was, that those who were employed in the search did not know him personally. Nor, indeed, was it easy to trust any of the acquaintances of so low obscure a fellow with the secret of the warrand to be putt in execution.

"There was also strong evidence found against Robert Taylor, servant to William and Charles Thomsons, periwig makers, that he acted as ane officer among the mob, and he was traced from the guard to the well at the head of Forrester's Wynd, where he stood and had the appellation of Captain from the mob, and from that walking down the Bow before Captain Porteus, with his Lochaber axe; and by the description given of one who hawl'd the rope by which Captain Porteus was pulled up, 'tis believed Taylor was the person; and 'tis further probable, that the witness who delated Stirling had mistaken Taylor for him, their stature and age (so far as can be gathered from the description) being much the same.

"A great deal of pains were taken, and no charge was saved, in order to have catched hold of this Taylor, and warrands were sent to the country where he was born; but it appears he had shipt himself off for Holland, where it is said he now is.

"There is strong evidence also against Thomas Burns, butcher, that he was ane active person from the beginning of the mob to the end of it. He lurkt for some time amongst those of his trade; and artfully enough a train was laid to catch him, under pretence of a message that had come from his father in Ireland, so that he came to a blind alehouse in the Flesh-market close, and a party being ready, was by Webster the soldier, who was upon his exploit, advertised to come down. However, Burns escaped out at a back window, and hid himself in some of the houses which are heaped together upon one another in that place, so that it was not possible to catch him. 'Tis now said he is gone to Ireland to his father, who lives there.

"There is evidence also against one Robert Anderson, journeyman and servant to Colin Alison, wright; and against Thomas Linnen and James Maxwell, both servants also to the said Colin Alison, who all seem to have been deeply concerned in the matter. Anderson is one of those who putt the rope upon Captain Porteus's neck. Linnen seems also to have been very active; and Maxwell (which is pretty remarkable) is proven to have come to a shop upon the Friday before, and charged the journeymen and prentices there to attend in the Parliament close on Tuesday night, to assist to hang Captain Porteus. These three did early abscond, and though warrands had been issued out against them, and all endeavours used to apprehend them, could not be found.

"One Waldie, a servant to George Campbell, wright, has also absconded, and many others, and 'tis informed that numbers of them have shipt themselves off ffor the Plantations; and upon an information that a ship was going off ffrom Glasgow, in which severall of the rogues were to transport themselves beyond seas, proper warrands were obtained, and persons dispatched to search the said ship, and seize any that can be found.

"The like warrands had been issued with regard to ships from Leith. But whether they had been scared, or whether the information had been groundless, they had no effect.

"This is a summary of the enquiry, ffrom which it appears there is no prooff on which one can rely, but against M'Lauchlan. There is a prooff also against Braidwood, but more exceptionable. His Majesties Advocate, since he came to town, has join'd with the Sollicitor and has done his utmost to gett at the bottom of this matter, but hitherto it stands, as is above represented. They are resolved to have their eyes and their ears open, and to do what they can. But they labour'd exceedingly against the stream; and it may truly be said, that nothing was wanting on their part. Nor have they declined any labour to answer the commands laid upon them to search the matter to the bottom."

THE PORTEOUS MOB.

In the preceding chapters, the circumstances of that extraordinary riot and conspiracy, called the Porteous Mob, are given with as much accuracy as the author was able to collect them. The order, regularity, and determined resolution with which such a violent action was devised and executed, were only equalled by the secrecy which was observed concerning the principal actors.

Although the fact was performed by torch-light, and in presence of a great multitude, to some of whom, at least, the individual actors must have been known, yet no discovery was ever made concerning any of the perpetrators of the slaughter.

Two men only were brought to trial for an offence which the government were so anxious to detect and punish. William M'Lauchlan, footman to the Countess of Wemyss, who is mentioned in the report of the Solicitor-General, (page 24,) against whom strong evidence had been obtained, was brought to trial in March, 1737, charged as having been accessary to the riot, armed with a Lochaber-axe. But this man (who was at all times a silly creature) proved, that he was in a state of mortal intoxication during the time he was present with the rabble, incapable of giving them either advice or assistance, or, indeed, of knowing what he or they were doing. He was also able to prove, that he was forced into the riot, and upheld while there

by two bakers, who put a Lochaber-axe into his hand. The jury, wisely judging this poor creature could be no proper subject of punishment, found the panel Not guilty. The same verdict was given in the case of Thomas Linning, also mentioned in the Solicitor's memorial, who was tried in 1738. In short, neither then, nor for a long period afterwards, was any thing discovered relating to the organization of the Porteous Plot.

The imagination of the people of Edinburgh was long irritated, and their curiosity kept awake, by the mystery attending this extraordinary conspiracy. It was generally reported of such natives of Edinburgh as, having left the city in youth, returned with a fortune amassed in foreign countries, that they had originally fled on account of their share in the Porteous Mob. But little credit can be attached to these surmises, as in most of the cases they are contradicted by dates, and in none supported by any thing but vague rumours, grounded on the ordinary wish of the vulgar, to impute the success of prosperous men to some unpleasant source. The secret history of the Porteous Mob has been till this day unraveled; and it has always been quoted as a close, daring, and calculated act of violence, of a nature peculiarly characteristic of the Scottish people.

Nevertheless, the author, for a considerable time, nourished hopes to have found himself enabled to throw some light on this mysterious story. An old man, who died about twenty years ago, at the advanced age of ninety-three, was said to have made a communication to the clergyman who attended upon his death-bed, respecting the origin of the Porteous Mob. This person followed the trade of a carpenter, and had been employed as such on the estate of a family of opulence and condition. His character, in his line of life and amongst his neighbours, was excellent, and never underwent the slightest suspicion. His confession was said to have been to the following purpose. That he was one of twelve young men belonging to the village of Pathhead, whose animosity against Porteous, on account of the execution of Wilson, was so extreme, that they resolved to execute vengeance on him with their own hands, rather than he should escape punishment. With this resolution they crossed the Forth at different ferries, and rendezvoused at the suburb called Portsburgh, where their appearance in a body soon called numbers around them. The public mind was in such a state of irritation, that it only wanted a single spark to create an explosion; and this was afforded by the exertions of the small and determined band of associates. The appearance of premeditation and order which distinguished the riot, according to his account, had its origin, not in any previous plan or conspiracy, but in the character of those who were engaged in it. The story also serves to show why nothing of the origin of the riot has ever been discovered, since, though in itself a great conflagration, its source, according to this account, was from an obscure and apparently inadequate cause.

I have been disappointed, however, in obtaining the evidence on which this story rests. The present proprietor of the estate on which the old man died, (a particular friend of the author,) undertook to question the son of the deceased on the subject. This person follows his father's trade, and holds the employment of carpenter to the same family. He admits, that his father's going abroad at the time of the Porteous Mob was popularly attributed to his having been concerned in that affair; but adds, that, so far as is known to him, the old man had never made any confession to that effect; and, on the contrary, had uniformly denied being present. My kind friend, therefore, had recourse to a person from whom he had formerly heard the story; but who, either from respect to an old friend's memory, or from failure of his own, happened to have forgotten that ever such a communication was made. So my obliging correspondent (who is a fox-hunter) wrote to me that he was completely *planted*; and all that can be said with respect to the tradition is, that it certainly once existed, and was generally believed

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CHAPTER VIII.

> Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
> The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me;
> St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
> Sin' my true-love's forsaken me. *Old Song.*

If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semi-circular rocks, called Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form, which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon; now, a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now, a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland Mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of these enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with, or divided from, each other, in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied,—so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime,—is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment. This path used to be my favourite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favourite author, or new subject of study. It is, I am informed, now become totally impassable; a circumstance which, if true, reflects little credit on the taste of the Good Town or its leaders.*

It was from this fascinating path—the scene to me of so much delicious musing, when life was young and promised to be happy, that I have been unable to pass it over without an episodical description—it was, I say, from this romantic path that Butler saw the morning arise the day after the murder of Porteous. It was possible for him with ease to have found a much shorter road to the house to which he was directing his course, and, in fact, that which he chose was extremely circuitous. But to compose his own spirits, as well as to while away the time, until a proper hour for visiting the family without surprise or disturbance, he was induced to extend his circuit by the foot of the rocks, and to linger upon his way until the morning should be considerably advanced. While, now standing with his arms across, and waiting the slow progress of the sun above the horizon, now sitting upon one of the numerous fragments which storms had detached from the rocks above him, he is meditating, alternately, upon the horrible catastrophe which he had witnessed, and upon the melancholy, and to him most interesting, news which he had learned at Saddletree's, we will give the reader to understand who Butler was, and how his fate was connected with that of Effie Deans, the unfortunate hand-maiden of the careful Mrs. Saddletree.

Reuben Butler was of English extraction, though born in Scotland. His grandfather was a trooper in Monk's army, and one of the party of dismounted dragoons which formed the forlorn hope at the storming of Dundee in 1651. Stephen Butler (called, from his talents in reading and expounding, Scripture Stephen, and Bible Butler) was a stanch independent, and received in its fullest comprehension the promise that the saints should inherit the earth. As hard knocks were what had chiefly fallen to his share hitherto in the division of this common property, he lost not the opportunity which the storm and plunder of a commercial place afforded him, to appropriate as large a share of the better things of this world as he could possibly compass. It would seem that he had succeeded indifferently well, for his exterior circumstances appeared, in consequence of this event, to have been much mended.

The troop to which he belonged was quartered at the village of Dalkeith, as forming the body guard of Monk, who, in the capacity of general for the Commonwealth, resided in the neighbouring castle. When, on the eve of the Restoration, the general commenced his march from Scotland, a measure pregnant with such important consequences, he new-modelled his troops, and more especially those immediately about his person, in order that they might consist entirely of individuals devoted to himself. On this occasion Scripture Stephen was weighed in the balance, and found wanting. It was supposed he felt no call to any expedition which might endanger the reign of the military sainthood, and that he did not consider himself as free in conscience to join with any party which might be likely ultimately to acknowledge the interest of Charles Stewart, the son of "the last man," as Charles I. was familiarly and irreverently termed by them in their common discourse, as well as in their more elaborate predications and harangues. As the time did not admit of cashiering such dissidents, Stephen Butler was only advised in a friendly way to give up his horse and accoutrements to one of Middleton's old troopers, who possessed an accommodating conscience of a military stamp, and which squared itself chiefly upon those of the colonel and paymaster. As this hint came recommended by a

* A beautiful and solid pathway has, within a few years, been formed around these romantic rocks; and the author has the pleasure to think, that the passage in the text gave rise to the undertaking.

certain sum of arrears presently payable, Stephen had carnal wisdom enough to embrace the proposal, and with great indifference saw his old corps depart for Coldstream, on their route for the south, to establish the tottering government of England on a new basis.

The *zone* of the ex-trooper, to use Horace's phrase, was weighty enough to purchase a cottage and two or three fields, (still known by the name of Beersheba,) within about a Scottish mile of Dalkeith; and there did Stephen establish himself with a youthful helpmate, chosen out of the said village, whose disposition to a comfortable settlement on this side of the grave reconciled her to the gruff manners, serious temper, and weather-beaten features of the martial enthusiast. Stephen did not long survive the falling on "evil days and evil tongues," of which Milton, in the same predicament, so mournfully complains. At his death his consort remained an early widow, with a male child of three years old, which, in the sobriety wherewith it demeaned itself, in the old-fashioned and even grim cast of its features, and in its sententious mode of expressing itself, would sufficiently have vindicated the honour of the widow of Beersheba, had any one thought proper to challenge the babe's descent from Bible Butler.

Butler's principles had not descended to his family, or extended themselves among his neighbours. The air of Scotland was alien to the growth of independency, however favourable to fanaticism under other colours. But nevertheless, they were not forgotten; and a certain neighbouring laird, who piqued himself upon the loyalty of his principles "in the worst of times," (though I never heard they exposed him to more peril than that of a broken head or a night's lodging in the main guard, when wine and cavalierism predominated in his upper story,) had found it a convenient thing to rake up all matter of accusation against the deceased Stephen. In this enumeration his religious principles made no small figure, as, indeed, they must have seemed of the most exaggerated enormity to one whose own were so small and so faintly traced as to be well nigh imperceptible. In these circumstances, poor widow Butler was supplied with her full proportion of fines for non-conformity, and all the other oppressions of the time, until Beersheba was fairly wrenched out of her hands, and became the property of the Laird who had so wantonly, as it had hitherto appeared, persecuted this poor forlorn woman. When his purpose was fairly achieved, he showed some remorse or moderation, or whatever the reader may please to term it, in permitting her to occupy her husband's cottage, and cultivate, on no very heavy terms, a croft of land adjacent. Her son, Benjamin, in the meanwhile, grew up to man's estate, and, moved by that impulse which makes men seek marriage, even when its end can only be the perpetuation of misery, he wedded and brought a wife, and, eventually, a son, Reuben, to share the poverty of Beersheba.

The Laird of Dumbiedikes* had hitherto been moderate in his exactions, perhaps because he was ashamed to tax too highly the miserable means of support which remained to the widow Butler. But when a stout active young fellow appeared as the labourer of the croft in question, Dumbiedikes began to think so broad a pair of shoulders might bear an additional burden. He regulated, indeed, his management of his dependents (who fortunately were but few in number) much upon the principle of the carters whom he observed loading their carts at a neighbouring coal-hill, and who never failed to clap an additional brace of hundred-weights on their burden, so soon as by any means they had compassed a new horse of somewhat superior strength to that which had broken down the day before. However reasonable this practice appeared to the Laird of Dumbiedikes, he ought to have observed, that it may be overdone, and that it infers, as a matter of course, the destruction and loss of both horse, cart, and loading.

* Dumbiedikes, selected as descriptive of the taciturn character of the imaginary owner, is really the name of a house bordering on the King's Park, so called because the late Mr. Braidwood, an instructor of the deaf and dumb, resided there with his pupils. The situation of the real house is different from that assigned to the ideal mansion.

Even so it befell when the additional "prestations" came to be demanded of Benjamin Butler. A man of few words, and few ideas, but attached to Beersheba with a feeling like that which a vegetable entertains to the spot in which it chances to be planted, he neither remonstrated with the Laird, nor endeavoured to escape from him, but toiling night and day to accomplish the terms of his task-master, fell into a burning fever and died. His wife did not long survive him; and, as if it had been the fate of this family to be left orphans, our Reuben Butler was, about the year 1704-5, left in the same circumstances in which his father had been placed, and under the same guardianship, being that of his grandmother, the widow of Monk's old trooper.

The same prospect of misery hung over the head of another tenant of this hard-hearted lord of the soil. This was a tough true-blue Presbyterian, called Deans, who, though most obnoxious to the Laird on account of principles in church and state, contrived to maintain his ground upon the estate by regular payment of mail-duties, kain, arriage, carriage, dry multure, lock, gowpen, and knaveship, and all the various exactions now commuted for money, and summed up in the emphatic word RENT. But the years 1700 and 1701, long remembered in Scotland for dearth and general distress, subdued the stout heart of the agricultural whig. Citations by the ground-officer, decreets of the Baron Court, sequestrations, poindings of outsight and insight plenishing, flew about his ears as fast as ever the tory bullets whistled around those of the Covenanters at Pentland, Bothwell Brigg, or Airsmoss. Struggle as he might, and he struggled gallantly, "Douce David Deans" was routed horse and foot, and lay at the mercy of his grasping landlord just at the time that Benjamin Butler died. The fate of each family was anticipated; but they who prophesied their expulsion to beggary and ruin, were disappointed by an accidental circumstance.

On the very term-day when their ejection should have taken place, when all their neighbours were prepared to pity, and not one to assist them, the minister of the parish, as well as a doctor from Edinburgh, received a hasty summons to attend the Laird of Dumbiedikes. Both were surprised, for his contempt for both faculties had been pretty commonly his theme over an extra bottle, that is to say, at least once every day. The leech for the soul, and he for the body, alighted in the court of the little old manor-house at almost the same time; and when they had gazed a moment at each other with some surprise, they in the same breath expressed their conviction that Dumbiedikes must needs be very ill indeed, since he summoned them both to his presence at once. Ere the servant could usher them to his apartment the party was augmented by a man of law, Nichil Novit, writing himself procurator before the Sheriff-court, for in those days there were no solicitors. This latter personage was first summoned to the apartment of the Laird, where, after some short space, the soul-curer and the body-curer were invited to join him.

Dumbiedikes had been by this time transported into the best bedroom, used only upon occasions of death and marriage, and called, from the former of these occupations, the Dead-Room. There were in this apartment, besides the sick person himself and Mr. Novit, the son and heir of the patient, a tall gawky silly-looking boy of fourteen or fifteen, and a housekeeper, a good buxom figure of a woman, betwixt forty and fifty, who had kept the keys and managed matters at Dumbiedikes since the lady's death. It was to these attendants that Dumbiedikes addressed himself pretty nearly in the following words; temporal and spiritual matters, the care of his health and his affairs, being strangely jumbled in a head which was never one of the clearest.

"These are sair times wi' me, gentlemen and neighbours! amaist as ill as at the aughty-nine, when I was rabbled by the collegeaners.†—They mistook me

† Immediately previous to the Revolution, the students at the *Edinburgh* College were violent anti-catholics. They were *strongly* suspected of burning the house of Priestfield, belonging

muckle—they ca'd me a papist, but there was never a papist bit about me, minister.—Jock, ye'll take warning—it's a debt we maun a' pay, and there stands Nichil Novit that will tell ye I was never gude at paying debts in my life.—Mr. Novit, ye'll no forget to draw the annual rent that's due on the yerl's band—if I pay debt to other folk, I think they suld pay it to me—that equals aquals.—Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping.* My father tauld me sae forty years sin', but I ne'er fand time to mind him—Jock, ne'er drink brandy in the morning, it files the stamach sair; gin ye take a morning's draught, let it be aqua mirabilis; Jenny there makes it weel.—Doctor, my breath is growing as scant as a broken-winded piper's, when he has played for four-and-twenty hours at a penny-wedding.—Jenny, pit the cod aneath my head—but it's a needless!—Mass John, could ye think o' rattling ower some bit short prayer, it wad do me gude maybe, and keep some queer thoughts out o' my head. Say something, man."

"I cannot use a prayer like a rat-rhyme," answered the honest clergyman; "and if you would have your soul redeemed like a prey from the fowler, Laird, you must needs show me your state of mind."

"And shouldna ye ken that without my telling you?" answered the patient. "What have I been paying stipend and tiend parsonage and vicarage for, ever sin' the aughty-nine, and I canna get a spell of a prayer for't, the only time I ever asked for ane in my life?—Gang awa wi' your whiggery, if that's a' ye can do; auld Curate Kilstoup wad hae read half the Prayer-book to me by this time—Awa wi' ye!—Doctor, let's see if ye can do ony thing better for me."

The doctor, who had obtained some information in the meanwhile from the housekeeper on the state of his complaints, assured him that medical art could not prolong his life many hours.

"Then damn Mass John and you baith!" cried the furious and intractable patient. "Did ye come here for naething but to tell me that ye canna help me at the pinch? Out wi' them, Jenny—out o' the house! and, Jock, my curse, and the curse of Cromwell, go wi' ye, if ye gie them either fee or bountith, or sae muckle as a black pair o' cheverons!"†

The clergyman and doctor made a speedy retreat out of the apartment, while Dumbiedikes fell into one of those transports of violent and profane language, which had procured him the surname of Damn-me-dikes.—"Bring me the brandy bottle, Jenny, ye b——," he cried, with a voice in which passion contended with pain. "I can die as I have lived, without fashing ony o' them. But there's ae thing," he said, sinking his voice—"there's ae fearful thing hings about my heart, and an anker of brandy winna wash it away.—The Deanses at Woodend!—I sequestrated them in the dear years, and now they are to flit, they'll starve—and that Beersheba, and that auld trooper's wife and her oe, they'll starve—they'll starve!—Look out, Jock; what kind o' night is't?"

"On-ding o' snaw, father," answered Jock, after having opened the window and looked out with great composure.

"They'll perish in the drifts!" said the expiring sinner—"they'll perish wi' cauld!—but I'll be het eneugh, gin a' tales be true."

This last observation was made under breath, and in a tone which made the very attorney shudder. He tried his hand at ghostly advice, probably for the first time in his life, and recommended, as an opiate for the agonized conscience of the Laird, reparation of the injuries he had done to these distressed families, which, he observed by the way, the civil law called *restitutio in integrum*. But Mammon was struggling with Remorse for retaining his place in a bosom he had so long possessed; and he partly succeeded, as an old tyrant proves often too strong for his insurgent rebels.

"I canna do't," he answered, with a voice of despair. "It would kill me to do't—how can ye bid me pay back siller, when ye ken how I want it? or dispone Beersheba, when it lies sae weel into my ain plaid-nuik? Nature made Dumbiedikes and Beersheba to be ae man's land—She did, by ——. Nichil, it wad kill me to part them."

"But ye maun die whether or no, Laird," said Mr. Novit; "and maybe ye wad die easier—it's but trying. I'll scroll the disposition in nae time."

"Dinna speak o't, sir," replied Dumbiedikes, "or I'll fling the stoup at your head.—But, Jock, lad, ye see how the warld warstles wi' me on my deathbed—be kind to the puir creatures the Deanses and the Butlers—be kind to them, Jock. Dinna let the warld get a grip o' ye, Jock—but keep the gear thegither! and whate'er ye do, dispone Beersheba at no rate. Let the creatures stay at a moderate mailing, and hae bite and soup; it will maybe be the better wi' your father where he's gaun, lad."

After these contradictory instructions, the Laird felt his mind so much at ease, that he drank three bumpers of brandy continuously, and "soughed awa," as Jenny expressed it, in an attempt to sing "Deil stick the minister."

His death made a revolution in favour of the distressed families. John Dumbie, now of Dumbiedikes, in his own right, seemed to be close and selfish enough; but wanted the grasping spirit and active mind of his father; and his guardian happened to agree with him in opinion, that his father's dying recommendation should be attended to. The tenants, therefore, were not actually turned out of doors among the snow wreaths, and were allowed wherewith to procure butter-milk and peas-bannocks, which they eat under the full force of the original malediction. The cottage of Deans, called Woodend, was not very distant from that at Beersheba. Formerly there had been little intercourse between the families. Deans was a sturdy Scotchman, with all sort of prejudices against the southern, and the spawn of the southern. Moreover, Deans was, as we have said, a stanch presbyterian, of the most rigid and unbending adherence to what he conceived to be the only possible straight line, as he was wont to express himself, between right-hand heats and extremes, and left-hand defections; and, therefore, he held in high dread and horror all independents, and whomsoever he supposed allied to them.

But, notwithstanding these national prejudices and religious professions, Deans and the widow Butler were placed in such a situation, as naturally and at length created some intimacy between the families. They had shared a common danger and a mutual deliverance. They needed each other's assistance, like a company, who, crossing a mountain stream, are compelled to cling close together, lest the current should be too powerful for any who are not thus supported.

On nearer acquaintance, too, Deans abated some of his prejudices. He found old Mrs. Butler, though not thoroughly grounded in the extent and bearing of the real testimony against the defections of the times, had no opinions in favour of the independent party; neither was she an Englishwoman. Therefore, it was to be hoped, that, though she was the widow of an enthusiastic corporal of Cromwell's dragoons, her grandson might be neither schismatic nor anti-national, two qualities concerning which Goodman Deans had as wholesome a terror as against papists and malignants. Above all, (for Douce Davie Deans had his weak side,) he perceived that widow Butler looked up to him with reverence, listened to his advice, and compounded for an occasional fling at the doctrines of her deceased husband, to which, as we have seen, she was by no means warmly attached, in consideration of the valuable counsels which the presbyterian afforded her for the management of her little farm. These usually concluded with, "they may do otherwise in England, neighbour Butler, for aught I ken;" or, "it may be different in foreign

to the Lord Provost; and certainly were guilty of creating considerable riots in 1688-9.

* The author has been flattered by the assurance, that this native mode of recommending arboriculture (which was actually delivered in these very words by a Highland laird, while on his death-bed, to his son) had so much weight with a Scottish earl, as to lead to his planting a large tract of country.

† *Cheverons*—gloves.

parts;" or, "they wha think differently on the great foundation of our covenanted reformation, overturning and mishguggling the government and discipline of the kirk, and breaking down the carved work of our Zion, might be for sawing the craft wi' aits; but I say pease, pease." And as his advice was shrewd and sensible, though conceitedly given, it was received with gratitude, and followed with respect.

The intercourse which took place betwixt the families at Beersheba and Woodend, became strict and intimate, at a very early period, betwixt Reuben Butler, with whom the reader is already in some degree acquainted, and Jeanie Deans, the only child of Douce Davie Deans by his first wife, "that singular Christian woman," as he was wont to express himself, "whose name was savoury to all that knew her for a desirable professor, Christian Menzies in Hochmagirdle." The manner of which intimacy, and the consequences thereof, we now proceed to relate.

CHAPTER IX.

Reuben and Rachel, though as fond as doves,
Were yet discreet and cautious in their loves,
Nor would attend to Cupid's wild commands,
Till cool reflection bade them join their hands.
When both were poor, they thought it argued ill
Of hasty love to make them poorer still.

CRABBE'S *Parish Register.*

WHILE widow Butler and widower Deans struggled with poverty, and the hard and steril soil of those "parts and portions" of the lands of Dumbiedikes which it was their lot to occupy, it became gradually apparent that Deans was to gain the strife, and his ally in the conflict was to lose it. The former was a man, and not much past the prime of life—Mrs. Butler a woman, and declined into the vale of years. This, indeed, ought in time to have been balanced by the circumstance, that Reuben was growing up to assist his grandmother's labours, and that Jeanie Deans, as a girl, could be only supposed to add to her father's burdens. But Douce Davie Deans knew better things, and so schooled and trained the young minion, as he called her, that from the time she could walk, upwards, she was daily employed in some task or other suitable to her age and capacity; a circumstance which, added to her father's daily instructions and lectures, tended to give her mind, even when a child, a grave, serious, firm, and reflecting cast. An uncommonly strong and healthy temperament, free from all nervous affection and every other irregularity, which, attacking the body in its more noble functions, so often influences the mind, tended greatly to establish his fortitude, simplicity, and decision of character.

On the other hand, Reuben was weak in constitution, and, though not timid in temper, might be safely pronounced anxious, doubtful, and apprehensive. He partook of the temperament of his mother, who had died of a consumption in early age. He was a pale, thin, feeble, sickly boy, and somewhat lame, from an accident in early youth. He was, besides, the child of a doting grandmother, whose too solicitous attention to him soon taught him a sort of diffidence in himself, with a disposition to overrate his own importance, which is one of the very worst consequences that children deduce from over-indulgence.

Still, however, the two children clung to each other's society, not more from habit than from taste. They herded together the handful of sheep, with the two or three cows, which their parents turned out rather to seek food than actually to feed upon the unenclosed common of Dumbiedikes. It was there that the two urchins might be seen seated beneath a blooming bush of whin, their little faces laid close together under the shadow of the same plaid drawn over both their heads, while the landscape around was embrowned by an overshadowing cloud, big with the shower which had driven the children to shelter. On other occasions they went together to school, the boy receiving that encouragement and example from his companion, in crossing the little brooks which intersected their path, and encountering cattle, dogs, and other perils, upon their journey, which the male sex in such cases usually consider it as their prerogative to extend to the weaker. But when, seated on the benches of the school-house, they began to con their lessons together, Reuben, who was as much superior to Jeanie Deans in acuteness of intellect, as inferior to her in firmness of constitution, and in that insensibility to fatigue and danger which depends on the conformation of the nerves, was able fully to requite the kindness and countenance with which, in other circumstances, she used to regard him. He was decidedly the best scholar at the little parish school; and so gentle was his temper and disposition, that he was rather admired than envied by the little mob who occupied the noisy mansion, although he was the declared favourite of the master. Several girls, in particular, (for in Scotland they are taught with the boys,) longed to be kind to, and comfort the sickly lad, who was so much cleverer than his companions. The character of Reuben Butler was so calculated as to offer scope both for their sympathy and their admiration, the feelings perhaps, through which the female sex (the more deserving part of them at least) is more easily attached.

But Reuben, naturally reserved and distant, improved none of these advantages; and only became more attached to Jeanie Deans, as the enthusiastic approbation of his master assured him of fair prospects in future life, and awakened his ambition. In the meantime, every advance that Reuben made in learning (and, considering his opportunities, they were uncommonly great) rendered him less capable of attending to the domestic duties of his grandmother's farm. While studying the *pons asinorum* in Euclid, he suffered every *cuddie* upon the common to trespass upon a large field of pease belonging to the Laird, and nothing but the active exertions of Jeanie Deans, with her little dog Dustiefoot, could have saved great loss and consequent punishment. Similar miscarriages marked his progress in his classical studies. He read Virgil's Georgics till he did not know bear from barley; and had nearly destroyed the crofts of Beersheba, while attempting to cultivate them according to the practice of Columella and Cato the Censor.

These blunders occasioned grief to his grand-dame, and disconcerted the good opinion which her neighbour, Davie Deans, had for some time entertained of Reuben.

"I see naething ye can make of that silly callant, neighbour Butler," said he to the old lady, "unless ye train him to the wark o' the ministry. And ne'er was there mair need of poorfu' preachers than e'en now in these cauld Gallio days, when men's hearts are hardened like the nether-mill-stone, till they come to regard none of these things. It's evident this puir callant of yours will never be able to do an usefu' day's wark, unless it be as an ambassador from our master; and I will make it my business to procure a license when he is fit for the same, trusting he will be a shaft cleanly polished, and meet to be used in the body of the kirk; and that he shall not turn again, like the sow, to wallow in the mire of heretical extremes and defections, but shall have the wings of a dove, though he hath lain among the pots."

The poor widow gulped down the affront to her husband's principles, implied in this caution, and hastened to take Butler from the High School, and encourage him in the pursuit of mathematics and divinity, the only physics and ethics that chanced to be in fashion at the time.

Jeanie Deans was now compelled to part from the companion of her labour, her study, and her pastime, and it was with more than childish feeling that both children regarded the separation. But they were young, and hope was high, and they separated like those who hope to meet again at a more auspicious hour.

While Reuben Butler was acquiring at the University of St. Andrews the knowledge necessary for a clergyman, and macerating his body with the privations which were necessary in seeking food for his mind, his grand-dame became daily less able to struggle with her little farm, and was at length obliged to throw it up to the new Laird of Dumbiedikes. That great personage was no absolute Jew, and did not

cheat her in making the bargain more than was tolerable. He even gave her permission to tenant the house in which she had lived with her husband, as long as it should be "tenantable;" only he protested against paying for a farthing of repairs, any benevolence which he possessed being of the passive, but by no means of the active mood.

In the meanwhile, from superior shrewdness, skill, and other circumstances, some of them purely accidental, Davie Deans gained a footing in the world, the possession of some wealth, the reputation of more, and a growing disposition to preserve and increase his store; for which, when he thought upon it seriously, he was inclined to blame himself. From his knowledge in agriculture, as it was then practised, he became a sort of favourite with the Laird, who had no pleasure either in active sports or in society, and was wont to end his daily saunter by calling at the cottage of Woodend.

Being himself a man of slow ideas and confused utterance, Dumbiedikes used to sit or stand for half an hour with an old laced hat of his father's upon his head, and an empty tobacco-pipe in his mouth, with his eyes following Jeanie Deans, or "the lassie," as he called her, through the course of her daily domestic labour; while her father, after exhausting the subject of bestial, of ploughs, and of harrows, often took an opportunity of going full-sail into controversial subjects, to which discussions the dignitary listened with much seeming patience, but without making any reply, or, indeed, as most people thought, without understanding a single word of what the orator was saying. Deans, indeed, denied this stoutly, as an insult at once to his own talents for expounding hidden truths, of which he was a little vain, and to the Laird's capacity of understanding them. He said "Dumbiedikes was nane of these flashy gentles, wi' lace on their skirts and swords at their tails, that were rather for riding on horseback to hell than ganging barefooted to heaven. He wasna like his father—nae profane company-keeper—nae swearer—nae drinker—nae frequenter of play-house, or music-house, or dancing-house—nae Sabbath-breaker—nae imposer of aiths, or bonds, or denier of liberty to the flock.—He clave to the warld, and the warld's gear, a wee ower muckle, but then there was some breathing of a gale upon his spirit," &c. &c. All this honest Davie said and believed.

It is not to be supposed, that, by a father and a man of sense and observation, the constant direction of the Laird's eyes towards Jeanie was altogether unnoticed. This circumstance, however, made a much greater impression upon another member of his family, a second helpmate, to wit, whom he had chosen to take to his bosom ten years after the death of his first. Some people were of opinion, that Douce Davie had been rather surprised into this step, for in general, he was no friend to marriages or giving in marriage, and seemed rather to regard that state of society as a necessary evil,—a thing lawful, and to be tolerated in the imperfect state of our nature, but which clipped the wings with which we ought to soar upwards, and tethered the soul to its mansion of clay, and the creature-comforts of wife and bairns. His own practice, however, had in this material point varied from his principles, since, as we have seen, he twice knitted for himself this dangerous and ensnaring entanglement.

Rebecca, his spouse, had by no means the same horror of matrimony, and as she made marriages in imagination for every neighbour round, she failed not to indicate a match betwixt Dumbiedikes and her step-daughter Jeanie. The goodman used regularly to frown and pshaw whenever this topic was touched upon, but usually ended by taking his bonnet and walking out of the house to conceal a certain gleam of satisfaction, which, at such a suggestion, involuntarily diffused itself over his austere features.

The more youthful part of my readers may naturally ask, whether Jeanie Deans was deserving of this mute attention of the Laird of Dumbiedikes; and the historian, with due regard to veracity, is compelled to answer, that her personal attractions were of no uncommon description. She was short, and rather too stoutly made for her size, had gr light-coloured hair, a round good-humour much tanned with the sun, and her only charm was an air of inexpressible serenity, good conscience, kind feelings, contented ten the regular discharge of all her duties, spread features. There was nothing, it may be s very appalling in the form or manners of th heroine; yet, whether from sheepish bashfu from want of decision and imperfect know his own mind on the subject, the Laird of I dikes, with his old laced hat and empty toba came and enjoyed the beatific vision of Jeani day after day, week after week, year after ye out proposing to accomplish any of the propl the step-mother.

This good lady began to grow doubly imps the subject, when, after having been some ye ried, she herself presented Douce Davie with daughter, who was named Euphemia, by cor Effie. It was then that Rebecca began to patient with the slow pace at which the wooing proceeded, judiciously arguing, that, Dumbiedikes would have but little occasion fo the principal part of her gudeman's substan naturally descend to the child by the second n Other step-dames have tried less laudable m clearing the way to the succession of their ow ren; but Rebecca, to do her justice, only sou Effie's advantage through the promotion, o must have generally been accounted such, of sister. She therefore tried every female ar the compass of her simple skill, to bring the a point; but had the mortification to perce her efforts, like those of an unskilful ang scared the trout she meant to catch. Upon o sion, in particular, when she joked with the I the propriety of giving a mistress to the I Dumbiedikes, he was so effectually startl neither laced hat, tobacco-pipe, nor the in proprietor of these moveables, visited Woode fortnight. Rebecca was therefore compelled the Laird to proceed at his own snail's pa vinced, by experience, of the grave-digger's a that your dull ass will not mend his pace for

Reuben, in the meantime, pursued his s the university, supplying his wants by teac younger lads the knowledge he himself acqui thus at once gaining the means of maintaini self at the seat of learning, and fixing in h the elements of what he had already obtai this manner, as is usual among the poorer of divinity at Scottish universities, he contr only to maintain himself according to his wants, but even to send considerable assis his sole remaining parent, a sacred duty, o the Scotch are seldom negligent. His pro knowledge of a general kind, as well as in th proper to his profession, was very consider was little remarked, owing to the retired m his disposition, which in no respect qualified set off his learning to the best advantage. A had Butler been a man given to make compl had his tale to tell, like others, of unjust pre bad luck, and hard usage. On these subjec ever, he was habitually silent, perhaps from perhaps from a touch of pride, or perhaps fro junction of both.

He obtained his license as a preacher of th with some compliments from the presbytery b it was bestowed; but this did not lead to an ment, and he found it necessary to make the at Beersheba his residence for some months, other income than was afforded by the precar cupation of teaching in one or other of the ne ing families. After having greeted his aged mother, his first visit was to Woodend, where received by Jeanie with warm cordiality, arisi recollections which had never been dismiss her mind, by Rebecca with good-humour pitality, and by old Deans in a mode pec himself.

Highly as Douce Davie honoured the clerg not upon each individual of the cloth tha

stowed his approbation; and a little jealous, perhaps, at seeing his youthful acquaintance erected into the dignity of a teacher and preacher, he instantly attacked him upon various points of controversy, in order to discover whether he might not have fallen into some of the snares, defections, and desertions of the time. Butler was not only a man of stanch presbyterian principles, but was also willing to avoid giving pain to his old friend by disputing upon points of little importance; and therefore he might have hoped to have come like refined gold out of the furnace of Davie's interrogatories. But the result on the mind of that strict investigator was not altogether so favourable as might have been hoped and anticipated. Old Judith Butler, who had hobbled that evening as far as Woodend, in order to enjoy the congratulations of her neighbours upon Reuben's return, and upon his high attainments, of which she was herself not a little proud, was somewhat mortified to find that her old friend Deans did not enter into the subject with the warmth she expected. At first, indeed, he seemed rather silent than dissatisfied; and it was not till Judith had essayed the subject more than once that it led to the following dialogue.

"Aweel, neibor Deans, I thought ye wad hae been glad to see Reuben amang us again, poor fallow."

"I *am* glad, Mrs. Butler," was the neighbour's concise answer.

"Since he has lost his grandfather and his father, (praised be Him that giveth and taketh!) I ken nae friend he has in the world that's been sae like a father to him as the sell o' ye, neibor Deans."

"God is the only father of the fatherless," said Deans, touching his bonnet and looking upwards. "Give honour where it is due, gudewife, and not to an unworthy instrument."

"Aweel, that's your way o' turning it, and nae doubt ye ken best; but I hae kend ye, Davie, send a forpit o' meal to Beersheba, when there wasna a bow left in the meal-ark at Woodend; ay, and I hae kend ye"——

"Gudewife," said Davie, interrupting her, "these are but idle tales to tell me; fit for naething but to puff up our inward man wi' our ain vain acts. I stude beside blessed Alexander Peden, when I heard him call the death and testimony of our happy martyrs but draps of blude and scarts of ink in respect of fitting discharge of our duty; and what suld I think of ony thing the like of me can do?"

"Weel, neibor Deans, ye ken best; but I maun say that I am sure you are glad to see my bairn again—the halt's gane now, unless he has to walk ower mony miles at a stretch; and he has a wee bit colour in his cheek, that glads my auld een to see it; and he has as decent a black coat as the minister; and"——

"I am very heartily glad he is weel and thriving," said Mr. Deans, with a gravity that seemed intended to cut short the subject; but a woman who is bent upon a point is not easily pushed aside from it.

"And," continued Mrs. Butler, "he can wag his head in a pulpit now, neibor Deans, think but of that—my ain oe—and a'body maun sit still and listen to him, as if he were the Paip of Rome."

"The what?—the who?—woman?" said Deans, with a sternness far beyond his usual gravity, as soon as these offensive words had struck upon the tympanum of his ear."

"Eh, guide us!" said the poor woman; "I had forgot what an ill will ye had aye at the Paip, and sae had my puir gudeman, Stephen Butler. Mony an afternoon he wad sit and take up his testimony again the Paip, and again baptizing of bairns, and the like."

"Woman!" reiterated Deans, "either speak about what ye ken something o', or be silent; I say that independency is a foul heresy, and anabaptism a damnable and deceiving error, whilk suld be rooted out of the land wi' the fire o' the spiritual, and the sword o' the civil magistrate."

"Weel, weel, neibor, I'll no say that ye mayna be right," answered the submissive Judith. "I am sure ye are right about the sawing and the mawing, the shearing and the leading, and what for suld ye *no be* right about kirkwark, too?—*But concerning my oe,* Reuben Butler"——

"Reuben Butler, gudewife," said David with solemnity, "is a lad I wish heartily weel to, even as if he were mine ain son—but I doubt there will be outs and ins in the track of his walk. I muckle fear his gifts will get the heels of his grace. He has ower muckle human wit and learning, and thinks as muckle about the form of the bicker as he does about the healsomeness of the food—he maun broider the marriage-garment with lace and passments, or it's no gude eneugh for him. And it's like he's something proud o' his human gifts and learning, whilk enables him to dress up his doctrine in that fine airy dress. But," added he, at seeing the old woman's uneasiness at his discourse, "affliction may gie him a jagg, and let the wind out o' him, as out o' a cow that's eaten wet clover, and the lad may do weel, and be a burning and a shining light; and I trust it will be yours to see, and his to feel it, and that soon."

Widow Butler was obliged to retire, unable to make any thing more of her neighbour, whose discourse, though she did not comprehend it, filled her with undefined apprehensions on her grandson's account, and greatly depressed the joy with which she had welcomed him on his return. And it must not be concealed, in justice to Mr. Deans's discernment, that Butler, in their conference, had made a greater display of his learning than the occasion called for, or than was likely to be acceptable to the old man, who, accustomed to consider himself as a person pre-eminently entitled to dictate upon theological subjects of controversy, felt rather humbled and mortified when learned authorities were placed in array against him. In fact, Butler had not escaped the tinge of pedantry which naturally flowed from his education, and was apt, on many occasions, to make parade of his knowledge, when there was no need of such vanity.

Jeanie Deans, however, found no fault with this display of learning, but, on the contrary, admired it; perhaps on the same score that her sex are said to admire men of courage, on account of their own deficiency in that qualification. The circumstances of their families threw the young people constantly together; their old intimacy was renewed, though upon a footing better adapted to their age; and it became at length understood betwixt them, that their union should be deferred no longer than until Butler should obtain some steady means of support, however humble. This, however, was not a matter speedily to be accomplished. Plan after plan was formed, and plan after plan failed. The good-humoured cheek of Jeanie lost the first blush of juvenile freshness; Reuben's brow assumed the gravity of manhood, yet the means of obtaining a settlement seemed remote as ever. Fortunately for the lovers, their passion was of no ardent or enthusiastic cast; and a sense of duty on both sides induced them to bear, with patient fortitude, the protracted interval which divided them from each other.

In the meanwhile, time did not roll on without effecting his usual changes. The widow of Stephen Butler, so long the prop of the family of Beersheba, was gathered to her fathers; and Rebecca, the careful spouse of our friend Davie Deans, was also summoned from her plans of matrimonial and domestic economy. The morning after her death, Reuben Butler went to offer his mite of consolation to his old friend and benefactor. He witnessed, on this occasion, a remarkable struggle betwixt the force of natural affection, and the religious stoicism, which the sufferer thought it was incumbent upon him to maintain under each earthly dispensation, whether of weal or wo.

On his arrival at the cottage, Jeanie, with her eyes overflowing with tears, pointed to the little orchard, "in which," she whispered with broken accents, "my poor father has been since his misfortune." Somewhat alarmed at this account, Butler entered the orchard, and advanced slowly towards his old friend, who, seated in a small rude arbour, appeared to be sunk in the extremity of his affliction. He lifted his eyes somewhat sternly as Butler approached, as if offended at the interruption; but as the young man hesitated whether he ought to retreat or ad-

vance, he arose, and came forward to meet him, with a self-possessed, and even dignified air.

"Young man," said the sufferer, "lay it not to heart, though the righteous perish and the merciful are removed, seeing, it may well be said, that they are taken away from the evils to come. Wo to me, were I to shed a tear for the wife of my bosom, when I might weep rivers of water for this afflicted Church, cursed as it is with carnal seekers, and with the dead of heart."

"I am happy," said Butler, "that you can forget your private affliction in your regard for public duty."

"Forget, Reuben?" said poor Deans, putting his handkerchief to his eyes,—"She's not to be forgotten on this side of time; but He that gives the wound can send the ointment. I declare there have been times during this night when my meditation has been so wrapt, that I knew not of my heavy loss. It has been with me as with the worthy John Semple, called Carspharn John,* upon a like trial.—I have been this night on the banks of Ulai, plucking an apple here and there."

Notwithstanding the assumed fortitude of Deans, which he conceived to be the discharge of a great Christian duty, he had too good a heart not to suffer deeply under this heavy loss. Woodend became altogether distasteful to him; and as he had obtained both substance and experience by his management of that little farm, he resolved to employ them as a dairy-farmer, or cow-feeder, as they are called in Scotland. The situation he chose for his new settlement was at a place called St. Leonard's Crags, lying betwixt Edinburgh and the mountain called Arthur's Seat, and adjoining to the extensive sheep pasture still named the King's Park, from its having been formerly dedicated to the preservation of the royal game. Here he rented a small lonely house, about half a mile distant from the nearest point of the city, but the site of which, with all the adjacent ground is now occupied by the buildings which form the south-eastern suburb. An extensive pasture-ground adjoining, which Deans rented from the keeper of the Royal Park, enabled him to feed his milk-cows; and the unceasing industry and activity of Jeanie, his eldest daughter, was exerted in making the most of their produce.

She had now less frequent opportunities of seeing Reuben, who had been obliged, after various disappointments, to accept the subordinate situation of assistant in a parochial school of some eminence, at three or four miles' distance from the city. Here he distinguished himself, and became acquainted with several respectable burgesses, who, on account of health, or other reasons, chose that their children should commence their education in this little village. His prospects were thus gradually brightening, and upon each visit which he paid at Saint Leonard's he had an opportunity of gliding a hint to this purpose into Jeanie's ear. These visits were necessarily very rare, on account of the demands which the duties of the school made upon Butler's time. Nor did he dare to make them even altogether so frequent as these avocations would permit. Deans received him with civility indeed, and even with kindness; but Reuben, as is usual in such cases, imagined that he read his purpose in his eyes, and was afraid too premature an explanation on the subject would draw down his positive disapproval. Upon the whole, therefore, he judged it prudent to call at Saint Leonard's just so frequently as old acquaintance and neighbourhood seemed to authorize, and no oftener. There was another person who was more regular in his visits.

When Davie Deans intimated to the Laird of Dumbiedikes his purpose of "quitting wi' the land and house at Woodend," the Laird stared and said nothing. He made his usual visits at the usual hour without remark, until the day before the term, when, observing the bustle of moving furniture already commenced, the great east-country *awmrie* dragged out of its nook, and standing with its shoulder to the company, like an awkward booby about to leave the room, the Laird again stared mightily, and was heard to ejaculate, "Hegh, sirs!" Even after the day of departure was past and gone, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, at his usual hour, which was that at which David Deans was wont to "loose the pleugh," presented himself before the closed door of the cottage at Woodend, and seemed as much astonished at finding it shut against his approach as if it was not exactly what he had to expect. On this occasion he was heard to ejaculate, "Gude guide us!" which, by those who knew him, was considered as a very unusual mark of emotion. From that moment forward, Dumbiedikes became an altered man, and the regularity of his movements, hitherto so exemplary, was as totally disconcerted as those of a boy's watch when he has broken the main-spring. Like the index of the said watch, did Dumbiedikes spin round the whole bounds of his little property, which may be likened unto the dial of the time-piece, with unwonted velocity. There was not a cottage into which he did not enter, nor scarce a maiden on whom he did not stare. But so it was, that although there were better farm-houses on the land than Woodend, and certainly much prettier girls than Jeanie Deans, yet it did somehow befall that the blank in the Laird's time was not so pleasantly filled up as it had been. There was no seat accommodated him so well as the "bunker" at Woodend, and no face he loved so much to gaze on as Jeanie Dean's. So, after spinning round and round his little orbit, and then remaining stationary for a week, it seems to have occurred to him, that he was not pinned down to circulate on a pivot, like the hands of the watch, but possessed the power of shifting his central point, and extending his circle if he thought proper. To realize which privilege of change of place, he bought a pony from a Highland drover, and with its assistance and company stepped, or rather stumbled, as far as Saint Leonard's Crags.

Jeanie Deans, though so much accustomed to the Laird's staring that she was sometimes scarce conscious of his presence, had nevertheless some occasional fears lest he should call in the organ of speech to back those expressions of admiration which he bestowed on her through his eyes. Should this happen, farewell, she thought, to all chance of a union with Butler. For her father, however stout-hearted and independent in civil and religious principles, was not without that respect for the laird of the land, so deeply imprinted on the Scottish tenantry of the period. Moreover, if he did not positively dislike Butler, yet his fund of carnal learning was often the object of sarcasms on David's part, which were perhaps founded in jealousy, and which certainly indicated no partiality for the party against whom they were launched. And, lastly, the match with Dumbiedikes would have presented irresistible charms to one who used to complain that he felt himself apt to take "ower grit an armfu' o' the warld." So that, upon the whole, the Laird's diurnal visits were disagreeable to Jeanie from apprehension of future consequences, and it served much to console her, upon removing from the spot where she was bred and born, that she had seen the last of Dumbiedikes, his laced hat, and tobacco-pipe. The poor girl no more expected he could muster courage to follow her to Saint Leonard's Crags, than that any of her apple-trees or cabbages which she had left rooted in the "yard" at Woodend, would spontaneously, and unaided, have undertaken the same journey. It was, therefore, with much more surprise than pleasure that, on the sixth day after their removal to Saint Leonard's, she beheld Dumbiedikes arrive, laced hat, tobacco-pipe, and all, and, with the self-same greeting of "How's a' wi' ye, Jeanie?—Whare's the gudeman?" assume as nearly as he could the same position in the cottage at Saint Leonard's which he had so long and so regularly oc-

* John Semple, called Carspharn John, because minister of the parish in Galloway so called, was a presbyterian clergyman of singular piety and great zeal, of whom Patrick Walker records the following passage: "That night after his wife died, he spent the whole ensuing night in prayer and meditation in his garden. The next morning, one of his elders coming to see him, and lamenting his great loss and want of rest, he replied,—'I declare I have not, all night, had one thought of the death of my wife, I have been so taken up in meditating on heavenly things. I have been this night on the banks of Ulai, plucking an apple here and there.'"—*Walker's Remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of Mr. John Semple.*

cupied at Woodend. He was no sooner, however, seated than with an unusual exertion of his powers of conversation, he added, "Jeanie—I say, Jeanie, woman"—here he extended his hand towards her shoulder with all the fingers spread out as if to clutch it, but in so bashful and awkward a manner, that when she whisked herself beyond its reach, the paw remained suspended in the air with the palm open, like the claw of a heraldic griffin—"Jeanie," continued the swain, in this moment of inspiration,—"I say, Jeanie, it's a braw day out-by, and the roads are no that ill for boot-hose."

"The deil's in the daidling body," muttered Jeanie between her teeth; "wha wad hae thought o' his daikering out this length?" And she afterwards confessed that she threw a little of this ungracious sentiment into her accent and manner; for her father being abroad, and the "body," as she irreverently termed the landed proprietor, "looking unco gleg and canty, she didna ken what he might be coming out wi' next."

Her frowns, however, acted as a complete sedative, and the Laird relapsed from that day into his former taciturn habits, visiting the cow-feeder's cottage three or four times every week, when the weather permitted, with apparently no other purpose than to stare at Jeanie Deans, while Douce Davie poured forth his eloquence upon the controversies and testimonies of the day.

CHAPTER X.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.

CRABBE.

The visits of the Laird thus again sunk into matters of ordinary course, from which nothing was to be expected or apprehended. If a lover could have gained a fair one as a snake is said to fascinate a bird, by pertinaciously gazing on her with great stupid greenish eyes, which began now to be occasionally aided by spectacles, unquestionably Dumbiedikes would have been the person to perform the feat. But the art of fascination seems among the *artes perditæ*, and I cannot learn that this most pertinacious of starers produced any effect by his attentions beyond an occasional yawn.

In the meanwhile, the object of his gaze was gradually attaining the verge of youth, and approaching to what is called in females the middle age, which is impolitely held to begin a few years earlier with their more fragile sex than with men. Many people would have been of opinion, that the Laird would have done better to have transferred his glances to an object possessed of far superior charms to Jeanie's, even when Jeanie's were in their bloom, who began now to be distinguished by all who visited the cottage at St. Leonard's Crags.

Effie Deans, under the tender and affectionate care of her sister, had now shot up into a beautiful and blooming girl. Her Grecian-shaped head was profusely rich in waving ringlets of brown hair, which, confined by a blue snood of silk, and shading a laughing Hebe countenance, seemed the picture of health, pleasure, and contentment. Her brown russet short-gown set off a shape, which time, perhaps, might be expected to render too robust, the frequent objection to Scottish beauty, but which, in her present early age, was slender and taper, with that graceful and easy sweep of outline which at once indicates health and beautiful proportion of parts.

These growing charms, in all their juvenile profusion, had no power to shake the steadfast mind, or divert the fixed gaze, of the constant Laird of Dumbiedikes. But there was scarce another eye that could behold this living picture of health and beauty, without pausing on it with pleasure. The traveller stopped his weary horse on the eve of entering the city which was the end of his journey, to gaze at the sylph-like form that tripped by him, with her milk-pail poised on her head, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burden, *that it seemed rather an ornament than an encumbrance.* The lads of the neighbouring suburb, who held their evening rendezvous for putting the stone, casting the hammer, playing at long bowls, and other athletic exercises, watched the motions of Effie Deans, and contended with each other which should have the good fortune to attract her attention. Even the rigid presbyterians of her father's persuasion, who held each indulgence of the eye and sense to be a snare at least, if not a crime, were surprised into a moment's delight while gazing on a creature so exquisite,—instantly checked by a sigh, reproaching at once their own weakness, and mourning that a creature so fair should share in the common and hereditary guilt and imperfection of our nature. She was currently entitled the Lily of St. Leonard's, a name which she deserved as much by her guileless purity of thought, speech, and action, as by her uncommon loveliness of face and person.

Yet there were points in Effie's character, which gave rise not only to strange doubt and anxiety on the part of Douce David Deans, whose ideas were rigid, as may easily be supposed, upon the subject of youthful amusements, but even of serious apprehension to her more indulgent sister. The children of the Scotch of the inferior classes are usually spoiled by the early indulgence of their parents; how, wherefore, and to what degree, the lively and instructive narrative of the amiable and accomplished authoress of "Glenburnie"* has saved me and all future scribblers the trouble of recording. Effie had had a double share of this inconsiderate and misjudged kindness. Even the strictness of her father's principles could not condemn the sports of infancy and childhood; and to the good old man, his younger daughter, the child of his old age, seemed a child for some years after she attained the years of womanhood, was still called the "bit lassie" and "little Effie," and was permitted to run up and down uncontrolled, unless upon the Sabbath, or at the times of family worship. Her sister, with all the love and care of a mother, could not be supposed to possess the same authoritative influence; and that which she had hitherto exercised became gradually limited and diminished as Effie's advancing years entitled her, in her own conceit at least, to the right of independence and free agency. With all the innocence and goodness of disposition, therefore, which we have described, the Lily of St. Leonard's possessed a little fund of self-conceit and obstinacy, and some warmth and irritability of temper, partly natural perhaps, but certainly much increased by the unrestrained freedom of her childhood. Her character will be best illustrated by a cottage evening scene.

The careful father was absent in his well-stocked byre, foddering those useful and patient animals on whose produce his living depended, and the summer evening was beginning to close in, when Jeanie Deans began to be very anxious for the appearance of her sister, and to fear that she would not reach home before her father returned from the labour of the evening, when it was his custom to have "family exercise," and when she knew that Effie's absence would give him the most serious displeasure. These apprehensions hung heavier upon her mind, because, for several preceding evenings, Effie had disappeared about the same time, and her stay, at first so brief as scarce to be noticed, had been gradually protracted to half an hour, and an hour, and on the present occasion had considerably exceeded even this last limit. And now, Jeanie stood at the door, with her hand before her eyes to avoid the rays of the level sun, and looked alternately along the various tracks which led towards their dwelling, to see if she could descry the nymph-like form of her sister. There was a wall and a style which separated the royal domain, or King's Park, as it is called, from the public road; to this pass she frequently directed her attention, when she saw two persons appear there somewhat suddenly, as if they had walked close by the side of the wall to screen themselves from observation. One of them, a man, drew back hastily; the other, a female, crossed the stile, and advanced towards her—It was Effie. She met her sister with that affected liveli-

* Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, now no more.—Editor.

ness of manner, which, in her rank, and sometimes in those above it, females occasionally assume to hide surprise or confusion; and she carolled as she came—

"The elfin knight sate on the brae,
The broom grows bonny, the broom grows fair;
And by there came lilting a lady so gay,
And we daurna gang down to the broom nae mair."

"Whisht, Effie," said her sister; "our father's coming out o' the byre."—The damsel stinted in her song.—"Whare hae ye been sae late at e'en?"

"It's no late, lass," answered Effie.

"It's chappit eight on every clock o' the town, and the sun's gaun down ahint the Corstorphine hills—Whare can ye hae been sae late?"

"Nae gate," answered Effie.

"And wha was that parted wi' you at the stile?"

"Naebody," replied Effie, once more.

"Nae gate?—Naebody?—I wish it may be a right gate, and a right body, that keeps folk out sae late at e'en, Effie."

"What needs ye be aye speering then at folk?" retorted Effie. "I'm sure, if ye'll ask nae questions, I'll tell ye nae lees. I never ask what brings the Laird of Dumbiedikes glowering here like a wull-cat, (only his een's greener, and no sae gleg,) day after day, till we are a' like to gaunt our chafts aff."

"Because ye ken very weel he comes to see our father," said Jeanie, in answer to this pert remark.

"And Dominie Butler—Does he come to see our father, that's sae taen wi' his Latin words?" said Effie, delighted to find that, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, she could divert the threatened attack upon herself, and with the petulance of youth she pursued her triumph over her prudent elder sister. She looked at her with a sly air, in which there was something like irony, as she chanted, in a low but marked tone, a scrap of an old Scotch song—

"Through the kirkyard
I met wi' the Laird,
The silly puir body he said me nae harm;
But just ere 'twas dark,
I met wi' the clerk"———

Here the songstress stopped, looked full at her sister, and, observing the tear gather in her eyes, she suddenly flung her arms round her neck, and kissed them away. Jeanie, though hurt and displeased, was unable to resist the caresses of this untaught child of nature, whose good and evil seemed to flow rather from impulse than from reflection. But as she returned the sisterly kiss, in token of perfect reconciliation, she could not suppress the gentle reproof—"Effie, if ye will learn fule sangs, ye might make a kinder use of them."

"And so I might, Jeanie," continued the girl, clinging to her sister's neck; "and I wish I had never learned ane o' them—and I wish we had never come here—and I wish my tongue had been blistered or I had vexed ye."

"Never mind that, Effie," replied the affectionate sister; "I canna be muckle vexed wi' ony thing ye say to me—but O dinna vex our father!"

"I will not—I will not," replied Effie; "and if there were as mony dances the morn's night as there are merry dancers in the north firmament on a frosty e'en, I winna budge an inch to gang near ane o' them."

"Dance?" echoed Jeanie Deans in astonishment. "O, Effie, what could take ye to a dance?"

It is very possible, that, in the communicative mood into which the Lily of St. Leonard's was now surprised, she might have given her sister her unreserved confidence, and saved me the pain of telling a melancholy tale; but at the moment the word dance was uttered, it reached the ear of old David Deans, who had turned the corner of the house, and came upon his daughters ere they were aware of his presence. The word *prelate*, or even the word *pope*, could hardly have produced so appalling an effect upon David's ear; for, of all exercises, that of dancing, which he termed a voluntary and regular fit of distraction, he deemed most destructive of serious thoughts, and the readiest inlet to all sort of licentiousness; and he accounted the encouraging, and even permitting, assemblies or meetings, whether among those of high or low degree, for this fantastic and absurd purpose, or for that of dramatic representations, as one of the most flagrant proofs of defection and causes of wrath. The pronouncing of the word *dance* by his own daughters, and at his own door, now drove him beyond the verge of patience. "Dance?" he exclaimed. "Dance?—dance, said ye? I daur ye, limmers that ye are, to name sic a word at my door-cheek! It's a dissolute profane pastime, practised by the Israelites only at their base and brutal worship of the Golden Calf at Bethel, and by the unhappy lass wha danced aff the head of John the Baptist, upon whilk chapter I will exercise this night for your further instruction, since ye need it sae muckle, nothing doubting that she has cause to rue the day, lang or this time, that e'er she suld hae shook a limb on sic an errand. Better for her to hae been born a cripple, and carried frae door to door, like auld Bessie Bowie, begging bawbees, than to be a king's daughter, fiddling and flinging the gate she did. I hae often wondered that ony ane that ever bent a knee for the right purpose, should ever daur to crook a hough to fyke and fling at piper's wind and fiddler's squealing. And I bless God, (with that singular worthy, Peter Walker the packman at Bristo-Port,*)

* This personage, whom it would be base ingratitude in the author to pass over without some notice, was by far the most zealous and faithful collector and recorder of the actions and opinions of the Cameronians. He resided, while stationary, at the Bristo Port of Edinburgh, but was by trade an itinerant merchant or pedler, which profession he seems to have exercised in Ireland as well as Britain. He composed biographical notices of Alexander Peden, John Semple, John Welwood, and Richard Cameron, all ministers of the Cameronian persuasion, to which the last mentioned member gave the name.

It is from such tracts as these, written in the sense, feeling, and spirit of the sect, and not from the sophisticated narratives of a later period, that the real character of the persecuted class is to be gathered. Walker writes with a simplicity which sometimes slides into the burlesque, and sometimes attains a tone of simple pathos, but always expressing the most daring confidence in his own correctness of creed and sentiments, sometimes with narrow-minded and disgusting bigotry. His turn for the marvellous was that of his time and sect; but there is little room to doubt his veracity concerning whatever he quotes on his own knowledge. His small tracts now bring a very high price, especially the earlier and authentic editions.

The tirade against dancing, pronounced by David Deans, is, as intimated in the text, partly borrowed from Peter Walker. He notices, as a foul reproach upon the name of Richard Cameron, that his memory was vituperated "by pipers and fiddlers playing the Cameronian march—carnal vain springs, which too many professors of religion dance to; a practice unbecoming the professors of Christianity to dance to any spring, but somewhat more to this. Whatever," he proceeds, "be the many foul blots recorded of the saints in Scripture, none of them is charged with this regular fit of distraction. We find it has been practised by the wicked and profane, as the dancing at that brutish, base action of the calf-making; and it had been good for that unhappy lass, who danced off the head of John the Baptist, that she had been born a cripple, and never drawn a limb to her. Historians say, that her sin was written upon her judgment, who some time thereafter was dancing upon the ice, and it broke, and snapt her head off her; her head danced above, and her feet beneath. There is ground to think and conclude, that when the world's wickedness was great, dancing at their marriages was practised; but when the heavens above, and the earth beneath, were let loose upon them with that overflowing flood, their mirth was soon stayed; and when the Lord in holy justice rained fire and brimstone from heaven upon that wicked people and city Sodom, enjoying fulness of bread and idleness, their fiddle-strings and hands went all in a flame; and the whole people in thirty miles of length, and ten of breadth, as historians say, were all made to fry in their skins; and at the end, whoever are giving in marriages and dancing when all will go in a flame, they will quickly change their note.

"I have often wondered thorow my life, how any that ever knew what it was to bow a knee in earnest to pray, durst crook a hough to fyke and fling at a piper's and fiddler's springs. I bless the Lord that ordered my lot so in my dancing days, that made the fear of the bloody rope and bullets to my neck and head, the pain of boots, thumbkens, and irons, cold and hunger, wetness and weariness, to stop the lightness of my head, and the wantonness of my feet. What the never-to-be-forgotten Man of God John Knox, said to Queen Mary, when she gave him that sharp challenge, which would strike our mean-spirited, tongue-tacked ministers dumb, for his giving public faithful warning of the danger of the church and nation, through her marrying the Dauphine of France, when he left her bubbling and greeting, and came to an outer court, where her Lady Maries were fyking and dancing, he said, 'O brave ladies, a brave world, if it would last, and heaven at the hinder end! But fye upon the knave Death, that will seize upon those bodies of yours; and where will all your fiddling and flinging be then?' Dancing being such a common evil, especially amongst young professors, that all the lovers of the Lord should hate, has caused me to insist the more upon it, especially that foolish spring the Cameronian march!"—*Life and Death of three Famous Worthies, &c. by Peter Walker*, 12mo. p. 59.

It may be here observed, that some of the milder class of Cameronians made a distinction between the two sexes dancing

that ordered my lot in my dancing days, so that fear of my head and throat, dread of bloody rope and swift bullet, and trenchant swords and pain of boots and thumkins, cauld and hunger, wetness and weariness, stopped the lightness of my head, and the wantonness of my feet. And now, if I hear ye, quean lassies, sae muckle as name dancing, or think there's sic a thing in this warld as flinging to fiddler's sounds and piper's springs, as sure as my father's spirit is with me just, ye shall be no more either charge or concern of mine! Gang in, then—gang in, then, hinnies," he added, in a softer tone, for the tears of both daughters, but especially those of Effie, began to flow very fast,—"Gang in, dears, and we'll seek grace to preserve us frae all manner of profane folly, whilk causeth to sin, and promoteth the kingdom of darkness, warring with the kingdom of light."

The objurgation of David Deans, however well meant, was unhappily timed. It created a division of feelings in Effie's bosom, and deterred her from her intended confidence in her sister. "She wad haud me nae better than the dirt below her feet," said Effie to herself, "were I to confess I hae danced wi' him four times on the green down by, and ance at Maggie Macqueen's; and she'll maybe hing it ower my head that she'll tell my father, and then she wad be mistress and mair. But I'll no gang back there again. I'm resolved I'll no gang back. I'll lay in a leaf of my Bible,* and that's very near as if I had made an aith, that I winna gang back." And she kept her vow for a week, during which she was unusually cross and fretful, blemishes which had never before been observed in her temper, except during a moment of contradiction.

There was something in all this so mysterious as considerably to alarm the prudent and affectionate Jeanie, the more so as she judged it unkind to her sister to mention to their father grounds of anxiety which might arise from her own imagination. Besides, her respect for the good old man did not prevent her from being aware that he was both hot-tempered and positive, and she sometimes suspected that he carried his dislike to youthful amusements beyond the verge that religion and reason demanded. Jeanie had sense enough to see that a sudden and severe curb upon her sister's hitherto unrestrained freedom might be rather productive of harm than good, and that Effie, in the headstrong wilfulness of youth, was likely to make what might be overstrained in her father's precepts an excuse to herself for neglecting them altogether. In the higher classes, a damsel, however giddy, is still under the dominion of etiquette, and subject to the surveillance of mammas and chaperons; but the country girl, who snatches her moment of gayety during the intervals of labour, is under no such guardianship or restraint, and her amusement becomes so much the more hazardous. Jeanie saw all this with much distress of mind, when a circumstance occurred which appeared calculated to relieve her anxiety.

Mrs. Saddletree, with whom our readers have already been made acquainted, chanced to be a distant relation of Douce David Deans, and as she was a woman orderly in her life and conversation, and, moreover, of good substance, a sort of acquaintance was formally kept up between the families. Now, this careful dame, about a year and a half before our story commences, chanced to need, in the line of her profession, a better sort of servant, or rather shopwoman. "Mr. Saddletree," she said, "was never in the shop when he could get his nose within the Parliament House, and it was an awkward thing for a woman-body to be standing among bundles o' barkened leather her lane, selling saddles and bridles; and she had cast her eyes upon her far-awa cousin Effie Deans, as just the very sort of lassie she would want to keep her in countenance on such occasions."

In this proposal there was much that pleased old David,—there was bed, board, and bountith—it was a decent situation—the lassie would be under Mrs. Saddletree's eye, who had an upright walk, and lived close by the Tolbooth Kirk, in which might still be heard the comforting doctrines of one of those few ministers of the Kirk of Scotland who had not bent the knee unto Baal, according to David's expression, or become accessary to the course of national defections,—union, toleration, patronages, and a bundle of prelatical Erastian oaths which had been imposed on the church since the Revolution, and particularly in the reign of "the late woman" (as he called Queen Anne), the last of that unhappy race of Stewarts. In the good man's security concerning the soundness of the theological doctrine which his daughter was to hear, he was nothing disturbed on account of the snares of a different kind, to which a creature so beautiful, young, and wilful, might be exposed in the centre of a populous and corrupted city. The fact is, that he thought with so much horror on all approaches to irregularities of the nature most to be dreaded in such cases, that he would as soon have suspected and guarded against Effie's being induced to become guilty of the crime of murder. He only regretted that she should live under the same roof with such a worldly-wise man as Bartoline Saddletree, whom David never suspected of being an ass as he was, but considered as one really endowed with all the legal knowledge to which he made pretension, and only liked him the worse for possessing it. The lawyers, especially those amongst them who sate as ruling elders in the General Assembly of the Kirk, had been forward in promoting the measures of patronage, of the abjuration oath, and others, which, in the opinion of David Deans, were a breaking down of the carved work of the sanctuary, and an intrusion upon the liberties of the kirk. Upon the dangers of listening to the doctrines of a legalized formalist, such as Saddletree, David gave his daughter many lectures; so much so, that he had time to touch but slightly on the dangers of chambering, company-keeping, and promiscuous dancing, to which, at her time of life, most people would have thought Effie more exposed, than to the risk of theoretical error in her religious faith.

Jeanie parted from her sister, with a mixed feeling of regret, and apprehension, and hope. She could not be so confident concerning Effie's prudence as her father, for she had observed her more narrowly, had more sympathy with her feelings, and could better estimate the temptations to which she was exposed. On the other hand, Mrs. Saddletree was an observing, shrewd, notable woman, entitled to exercise over Effie the full authority of a mistress, and likely to do so strictly, yet with kindness. Her removal to Saddletree's, it was most probable, would also serve to break off some idle acquaintances, which Jeanie suspected her sister to have formed in the neighbouring suburb. Upon the whole, then, she viewed her departure from Saint Leonard's with pleasure, and it was not until the very moment of their parting for the first time in their lives, that she felt the full force of sisterly sorrow. While they repeatedly kissed each other's cheeks, and wrung each other's hands, Jeanie took that moment of affectionate sympathy, to press upon her sister the necessity of the utmost caution in her conduct while residing in Edinburgh. Effie listened, without once raising her large dark eyelashes, from which the drops fell so fast as almost to resemble a fountain. At the conclusion she sobbed again, kissed her sister, promised to recollect all the good counsel she had given her, and they parted.

During the first few weeks, Effie was all that her kinswoman expected, and even more. But with time there came a relaxation of that early zeal which she manifested in Mrs. Saddletree's service. To borrow once again from the poet, who so correctly and beautifully describes living manners,—

> "Something there was,—what, none presumed to say,—
> Clouds lightly passing on a summer's day;
> Whispers and hints, which went from ear to ear,
> And mix'd reports no judge on earth could clear."

During this interval, Mrs. Saddletree was sometimes displeased by Effie's lingering when she was sent

modestly, and allowed of it as a healthy and not unlawful exercise; but when men and women mingled in sport, it was then called *promiscuous dancing*, and considered as a scandalous enormity.

* This custom, of making a mark by folding a leaf in the person's Bible when a solemn resolution is formed, *is still held to be*, in some sense, an appeal *to Heaven for his or her sincerity.*

upon errands about the shop business, and sometimes by a little degree of impatience which she manifested at being rebuked on such occasions. But she good-naturedly allowed, that the first was very natural to a girl to whom every thing in Edinburgh was new, and the other was only the petulance of a spoiled child, when subjected to the yoke of domestic discipline for the first time. Attention and submission could not be learned at once—Holy-Rood was not built in a day—use would make perfect.

It seemed as if the considerate old lady had presaged truly. Ere many months had passed, Effie became almost wedded to her duties, though she no longer discharged them with the laughing cheek and light step, which at first had attracted every customer. Her mistress sometimes observed her in tears, but they were signs of secret sorrow, which she concealed as often as she saw them attract notice. Time wore on, her cheek grew pale, and her step heavy. The cause of these changes could not have escaped the matronly eye of Mrs. Saddletree, but she was chiefly confined by indisposition to her bedroom for a considerable time during the latter part of Effie's service. This interval was marked by symptoms of anguish almost amounting to despair. The utmost efforts of the poor girl to command her fits of hysterical agony were often totally unavailing, and the mistakes which she made in the shop the while were so numerous and so provoking, that Bartoline Saddletree, who, during his wife's illness, was obliged to take closer charge of the business than consisted with his study of the weightier matters of the law, lost all patience with the girl, who, in his law Latin, and without much respect to gender, he declared ought to be cognosced by inquest of a jury, as *fatuus, furiosus*, and *naturaliter idiota*. Neighbours, also, and fellow-servants, remarked, with malicious curiosity or degrading pity, the disfigured shape, loose dress, and pale cheeks, of the once beautiful and still interesting girl. But to no one would she grant her confidence, answering all taunts with bitter sarcasm, and all serious expostulation with sullen denial, or with floods of tears.

At length, when Mrs. Saddletree's recovery was likely to permit her wonted attention to the regulation of her household, Effie Deans, as if unwilling to face an investigation made by the authority of her mistress, asked permission of Bartoline to go home for a week or two, assigning indisposition, and the wish of trying the benefit of repose and the change of air, as the motives of her request. Sharp-eyed as a lynx (or conceiving himself to be so) in the nice sharp quillits of legal discussion, Bartoline was as dull at drawing inferences from the occurrences of common life as any Dutch professor of mathematics. He suffered Effie to depart without much suspicion, and without any inquiry.

It was afterwards found that the period of a week intervened betwixt her leaving her master's house and arriving at St. Leonard's. She made her appearance before her sister in a state rather resembling the spectre than the living substance of the gay and beautiful girl, who had left her father's cottage for the first time scarce seventeen months before. The lingering illness of her mistress had, for the last few months, given her a plea for confining herself entirely to the dusky precincts of the shop in the Lawnmarket, and Jeanie was so much occupied, during the same period, with the concerns of her father's household, that she had rarely found leisure for a walk into the city, and a brief and hurried visit to her sister. The young women, therefore, had scarcely seen each other for several months, nor had a single scandalous surmise reached the ears of the secluded inhabitants of the cottage at St. Leonard's. Jeanie, therefore, terrified to death at her sister's appearance, at first overwhelmed her with inquiries, to which the unfortunate young woman returned for a time incoherent and rambling answers, and finally fell into a hysterical fit. Rendered too certain of her sister's misfortune, Jeanie had now the dreadful alternative of communicating her ruin to her father, or of endeavouring to conceal it from him. To all questions concerning the name or rank of her seducer, and the fate of the being to whom her fall ha[d] birth, Effie remained mute as the grave, to wh[ich] seemed hastening; and indeed the least allu[sion] either seemed to drive her to distraction. H[...] ter, in distress and in despair, was about to re[...] Mrs. Saddletree to consult her experience, and [...] same time to obtain what lights she could up[on] most unhappy affair, when she was saved tha[...] ble by a new stroke of fate, which seemed t[...] misfortune to the uttermost.

David Deans had been alarmed at the s[...] health in which his daughter had returned to [...] ternal residence; but Jeanie had contrived t[...] him from particular and specific inquiry. [...] therefore, like a clap of thunder to the poor ol[d] when, just as the hour of noon had brought th[e] of the Laird of Dumbiedikes as usual, oth[er] sterner, as well as most unexpected guests, [...] at the cottage of St. Leonard's. These we[re] officers of justice, with a warrant of justic[e] search for and apprehend Euphemia, or Effie [...] accused of the crime of child-murder. The st[...] weight of a blow so totally unexpected bor[e] the old man, who had in his early youth resis[...] brow of military and civil tyranny, though [...] with swords and guns, tortures and gibbets. [...] extended and senseless upon his own heart[h] the men, happy to escape from the scene of hi[s] kening, raised, with rude humanity, the object [...] warrant from her bed, and placed her in a [...] which they had brought with them. The hasty [...] dies which Jeanie had applied to bring back [...] ther's senses were scarce begun to operate, wh[en the] noise of the wheels in motion recalled her at [...] to her miserable sister. To run shrieking af[ter the] carriage was the first vain effort of her distr[...] but she was stopped by one or two female neigh[bours] assembled by the extraordinary appearance of a[...] in that sequestered place, who almost forced h[er] to her father's house. The deep and symp[athy] affliction of these poor people, by whom th[e] family at St. Leonard's were held in high [...] filled the house with lamentation. Even D[um]dikes was moved from his wonted apathy, and [...] ing for his purse as he spoke, ejaculated, "[...] woman!—Jeanie, woman! dinna greet—it' [...] wark, but siller will help it;" and he drew [...] purse as he spoke.

The old man had now raised himself fro[m the] ground, and, looking about him as if he [...] something, seemed gradually to recover the se[nse of] his wretchedness. "Where," he said, with [...] that made the roof ring, "where is the vile [...] that has disgraced the blood of an honest m[an?] Where is she, that has no place among us, b[ut has] come foul with her sins, like the Evil One, [...] the children of God?—Where is she, Jeanie?[—] her before me, that I may kill her with a wor[d and] a look!"

All hastened around him with their appr[...] sources of consolation—the Laird with his [...] Jeanie with burnt feathers and strong water[...] the women with their exhortations. "O neigh[bour,] O Mr. Deans, it's a sair trial, doubtless—but th[ink of] the Rock of Ages, neighbour—think of the pro[mise!"]

"And I do think of it, neighbours—and I [...] God that I can think of it, even in the wrac[k and] ruin of a' that's nearest and dearest to me—[to] be the father of a cast-away—a profligate—a [...] Zipporah—a mere murderess!—O, how wi[ll the] wicked exult in the high places of their wicke[dness] —the prelatists, and the latitudinarians, and the [...] waled murderers, whose hands are hard as ho[rn wi'] hauding the slaughter-weapons—they will pu[t out] the lip, and say that we are even such as them[selves.] Sair, sair, I am grieved, neighbours, for the poo[r cast-] away—for the child of mine old age—but sair[er for] the stumbling-block and scandal it will be to a[ll ten-] der and honest souls!"

"Davie—winna siller do't?" insinuated the [...] still proffering his green purse, which was [...] guineas.

"I tell ye, Dumbiedikes," said Deans, "that [...] ing down my haill substance could hae sav[...]

se this black snare, I wad 'hae walked out wi' nae-ing but my bonnet and my staff to beg an awmous r God's sake, and ca'd mysell an happy man—But a dollar, or a plack, or the nineteenth part of a iddle, wad save her open guilt and open shame frae pen punishment, that purchase wad David Deans ever make!—Na, na; an eye for an eye, a tooth for tooth, life for life, blood for blood—it's the law of an, and it's the law of God.—Leave me, sirs—leave e—I maun warstle wi' this trial in privacy and on y knees."

Jeanie, now in some degree restored to the power thought, joined in the same request. The next y found the father and daughter still in the depth affliction, but the father sternly supporting his ad of ill through a proud sense of religious duty, d the daughter anxiously suppressing her own feel-gs to avoid again awakening his. Thus was it ith the afflicted family until the morning after Por-ous's death, a period at which we are now arrived.

CHAPTER XI.

> Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
> The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
> When we have chid the hasty-footed time
> For parting us—Oh! and is all forgot?
>
> *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

We have been a long while in conducting Butler the door of the cottage at St. Leonard's; yet the ace which we have occupied in the preceding nar-tive does not exceed in length that which he actu-ly spent on Salisbury Crags on the morning which cceeded the execution done upon Porteous by the oters. For this delay he had his own motives. He ished to collect his thoughts, strangely agitated as ey were, first by the melancholy news of Effie eans's situation, and afterwards by the frightful ene which he had witnessed. In the situation also which he stood with respect to Jeanie and her ther, some ceremony, at least some choice of fitting ne and season, was necessary to wait upon them. ight in the morning was then the ordinary hour for eakfast, and he resolved that it should arrive before made his appearance in their cottage.

Never did hours pass so heavily. Butler shifted his ace and enlarged his circle to while away the time, d heard the huge bell of St. Giles's toll each suc-ssive hour in swelling tones, which were instantly tested by those of the other steeples in succession. e had heard seven struck in this manner, when he gan to think he might venture to approach nearer St. Leonard's, from which he was still a mile dis-nt. Accordingly he descended from his lofty station low as the bottom of the valley which divides Salis-ury Crags from those small rocks which take their me from Saint Leonard. It is, as many of my aders may know, a deep, wild, grassy valley, scat-red with huge rocks and fragments which have scended from the cliffs and steep ascent to the east. This sequestered dell, as well as other places of the en pasturage of the King's Park, was, about this me, often the resort of the gallants of the time who ad affairs of honour to discuss with the sword. uels were then very common in Scotland, for the entry were at once idle, haughty, fierce, divided by ction, and addicted to intemperance, so that there cked neither provocation, nor inclination to resent when given; and the sword, which was part of very gentleman's dress, was the only weapon used r the decision of such differences. When, therefore, utler observed a young man, skulking, apparently avoid observation, among the scattered rocks at me distance from the footpath, he was naturally d to suppose that he had sought this lonely spot on that evil errand. He was so strongly impressed ith this, that, notwithstanding his own distress of ind, he could not, according to his sense of duty as clergyman, pass this person without speaking to m. There are times, thought he to himself, when e slightest interference may avert a great calamity—hen a word spoken in season may do more for pre-ntion than the eloquence of Tully could do for reme-ing evil—And for my own griefs, be they as they may, I shall feel them the lighter, if they divert me not from the prosecution of my duty.

Thus thinking and feeling, he quitted the ordinary path, and advanced nearer the object he had noticed. The man at first directed his course towards the hill, in order, as it appeared, to avoid him; but when he saw that Butler seemed disposed to follow him, he adjusted his hat fiercely, turned round, and came for-ward, as if to meet and defy scrutiny.

Butler had an opportunity of accurately studying his features as they advanced slowly to meet each other. The stranger seemed about twenty-five years old. His dress was of a kind which could hardly be said to indicate his rank with certainty, for it was such as young gentlemen sometimes wore while on active exercise in the morning, and which, therefore, was imitated by those of the inferior ranks, as young clerks and tradesmen, because its cheapness rendered it attainable, while it approached more nearly to the apparel of youths of fashion than any other which the manners of the times permitted them to wear. If his air and manner could be trusted, however, this person seemed rather to be dressed under than above his rank; for his carriage was bold and somewhat supercilious, his step easy and free, his manner daring and unconstrained. His stature was of the middle size, or rather above it, his limbs well-proportioned, yet not so strong as to infer the reproach of clumsi-ness. His features were uncommonly handsome, and all about him would have been interesting and prepossessing, but for that indescribable expression which habitual dissipation gives to the countenance, joined with a certain audacity in look and manner, of that kind which is often assumed as a mask for con-fusion and apprehension.

Butler and the stranger met—surveyed each other—when, as the latter, slightly touching his hat, was about to pass by him, Butler, while he returned the salutation, observed, "A fine morning, sir—You are on the hill early."

"I have business here," said the young man, in a tone meant to repress further inquiry.

"I do not doubt it, sir," said Butler. "I trust you will forgive my hoping that it is of a lawful kind?"

"Sir," said the other, with marked surprise, "I never forgive impertinence, nor can I conceive what title you have to hope any thing about what no way concerns you."

"I am a soldier, sir," said Butler, "and have a charge to arrest evil-doers in the name of my Master."

"A soldier?" said the young man, stepping back, and fiercely laying his hand on his sword—"A sol-dier, and arrest me? Did you reckon what your life was worth, before you took the commission upon you?"

"You mistake me, sir," said Butler gravely; "nei-ther my warfare nor my warrant are of this world. I am a preacher of the gospel, and have power, in my Master's name, to command the peace upon earth and good-will towards men, which was proclaimed with the gospel."

"A minister!" said the stranger, carelessly, and with an expression approaching to scorn. "I know the gentlemen of your cloth in Scotland claim a strange right of intermeddling with men's private affairs. But I have been abroad, and know better than to be priest-ridden."

"Sir, if it be true that any of my cloth, or, it might be more decently said, of my calling, interfere with men's private affairs, for the gratification either of idle curiosity, or for worse motives, you cannot have learned a better lesson abroad than to contemn such practices. But, in my Master's work, I am called to be busy in season and out of season; and, conscious as I am of a pure motive, it were better for me to in-cur your contempt for speaking, than the correction of my own conscience for being silent."

"In the name of the devil!" said the young man impatiently, "say what you have to say, then; though whom you take me for, or what earthly concern you can have with me, a stranger to you, or with my ac-tions and motives, of which you can know nothing, I cannot conjecture for an instant."

"You are about," said Butler, "to violate one of your country's wisest laws—you are about, which is

much more dreadful, to violate a law, which God himself has implanted within our nature, and written, as it were, in the table of our hearts, to which every thrill of our nerves is responsive."

"And what is the law you speak of?" said the stranger, in a hollow and somewhat disturbed accent.

"Thou shalt do no MURDER," said Butler, with a deep and solemn voice.

The young man visibly started, and looked considerably appalled. Butler perceived he had made a favourable impression, and resolved to follow it up. "Think," he said, "young man," laying his hand kindly upon the stranger's shoulder, "what an awful alternative you voluntarily choose for yourself, to kill or be killed. Think what it is to rush uncalled into the presence of an offended Deity, your heart fermenting with evil passions, your hand hot from the steel you had been urging, with your best skill and malice, against the breast of a fellow-creature. Or, suppose yourself the scarce less wretched survivor, with the guilt of Cain, the first murderer, in your heart, with his stamp upon your brow—that stamp, which struck all who gazed on him with unutterable horror, and by which the murderer is made manifest to all who look upon him. Think"——

The stranger gradually withdrew himself from under the hand of his monitor; and, pulling his hat over his brows, thus interrupted him. "Your meaning, sir, I dare say, is excellent, but you are throwing your advice away. I am not in this place with violent intentions against any one. I may be bad enough—you priests say all men are so—but I am here for the purpose of saving life, not of taking it away. If you wish to spend your time rather in doing a good action than in talking about you know not what, I will give you an opportunity. Do you see yonder crag to the right, over which appears the chimney of a lone house? Go thither, inquire for one Jeanie Deans, the daughter of the goodman; let her know that he she wots of remained here from daybreak till this hour, expecting to see her, and that he can abide no longer. Tell her, she *must* meet me at the Hunter's Bog to-night, as the moon rises behind St. Anthony's Hill, or that she will make a desperate man of me."

"Who, or what are you," replied Butler, exceedingly and most unpleasantly surprised, "who charge me with such an errand?"

"I am the devil!"——answered the young man hastily.

Butler stepped instinctively back, and commended himself internally to Heaven; for, though a wise and strong-minded man, he was neither wiser nor more strong-minded than those of his age and education, with whom, to disbelieve witchcraft or spectres was held an undeniable proof of atheism.

The stranger went on without observing his emotion. "Yes! call me Apollyon, Abaddon, whatever name you shall choose, as a clergyman acquainted with the upper and lower circles of spiritual denomination, to call me by, you shall not find an appellation more odious to him that bears it, than is mine own."

This sentence was spoken with the bitterness of self-upbraiding, and a contortion of visage absolutely demoniacal. Butler, though a man brave by principle, if not by constitution, was overawed; for intensity of mental distress has in it a sort of sublimity which repels and overawes all men, but especially those of kind and sympathetic dispositions. The stranger turned abruptly from Butler as he spoke, but instantly returned, and, coming up to him closely and boldly, said, in a fierce, determined tone, "I have told you who and what I am—who, and what are you? What is your name?"

"Butler," answered the person to whom this abrupt question was addressed, surprised into answering it by the sudden and fierce manner of the querist—"Reuben Butler, a preacher of the gospel."

At this answer, the stranger again plucked more deep over his brows the hat which he had thrown back in his former agitation. "Butler!" he repeated, —"the assistant of the schoolmaster at Libberton?"

"The same," answered Butler, composedly.

The stranger covered his face with his hand, as if on sudden reflection, and then turned away, but stopped when he had walked a few paces; and seeing Butler follow him with his eyes, called out in a stern yet suppressed tone, just as if he had exactly calculated that his accents should not be heard a yard beyond the spot on which Butler stood. "Go your way, and do mine errand. Do not look after me. I will neither descend through the bowels of these rocks, nor vanish in a flash of fire; and yet the eye that seeks to trace my motions shall have reason to curse it was ever shrouded by eyelid or eyelash. Begone, and look not behind you. Tell Jeanie Deans, that when the moon rises I shall expect to meet her at Nicol Muschat's Cairn, beneath Saint Anthony's Chapel."

As he uttered these words, he turned and took the road against the hill, with a haste that seemed as peremptory as his tone of authority.

Dreading he knew not what of additional misery to a lot which seemed little capable of receiving augmentation, and desperate at the idea that any living man should dare to send so extraordinary a request, couched in terms so imperious, to the half-betrothed object of his early and only affection, Butler strode hastily towards the cottage, in order to ascertain how far this daring and rude gallant was actually entitled to press on Jeanie Deans a request, which no prudent, and scarce any modest young woman, was likely to comply with.

Butler was by nature neither jealous nor superstitious; yet the feelings which lead to those moods of the mind were rooted in his heart, as a portion derived from the common stock of humanity. It was maddening to think that a profligate gallant, such as the manner and tone of the stranger evinced him to be, should have it in his power to command forth his future bride and plighted true love, at a place so improper, and an hour so unseasonable. Yet the tone in which the stranger spoke had nothing of the soft half-breathed voice proper to the seducer who solicits an assignation; it was bold, fierce, and imperative, and had less of love in it than of menace and intimidation.

The suggestions of superstition seemed more plausible, had Butler's mind been very accessible to them. Was this indeed the Roaring Lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour? This was a question which pressed itself on Butler's mind with an earnestness that cannot be conceived by those who live in the present day. The fiery eye, the abrupt demeanour, the occasionally harsh, yet studiously subdued tone of voice,—the features, handsome, but now clouded with pride, now disturbed by suspicion, now inflamed with passion—those dark hazel eyes which he sometimes shaded with his cap, as if he were averse to have them seen while they were occupied with keenly observing the motions and bearing of others—those eyes that were now turbid with melancholy, now gleaming with scorn, and now sparkling with fury—was it the passions of a mere mortal they expressed, or the emotions of a fiend, who seeks, and seeks in vain, to conceal his fiendish designs under the borrowed mask of manly beauty? The whole partook of the mien, language, and port of the ruined archangel; and, imperfectly as we have been able to describe it, the effect of the interview upon Butler's nerves, shaken as they were at the time by the horrors of the preceding night, were greater than his understanding warranted, or his pride cared to submit to. The very place where he had met this singular person was desecrated, as it were, and unhallowed, owing to many violent deaths, both in duels and by suicide, which had in former times taken place there; and the place which he had named as a rendezvous at so late an hour, was held in general to be accursed, from a frightful and cruel murder which had been there committed by the wretch from whom the place took its name, upon the person of his own wife.* It

* Nichol Muschat, a debauched and profligate wretch, having conceived a hatred against his wife, entered into a conspiracy with another brutal libertine and gambler, named Campbell of Burnbank, (repeatedly mentioned in Pennycuick's satirical poems of the time,) by which Campbell undertook to destroy the

such places, according to the belief of that when the laws against witchcraft were still observance, and had even lately been acted hat evil spirits had power to make themselves o human eyes, and to practice upon the feel- l senses of mankind. Suspicions, founded on cumstances, rushed on Butler's mind, unpre- it was, by any previous course of reasoning, that which all of his time, country, and pro- believed; but common sense rejected these as as inconsistent, if not with possibility, at h the general rules by which the universe is !—a deviation from which, as Butler well with himself, ought not to be admitted as upon any but the plainest and most incon- le evidence. An earthly lover, however, or a an, who, from whatever cause, had the right sing such summary and unceremonious au- ver the object of his long-settled, and appa- ncerely returned affection, was an object ss appalling to his mind, than those which ion suggested.

abs exhausted with fatigue, his mind harassed iety, and with painful doubts and recollec- itler dragged himself up the ascent from the Saint Leonard's Crags, and presented him- e door of Deans's habitation, with feelings in to the miserable reflections and fears of itants.

CHAPTER XII.

Then she stretch'd out her lily hand,
And for to do her best;
'Hae back thy faith and troth, Willie,
God gie thy soul good rest!' — *Old Ballad.*

s in," answered the low and sweet-toned loved best to hear, as Butler tapped at the he cottage. He lifted the latch, and found under the roof of affliction. Jeanie was trust herself with more than one glance her lover, whom she now met under circum- so agonizing to her feelings, and at the same humbling to her honest pride. It is well that much, both of what is good and bad in tish national character, arises out of the in- f their family connexions. "To be come of olk," that is, of people who have borne a unstained reputation, is an advantage as ized among the lower Scotch, as the cor- ounterpart, "to be of a good family," is mong their gentry. The worth and respecta- one member of a peasant's family is always d by themselves and others, not only a f honest pride, but a guarantee for the good of the whole. On the contrary, such a oly stain as was now flung on one of the of Deans, extended its disgrace to all con- rith him, and Jeanie felt herself lowered at her own eyes, and in those of her lover. It vain that she repressed this feeling, as far iate and too selfish to be mingled with her or her sister's calamity. Nature prevailed; le she shed tears for her sister's distress and there mingled with them bitter drops of grief own degradation.

itler entered, the old man was seated by the his well-worn pocket Bible in his hands, the ion of the wanderings and dangers of his and bequeathed to him on the scaffold by one e, who, in the year 1686, sealed their enthusi- rinciples with their blood. The sun sent through a small window at the old man's nd, "shining motty through the reek," to use ression of a bard of that time and country, d the gray hairs of the old man, and the sacred page which he studied. His features, far from handsome, and rather harsh and severe, had yet, from their expression of habitual gravity, and contempt for earthly things, an expression of stoical dignity amidst their sternness. He boasted, in no small degree, the attributes which Southey ascribes to the ancient Scandinavians, whom he terms "firm to inflict, and stubborn to endure." The whole formed a picture, of which the lights might have been given by Rembrandt, but the outline would have required the force and vigour of Michael Angelo.

Deans lifted his eye as Butler entered, and instantly withdrew it, as from an object which gave him at once surprise and sudden pain. He had assumed such high ground with this carnal-witted scholar, as he had in his pride termed Butler, that to meet him, of all men, under feelings of humiliation, aggravated his misfortune, and was a consummation like that of the dying chief in the old ballad—"Earl Percy sees my fall!"

Deans raised the Bible with his left hand, so as partly to screen his face, and putting back his right as far as he could, held it towards Butler in that position, at the same time turning his body from him, as if to prevent his seeing the working of his countenance. Butler clasped the extended hand which had supported his orphan infancy, wept over it, and in vain endeavoured to say more than the words—"God comfort you—God comfort you!"

"He will—he doth, my friend," said Deans, assuming firmness as he discovered the agitation of his guest; "he doth now, and he will yet more, in his own gude time. I have been ower proud of my sufferings in a gude cause, Reuben, and now I am to be tried with those whilk will turn my pride and glory into a reproach and a hissing. How muckle better I hae thought mysell than them that lay saft, fed sweet, and drank deep, when I was in the moss-haggs and moors, wi' precious Donald Cameron, and worthy Mr. Blackadder, called Guessagain; and how proud I was o' being made a spectacle to men and angels, having stood on their pillory at the Canongate afore I was fifteen years old, for the cause of a National Covenant! To think, Reuben, that I, whae hae been sae honoured and exalted in my youth, nay, when I was but a hafflins callant, and that hae borne testimony again' the defections o' the times yearly, monthly, daily, hourly, minutely, striving and testifying with uplifted hand and voice, crying aloud, and sparing not, against all great national snares, as the nation-wasting and church-sinking abomination of union, toleration, and patronage, imposed by the last woman of that unhappy race of Stewarts; also against the infringements and invasions of the just powers of eldership, whereanent I uttered my paper, called, a 'Cry of an Howl in the Desert,' printed at the Bow-head, and sold by all flying stationers in town and country—and *now*'——

Here he paused. It may well be supposed that Butler, though not absolutely coinciding in all the good old man's ideas about church government, had too much consideration and humanity to interrupt him, while he reckoned up with conscious pride his sufferings, and the constancy of his testimony. On the contrary, when he paused under the influence of the bitter recollections of the moment, Butler instantly threw in his mite of encouragement.

"You have been well known, my old and revered friend, a true and tried follower of the Cross; one who, as Saint Jerome hath it, '*per infamiam et bonam famam grassari ad immortalitatem*,' which may be freely rendered, 'who rusheth on to immortal life, through bad report and good report.' You have been one of those to whom the tender and fearful souls cry during the midnight solitude,—'Watchman, what of the night?—Watchman, what of the night?'

character, so as to enable Muschat, on false pretences, a divorce from her. The brutal devices to which thy accomplices resorted for that purpose having fail- ndeavoured to destroy her by administering medicine ous kind, and in extraordinary quantities. urpose also failing, Nicol Muschat, or Muschet, did the 17th October, 1720, carry his wife under cloud of the King's Park, adjacent to what *is called the Duke's* at Holyrood Palace, *and there took her life by cutting* her throat almost quite through, and inflicting other wounds. He pleaded guilty to the indictment, for which he suffered death. His associate, Campbell, was sentenced to transportation for his share in the previous conspiracy. See MacLaurin's Criminal Cases, pages 64 and 738.

In memory, and at the same time execration, of the deed, a *Cairn*, or pile of stones, long marked the spot. It is now almost totally removed, in consequence of an alteration on the road in that place.

—And, assuredly, this heavy dispensation, as it comes not without Divine permission, so it comes not without its special commission and use."

"I do receive it as such," said poor Deans, returning the grasp of Butler's hand; "and, if I have not been taught to read the Scripture in any other tongue but my native Scottish," (even in his distress Butler's Latin quotation had not escaped his notice,) "I have, nevertheless, so learned them, that I trust to bear even this crook in my lot with submission. But O, Reuben Butler, the kirk, of whilk, though unworthy, I have yet been thought a polished shaft, and meet to be a pillar, holding, from my youth upward, the place of ruling elder—what will the lightsome and profane think of the guide that cannot keep his own family from stumbling? How will they take up their song and their reproach, when they see that the children of professors are liable to as foul backsliding as the offspring of Belial! But I will bear my cross with the comfort, that whatever showed like goodness in me or mine, was but like the light that shines frae creeping insects, on the brae-side, in a dark night—it kythes bright to the ee, because all is dark around it; but when the morn comes on the mountains, it is but a puir crawling kail-worm after a'. And sae it shows, wi' ony rag of human righteousness, or formal law-work, that we may pit round us to cover our shame."

As he pronounced these words, the door again opened, and Mr. Bartoline Saddletree entered, his three-pointed hat set far back on his head, with a silk handkerchief beneath it, to keep it in that cool position, his gold-headed cane in his hand, and his whole deportment that of a wealthy burgher, who might one day look to have a share in the magistracy, if not actually to hold the curule chair itself.

Rochefoucault, who has torn the veil from so many foul gangrenes of the human heart, says, we find something not altogether unpleasant to us in the misfortunes of our best friends. Mr. Saddletree would have been very angry had any one told him that he felt pleasure in the disaster of poor Effie Deans, and the disgrace of her family; and yet there is great question whether the gratification of playing the person of importance, inquiring, investigating, and laying down the law on the whole affair, did not offer, to say the least, full consolation for the pain which pure sympathy gave him on account of his wife's kinswoman. He had now got a piece of real judicial business by the end, instead of being obliged, as was his common case, to intrude his opinion where it was neither wished nor wanted; and felt as happy in the exchange as a boy when he gets his first new watch, which actually goes when wound up, and has real hands and a true dial-plate. But besides this subject for legal disquisition, Bartoline's brains were also overloaded with the affair of Porteous, his violent death, and all its probable consequences to the city and community. It was what the French call *l'embarras des richesses*, the confusion arises from too much mental wealth. He walked in with a consciousness of double importance, full fraught with the superiority of one who possesses more information than the company into which he enters, and who feels a right to discharge his learning on them without mercy. "Good morning, Mr. Deans,—good-morrow to you, Mr Butler,—I was not aware that you were acquainted with Mr. Deans."

Butler made some slight answer; his reasons may be readily imagined for not making his connexion with the family, which, in his eyes, had something of tender mystery, a frequent subject of conversation with indifferent persons, such as Saddletree.

The worthy burgher, in the plenitude of self-importance now sate down upon a chair, wiped his brow, collected his breath, and made the first experiment of the resolved pith of his lungs, in a deep and dignified sigh, resembling a groan in sound and intonation—"Awfu' times these, neighbour Deans, awfu' times!"

"Sinfu,' shamefu', heaven-daring times," answered Deans, in a lower and more subdued tone.

"For my part," continued Saddletree, swelling with importance, "what between the distress of my friends, and my puir auld country, ony wit that ever *I had may be said to have* abandoned me, sae that I sometimes think myself as ignorant as if I we *rusticos*. Here when I arise in the morning mind just arranged touching what's to be c puir Effie's misfortune, and hae gotten the h tute at my finger-ends, the mob maun get string Jock Porteous to a dyester's beam, a a' thing out of my head again."

Deeply as he was distressed with his own d calamity, Deans could not help expressing s terest in the news. Saddletree immediately on details of the insurrection and its conseq while Butler took the occasion to seek some conversation with Jeanie Deans. She gave opportunity he sought, by leaving the room, prosecution of some part of her morning Butler followed her in a few minutes, leaving so closely engaged by his busy visiter, that th little chance of his observing their absence.

The scene of their interview was an outer ment, where Jeanie was used to busy hersel ranging the productions of her dairy. When found an opportunity of stealing after her i place, he found her silent, dejected, and ready into tears. Instead of the active industry with she had been accustomed, even while in th speaking, to employ her hands in some useful of household business, she was seated listle corner, sinking apparently under the weight own thoughts. Yet the instant he entered, sh her eyes, and, with the simplicity and openness character, immediately entered on conversatio

"I am glad you have come in, Mr. Butle she, "for—for—for I wished to tell ye, that al be ended between you and me—it's best for ba sakes."

"Ended!" said Butler, in surprise; "and fo should it be ended?—I grant this is a heavy di tion, but it lies neither at your door nor mine— evil of God's sending, and it must be borne cannot break plighted troth, Jeanie, while th plighted their word wish to keep it."

"But, Reuben," said the young woman, loo him affectionately, "I ken weel that ye think me than yourself; and, Reuben, I can only in think mair of your weal than of my ain. Y man of spotless name, bred to God's ministry, men say that ye will some day rise high in th though poverty keep ye down e'en now. Pove bad back-friend, Reuben, and that ye ken owe but ill-fame is a waur ane, and that is a truth never learn through my means."

"What do you mean?" said Butler eage impatiently; "or how do you connect your guilt, if guilt there be, which, I trust in God, n be disproved, with our engagement?—how ca affect you or me?"

"How can you ask me that, Mr. Butler? W stain, d'ye think, ever be forgotten, as lang heads are abune the grund? Will it not stic and to our bairns, and to their very bairns' To hae been the child of an honest man, mig been saying something for me and mine; bu the sister of a———O, my God!"—With this mation her resolution failed, and she burst into sionate fit of tears.

The lover used every effort to induce her t pose herself, and at length succeeded; but s resumed her composure to express herself w same positiveness as before. "No, Reube bring disgrace hame to nae man's hearth; distresses I can bear, and I maun bear, but nae occasion for buckling them on other folk' thers. I will bear my load alone—the back i for the burden."

A lover is by charter wayward and suspiciou Jeanie's readiness to renounce their engageme der pretence of zeal for his peace of mind and r ability of character, seemed to poor Butler to portentous combination with the commission stranger he had met with that morning. Hi faltered as he asked, "Whether nothing but of her sister's present distress occasioned her in that manner?"

"And what else can do sae?" she replied wi

' Is it not ten long years since we spoke to-
this way?"
years?" said Butler. "It's a long time—
perhaps for a woman to weary"——
eary of her auld gown," said Jeanie, "and
or a new ane, if she likes to be brave, but
enough to weary of a friend—The eye may
nge, but the heart never."
r?" said Reuben,—"that's a bold promise."
ot more bauld than true," said Jeanie, with
quiet simplicity which attended her manner
id grief, in ordinary affairs, and in those
ost interested her feelings.
paused, and looking at her fixedly—"I am
he said, "with a message to you, Jeanie."
1! From whom? Or what can ony ane
ay to me?"
from a stranger," said Butler, affecting to
h an indifference which his voice belied—
g man whom I met this morning in the

r!" said Jeanie, eagerly; "and what did he

he did not see you at the hour he expected,
ed you should meet him alone at Muschat's
s night, so soon as the moon rises."
im," said Jeanie, hastily, "I shall certainly

l ask," said Butler, his suspicions increasing
ady alacrity of the answer, "who this man
om you are so willing to give the meeting at
nd hour so uncommon?"
maun do muckle they have little will to do,
orld," replied Jeanie.
ted," said her lover; "but what compels
s?—who is this person? What I saw of
not very favourable—who, or what is he?"
ot know!" replied Jeanie, composedly.
o not know?" said Butler, stepping impa-
ough the apartment—"You purpose to meet
man whom you do not know, at such a time,
place so lonely—you say you are compelled
—and yet you say you do not know the per-
exercises such an influence over you!—
hat am I to think of this?"
: only, Reuben, that I speak truth, as if I
nswer at the last day.—I do not ken this
o not even ken that I ever saw him; and
t give him the meeting he asks—there's life
upon it."
ou not tell your father, or take him with
d Butler.
not," said Jeanie; "I have no permission."
ou let *me* go with you? I will wait in the
ightfall, and join you when you set out."
mpossible," said Jeanie; "there maunna be
eature within hearing of our conference."
you considered well the nature of what you
to do?—the time—the place—an unknown
cious character?—Why, if he had asked to
this house, your father sitting in the next
l within call, at such an hour, you should
sed to see him."
eird maun be fulfilled, Mr. Butler; my life
afety are in God's hands, but I'll not spare
her of them on the errand I am gaun to do."
Jeanie," said Butler, much displeased, "we
ed break short off, and bid farewell. When
be no confidence betwixt a man and his
wife on such a momentous topic, it is a sign
has no longer the regard for him that makes
gement safe and suitable."
looked at him and sighed. "I thought,"
"that I had brought myself to bear this
but—but—I did not ken that we were to
unkindness. But I am a woman and you are
t may be different wi' you—if your mind is
ier by thinking sae hardly of me, I would
ou to think otherwise."
are," said Butler, "what you have always
er, better, and less selfish in your native
than I can be, with all the helps philosophy
to a Christian.—But why—why will you per-
an undertaking so *desperate*? Why will you not let me be your assistant—your protector, or at least your adviser?"

"Just because I cannot, and I dare not," answered Jeanie.—"But hark, what's that? Surely my father is no weel?"

In fact, the voices in the next room became obstreperously loud of a sudden, the cause of which vociferation it is necessary to explain before we go further.

When Jeanie and Butler retired, Mr. Saddletree entered upon the business which chiefly interested the family. In the commencement of their conversation he found old Deans, who, in his usual state of mind, was no granter of propositions, so much subdued by a deep sense of his daughter's danger and disgrace, that he heard without replying to, or perhaps without understanding, one or two learned disquisitions on the nature of the crime imputed to her charge, and on the steps which ought to be taken in consequence. His only answer at each pause was, "I am no misdoubting that you wuss us weel—your wife's our far-awa cousin."

Encouraged by these symptoms of acquiescence, Saddletree, who, as an amateur of the law, had a supreme deference for all constituted authorities, again recurred to his other topic of interest, the murder, namely, of Porteous, and pronounced a severe censure on the parties concerned.

"These are kittle times—kittle times, Mr. Deans, when the people take the power of life and death out of the hands of the rightful magistrate into their ain rough grip. I am of opinion, and so I believe will Mr. Crossmyloof and the Privy-Council, that this rising in effeir of war, to take away the life of a reprieved man, will prove little better than perduellion."

"If I hadna that on my mind whilk is ill to bear, Mr. Saddletree," said Deans, "I wad make bold to dispute that point wi' you."

"How could ye dispute what's plain law, man?" said Saddletree, somewhat contemptuously; "there's no a callant that e'er carried a pock wi' a process in't, but will tell you that perduellion is the wairst and maist virulent kind of treason, being an open convocating of the king's lieges against his authority, (mair especially in arms, and by touk of drum, to baith whilk accessories my een and lugs bore witness,) and muckle worse than lese-majesty, or the concealment of a treasonable purpose—It winna bear a dispute, neighbour."

"But it will, though," retorted Douce Davie Deans; "I tell ye it will bear a dispute—I never like your cauld, legal, formal doctrines, neighbour Saddletree. I haud unco little by the Parliament House, since the awfu' downfall of the hopes of honest folk that followed the Revolution."

"But what wad ye hae had, Mr. Deans?" said Saddletree, impatiently; "dinna ye get baith liberty and conscience made fast, and settled by tailzie on you and your heirs for ever?"

"Mr. Saddletree," retorted Deans, "I ken ye are one of those that are wise after the manner of this world, and that ye haud your part, and cast in your portion, wi' the lang-heads and lang-gowns, and keep with the smart witty-pated lawyers of this our land—Weary on the dark and dolefu' cast that they hae gien this unhappy kingdom, when their black hands of defection were clasped in the red hands of our sworn murtherers: when those who had numbered the towers of our Zion, and marked the bulwarks of our Reformation, saw their hope turn into a snare, and their rejoicing into weeping."

"I canna understand this, neighbour," answered Saddletree. "I am an honest presbyterian of the Kirk of Scotland, and stand by her and the General Assembly, and the due administration of justice by the fifteen Lords o' Session and the five Lords o' Justiciary."

"Out upon ye, Mr. Saddletree!" exclaimed David, who, in an opportunity of giving his testimony on the offences and backslidings of the land, forgot for a moment his own domestic calamity—"out upon your General Assembly, and the back o' my hand to your Court o' Session!—What is the tane but a waefu' bunch o' cauldrife professors and ministers, that sate bien and warm when the persecuted remnant

were warstling wi' hunger, and cauld, and fear of death, and danger of fire and sword, upon wet brae-sides, peat-haggs, and flow-mosses, and that now creep out of their holes, like blue-bottle flees in a blink of sunshine, to take the pu'pits and places of better folk—of them that witnessed, and testified, and fought, and endured pit, prison-house, and transportation beyond seas?—A bonny bike there's o' them!—And for your Court o' Session"——

"Ye may say what ye will o' the General Assembly," said Saddletree, interrupting him, "and let them clear them that kens them; but as for the Lords o' Session, forby that they are my next door neighbours, I would have ye ken, for your ain regulation, that to raise scandal anent them, whilk is termed, to *murmur* again them, is a crime *sui generis—sui generis*, Mr. Deans—ken ye what that amounts to?"

"I ken little o' the language of Antichrist," said Deans; "and I care less than little what carnal courts may call the speeches of honest men. And as to murmur again them, it's what a' the folk that loses their pleas, and nine tenths o' them that win them, will be gay sure to be guilty in. Sae I wad hae ye ken that I haud a' your gleg-tongued advocates, that sell their knowledge for pieces of silver, and your worldly-wise judges, that will gie three days of hearing in presence to a debate about the peeling of an ingan, and no ae half-hour to the gospel testimony, as legalists and formalists, countenancing, by sentences, and quirks, and cunning terms of law, the late begun courses of national defections—union, toleration, patronages, and Yerastian prelatic oaths. As for the soul and body-killing Court o' Justiciary"——

The habit of considering his life as dedicated to bear testimony in behalf of what he deemed the suffering and deserted cause of true religion, had swept honest David along with it thus far; but with the mention of the criminal court, the recollection of the disastrous condition of his daughter rushed at once on his mind; he stopped short in the midst of his triumphant declamation, pressed his hands against his forehead, and remained silent.

Saddletree was somewhat moved, but apparently not so much so as to induce him to relinquish the privilege of prosing in his turn, afforded him by David's sudden silence. "Nae doubt, neighbour," he said, "it's a sair thing to hae to do wi' courts o' law, unless it be to improve ane's knowledge and practique, by waiting on as a hearer; and touching this unhappy affair of Effie—ye'll hae seen the dittay, doubtless?" He dragged out of his pocket a bundle of papers, and began to turn them over. "This is no it—this is the information of Mungo Marsport, of that ilk, against Captain Lackland, for coming on his lands of Marsport with hawks, hounds, lying-dogs, nets, guns, cross-bows, hagbuts of found, or other engines more or less for destruction of game, sic as red-deer, fallow-deer, capercailzies, gray-fowl, moor-fowl, paitricks, herons, and sic like; he the said defender not being ane qualified person, in terms of the statute sixteen hundred and twenty-ane; that is, not having ane plough-gate of land. Now, the defences proponed say, that *non constat* at this present what is a plough-gate of land, whilk uncertainty is sufficient to elide the conclusions of the libel. But then the answers to the defences, (they are signed by Mr. Crossmyloof, but Mr. Younglad drew them,) they propone, that it signifies naething, *in hoc statu*, what or how muckle a plough-gate of land may be, in respect the defender has nae lands whatsoe'er, less or mair. 'Sae grant a plough-gate'" (here Saddletree read from the paper in his hand) "'to be less than the nineteenth part of a guse's grass,'—(I trow Mr. Crossmyloof put in that—I ken his style,)—'of a guse's grass, what the better will the defender be, seeing he hasna a divot-cast of land in Scotland?—*Advocatus* for Lackland duplies, that *nihil interest de possessione*, the pursuer must put his case under the statute'—(now, this is worth your notice, neighbour,)—and must show, *formaliter et specialiter*, as well as *generaliter*, what is the qualification that defender Lackland does *not* possess—let him tell me what a plough-gate
I'll tell him if I have one or no. Su
is bound to understand his own lib
statute that he founds upon. *Titiu
tius* for recovery of ane *black* horse
—surely he shall have judgment; bu
sue Mævius for ane *scarlet* or *crimso*
less he shall be bound to show that t
animal *in rerum natura*. No man c
plead to nonsense—that is to say, to
cannot be explained or understood.
there—the better the pleadings the fe
them,)—'and so the reference unto
and unintelligible measure of land is,
was inflicted by statute for any man
or hawk, or use lying-dogs, and wea
pair of breeches, without having"—
rying you, Mr. Deans, we'll pass to yo
—though this case of Marsport ag
has made an unco din in the Outer
here's the dittay against puir Effie:
humbly meant and shown to us,' &c.
of mere style,) 'that where, by the la
every other well-regulated realm, the
one, more especially of an infant chil
ane high nature, and severely pu
whereas, without prejudice to the
rality, it was, by ane act made in the
of the First Parliament of our most I
Soveraigns William and Mary, esp
that ane woman who shall have con
dition, and shall not be able to show
called for help at the birth, in case
shall be found dead or amissing, sh
and held guilty of the murder thereo
facts of concealment and pregnanc
proven or confessed, shall sustain th
accordingly; yet, nevertheless, you E
mia Deans'"——

"Read no further!" said Deans, r
up; "I would rather ye thrust a swor
than read a word further!"

"Weel, neighbour," said Saddletre
wad hae comforted ye to ken the bes
o't. But the question is, what's to be

"Nothing," answered Deans firmly
the dispensation that the Lord sees n
O, if it had been His will to take the g
before this awful visitation on my ho
But His will be done. I can say tha
can say little mair."

"But, neighbour," said Saddletre
advocates for the puir lassie? it's a thi
be thought of."

"If there was ae man of them," a
"that held fast his integrity—but I
they are a' carnal, crafty, and warl
seekers, Yerastians, and Arminians
them."

"Hout tout, neighbour, ye maunna
at its word," said Saddletree; "the
sae ill as he's ca'd; and I ken mair th
that may be said to hae some integrity
neighbours; that is, after a sort o' fashi

"It is indeed but a fashion of integr
find amang them," replied David De
shion of wisdom, and fashion of car
gazing, glancing-glasses they are, fit
glaiks in folk's een, wi' their pawky pol
ingine, their flights and refinements,
eloquence, frae heathen emperors and
They canna, in that daft trash ye we
sae muckle as ca' men that are sae ill-
amang their hands, by ony name o' t
o' grace, but maun new baptize them
the accursed Titus, wha was made th
burning the holy Temple, and other sic

"It's Tishius," interrupted Saddletr
tus. Mr. Crossmyloof cares as little ab
Latin learning as ye do.—But it's a c
—she maun hae counsel. Now, I cou
Crossmyloof—he's weel kend for a ro
byterian, and a ruling elder to boot."

"He's a rank Yerastian," replied

the public and polititious warldly-wise men that stude up to prevent ane general owning of the cause in the day of power."

"What say ye to the auld Laird of Cuffabout?" said Saddletree; "he whiles thumps the dust out of a case gay and weel."

"He? the fause loon!" answered Deans—"he was in his bandaliers to hae joined the ungracious Highlanders in 1715, an they had ever had the luck to cross the Firth."

"Weel, Arniston? there's a clever chield for ye!" said Bartoline, triumphantly.

"Ay, to bring popish medals in till their very library from that schismatic woman in the north, the Duchess of Gordon."

"Weel, weel, but somebody ye maun hae—What think ye o' Kittlepunt?"

"He's an Arminian."

"Woodsetter?"

"He's, I doubt, a Cocceian."

"Auld Whilliewhaw?"

"He's ony thing ye like."

"Young Næmmo?"

"He's naething at a'."

"Ye're ill to please, neighbour," said Saddletree; "I hae run ower the pick o' them for you, ye maun e'en choose for yoursell; but bethink ye that in the multitude of counsellors there's safety.—What say ye to try young Mackenyie? he has a' his uncle's Practiques at the tongue's end."

"What, sir, wad ye speak to me," exclaimed the sturdy presbyterian in excessive wrath, "about a man that has the blood of the saints at his fingers' ends? Didna his eme die and gang to his place wi' the name of the Bluidy Mackenyie? and winna he be kend by that name sae lang as there's a Scots tongue to speak the word? If the life of the dear bairn that's under a suffering dispensation, and Jeanie's, and my ain, and a' mankind's, depended on my asking sic a slave o' Satan to speak a word for me or them, they should a' gae down the water thegither for Davie Deans!"

It was the exalted tone in which he spoke this last sentence that broke up the conversation between Butler and Jeanie, and brought them both "ben the house," to use the language of the country. Here they found the poor old man half frantic between grief and zealous ire against Saddletree's proposed measures, his cheek inflamed, his hand clenched, and his voice raised, while the tear in his eye, and the occasional quiver of his accents, showed that his utmost efforts were inadequate to shaking off the consciousness of his misery. Butler, apprehensive of the consequences of his agitation to an aged and feeble frame, ventured to utter to him a recommendation to patience.

"I am patient," returned the old man, sternly,—"more patient than any one who is alive to the woful backslidings of a miserable time can be patient; and in so much, that I need neither sectarians, nor sons, nor grandsons of sectarians, to instruct my gray hairs how to bear my cross."

"But, sir," continued Butler, taking no offence at the slur cast on his grandfather's faith, "we must use human means. When you call in a physician, you would not, I suppose, question him on the nature of his religious principles?"

"Wad I *no?*" answered David—"But I wad, though; and if he didna satisfy me that he had a right sense of the right-hand and left-hand defections of the day, not a goutte of his physic should gang through my father's son."

It is a dangerous thing to trust to an illustration. Butler had done so and miscarried; but, like a gallant soldier when his musket misses fire, he stood his ground, and charged with the bayonet.—"This is too rigid an interpretation of your duty, sir. The sun shines, and the rain descends, on the just and unjust, and they are placed together in life in circumstances which frequently render intercourse between them indispensable, perhaps that the evil may have an opportunity of being converted by the good, and perhaps, also, that the righteous might, among other trials, be subjected to that of occasional converse with the profane."

"Ye're a silly callant, Reuben," answered Deans, "with your bits of argument. Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled? Or what think ye of the brave and worthy champions of the Covenant, that wadna sae muckle as hear a minister speak, be his gifts and graces as they would, that hadna witnessed against the enormities of the day? Nae lawyer shall ever speak for me and mine that hasna concurred in the testimony of the scattered, yet lovely remnant, which abode in the clifts of the rocks."

So saying, and as if fatigued, both with the arguments and presence of his guests, the old man arose, and seeming to bid them adieu with a motion of his head and hand, went to shut himself up in his sleeping apartment.

"It's thrawing his daughter's life awa," said Saddletree to Butler, "to hear him speak in that daft gate. Where will he ever get a Cameronian advocate? Or wha ever heard of a lawyer's suffering either for ae religion or another? The lassie's life is clean flung awa."

During the latter part of this debate, Dumbiedikes had arrived at the door, dismounted, hung the pony's bridle on the usual hook, and sunk down on his ordinary settle. His eyes, with more than their usual animation, followed first one speaker, then another, till he caught the melancholy sense of the whole from Saddletree's last words. He rose from his seat, stumped slowly across the room, and, coming close up to Saddletree's ear, said, in a tremulous, anxious voice, "Will—will siller do naething for them, Mr. Saddletree?"

"Umph!" said Saddletree, looking grave,—"siller will certainly do it in the Parliament House, if ony thing *can* do it; but whare's the siller to come frae? Mr. Deans, ye see, will do naething; and though Mrs. Saddletree's their far-awa friend, and right good weel-wisher, and is well disposed to assist, yet she wadna like to stand to be bound *singuli in solidum* to such an expensive wark. An ilka friend wad bear a share o' the burden, something might be dune—ilka ane to be liable for their ain input—I wadna like to see the case fa' through without being pled—it wadna be creditable, for a' that daft whig body says."

"I'll—I will—yes," (assuming fortitude,) "I will be answerable," said Dumbiedikes, "for a score of punds sterling."—And he was silent, staring in astonishment at finding himself capable of such unwonted resolution and excessive generosity.

"God Almighty bless ye, Laird!" said Jeanie, in a transport of gratitude.

"Ye may ca' the twenty punds thretty," said Dumbiedikes, looking bashfully away from her, and towards Saddletree.

"That will do bravely," said Saddletree, rubbing his hands; "and ye sall hae a' my skill and knowledge to gar the siller gang far—I'll tape it out weel—I ken how to gar the birkies tak short fees, and be glad o' them too—it's only garring them trow ye hae twa or three cases of importance coming on, and they'll work cheap to get custom. Let me alane for whillywhaing an advocate:—it's nae sin to get as muckle frae them for our siller as we can—after a', it's but the wind o' their mouth—it costs them naething; whereas, in my wretched occupation of a saddler, horse-milliner, and harness-maker, we are out unconscionable sums just for barkened hides and leather."

"Can I be of no use?" said Butler. "My means, alas! are only worth the black coat I wear; but I am young—I owe much to the family—Can I do nothing?"

"Ye can help to collect evidence, sir," said Saddletree; "if we could but find ony ane to say she had gien the least hint o' her condition, she wad be brought aff wi' a wat finger—Mr. Crossmyloof tell'd me sae. The crown, says he, canna be craved to prove a positive—was't a positive or a negative they couldna be ca'd to prove?—it was the tane or the tither o' them, I am sure, and it maksna muckle matter whilk. Wherefore, says he, the libel maun be redargued by the panel proving her defences. And it canna be done otherwise."

"But the fact, sir," argued Butler, "the fact that this poor girl has borne a child; surely the crown lawyers must prove that?" said Butler.

Saddletree paused a moment, while the visage of Dumbiedikes, which traversed, as if it had been placed on a pivot, from the one spokesman to the other, assumed a more blithe expression.

"Ye—ye—ye—es," said Saddletree, after some grave hesitation; "unquestionably that is a thing to be proved, as the court will more fully declare by an interlocutor of relevancy in common form; but I fancy that job's done already, for she has confessed her guilt."

"Confessed the murder?" exclaimed Jeanie, with a scream that made them all start.

"No, I didna say that," replied Bartoline. "But she confessed bearing the babe."

"And what became of it, then?" said Jeanie; "for not a word could I get from her but bitter sighs and tears."

"She says it was taken away from her by the woman in whose house it was born, and who assisted her at the time."

"And who was that woman?" said Butler. "Surely by her means the truth might be discovered.—Who was she? I will fly to her directly."

"I wish," said Dumbiedikes, "I were as young and as supple as you, and had the gift of the gab as weel."

"Who is she?" again reiterated Butler impatiently.—"Who could that woman be?"

"Ay, wha kens that but hersell," said Saddletree; "she deponed further, and declined to answer that interrogatory."

"Then to herself will I instantly go," said Butler; "farewell, Jeanie;" then coming close up to her.—"Take no *rash steps* till you hear from me. Farewell!" and he immediately left the cottage.

"I wad gang too," said the landed proprietor, in an anxious, jealous, and repining tone, "but my powny winna for the life o' me gang ony other road than just frae Dumbiedikes to this house-end, and sae straight back again."

"Ye'll do better for them," said Saddletree, as they left the house together, "by sending me the thretty punds."

"Thretty punds?" hesitated Dumbiedikes, who was now out of the reach of those eyes which had inflamed his generosity; "I only said *twenty* punds."

"Ay; but," said Saddletree, "that was under protestation to add and eik; and so ye craved leave to amend your libel, and made it thretty."

"Did I? I dinna mind that I did," answered Dumbiedikes. "But whatever I said I'll stand to." Then bestriding his steed with some difficulty, he added, "Dinna ye think poor Jeanie's een wi' the tears in them glanced like lamour beads, Mr. Saddletree?"

"I kenna muckle about women's een, Laird," replied the insensible Bartoline; "and I care just as little. I wuss I were as weel free o' their tongues; though few wives," he added, recollecting the necessity of keeping up his character for domestic rule, "are under better command than mine, Laird. I allow neither perduellion nor lese-majesty against my sovereign authority."

The Laird saw nothing so important in this observation as to call for a rejoinder, and when they had exchanged a mute salutation, they parted in peace upon their different errands.

CHAPTER XIII.

I'll warrant that fellow from drowning, were the ship no stronger than a nut-shell.—*The Tempest.*

Butler felt neither fatigue nor want of refreshment, although, from the mode in which he had spent the night, he might well have been overcome with either. But in the earnestness with which he hastened to the assistance of the sister of Jeanie Deans, he forgot both.

In his first progress he walked with so rapid a pace as almost approached to running, when he was surprised to hear behind him a call upon his name, contending with an asthmatic cough, and half-drowned amid the resounding trot of an Highland pony. He looked behind, and saw the Laird of Dumbiedikes making after him with what speed he might, for it happened fortunately for the Laird's purpose of conversing with Butler, that his own road homeward was for about two hundred yards the same with that which led by the nearest way to the city. Butler stopped when he heard himself thus summoned, internally wishing no good to the panting equestrian who thus retarded his journey.

"Uh! uh! uh!" ejaculated Dumbiedikes, as he checked the hobbling pace of the pony by our friend Butler. "Uh! uh! it's a hard-set willyard beast this o' mine." He had in fact just overtaken the object of his chase at the very point beyond which it would have been absolutely impossible for him to have continued the pursuit, since there Butler's road parted from that leading to Dumbiedikes, and no means of influence or compulsion which the rider could possibly have used towards his Bucephalus could have induced the Celtic obstinacy of Rory Bean (such was the pony's name) to have diverged a yard from the path that conducted him to his own paddock.

Even when he had recovered from the shortness of breath occasioned by a trot much more rapid than Rory or he were accustomed to, the high purpose of Dumbiedikes seemed to stick as it were in his throat and impede his utterance, so that Butler stood for nearly three minutes ere he could utter a syllable; and when he did find voice, it was only to say after one or two efforts, "Uh! uh! uhm! I say, Mr.—Mr. Butler, it's a braw day for the ha'rst."

"Fine day, indeed," said Butler. "I wish you good morning, sir."

"Stay—stay a bit," rejoined Dumbiedikes; "that was no what I had gotten to say."

"Then, pray be quick, and let me have your commands," rejoined Butler; "I crave your pardon, but I am in haste, and *tempus nemini*—you know the proverb."

Dumbiedikes did not know the proverb, nor did he even take the trouble to endeavour to look as if he did, as others in his place might have done. He was concentrating all his intellects for one grand proposition, and could not afford any detachment to defend outposts. "I say, Mr. Butler," said he, "ken ye if Mr. Saddletree's a great lawyer."

"I have no person's word for it but his own," answered Butler, dryly; "but undoubtedly he best understands his own qualities."

"Umph!" replied the taciturn Dumbiedikes, in a tone which seemed to say, "Mr. Butler, I take your meaning." "In that case," he pursued, "I'll employ my ain man o' business, Nichil Novit, (auld Nichil's son, and amaist as gleg as his father,) to agent Effie's plea."

And having thus displayed more sagacity than Butler expected from him, he courteously touched his gold-laced cocked hat, and by a punch on the ribs, conveyed to Rory Bean, it was his rider's pleasure that he should forthwith proceed homewards; a hint which the quadruped obeyed with that degree of alacrity with which men and animals interpret and obey suggestions which entirely correspond with their own inclinations.

Butler resumed his pace, not without a momentary revival of that jealousy, which the honest Laird's attention to the family of Deans had at different times excited in his bosom. But he was too generous long to nurse any feeling, which was allied to selfishness. "He is," said Butler to himself, "rich in what I want; why should I feel vexed that he has the heart to dedicate some of his pelf to render them services, which I can only form the empty wish of executing? In God's name, let us each do what we can. May she be but happy!—saved from the misery and disgrace that seems impending—Let me but find the means of preventing the fearful experiment of this evening, and farewell to other thoughts, though my heart-strings break in parting with them!"

He redoubled his pace, and soon stood before the door of the Tolbooth, or rather before the entrance where the door had formerly been placed. His interview with the mysterious stranger, the message to

Jeanie, his agitating conversation with her on the subject of breaking off their mutual engagements, and the interesting scene with old Deans, had so entirely occupied his mind as to drown even recollection of the tragical event which he had witnessed the preceding evening. His attention was not recalled to it by the groups who stood scattered on the street in conversation, which they hushed when strangers approached, or by the bustling search of the agents of the city police, supported by small parties of the military, or by the appearance of the Guard-House, before which were treble sentinels, or, finally, by the subdued and intimidated looks of the lower orders of society, who, conscious that they were liable to suspicion, if they were not guilty of accession to a riot likely to be strictly inquired into, glided about with an humble and dismayed aspect, like men whose spirits being exhausted in the revel and the dangers of a desperate debauch over night, are nerve-shaken, timorous, and unenterprising, on the succeeding day.

None of these symptoms of alarm and trepidation struck Butler, whose mind was occupied with a different, and to him still more interesting subject, until he stood before the entrance to the prison, and saw it defended by a double file of grenadiers, instead of bolts and bars. Their "Stand, stand!" the blackened appearance of the doorless gate-way, and the winding staircase and apartments of the Tolbooth, now open to the public eye, recalled the whole proceedings of the eventful night. Upon his requesting to speak with Effie Deans, the same tall, thin, silver-haired turnkey, whom he had seen on the preceding evening, made his appearance.

"I think," he replied to Butler's request of admission, with true Scottish indirectness, "ye will be the same lad that was for in to see her yestreen?"

Butler admitted he was the same person.

"And I am thinking," pursued the turnkey, "that ye speered at me when we locked up, and if we locked up earlier on account of Porteous?"

"Very likely I might make some such observation," said Butler; "but the question now is, can I see Effie Deans?"

"I dinna ken—gang in by, and up the turnpike stair, and turn till the ward on the left hand."

The old man followed close behind him, with his keys in his hand, not forgetting even that huge one which had once opened and shut the outer gate of his dominions, though at present it was but an idle and useless burden. No sooner had Butler entered the room to which he was directed, than the experienced hand of the warder selected the proper key, and locked it on the outside. At first Butler conceived this manœuvre was only an effect of the man's habitual and official caution and jealousy. But when he heard the hoarse command, "Turn out the guard!" and immediately afterwards heard the clash of a sentinel's arms, as he was posted at the door of his apartment, he again called out to the turnkey, "My good friend, I have business of some consequence with Effie Deans, and I beg to see her as soon as possible." No answer was returned. "If it be against your rules to admit me," repeated Butler, in a still louder tone, "to see the prisoner, I beg you will tell me so, and let me go about my business.—*Fugit irrevocabile tempus!*" muttered he to himself.

"If ye had business to do, ye suld hae dune it before ye cam here," replied the man of keys from the outside; "ye'll find it's easier wunnin in than wunnin out here—there's sma' likelihood o' another Porteous-mob coming to rabble us again—the law will haud her ain now, neighbour, and that ye'll find to your cost."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" retorted Butler. "You must mistake me for some other person. My name is Reuben Butler, preacher of the gospel."

"I ken that weel eneugh," said the turnkey.

"Well, then, if you know me, I have a right to know from you in return, what warrant you have for detaining me; that, I know, is the right of every British subject."

"Warrant?" said the jailer,—"the warrant's awa to Libberton wi' twa sheriff officers seeking ye. If ye had staid at hame, as honest men should do, ye wad hae seen the warrant; but if ye come to be incarcerated of your ain accord, wha can help it, my jo?"

"So I cannot see Effie Deans, then," said Butler; "and you are determined not to let me out?"

"Troth will I no, neighbour," answered the old man, doggedly; "as for Effie Deans, ye'll hae eneugh ado to mind your ain business, and let her mind hers; and for letting you out, that maun be as the magistrate will determine. And fare ye weel for a bit, for I maun see Deacon Sawyers put on ane or twa o' the doors that your quiet folk broke down yesternight, Mr. Butler."

There was something in this exquisitely provoking, but there was also something darkly alarming. To be imprisoned, even on a false accusation, has something in it disagreeable and menacing even to men of more constitutional courage than Butler had to boast; for although he had much of that resolution which arises from a sense of duty and an honourable desire to discharge it, yet, as his imagination was lively, and his frame of body delicate, he was far from possessing that cool insensibility to danger which is the happy portion of men of stronger health, more firm nerves, and less acute sensibility. An indistinct idea of peril, which he could neither understand nor ward off, seemed to float before his eyes. He tried to think over the events of the preceding night, in hopes of discovering some means of explaining or vindicating his conduct for appearing among the mob, since it immediately occurred to him that his detention must be founded on that circumstance. And it was with anxiety that he found he could not recollect to have been under the observation of any disinterested witness in the attempts that he made from time to time to expostulate with the rioters, and to prevail on them to release him. The distress of Deans's family, the dangerous rendezvous which Jeanie had formed, and which he could not now hope to interrupt, had also their share in his unpleasant reflections. Yet impatient as he was to receive an eclaircissement upon the cause of his confinement, and if possible to obtain his liberty, he was affected with a trepidation which seemed no good omen; when, after remaining an hour in this solitary apartment, he received a summons to attend the sitting magistrate. He was conducted from prison strongly guarded by a party of soldiers, with a parade of precaution, that, however ill-timed and unnecessary, is generally displayed *after* an event, which such precaution, if used in time, might have prevented.

He was introduced into the Council Chamber, as the place is called where the magistrates hold their sittings, and which was then at a little distance from the prison. One or two of the senators of the city were present, and seemed about to engage in the examination of an individual who was brought forward to the foot of the long green-covered table round which the council usually assembled. "Is that the preacher?" said one of the magistrates, as the city officer in attendance introduced Butler. The man answered in the affirmative. "Let him sit down there for an instant; we will finish this man's business very briefly."

"Shall we remove Mr. Butler?" queried the assistant.

"It is not necessary—Let him remain where he is."

Butler accordingly sate down on a bench at the bottom of the apartment, attended by one of his keepers.

It was a large room, partially and imperfectly lighted; but by chance, or the skill of the architect, who might happen to remember the advantage which might occasionally be derived from such an arrangement, one window was so placed as to throw a strong light at the foot of the table at which prisoners were usually posted for examination, while the upper end, where the examinants sate, was thrown into shadow. Butler's eyes were instantly fixed on the person whose examination was at present proceeding, in the idea that he might recognise some one of the conspirators of the former night. But though the features of this man were sufficiently marked and striking, he could not recollect that he had ever seen them before.

The complexion of this person was dark, and his age somewhat advanced. He wore his own hair

combed smooth down, and cut very short. It was jet black, slightly curled by nature, and already mottled with gray. The man's face expressed rather knavery than vice, and a disposition to sharpness, cunning and roguery, more than the traces of stormy and indulged passions. His sharp, quick black eyes, acute features, ready sardonic smile, promptitude, and effrontery, gave him altogether what is called among the vulgar a *knowing* look, which generally implies a tendency to knavery. At a fair or market, you could not for a moment have doubted that he was a horse-jockey, intimate with all the tricks of his trade; yet had you met him on a moor, you would not have apprehended any violence from him. His dress was also that of a horse-dealer—a close-buttoned jockey-coat, or wrap-rascal, as it was then termed, with huge metal buttons, coarse blue upper stockings, called boot hose, because supplying the place of boots, and a slouched hat. He only wanted a loaded whip under his arm, and a spur upon one heel, to complete the dress of the character he seemed to represent.

"Your name is James Ratcliffe?" said the magistrate.

"Ay—always wi' your honour's leave."

"That is to say, you could find me another name if I did not like that one?"

"Twenty to pick and choose upon, always with your honour's leave," resumed the respondent.

"But James Ratcliffe is your present name?—what is your trade?"

"I canna just say, distinctly, that I have what ye wad ca' preceesely a trade."

"But," repeated the magistrate, "what are your means of living—your occupation?"

"Hout tout—your honour, wi' your leave, kens that as weel as I do," replied the examined.

"No matter, I want to hear you describe it," said the examinant.

"Me describe?—and to your honour?—far be it from Jemmie Ratcliffe," responded the prisoner.

"Come, sir, no trifling—I insist on an answer."

"Weel sir," replied the declarant, "I maun make a clean breast, for ye see, wi' your leave, I am looking for favour—Describe my occupation, quo' ye?—troth it will be ill to do that, in a feasible way, in a place like this—but what is't again that the aught command says?"

"Thou shalt not steal," answered the magistrate.

"Are you sure o' that?" replied the accused.—"Troth, then, my occupation, and that command, are sair at odds, for I read it, thou *shalt* steal; and that makes an unco difference, though there's but a wee bit word left out."

"To cut the matter short, Ratcliffe, you have been a most notorious thief," said the examinant.

"I believe Highlands and Lowlands ken that, sir, forby England and Holland," replied Ratcliffe, with the greatest composure and effrontery.

"And what d'ye think the end of your calling will be?" said the magistrate.

"I could have gien a braw guess yesterday—but I dinna ken sae weel the day," answered the prisoner.

"And what would you have said would have been your end, had you been asked the question yesterday?"

"Just the gallows," replied Ratcliffe, with the same composure.

"You are a daring rascal, sir," said the magistrate; "and how dare you hope times are mended with you to-day?"

"Dear, your honour," answered Ratcliffe, "there's muckle difference between lying in prison under sentence of death, and staying there of ain's ain proper accord, when it would have cost a man naething to get up and rin awa—what was to hinder me from stepping out quietly, when the rabble walked awa wi' Jock Porteous yestreen?—and does your honour really think I staid on purpose to be hanged?"

"I do not know what you may have proposed to yourself; but I know," said the magistrate, "what the law proposes for you, and that is to hang you next Wednesday eight days."

"*Na, na*, your honour," said Ratcliffe firmly, "craving your honour's pardon, I'll ne'er believe that till I see it. I have kend the Law this mony a year,
and mony a thrawart job I hae had wi' he
last; but the auld jaud is no sae ill as that (
I aye fand her bark waur than her bite."

"And if you do not expect the gallows
you are condemned, (for the fourth tir
knowledge,) may I beg the favour to know
magistrate, "what it is that you *do* expe
sideration of your not having taken your f
the rest of the jail-birds, which I will adı
line of conduct little to have been expected

"I would never have thought for a n
staying in that auld gousty toom house,"
Ratcliffe, "but that use and wont had jus
a fancy to the place, and I'm just expecting
in't."

"A post?" exclaimed the magistrate;
ping-post, I suppose, you mean?"

"Na, na, sir, I had nae thoughts o' a
post. After having been four times doom
by the neck till I was dead, I think I am t
being whuppit."

"Then, in Heaven's name, what *did* you

"Just the post of under-turnkey, for I u
there's a vacancy," said the prisoner; '
think of asking the lockman's* place ower
it wadna suit me sae weel as ither folk, f
could put a beast out o' the way, much les
a man."

"That's something in your favour," saic
gistrate, making exactly the inference to w
cliffe was desirous to lead him, though he
his art with an affectation of oddity. "But,"
the magistrate, "how do you think you can
with a charge in the prison, when you hav
at your own hand half the jails in Scotland

"Wi' your honour's leave," said Ratcl
kend sae weel how to win out mysell, it's l
be a' the better a hand to keep other folk in
they wad ken their business weel that he
when I wanted to be out, or wan out when
to haud them in."

The remark seemed to strike the magistra
made no further immediate observation, on
Ratcliffe to be removed.

When this daring, and yet sly freebooter
of hearing, the magistrate asked the (
"what he thought of the fellow's assurance

"It's no' for me to say, sir," replied the cle
if James Ratcliffe be inclined to turn to g
is not a man e'er came within the ports of
could be of sae muckle use to the Good To
thief and lock-up line of business. I'll spe
Sharpitlaw about him."

Upon Ratcliffe's retreat, Butler was plac
table for examination. The magistrate (
his inquiry civilly, but yet in a manner wl
him to understand that he laboured und
suspicion. With a frankness which at one
his calling and character, Butler avowed
luntary presence at the murder of Porteous
the request of the magistrate, entered into
detail of the circumstances which attended
happy affair. All the particulars, such as
narrated, were taken minutely down by
from Butler's dictation.

When the narrative was concluded, the
amination commenced, which it is a pai
even for the most candid witness to unde
a story, especially if connected with agit
alarming incidents, can scarce be so clearly
tinctly told, but that some ambiguity and d
be thrown upon it by a string of succes
minute interrogatories.

The magistrate commenced by observ
Butler had said his object was to return to tl

* *Lockman*, so called from the small quantity of
tee, *lock*) which he was entitled to take out of every
sed to market in the city. In Edinburgh the duty ha
long commuted; but in Dumfries the finisher of th
exercises, or did lately exercise, his privilege, the qua
being regulated by a small iron ladle, which he uses
sure of his perquisite. The expression *lock*, for a sma
of any readily divisible dry substance, as corn, meal,
like, is still preserved, not only popularly, but in a leg
tion, as the *lock* and *gowpen*, or small quantity and ha
able in thirlage cases, as in-town multure.

ı, but that he was interrupted by the mob Port. "Is the West Port your usual way ıwn when you go to Libberton?" said the with a sneer.

ainly," answered Butler, with the haste nxious to vindicate the accuracy of his 'but I chanced to be nearer that port than ınd the hour of shutting the gates was on striking."

as unlucky," said the magistrate, dryly. ıg, as you say, under coercion and fear of multitude, and compelled to accompany gh scenes disagreeable to all men of humore especially irreconcilable to the prominister, did you not attempt to struggle, cape from their violence?"

ılied, "that their numbers prevented him ɔting resistance, and their vigilance from s escape."

as unlucky," again repeated the magissame dry inacquiescent tone of voice and le proceeded with decency and politeness, stiffness which argued his continued susık many questions concerning the behamob, the manners and dress of the ringd when he conceived that the caution of was deceiving him, must be lulled asleep, ate suddenly and artfully returned to forf his declaration, and required a new reı of the circumstances, to the minutest ivial point, which attended each part of holy scene. No confusion or contradicer, occurred, that could countenance the hich he seemed to have adopted against length the train of his interrogatories dge Wildfire, at whose name the magiswn-clerk exchanged significant glances. f the Good Town had depended on her gistrate's knowing the features and dress onage, his inquiries could not have been ılar. But Butler could say almost nothing n's features, which were disguised appared paint and soot, like an Indian going sides the projecting shade of a curch or muffled the hair of the supposed female. that he thought he could not know this lfire, if placed before him in a different at he believed he might recognise her voice. istrate requested him again to state by e left the city.

Cowgate Port," replied Butler.

at the nearest road to Libberton?"

nswered Butler, with embarrassment; the nearest way to extricate myself from

and magistrate again exchanged glances. Cowgate Port a nearer way to Libberton assmarket than Bristo Port?"

plied Butler; "but I had to visit a friend."

said the interrogator—"You were in a the sight you had witnessed, I suppose?"

[was not," replied Butler; "nor did I e subject the whole time I was at St. Crags."

oad did you take to St. Leonard's Crags?"

foot of Salisbury Crags," was the reply.

"—you seem partial to circuitous routes," he magistrate. "Whom did you see after city?"

e he obtained a description of every one ps, who had passed Butler, as already ir number, demeanour, and appearance; gth, came to the circumstance of the mysnger in the King's Park. On this subject ld fain have remained silent. But the had no sooner got a slight hint concernlent, than he seemed bent to possess himost minute particulars.

, Mr. Butler," said he, "you are a young ar an excellent character; so much I will y in your favour. But we are aware there t times, a sort of bastard and fiery zeal in r order, and those, men irreproachable in ı, which has led them into doing and countenancing great irregularities, by which the peace of the country is liable to be shaken. I will deal plainly with you. I am not at all satisfied with this story, of your setting out again and again to seek your dwelling by two several roads, which were both circuitous. And, to be frank, no one whom we have examined on this unhappy affair could trace in your appearance any thing like your acting under compulsion. Moreover, the waiters at the Cowgate Port observed something like the trepidation of guilt in your conduct, and declare that you were the first to command them to open the gate, in a tone of authority, as if still presiding over the guards and outposts of the rabble who had besieged them the whole night."

"God forgive them!" said Butler; "I only asked free passage for myself; they must have much misunderstood, if they did not wilfully misrepresent me."

"Well, Mr. Butler," resumed the magistrate, "I am inclined to judge the best and hope the best, as I am sure I wish the best; but you must be frank with me, if you wish to secure my good opinion, and lessen the risk of inconvenience to yourself. You have allowed you saw another individual in your passage through the King's Park to St. Leonard's Crags—I must know every word which passed betwixt you."

Thus closely pressed, Butler, who had no reason for concealing what passed at that meeting, unless because Jeanie Deans was concerned in it, thought it best to tell the whole truth from beginning to end.

"Do you suppose," said the magistrate, pausing, "that the young woman will accept an invitation so mysterious?"

"I fear she will," replied Butler.

"Why do you use the word *fear* it?" said the magistrate.

"Because I am apprehensive for her safety, in meeting, at such a time and place, one who had something of the manner of a desperado, and whose message was of a character so inexplicable."

"Her safety shall be cared for," said the magistrate. "Mr. Butler, I am concerned I cannot immediately discharge you from confinement, but I hope you will not be long detained.—Remove Mr. Butler, and let him be provided with decent accommodation in all respects."

He was conducted back to the prison accordingly; but, in the food offered to him, as well as in the apartment in which he was lodged, the recommendation of the magistrate was strictly attended to.

CHAPTER XIV.

> Dark and eerie was the night,
> And lonely was the way,
> As Janet, wi' her green mantell,
> To Miles' Cross she did gae. *Old Ballad.*

Leaving Butler to all the uncomfortable thoughts attached to his new situation, among which the most predominant was his feeling that he was, by his confinement, deprived of all possibility of assisting the family at Saint Leonard's in their greatest need, we return to Jeanie Deans, who had seen him depart, without an opportunity of further explanation, in all that agony of mind with which the female heart bids adieu to the complicated sensations so well described by Coleridge,—

> Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
> An undistinguishable throng;
> And gentle wishes long subdued—
> Subdued and cherish'd long

It is not the firmest heart (and Jeanie, under her russet rokelay, had one that would not have disgraced Cato's daughter) that can most easily bid adieu to these soft and mingled emotions. She wept for a few minutes, bitterly, and without attempting to refrain from this indulgence of passion. But a moment's recollection induced her to check herself for a grief selfish and proper to her own affections, while her father and sister were plunged into such deep and irretrievable affliction. She drew from her pocket the letter which had been that morning flung into her apartment through an open window, and the contents of which were as singular as the expression was violent and energetic. "If she would save a hu-

man being from the most damning guilt, and all its desperate consequences,—if she desired the life and honour of her sister to be saved from the bloody fangs of an unjust law,—if she desired not to forfeit peace of mind here, and happiness hereafter," such was the frantic style of the conjuration, "she was entreated to give a sure, secret, and solitary meeting to the writer. She alone could rescue him," so ran the letter, "and he only could rescue her." He was in such circumstances, the billet further informed her, that an attempt to bring any witness of their conference, or even to mention to her father, or any other person whatsoever, the letter which requested it, would inevitably prevent its taking place, and ensure the destruction of her sister. The letter concluded with incoherent but violent protestations, that in obeying this summons she had nothing to fear personally.

The message delivered to her by Butler from the stranger in the Park tallied exactly with the contents of the letter, but assigned a later hour and a different place of meeting. Apparently the writer of the letter had been compelled to let Butler so far into his confidence, for the sake of announcing this change to Jeanie. She was more than once on the point of producing the billet, in vindication of herself from her lover's half-hinted suspicions. But there is something in stooping to justification which the pride of innocence does not at all times willingly submit to; besides that the threats contained in the letter, in case of her betraying the secret, hung heavy on her heart. It is probable, however, that, had they remained longer together, she might have taken the resolution to submit the whole matter to Butler, and be guided by him as to the line of conduct which she should adopt. And when, by the sudden interruption of their conference, she lost the opportunity of doing so, she felt as if she had been unjust to a friend, whose advice might have been highly useful, and whose attachment deserved her full and unreserved confidence.

To have recourse to her father upon this occasion, she considered as highly imprudent. There was no possibility of conjecturing in what light the matter might strike old David, whose manner of acting and thinking in extraordinary circumstances depended upon feelings and principles peculiar to himself, the operation of which could not be calculated upon even by those best acquainted with him. To have requested some female friend to have accompanied her to the place of rendezvous, would perhaps have been the most eligible expedient; but the threats of the writer, that betraying his secret would prevent their meeting (on which her sister's safety was said to depend) from taking place at all, would have deterred her from making such a confidence, even had she known a person in whom she thought it could with safety have been reposed. But she knew none such. Their acquaintance with the cottagers in the vicinity had been very slight, and limited to trifling acts of good neighbourhood. Jeanie knew little of them, and what she knew did not greatly incline her to trust any of them. They were of the order of loquacious good-humoured gossips usually found in their situation of life; and their conversation had at all times few charms for a young woman, to whom nature and the circumstance of a solitary life had given a depth of thought and force of character superior to the frivolous part of her sex, whether in high or low degree.

Left alone and separated from all earthly counsel, she had recourse to a friend and adviser, whose ear is open to the cry of the poorest and most afflicted of his people. She knelt, and prayed with fervent sincerity, that God would please to direct her what course to follow in her arduous and distressing situation. It was the belief of the time and sect to which she belonged, that special answers to prayer, differing little in their character from divine inspiration, were, as they expressed it, "borne in upon their minds" in answer to their earnest petitions in a crisis of difficulty. Without entering into an abstruse point of divinity, one thing is plain; namely, that the person who lays open his doubts and distresses in prayer,

with feeling and sincerity, must necessaril
act of doing so, purify his mind from the
worldly passions and interests, and bring it
state, when the resolutions adopted are lik
selected rather from a sense of duty, than f
inferior motive. Jeanie arose from her de
with her heart fortified to endure affliction,
couraged to face difficulties.

"I will meet this unhappy man," she saic
self—"unhappy he must be, since I doubt he
the cause of poor Effie's misfortune—but I v
him, be it for good or ill. My mind shall n
up to me, that, for fear of what might be saic
to myself, I left that undone that might eve
the rescue of her."

With a mind greatly composed since the
of this resolution, she went to attend her fat
old man, firm in the principles of his youth,
in outward appearance at least, permit a th
his family distress to interfere with the stoic
of his countenance and manners. He even
daughter for having neglected, in the distre
morning, some trifling domestic duties w
under her department.

"Why, what meaneth this, Jeanie?" saic
man—"The brown four-year-auld's milk is r
yet, nor the bowies put up on the bink. If y
your warldly duties in the day of affliction, w
fidence have I that ye mind the greater mat
concern salvation? God knows, our bowies
pipkins, and our draps o' milk, and our bits
are nearer and dearer to us than the bread o

Jeanie, not unpleased to hear her father's
thus expand themselves beyond the sphere o
mediate distress, obeyed him, and procede
her household matters in order; while old D
ved from place to place about his ordinary
ments, scarce showing, unless by a nervou
tience at remaining long stationary, an oc
convulsive sigh, or twinkle of the eyelid, tha
labouring under the yoke of such bitter afflic

The hour of noon came on, and the fa
child set down to their homely repast. In
tion for a blessing on the meal, the poor
added to his supplication, a prayer that t
eaten in sadness of heart, and the bitter v
Merah, might be made as nourishing as tho
had been poured forth from a full cup and a
basket and store; and having concluded his
tion, and resumed the bonnet which he had
verently aside," he proceeded to exhort his
to eat, not by example indeed, but at least by

"The man after God's own heart," he said
ed and anointed himself, and did eat bread
to express his submission under a dispen
suffering, and it did not become a Christian
woman so to cling to creature-comforts o
bairns,"—(here the words became too gre
were, for his utterance,)—"as to forget the
—submission to the Divine will."

To add force to his precept, he took a mors
plate, but nature proved too strong even for
erful feelings with which he endeavoured to
Ashamed of his weakness, he started up, an
of the house, with haste very unlike the del
of his usual movements. In less than five
he returned, having successfully struggled t
his ordinary composure of mind and coun
and affected to colour over his late retreat,
tering that he thought he heard the "you
loose in the byre."

He did not again trust himself with the s
his former conversation, and his daughter v
to see that he seemed to avoid further disc
that agitating topic. The hours glided on, as
must and do pass, whether winged with joy
with affliction. The sun set beyond the du
nence of the Castle, and the screen of weste
and the close of evening summoned Davi
and his daughter to the family duty of the n
came bitterly upon Jeanie's recollection, ho
when the hour of worship approached, she
watch the lengthening shadows, and look o
the door of the house, to see if she could spy

ter's return homeward. Alas! this idle and thoughtless waste of time, to what evils had it not finally led? and was she altogether guiltless, who noticing Effie's turn to idle and light society, had not called in her father's authority to restrain her?—But I acted for the best, she again reflected, and who could have expected such a growth of evil, from one grain of human leaven, in a disposition so kind, and candid, and generous?

As they sate down to the "exercise," as it is called, a chair happened accidentally to stand in the place which Effie usually occupied. David Deans saw his daughter's eyes swim in tears as they were directed towards this object, and pushed it aside, with a gesture of some impatience, as if desirous to destroy every memorial of earthly interest when about to address the Deity. The portion of Scripture was read, the psalm was sung, the prayer was made; and it was remarkable that, in discharging these duties, the old man avoided all passages and expressions, of which Scripture affords so many, that might be considered as applicable to his own domestic misfortune. In doing so it was perhaps his intention to spare the feelings of his daughter, as well as to maintain, in outward show at least, that stoical appearance of patient endurance of all the evil which earth could bring, which was, in his opinion, essential to the character of one who rated all earthly things at their own just estimate of nothingness. When he had finished the duty of the evening, he came up to his daughter, wished her good-night, and, having done so, continued to hold her by the hands for half a minute; then drawing her towards him, kissed her forehead, and ejaculated, "The God of Israel bless you, even with the blessings of the promise, my dear bairn!"

It was not either in the nature or habits of David Deans to seem a fond father; nor was he often observed to experience, or at least to evince, that fulness of the heart which seeks to expand itself in tender expressions or caresses even to those who were dearest to him. On the contrary, he used to censure this as a degree of weakness in several of his neighbours, and particularly in poor widow Butler. It followed, however, from the rarity of such emotions in this self-denied and reserved man, that his children attached to occasional marks of his affection and approbation a degree of high interest and solemnity; well considering them as evidences of feelings which were only expressed when they became too intense for suppression or concealment.

With deep emotion, therefore, did he bestow, and his daughter receive, this benediction and paternal caress. "And you, my dear father," exclaimed Jeanie, when the door had closed upon the venerable old man, "may you have purchased and promised blessings multiplied upon you—upon *you*, who walk in this world as though ye were not of the world, and hold all that it can give or take away but as the *midges* that the sun-blink brings out, and the evening wind sweeps away!"

She now made preparation for her night-walk. Her father slept in another part of the dwelling, and, regular in all his habits, seldom or never left his apartment when he had betaken himself to it for the evening. It was therefore easy for her to leave the house unobserved, so soon as the time approached at which she was to keep her appointment. But the step she was about to take had difficulties and terrors in her own eyes, though she had no reason to apprehend her father's interference. Her life had been spent in the quiet, uniform, and regular seclusion of their peaceful and monotonous household. The very hour which some damsels of the present day, as well of her own as of higher degree, would consider as the natural period of commencing an evening of pleasure, brought, in her opinion, awe and solemnity in it; and the resolution she had taken had a strange, daring, and adventurous character, to which she could hardly reconcile herself when the moment approached for putting it into execution. Her hands trembled as she snooded her fair hair beneath the riband, then the only ornament or cover which young unmarried women wore on their head, and as she adjusted the scarlet tartan screen or muffler made of plaid, which the Scottish women wore, much in the fashion of the black silk veils still a part of female dress in the Netherlands. A sense of impropriety as well as of danger pressed upon her, as she lifted the latch of her paternal mansion to leave it on so wild an expedition, and at so late an hour, unprotected, and without the knowledge of her natural guardian.

When she found herself abroad and in the open fields, additional subjects of apprehension crowded upon her. The dim cliffs and scattered rocks, interspersed with green sward, through which she had to pass to the place of appointment, as they glimmered before her in a clear autumn night, recalled to her memory many a deed of violence, which, according to tradition, had been done and suffered among them. In earlier days they had been the haunt of robbers and assassins, the memory of whose crimes are preserved in the various edicts which the council of the city, and even the parliament of Scotland, had passed for dispersing their bands, and ensuring safety to the lieges, so near the precincts of the city. The names of these criminals, and of their atrocities, were still remembered in traditions of the scattered cottages and the neighbouring suburb. In latter times, as we have already noticed, the sequestered and broken character of the ground rendered it a fit theatre for duels and rencontres among the fiery youth of the period. Two or three of these incidents, all sanguinary, and one of them fatal in its termination, had happened since Deans came to live at Saint Leonard's. His daughter's recollections, therefore, were of blood and horror as she pursued the small scarce-tracked solitary path, every step of which conveyed her to a greater distance from help, and deeper into the ominous seclusion of these unhallowed precincts.

As the moon began to peer forth on the scene with a doubtful, flitting, and solemn light, Jeanie's apprehensions took another turn, too peculiar to her rank and country to remain unnoticed. But to trace its origin will require another chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

——The spirit I have seen
May be the devil. And the devil has power
To assume a pleasing shape.
Hamlet.

WITCHCRAFT and demonology, as we have had already occasion to remark, were at this period believed in by almost all ranks, but more especially among the stricter classes of presbyterians, whose government, when their party were at the head of the state, had been much sullied by their eagerness to inquire into, and prosecute these imaginary crimes. Now, in this point of view, also, Saint Leonard's Crags and the adjacent Chase were a dreaded and ill-reputed district. Not only had witches held their meetings there, but even of very late years the enthusiast, or impostor, mentioned in the Pandæmonium of Richard Bovet, Gentleman,* had, among the recesses of these

* This legend was in former editions inaccurately said to exist in Baxter's "World of Spirits;" but is, in fact, to be found in "Pandæmonium, or the Devil's Cloyster: being a further blow to Modern Sadduceism,' by Richard Burton, Gentleman, 12mo. 1684. The work is inscribed to Dr. Henry More. The story is entitled, "A remarkable passage of one named the Fairy Boy of Leith, in Scotland, given me by my worthy friend Captain George Burton, and attested under his hand:" and is as follows:—

"About fifteen years since, having business that detained me for some time in Leith, which is near Edenborough, in the kingdom of Scotland, I often met some of my acquaintance at a certain house there, where we used to drink a glass of wine for our refection. The woman which kept the house, was of honest reputation amongst the neighbours, which made me give the more attention to what she told me one day about a Fairy Boy (as they called him) who lived about that town. She had given me so strange an account of him, that I desired her I might see him the first opportunity, which she promised; and not long after, passing that way, she told me there was the Fairy Boy but a little before I came by: and casting her eye into the street, said, 'Look you, sir, yonder he is at play with those other boys,' and designing him to me, I went, and by smooth words, and a piece of money, got him to come into the house with me: where, in the presence of divers people, I demanded of him several astrological questions, which he answered with great subtlety, and through all his discourse carryed it with a cunning much beyond his years, which seemed not to exceed ten or eleven. He seemed to make a motion like drumming upon the table with his fin-

romantic cliffs, found his way into the hidden retreats where the fairies revel in the bowels of the earth.

With all these legends Jeanie Deans was too well acquainted, to escape that strong impression which they usually make on the imagination. Indeed, relations of this ghostly kind had been familiar to her from her infancy, for they were the only relief which her father's conversation afforded from controversial argument, or the gloomy history of the strivings and testimonies, escapes, captures, tortures, and executions of those martyrs of the Covenant, with whom it was his chiefest boast to say he had been acquainted. In the recesses of mountains, in caverns, and in morasses, to which these persecuted enthusiasts were so ruthlessly pursued, they conceived they had often to contend with the visible assaults of the Enemy of mankind, as in the cities, and in the cultivated fields, they were exposed to those of the tyrannical government and their soldiery. Such were the terrors which made one of their gifted seers exclaim, when his companion returned to him, after having left him alone in a haunted cavern in Sorn in Galloway, "It is hard living in this world—incarnate devils above the earth, and devils under the earth! Satan has been here since ye went away, but I have dismissed him by resistance; we will be no more troubled with him this night." David Deans believed this, and many other such ghostly encounters and victories, on the faith of the Ansars, or auxiliaries of the banished prophets. This event was beyond David's remembrance. But he used to tell with great awe, yet not without a feeling of proud superiority to his auditors, how he himself had been present at a field-meeting at Crochmade, when the duty of the day was interrupted by the apparition of a tall black man, who, in the act of crossing a ford to join the congregation, lost ground, and was carried down apparently by the force of the stream. All were instantly at work to assist him, but with so little success, that ten or twelve stout men, who had hold of the rope which they had cast in to his aid, were rather in danger to be dragged into the stream, and lose their own lives, than likely to save that of the supposed perishing man. "But famous John Semple of Carspharn," David Deans used to say with exultation, "saw the whaup in the rape.—'Quit the rope,' he cried to us, (for I that was but a callant had a haud o' the rape mysell,) 'it is the Great Enemy! he will burn, but not drown; his design is to disturb the good wark, by raising wonder and confusion in your minds; to put off from your spirits all that ye hae heard and felt.'—Sae we let go the rape," said David, "and he went adown the water screeching and bullering like a Bull of Bashan, as he's ca'd in Scripture."*

Trained in these and similar legends, it was no wonder that Jeanie began to feel an ill-defined apprehension, not merely of the phantoms which might beset her way, but of the quality, nature, and purpose of the being who had thus appointed her a meeting, at a place and hour of horror, and at a time when her mind must be necessarily full of those tempting and ensnaring thoughts of grief and despair, which were supposed to lay sufferers particularly open to the temptations of the Evil One. If such an idea had crossed even Butler's well-informed mind, it was calculated to make a much stronger impression upon hers. Yet firmly believing the possibility of an encounter so terrible to flesh and blood, Jeanie, with a degree of resolution of which we cannot sufficiently estimate the merit, because the incredulity of the age has rendered us strangers to the nature and extent of her feelings, persevered in her determination not to omit an opportunity of doing something towards saving her sister, although, in the attempt to avail herself of it, she might be exposed to dangers so dreadful to her imagination. So, like Christiana in the Pilgrim's Progress, when traversing with a timid yet resolved step the terrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, she glided on by rock and stone, "now in glimmer and now in gloom," as her path lay through moonlight or shadow, and endeavoured to overpower the suggestions of fear, sometimes by fixing her mind upon the distressed condition of her sister, and the duty she lay under to afford her aid, should that be in her power; and more frequently by recurring in mental prayer to the protection of that Being to whom night is as noon-day.

Thus drowning at one time her fears by fixing her mind on a subject of overpowering interest, and arguing them down at others by referring herself to the protection of the Deity, she at length approached the place assigned for this mysterious conference.

It was situated in the depth of the valley behind Salisbury Crags, which has for a background the north-western shoulder of the mountain called Arthur's Seat, on whose descent still remain the ruins of what was once a chapel, or hermitage, dedicated to St. Anthony the Eremite. A better site for such a building could hardly have been selected; for the chapel, situated among the rude and pathless cliffs, lies in a desert, even in the immediate vicinity of a rich, populous, and tumultuous capital: and the hum of the city might mingle with the orisons of the recluses, conveying as little of worldly interest as if it had been the roar of the distant ocean. Beneath the steep ascent on which these ruins are still visible, was, and perhaps is still pointed out, the place where the wretch Nicol Muschat, who has been already mentioned in these pages, had closed a long scene of cruelty towards his unfortunate wife, by murdering her, with circumstances of uncommon barbarity.† The execration in which the man's crime was held extended itself to the place where it was perpetrated, which was marked by a small *cairn*, or heap of stones, composed of those which each chance passenger had thrown there in testimony of abhorrence, and on the principle, it would seem, of the ancient British malediction, "May you have a cairn for your burial-place!"

As our heroine approached this ominous and unhallowed spot, she paused and looked to the moon, now rising broad on the north-west, and shedding a more distinct light than it had afforded during her walk thither. Eyeing the planet for a moment, she then slowly and fearfully turned her head towards the

gers, upon which I asked him, whether he could beat a drum, to which he replied, 'Yes, sir, as well as any man in Scotland; for every Thursday night I beat all points to a sort of people that use to meet under yonder hill' (pointing to the great hill between Edenborough and Leith). 'How, boy,' quoth I; 'what company have you there?'—'There are, sir,' said he, 'a great company both of men and women, and they are entertained with many sorts of musick besides my drum: they have, besides, plenty variety of meats and wine; and many times we are carried into France or Holland in a night, and return again; and whilst we are there, we enjoy all the pleasures the country doth afford.' I demanded of him, how they got under that hill? To which he replied, 'that there were a great pair of gates that opened to them though they were invisible to others, and that within there were brave large rooms, as well accommodated as most in Scotland.' I then asked him, how I should know what he said to be true? upon which he told me he would read my fortune, saying I should have two wives, and that he saw the forms of them sitting on my shoulders; that both would be very handsome women.

"As he was thus speaking a woman of the neighbourhood, coming into the room, demanded of him what her fortune should be? He told her that she had two bastards before she was married; which put her in such a rage, that she desired not to hear the rest. The woman of the house told me that all the people in Scotland could not keep him from the rendezvous on Thursday night; upon which, by promising him some more money, I got a promise of him to meet me at the same place, in the afternoon of the Thursday following, and so dismissed him at that time. The boy came again at the place and time appointed, and I had prevailed with some friends to continue with me, if possible, to prevent his moving that night; he was placed between us, and answered many questions, without offering to go from us, until about eleven of the clock, he was got away unperceived of the company; but I suddenly missing him, hasted to the door, and took hold of him, and so returned him into the same room: we all watched him, and on a sudden he was again got out of the doors. I followed him close, and he made a noise in the street as if he had been set upon: but from that time I could never see him. "GEORGE BURTON."

* The gloomy, dangerous, and constant wanderings of the persecuted sect of Cameronians, naturally led to their entertaining with peculiar credulity the belief, that they were sometimes persecuted, not only by the wrath of men, but by the secret wiles and open terrors of Satan. In fact, a flood could not happen, a horse cast his shoe, or any other the most ordinary interruption thwart a minister's wish to perform service at a particular spot, than the accident was imputed to the immediate agency of fiends. The encounter of Alexander Peden with the Devil in the cave, and that of John Semple with the demon in the ford, are given by Peter Walker, almost in the language of the text.

† See note, chap. xi. p. 38. Muschat's Cairn.

orn which it was at first averted. She was isappointed. Nothing was visible beside the : of stones, which shone gray in the moon- A multitude of confused suggestions rushed mind. Had her correspondent deceived her. sen his appointment?- was he too tardy at ntment he had made?- or had some strange ate prevented him from appearing as he pro- or, if he were an unearthly being, as her pprehensions suggested, was it his object delude her with false hopes, and put her to ary toil and terror, according to the nature, ad hearsd of those wandering demons?- or rpose to blast her with the sudden horrors of ance when she had come close to the place zvous? These anxious reflections did not er approaching to the cairn with a pace that, low, was determined.

she was within two yards of the heap of figure rose suddenly up from behind it, and arce forbore to scream aloud at what seemed tation of the most frightful of her anticipa- She constrained herself to silence, however, king a dead pause, suffered the figure to open ersation, which he did, by asking in a voice gitation rendered tremulous and hollow, "Are sister of that ill-fated young woman?"

—I am the sister of Effie Deans!" exclaimed " And as ever you hope God will hear you at d, tell me, if you can tell, what can be done her!"

not hope God will hear me at my need," was ular answer. "I do not deserve—I do not e will." This desperate language he ut- a tone calmer than that with which he had spoken, probably because the shock of first g her was what he felt most difficult to e. Jeanie remained mute with horror to hear expressed so utterly foreign to all which she been acquainted with, that it sounded in her er like that of a fiend than a of human being. nger pursued his address to her without seem- otice her surprise. "You see before you a redestined to evil here and hereafter."

the sake of Heaven that hears and sees us," nie, "dinna speak in this desperate fashion! el is sent to the chief of sinners—to the most e among the miserable."

should I have my own share therein," said ger, "if you call it sinful to have been the de- of the mother that bore me—of the friend that —of the woman that trusted me—of the inno- d that was born to me. If to have done all be a sinner, and to survive it is to be misera- am I most guilty and most miserable indeed."

you are the wicked cause of my sister's ruin?" nie, with a natural touch of indignation ex- n her tone of voice.

e me for it, if you will," said the stranger; well deserved it at your hand."

fitter for me," said Jeanie, "to pray to God e you."

s you will, how you will, or what you will," d, with vehemence; "only promise to obey tions, and save your sister's life."

st first know," said Jeanie, "the means you ve me use in her behalf."

—you must first swear—solemnly swear, that employ them, when I make them known to

ly, it is needless to swear that I will do all lawful to a Christian, to save the life of my

have no reservation!" thundered the stran- wful or unlawful, Christian or heathen, you ear to do my best, and act by my counsel, ittle know whose wrath you provoke!"

think on what you have said," said Jeanie, an to get much alarmed at the frantic vehe- his manner, and disputed in her own mind, she spoke to a maniac, or an apostate spirit —"I will think on what you say, and let you orrow."

orrow!" exclaimed the *man, with a laugh* of scorn—"And where will I be to-morrow?—or, where will you be to-night, unless you swear to walk by my counsel?—There was one accursed deed done at this spot, before now; and there shall be another to match it, unless you yield up to my guidance, body and soul."

As he spoke, he offered a pistol at the unfortunate young woman. She neither fled nor fainted, but sunk on her knees, and asked him to spare her life."

"Is that all you have to say," said the unmoved ruffian.

"Do not dip your hands in the blood of a defence- less creature that has trusted to you," said Jeanie still on her knees.

"Is that all you can say for your life?—Have you no promise to give?—Will you destroy your sister, and compel me to shed more blood?"

"I can promise nothing," said Jeanie, "which is unlawful for a Christian."

He cocked the weapon, and held it towards her.

"May God forgive you!" she said, pressing her hands forcibly against her eyes.

"D——n!" muttered the man; and, turning aside from her, he uncocked the pistol, and replaced it in his pocket—"I am a villain," he said, "steeped in guilt and wretchedness, but not wicked enough to do you any harm! I only wished to terrify you into my measures—She hears me not—she is gone!—Great God! what a wretch am I become!"

As he spoke, she recovered herself from an agony which partook of the bitterness of death; and, in a minute or two, through the strong exertion of her natural sense and courage, collected herself suffi- ciently to understand he intended her no personal injury.

"No!" he repeated; "I would not add to the murder of your sister, and of her child, that of any one belonging to her!—Mad, frantic as I am, and unrestrained by either fear or mercy, given up to the possession of an evil being, and forsaken by all that is good, I would not hurt you, were the world offered me for a bribe! But, for the sake of all that is dear to you, swear you will follow my counsel. Take this weapon, shoot me through the head, and with your own hand revenge your sister's wrong, only follow the course—the only course, by which her life can be saved."

"Alas! is she innocent or guilty?"

"She is guiltless—guiltless of every thing, but of having trusted a villain!—Yet, had it not been for those that were worse than I am—yes, worse than I am, though I am bad indeed—this misery had not befallen."

"And my sister's child—does it live?" said Jeanie.

"No; it was murdered—the new-born infant was barbarously murdered," he uttered in a low, yet stern and sustained voice;—"but," he added hastily, "not by her knowledge or consent."

"Then, why cannot the guilty be brought to jus- tice, and the innocent freed?"

"Torment me not with questions which can serve no purpose," he sternly replied—"The deed was done by those who are far enough from pursuit, and safe enough from discovery!—No one can save Effie but yourself."

"Woe's me! how is it in my power?" asked Jeanie, in despondency.

"Hearken to me!—You have sense—you can ap- prehend my meaning—I will trust you. Your sister is innocent of the crime charged against her"——

"Thank God for that!" said Jeanie.

"Be still and hearken!—The person who assisted her in her illness murdered the child; but it was without the mother's knowledge or consent—She is therefore guiltless, as guiltless as the unhappy inno- cent, that but gasped a few minutes in this unhappy world—the better was its hap to be so soon at rest. She is innocent as that infant, and yet she must die—it is impossible to clear her of the law!"

"Cannot the wretches be discovered, and given up to punishment?" said Jeanie.

"Do you think you will persuade those who are hardened in guilt to die to save another?—Is that the reed you would lean to?"

"But you said there was a remedy," again gasped out the terrified young woman.

"There is," answered the stranger, "and it is in your own hands. The blow which the law aims cannot be broken by directly encountering it, but it may be turned aside. You saw your sister during the period preceding the birth of her child—what is so natural as that she should have mentioned her condition to you? The doing so would, as their cant goes, take the case from under the statute, for it removes the quality of concealment. I know their jargon, and have had sad cause to know it; and the quality of concealment is essential to this statutory offence.* Nothing is so natural as that Effie should have mentioned her condition to you—think—reflect—I am positive that she did."

"Woe's me!" said Jeanie, "she never spoke to me on the subject, but grat sorely when I spoke to her about her altered looks, and the change on her spirits."

"You asked her questions on the subject?" he said eagerly. "You *must* remember her answer was, a confession that she had been ruined by a villain—yes, lay a strong emphasis on that—a cruel false villain call it—any other name is unnecessary; and that she bore under her bosom the consequences of his guilt and her folly; and that he had assured her he would provide safely for her approaching illness. —Well he kept his word!" These last words he spoke as it were to himself, and with a violent gesture of self-accusation, and then calmly proceeded, "You will remember all this?—That is all that is necessary to be said."

"But I cannot remember," answered Jeanie, with simplicity, "that which Effie never told me."

"Are you so dull—so very dull of apprehension?" he exclaimed, suddenly grasping her arm, and holding it firm in his hand. "I tell you," (speaking between his teeth, and under his breath, but with great energy,) "you *must* remember that she told you all this, whether she ever said a syllable of it or no. You must repeat this tale, in which there is no falsehood, except in so far as it was not told to you, before these Justices—Justiciary—whatever they call their bloodthirsty court, and save your sister from being murdered, and them from becoming murderers. Do not hesitate—I pledge life and salvation, that in saying what I have said, you will only speak the simple truth."

"But," replied Jeanie, whose judgment was too accurate not to see the sophistry of this argument, "I shall be man-sworn in the very thing in which my testimony is wanted, for it is the concealment for which poor Effie is blamed, and you would make me tell a falsehood anent it."

"I see," he said, "my first suspicions of you were right, and that you will let your sister, innocent, fair, and guiltless, except in trusting a villain, die the death of a murderess, rather than bestow the breath of your mouth and the sound of your voice to save her."

"I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her skaithless," said Jeanie, weeping in bitter agony, "but I canna change right into wrang, or make that true which is false."

"Foolish, hard-hearted girl," said the stranger, "are you afraid of what they may do to you? I tell you even the retainers of the law, who course life as greyhounds do hares, will rejoice at the escape of a creature so young so beautiful; that they will not suspect your tale; that, if they did suspect it, they would consider you as deserving, not only of forgiveness, but of praise for your natural affection."

"It is not man I fear," said Jeanie, looking upward; "the God, whose name I must call on to witness the truth of what I say, he will know the falsehood."

"And he will know the motive," said the stranger, eagerly; "he will know that you are doing this—not for lucre of gain, but to save the life of the innocent, and prevent the commission of a worse crime than that which the law seeks to avenge."

"He has given us a law," said Jeanie, "for the lamp of our path; if we stray from it we err against knowledge I may not do evil, even that good may come out of it. But you—you that ken all this to be true, which I must take on your word,—you that, if I understood what you said e'en now, promised her shelter and protection in her travail, why do not you step forward, and bear leal and soothfast evidence in her behalf, as ye may with a clear conscience?"

"To whom do you talk of a clear conscience, woman?" said he, with a sudden fierceness which renewed her terrors,—"to *me?*—I have not known one for many a year. Bear witness in her behalf?—a proper witness, that, even to speak these few words to a woman of so little consequence as yourself, must choose such an hour and such a place as this. When you see owls and bats fly abroad, like larks, in the sunshine, you may expect to see such as I am in the assemblies of men.—Hush—listen to that."

A voice was heard to sing one of those wild and monotonous strains so common in Scotland, and to which the natives of that country chant their old ballads. The sound ceased—then came nearer, and was renewed; the stranger listened attentively, still holding Jeanie by the arm, (as she stood by him in motionless terror,) as if to prevent her interrupting the strain by speaking or stirring. When the sounds were renewed, the words were distinctly audible:

'When the glede's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill."

The person who sung kept a strained and powerful voice at its highest pitch, so that it could be heard at a very considerable distance. As the song ceased, they might hear a stifled sound, as of steps and whispers of persons approaching them. The song was again raised, but the tune was changed:

"O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride?
There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide."

"I dare stay no longer," said the stranger; "return home, or remain till they come up—you have nothing to fear—but do not tell you saw me—your sister's fate is in your hands." So saying, he turned from her, and with a swift, yet cautiously noiseless step, plunged into the darkness on the side most remote from the sounds which they heard approaching, and was soon lost to her sight. Jeanie remained by the cairn terrified beyond expression, and uncertain whether she ought to fly homeward with all the speed she could exert, or wait the approach of those who were advancing towards her. This uncertainty detained her so long, that she now distinctly saw two or three figures already so near to her, that a precipitate flight would have been equally fruitless and impolitic.

CHAPTER XVI.

———She speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up to fit their own thoughts.
Hamlet.

Like the digressive poet Ariosto, I find myself under the necessity of connecting the branches of my

* The Scottish Statute Book, anno 1690, chapter 21, in consequence of the great increase of the crime of child murder, both from the temptations to commit the offence and the difficulty of discovery, enacted a certain set of presumptions, which, in the absence of direct proof, the jury were directed to receive as evidence of the crime having actually been committed. The circumstances selected for this purpose were, that the woman should have concealed her situation during the whole period of pregnancy; that she should not have called for help at her delivery; and that, combined with these grounds of suspicion, the child should be either found dead or be altogether missing. Many persons suffered death during the last century under this severe act. But during the author's memory a more lenient course was followed, and the female accused under the act, and conscious of no competent defence, usually lodged a petition to the Court of Justiciary, denying, for form's sake, the tenor of the indictment, but stating, that as her good name had been destroyed by the charge, she was willing to submit to sentence of banishment, to which the crown counsel usually consented. This lenity in practice, and the comparative infrequency of the crime since the doom of public ecclesiastical penance has been generally dispensed with, have led to the abolition of the statute of William and Mary, which is now replaced by another, imposing *banishment* in those circumstances in which the crime was *formerly capital.* *This alteration took place in 1803.*

story, by taking up the adventures of another of the characters, and bringing them down to the point at which we have left those of Jeanie Deans. It is not, perhaps, the most artificial way of telling a story, but it has the advantage of sparing the necessity of resuming what a knitter (if stocking-looms have left such a person in the land) might call our "dropped stitches;" a labour in which the author generally toils much, without getting credit for his pains.

"I could risk a sma' wad," said the clerk to the magistrate, "that this rascal Ratcliffe, if he were insured of his neck's safety, could do more than ony ten of our police-people and constables, to help us to get out of this scrape of Porteous's. He is weel acquent wi' a' the smugglers, thieves, and banditti about Edinburgh; and, indeed, he may be called the father of a' the misdoers in Scotland, for he has passed amang them for these twenty years by the name of Daddie Rat."

"A bonny sort of a scoundrel," replied the magistrate, "to expect a place under the city!"

"Begging your honour's pardon," said the city's procurator-fiscal, upon whom the duties of superintendent of police devolved, "Mr. Fairscrieve is perfectly in the right. It is just sic as Ratcliffe that the town needs in my department; an' if sae be that he's disposed to turn his knowledge to the city service, ye'll no find a better man.—Ye'll get nae saints to be searchers for uncustomed goods, or for thieves and sic like;—and your decent sort of men, religious professors, and broken tradesmen, that are put into the like o' sic trust, can do nae gude ava. They are feared for this, and they are scrupulous about that, and they are na free to tell a lie, though it may be for the benefit of the city: and they dinna like to be out at irregular hours, and in a dark cauld night, and they like a clout ower the croun far waur; and sae between the fear o' God, and the fear o' man, and the fear o' getting a sair throat, or sair banes, there's a dozen o' our city-folk, baith waiters, and officers, and constables, that can find out naething but a wee bit skulduddery for the benefit of the Kirk-treasurer. Jock Porteous, that's stiff and stark, puir fallow, was worth a dozen o' them; for he never had ony fears, or scruples, or doubts, or conscience, about ony thing your honours bade him."

"He was a gude servant o' the town," said the Bailie, "though he was an ower free-living man. But if you really think this rascal Ratcliffe could do us ony service in discovering these malefactors, I would insure him life, reward, and promotion. It's an awsome thing this mischance for the city, Mr. Fairscrieve. It will be very ill taen wi' abune stairs. Queen Caroline, God bless her! is a woman—at least I judge sae, and it's nae treason to speak my mind sae far—and ye maybe ken as weel as I do, for ye hae a housekeeper, though ye arena a married man, that women are wilfu', and downa bide a slight. And it will sound ill in her ears, that sic a confused mistake suld come to pass, and naebody sae muckle as to be put into the Tolbooth about it."

"If ye thought that, sir," said the procurator-fiscal, "we could easily clap into the prison a few blackguards upon suspicion. It will have a gude active look, and I hae aye plenty on my list, that wadna be a hair the waur of a week or twa's imprisonment; and if ye thought it no strictly just, ye could be just the easier wi' them the neist time they did ony thing to deserve it; they arena the sort to be lang o' geeing ye an opportunity to clear scores wi' them on that account."

"I doubt that will hardly do in this case, Mr. Sharpitlaw," returned the town-clerk; "they'll run their letters,* and be adrift again, before ye ken where ye are."

"I will speak to the Lord Provost," said the magistrate, "about Ratcliffe's business. Mr. Sharpitlaw, you will go with me, and receive instructions—something may be made too out of this story of Butler's and his unknown gentleman—I know no business any man has to swagger about in the King's Park, and call himself the devil, to the terror of honest folks, who dinna care to hear mair about the devil than is said from the pulpit on the Sabbath. I cannot think the preacher himsell wad be heading the mob, though the time has been, they hae been as forward in a bruilzie as their neighbours."

"But these times are lang by," said Mr. Sharpitlaw. "In my father's time, there was mair search for silenced ministers about the Bow-head and the Covenant-close, and all the tents of Kedar, as they ca'd the dwellings o' the godly in those days, than there's now for thieves and vagabonds in the Laigh Calton and the back o' the Canongate. But that time's weel by, an it bide. And if the Bailie will get me directions and authority from the Provost, I'll speak wi' Daddie Rat mysell; for I'm thinking I'll make mair out o' him than ye'll do."

Mr. Sharpitlaw, being necessarily a man of high trust, was accordingly empowered, in the course of the day, to make such arrangements, as might seem in the emergency most advantageous for the Good Town. He went to the jail accordingly, and saw Ratcliffe in private.

The relative positions of a police-officer and a professed thief bear a different complexion, according to circumstances. The most obvious simile of a hawk pouncing upon his prey is often least applicable. Sometimes the guardian of justice has the air of a cat watching a mouse, and, while he suspends his purpose of springing upon the pilferer, takes care so to calculate his motions that he shall not get beyond his power. Sometimes, more passive still, he uses the art of fascination ascribed to the rattle-snake, and contents himself with glaring on the victim, through all his devious flutterings; certain that his terror, confusion, and disorder of ideas, will bring him into his jaws at last. The interview between Ratcliffe and Sharpitlaw had an aspect different from all these. They sate for five minutes silent, on opposite sides of a small table, and looked fixedly at each other, with a sharp, knowing, and alert cast of countenance, not unmingled with an inclination to laugh, and resembled more than any thing else, two dogs, who, preparing for a game at romps, are seen to couch down, and remain in that posture for a little time, watching each other's movements, and waiting which shall begin the game.

"So, Mr. Ratcliffe," said the officer, conceiving it suited his dignity to speak first, "you give up business, I find?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ratcliffe; "I shall be on that lay nae mair—and I think that will save your folk some trouble, Mr. Sharpitlaw?"

"Which Jock Dalgleish" (then finisher of the law in the Scottish metropolis) "wad save them as easily," returned the procurator-fiscal.

"Ay; if I waited in the Tolbooth here to have him fit my cravat—but that's an idle way o' speaking, Mr. Sharpitlaw."

"Why, I suppose you know you are under sentence of death, Mr. Ratcliffe?" replied Mr. Sharpitlaw.

"Ay, so are a', as that worthy minister said in the Tolbooth Kirk the day Robertson wan off; but naebody kens when it will be executed. Gude faith, he had better reason to say sae than he dreamed of, before the play was played out that morning!"

"This Robertson," said Sharpitlaw, in a lower and something like a confidential tone, "d'ye ken, Rat—that is, can ye gie us ony inkling where he is to be heard tell o'?"

"Troth, Mr. Sharpitlaw, I'll be frank wi' ye; Robertson is rather a cut abune me—a wild deevil he was, and mony a daft prank he played; but except the Collector's job that Wilson led him into, and some tuilzies about run goods wi' the gaugers and the waiters, he never did ony thing that came near our line o' business."

"Umph! that's singular, considering the company he kept."

"Fact, upon my honour and credit," said Ratcliffe, gravely. "He keepit out o' our little bits of affairs, and that's mair than Wilson did; I hae dune business wi' Wilson afore now. But the lad will come on in time; there's nae fear o' him; naebody will live the life he has led, but what he'll come to sooner or later."

"Who or what is he, Ratcliffe? you know, I suppose?" said Sharpitlaw.

* A Scottish form of procedure, answering, in some respects, to the English Habeas Corpus.

"He's better born, I judge, than he cares to let on; he's been a soldier, and he has been a play-actor, and I watna what he has been or hasna been, for as young as he is, sae that it had daffing and nonsense about it."

"Pretty pranks he has played in his time, I suppose?"

"Ye may say that," said Ratcliffe, with a sardonic smile; "and," (touching his nose,) "a deevil amang the lasses."

"Like enough," said Sharpitlaw. "Weel, Ratcliffe, I'll no stand niffering wi' ye; ye ken the way that favour's gotten in my office; ye maun be usefu'."

"Certainly, sir, to the best of my power—naething for naething—I ken the rule of the office," said the ex-depredator.

"Now the principal thing in hand e'en now," said the official person, "is this job of Porteous's; an ye can gie us a lift—why, the inner turnkey's office to begin wi', and the captainship in time—ye understand my meaning?"

"Ay, troth do I, sir; a wink's as gude as a nod to a blind horse; but Jock Porteous's job—Lord help ye!—I was under sentence the haill time. God! but I couldna help laughing when I heard Jock skirling for mercy in the lads's hands! Mony a het skin ye hae gien me, neighbour, thought I, tak ye what's gaun: time about's fair play; ye'll ken now what hanging's gude for."

"Come, come, this is all nonsense, Rat," said the procurator. "Ye canna creep out at that hole, lad; you must speak to the point, you understand me, if you want favour; gif-gaf makes gude friends, ye ken."

"But how can I speak to the point, as your honour ca's it," said Ratcliffe, demurely, and with an air of great simplicity, "when ye ken I was under sentence, and in the strong-room a' the while the job was going on?"

"And how can we turn ye loose on the public again, Daddie Rat, unless ye do or say something to deserve it?"

"Well, then, d—n it!" answered the criminal, "since it maun be sae, I saw Geordie Robertson among the boys that brake the jail; I suppose that will do me some gude?"

"That's speaking to the purpose, indeed," said the office-bearer; "and now, Rat, where think ye we'll find him?"

"Deil haet o' me kens," said Ratcliffe; "he'll no likely gang back to ony o' his auld howffs; he'll be off the country by this time. He has gude friends some gate or other, for a' the life he's led; he's been weel educate."

"He'll grace the gallows the better," said Mr. Sharpitlaw; "a desperate dog, to murder an officer of the city for doing his duty! Wha kens wha's turn it might be next? But you saw him plainly?"

"As plainly as I see you."

"How was he dressed?" said Sharpitlaw.

"I couldna weel see; something of a woman's bit mutch on his head; but ye never saw sic a ca'throw. Ane couldna hae een to a' thing."

"But did he speak to no one?" said Sharpitlaw.

"They were a' speaking and gabbling through other," said Ratcliffe, who was obviously unwilling to carry his evidence further than he could possibly help.

"This will not do, Ratcliffe," said the procurator; "you must speak *out—out—out*," tapping the table emphatically, as he repeated that impressive monosyllable.

"It's very hard, sir," said the prisoner; "and but for the under-turnkey's place"——

"And the reversion of the captaincy—the captaincy of the Tolbooth, man—that is, in case of gude behaviour."

"Ay, ay," said Ratcliffe, "gude behaviour!—there's the deevil. And then it's waiting for dead folk's shoon into the bargain."

"But Robertson's head will weigh something," said Sharpitlaw; "something gay and heavy, Rat; the town maun show cause—that's right and reason—and then ye'll hae freedom to enjoy your gear honestly."

"I dinna ken," said Ratcliffe; "it's a queer way of beginning the trade of honesty—but deil ma care. Weel, then, I heard and saw him speak to the wench Effie Deans, that's up there for child-murder."

"The deil ye did? Rat, this is finding a mare's nest wi' a witness.—And the man that spoke to Butler in the Park, and that was to meet wi' Jeanie Deans at Muschat's Cairn—whew! lay that and that thegither! As sure as I live he's been the father of the lassie's wean."

"There hae been waur guesses than that, I'm thinking," observed Ratcliffe, turning his quid of tobacco in his cheek, and squirting out the juice. "I heard something a while syne about his drawing up wi' a bonny quean about the Pleasaunts, and that it was a' Wilson could do to keep him frae marrying her."

Here a city officer entered, and told Sharpitlaw that they had the woman in custody whom he had directed them to bring before him.

"It's little matter now," said he, "the thing is taking another turn; however, George, ye may bring her in."

The officer retired, and introduced, upon his return, a tall, strapping wench of eighteen or twenty, dressed fantastically, in a sort of blue riding-jacket, with tarnished lace, her hair clubbed like that of a man, a Highland bonnet, and a bunch of broken feathers, a riding-skirt (or petticoat) of scarlet camlet, embroidered with tarnished flowers. Her features were coarse and masculine, yet at a little distance, by dint of very bright wild-looking black eyes, an aquiline nose, and a commanding profile, appeared rather handsome. She flourished the switch she held in her hand, dropped a curtsy as low as a lady at a birth-night introduction, recovered herself seemingly according to Touchstone's directions to Audrey, and opened the conversation without waiting till any questions were asked.

"God gie your honour gude e'en, and mony o' them, bonny Mr. Sharpitlaw!—Gude e'en to ye, Daddie Ratton—they tauld me ye were hanged, man! or did ye get out o' John Dalgleish's hands like half-hangit Maggie Dickson?"

"Whisht, ye daft jaud," said Ratcliffe, "and hear what's said to ye."

"Wi' a' my heart, Ratton. Great preferment for poor Madge to be brought up the street wi' a grand man, wi' a coat a' passemented wi' worsetlace, to speak wi' provosts, and bailies, and town-clerks, and prokitors, at this time o' day—and the haill town looking at me too—This is honour on earth for anes!"

"Ay, Madge," said Mr. Sharpitlaw, in a coaxing tone; "and ye're dressed out in your braws, I see; these are not your every-days' claiths ye have on."

"Deil be in my fingers, then!" said Madge—"Eh, sirs!" (observing Butler come into the apartment,) "there's a minister in the Tolbooth—wha will ca' it a graceless place now?—I'se warrant he's in for the gude auld cause—but it's be nae cause o' mine," and off she went into a song—

> "Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,
> Dub a dub, dub a dub;
> Have at old Beelzebub,—
> Oliver's squeaking for fear."

"Did you ever see that mad woman before?" said Sharpitlaw to Butler.

"Not to my knowledge, sir," replied Butler.

"I thought as much," said the procurator-fiscal, looking towards Ratcliffe, who answered his glance with a nod of acquiescence and intelligence.

"But that is Madge Wildfire, as she calls herself," said the man of law to Butler.

"Ay, that I am," said Madge, "and that I have been ever since I was something better—Heigh ho"—(and something like melancholy dwelt on her features for a minute)—"But I canna mind when that was—it was lang syne, at ony rate, and I'll ne'er fash my thumb about it.—

> "I glance like the wildfire through country and town;
> I'm seen on the causeway—I'm seen on the down;
> The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,
> Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me."

"Haud your tongue, ye skirling limmer!" said the officer, who had acted as master of the ceremonies to

this extraordinary performer, and who was rather scandalized at the freedom of her demeanour before a person of Mr. Sharpitlaw's importance—"haud your tongue, or I'se gie ye something to skirl for!"

"Let her alone, George," said Sharpitlaw, "dinna put her out o' tune; I hae some questions to ask her. But first, Mr. Butler, take another look of her."

"Do sae, minister—do sae," cried Madge; "I am as weel worth looking at as ony book in your aught.—And I can say the single carritch, and the double carritch, and justification, and effectual calling, and the assembly of divines at Westminster, that is," (she added in a low tone,) "I could say them anes—but it's lang syne—and ane forgets, ye ken." And poor Madge heaved another deep sigh.

"Weel, sir," said Mr. Sharpitlaw to Butler, "what think ye now?"

"As I did before," said Butler; "that I never saw the poor demented creature in my life before."

"Then she is not the person whom you said the rioters last night described as Madge Wildfire?"

"Certainly not," said Butler. "They may be near the same height, for they are both tall, but I see little other resemblance."

"Their dress, then, is not alike?" said Sharpitlaw.

"Not in the least," said Butler.

"Madge, my bonny woman," said Sharpitlaw, in the same coaxing manner, "what did ye do wi' your ilka-day's claise yesterday?"

"I dinna mind," said Madge.

"Where was ye yesterday at e'en, Madge?"

"I dinna mind ony thing about yesterday," answered Madge; "ae day is eneugh for ony body to wun ower wi' at a time, and ower muckle sometimes."

"But maybe, Madge, ye wad mind something about it, if I was to gie ye this half-crown?" said Sharpitlaw, taking out the piece of money.

"That might gar me laugh, but it couldna gar me mind."

"But, Madge," continued Sharpitlaw, "were I to send you to the wark-house in Leith Wynd, and gar Jock Dalgleish lay the tawse on your back"——

"That wad gar me greet," said Madge, sobbing, "but it couldna gar me mind, ye ken."

"She is ower far past reasonable folk's motives, sir," said Ratcliffe, "to mind siller, or John Dalgleish, or the cat and nine tails either; but I think I could gar her tell us something."

"Try her then, Ratcliffe," said Sharpitlaw, "for I am tired of her crazy pate, and be d——d to her."

"Madge," said Ratcliffe, "hae ye ony joes now?"

"An ony body ask ye, say ye dinna ken.—Set him to be speaking of my joes, auld Daddie Ratton!"

"I dare say, ye hae deil ane?"

"See if I haena then," said Madge, with the toss of the head of affronted beauty—"there's Rob the Ranter, and Will Fleming, and then there's Geordie Robertson, lad—that's Gentleman Geordie—what think ye o' that?"

Ratcliffe laughed, and, winking to the procurator-fiscal, pursued the inquiry in his own way. "But, Madge, the lads only like ye when ye hae on your braws—they wadna touch you wi' a pair o' tangs when you are in your auld ilka-day rags."

"Ye're a leeing auld sorrow then," replied the fair one; "for Gentle Geordie Robertson put my ilka-day's claise on his ain bonny sell yestreen, and gaed a' through the town wi' them; and gawsie and grand he lookit, like ony queen in the land."

"I dinna believe a word o't," said Ratcliffe, with another wink to the procurator. "Thae duds were a' o' the colour o' moonshine in the water, I'm thinking, Madge—The gown wad be a sky-blue scarlet, I'se warrant ye?"

"It was nae sic thing," said Madge, whose unretentive memory let out, in the eagerness of contradiction, all that she would have most wished to keep concealed, had her judgment been equal to her inclination. "It was neither scarlet nor sky-blue, but my ain auld brown threshie-coat of a short gown, and my mother's auld mutch, and my red rokelay—and he gaed me a croun and a kiss for the use o' them, blessing on his bonny face—though it's been a dear ane to me."

"And where did he change his clothes again, hinnie?" said Sharpitlaw, in his most conciliatory manner.

"The procurator's spoiled a'," observed Ratcliffe, dryly.

And it was even so; for the question, put in so direct a shape, immediately awakened Madge to the propriety of being reserved upon those very topics on which Ratcliffe had indirectly seduced her to become communicative.

"What was't ye were speering at us, sir?" she resumed, with an appearance of stolidity so speedily assumed, as showed there was a good deal of knavery mixed with her folly.

"I asked you," said the procurator, "at what hour, and to what place, Robertson brought back your clothes."

"Robertson?—Lord haud a care o' us! what Robertson?"

"Why, the fellow we were speaking of, Gentle Geordie, as you call him."

"Geordie Gentle!" answered Madge, with well-feigned amazement—"I dinna ken naebody they ca' Geordie Gentle."

"Come, my jo," said Sharpitlaw, "this will not do; you must tell us what you did with these clothes of yours."

Madge Wildfire made no answer, unless the question may seem connected with the snatch of a song with which she indulged the embarrassed investigator:—

"What did ye wi' the bridal ring—bridal ring—bridal ring?
What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty quean, O?
I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o' mine, O."

Of all the madwomen who have sung and said, since the days of Hamlet the Dane, if Ophelia be the most affecting, Madge Wildfire was the most provoking.

The procurator-fiscal was in despair. "I'll take some measures with this d—d Bess of Bedlam," said he, "that shall make her find her tongue."

"Wi' your favour, sir," said Ratcliffe, "better let her mind settle a little—Ye have aye made out something."

"True," said the official person; "a brown short-gown, mutch, red rokelay—that agrees with your Madge Wildfire, Mr. Butler?" Butler agreed that it did so. "Yes, there was a sufficient motive for taking this crazy creature's dress and name, while he was about such a job."

"And I am free to say *now*," said Ratcliffe——

"When you see it has come out without you," interrupted Sharpitlaw.

"Just sae, sir," reiterated Ratcliffe. "I am free to say now, since it's come out otherwise, that these were the clothes I saw Robertson wearing last night in the jail, when he was at the head of the rioters."

"That's direct evidence," said Sharpitlaw; "stick to that, Rat—I will report favourably of you to the provost, for I have business for you to-night. It wears late; I must home and get a snack, and I'll be back in the evening. Keep Madge with you, Ratcliffe, and try to get her into a good tune again." So saying, he left the prison.

CHAPTER XVII.

And some they whistled—and some they sang,
And some did loudly say,
Whenever Lord Barnard's horn it blew,
"Away, Musgrave, away!"
Ballad of Little Musgrave.

When the man of office returned to the Heart of Mid-Lothian, he resumed his conference with Ratcliffe, of whose experience and assistance he now held himself secure. "You must speak with this wench, Rat—this Effie Deans—you must sift her a wee bit; for as sure as a tether she will ken Robertson's haunts—till her, Rat—till her, without delay."

"Craving your pardon, Mr. Sharpitlaw," said the turnkey elect, "that's what I am not free to do."

"Free to do, man? what the deil ails ye now?—I thought we had settled a' that."

"I dinna ken, sir," said Ratcliffe; "I hae spoken

to this Effie—she's strange to this place and to its ways, and to a' our ways, Mr. Sharpitlaw; and she greets, the silly tawpie, and she's breaking her heart already about this wild chield; and were she the means o' taking him, she wad break it outright."

"She wunna hae time, lad," said Sharpitlaw; "the woodie will hae its ain o' her before that—a woman's heart takes a lang time o' breaking."

"That's according to the stuff they are made o', sir," replied Ratcliffe. "But to make a lang tale short, I canna undertake the job. It gangs against my conscience."

"*Your* conscience, Rat?" said Sharpitlaw, with a sneer, which the reader will probably think very natural upon the occasion.

"Ou ay, sir," answered Ratcliffe, calmly, "just *my* conscience; a'body has a conscience, though it may be ill winnin at it. I think mine's as weel out o' the gate as maist folk's are; and yet it's just like the noop of my elbow, it whiles gets a bit dirl on a corner."

"Weel, Rat," replied Sharpitlaw, "since ye are nice, I'll speak to the hussy mysell."

Sharpitlaw, accordingly, caused himself to be introduced into the little dark apartment tenanted by the unfortunate Effie Deans. The poor girl was seated on her little flock-bed, plunged in a deep reverie. Some food stood on the table, of a quality better than is usually supplied to prisoners, but it was untouched. The person under whose care she was more particularly placed said, "that sometimes she tasted naething from the tae end of the four-and-twenty hours to the t'other, except a drink of water."

Sharpitlaw took a chair, and, commanding the turnkey to retire, he opened the conversation, endeavouring to throw into his tone and countenance as much commiseration as they were capable of expressing, for the one was sharp and harsh, the other sly, acute, and selfish.

"How's a' wi' ye, Effie?—How d'ye find yoursell, hinny?"

A deep sigh was the only answer.

"Are the folk civil to ye, Effie?—it's my duty to inquire."

"Very civil, sir," said Effie, compelling herself to answer, yet hardly knowing what she said.

"And your victuals," continued Sharpitlaw, in the same condoling tone—"do you get what you like?—or is there ony thing you would particularly fancy, as your health seems but silly?"

"It's a' very weel, sir, I thank ye," said the poor prisoner, in a tone how different from the sportive vivacity of those of the Lily of St. Leonard's!—"it's a' very gude—ower gude for me."

"He must have been a great villain, Effie, who brought you to this pass," said Sharpitlaw.

The remark was dictated partly by a natural feeling, of which even he could not divest himself, though accustomed to practice on the passions of others, and keep a most heedful guard over his own, and partly by his wish to introduce the sort of conversation which might best serve his immediate purpose. Indeed, upon the present occasion, these mixed motives of feeling and cunning harmonized together wonderfully; for, said Sharpitlaw to himself, the greater rogue Robertson is, the more will be the merit of bringing him to justice. "He must have been a great villain, indeed," he again reiterated; "and I wish I had the skelping o' him."

"I may blame mysell mair than him," said Effie; "I was bred up to ken better; but he, poor fellow,"——(she stopped.)

"Was a thorough blackguard a' his life, I dare say," said Sharpitlaw. "A stranger he was in this country, and a companion of that lawless vagabond, Wilson, I think, Effie?"

"It wad hae been dearly telling him that he had ne'er seen Wilson's face."

"That's very true that you are saying, Effie," said Sharpitlaw. "Where was't that Robertson and you were used to howff thegither? Somegate about the Laigh Calton, I am thinking."

The simple and dispirited girl had thus far followed Mr. Sharpitlaw's lead, because he had artfully adjusted his observations to the thoughts he was pretty certain must be passing through her own
that her answers became a kind of thinking
mood into which those who are either con
ally absent in mind, or are rendered so by tl
rary pressure of misfortune, may be easily
skilful train of suggestions. But the last ob
of the procurator-fiscal was too much of the
a direct interrogatory, and it broke the charm
ingly.

"What was it that I was saying?" said Ef
ing up from her reclining posture, seating h
right, and hastily shading her dishevelled h
from her wasted, but still beautiful counten
fixed her eyes boldly and keenly upon Shar
"You are too much of a gentleman, sir,—t
of an honest man, to take any notice of wh
creature like me says, that can hardly ca' n
my ain—God help me!"

"Advantage!—I would be of some adva
you if I could," said Sharpitlaw, in a soothi
"and I ken naething sae likely to serve ye,
gripping this rascal, Robertson."

"O dinna misca' him, sir, that never misc
—Robertson!—I am sure I had naethin
against ony man o' the name, and naethi
say."

"But if you do not heed your own misfor
fie, you should mind what distress he has br
your family," said the man of law.

"O, Heaven help me!" exclaimed poor Eff
poor father—my dear Jeanie—O, that's sair
of a'! O, sir, if you hae ony kindness—if ye
touch of compassion—for a' the folk I see he
hard as the wa'-stanes—If ye wad but bid
my sister Jeanie in the next time she ca's! f
I hear them put her awa frae the door, an
climb up to that high window to see sae m
her gown-tail, it's like to pit me out o' my jud
And she looked on him with a face of en
earnest, yet so humble, that she fairly shook tl
fast purpose of his mind.

"You shall see your sister," he began, "
tell me,"—then interrupting himself, he ad
more hurried tone,—"no, d—n it, you shall
sister whether you tell me any thing or no."
ing, he rose up and left the apartment.

When he had rejoined Ratcliffe, he observe
are right, Ratton; there's no making muck
lassie. But ae thing I have cleared—that is,
bertson has been the father of the bairn, and
wager a boddle it will be he that's to meet w
Deans this night at Muschat's Cairn, and th
nail him, Rat, or my name is not Gideon
law."

"But," said Ratcliffe, perhaps because he
no hurry to see any thing which was like to
nected with the discovery and apprehension
bertson, "an that were the case, Mr. Butler
kend the man in the King's Park to be the sa
son wi' him in Madge Wildfire's claise, tha
the mob."

"That makes nae difference, man," replie
itlaw—"the dress, the light, the confusion, a
be a touch o' a blackit cork, or a slake o' pain
Ratton, I have seen ye dress your ainsell,
deevil ye belang to durstna hae made oath t'

"And that's true, too," said Ratcliffe.

"And besides, ye donnard carle," continued
itlaw, triumphantly, "the minister *did* say,
thought he knew something of the feature
birkie that spoke to him in the Park, though
not charge his memory where or when he h
them."

"It's evident, then, your honour will be righ
Ratcliffe.

"Then, Rat, you and I will go with the pa
sells this night, and see him in grips, or we a
wi' him."

"I seena muckle use I can be o' to your h
said Ratcliffe, reluctantly.

"Use?" answered Sharpitlaw—"You ca
the party—you ken the ground. Besides, I
intend to quit sight o' you, my good friend, till
him in hand."

"Weel, sir," said Ratcliffe, but in no joyful tone of acquiescence; "Ye maun hae it your ain way, but mind he's a desperate man."

"We shall have that with us," answered Sharpitlaw, "that will settle him, if it is necessary."

"But, sir," answered Ratcliffe, "I am sure I couldna undertake to guide you to Muschat's Cairn in the night-time; I ken the place, as mony does, in fair daylight, but how to find it by moonshine, amang sae mony crags and stanes, as like to each other as the collier to the deil, is mair than I can tell. I might as soon seek moonshine in water."

"What's the meaning o' this, Ratcliffe?" said Sharpitlaw, while he fixed his eye on the recusant, with a fatal and ominous expression. "Have you forgotten that you are still under sentence of death?"

"No, sir," said Ratcliffe, "that's a thing no easily put out o' memory; and if my presence be judged necessary, nae doubt I maun gang wi' your honour. But I was gaun to tell your honour of ane that has mair skeel o' the gate than me, and that's e'en Madge Wildfire."

"The devil she has! —Do you think me as mad as she is, to trust to her guidance on such an occasion?"

"Your honour is the best judge," answered Ratcliffe; "but I ken I can keep her in tune, and garr her haud the straight path—she aften sleeps out, or rambles about amang thae hills the haill simmer night, the daft limmer."

"Well, Ratcliffe," replied the procurator-fiscal, "if you think she can guide us the right way—but take heed to what you are about—your life depends on your behaviour."

"It's a sair judgment on a man," said Ratcliffe, "when he has ance gang sae far wrang as I hae done, that deil a bit he can be honest, try't whilk way he will."

Such was the reflection of Ratcliffe, when he was left for a few minutes to himself, while the retainer of justice went to procure a proper warrant, and give the necessary directions.

The rising moon saw the whole party free from the walls of the city, and entering upon the open ground. Arthur's Seat, like a couchant lion of immense size—Salisbury Crags, like a huge belt or girdle of granite, were dimly visible. Holding their path along the southern side of the Canongate, they gained the Abbey of Holyroodhouse, and from thence found their way by step and stile into the King's Park. They were at first four in number—an officer of justice and Sharpitlaw, who were well armed with pistols and cutlasses; Ratcliffe, who was not trusted with weapons, lest he might, peradventure, have used them on the wrong side; and the female. But at the last stile, when they entered the Chase, they were joined by other two officers, whom Sharpitlaw, desirous to secure sufficient force for his purpose, and at the same time to avoid observation, had directed to wait for him at this place. Ratcliffe saw this accession of strength with some disquietude, for he had hitherto thought it likely that Robertson, who was a bold, stout, and active young fellow, might have made his escape from Sharpitlaw and the single officer, by force or agility, without his being implicated in the matter. But the present strength of the followers of justice was overpowering, and the only mode of saving Robertson, (which the old sinner was well disposed to do, providing always he could accomplish his purpose without compromising his own safety,) must be by contriving that he should have some signal of their approach. It was probably with this view that Ratcliffe had requested the addition of Madge to the party, having considerable confidence in her propensity to exert her lungs. Indeed, she had already given them so many specimens of her clamorous loquacity, that Sharpitlaw half determined to send her back with one of the officers, rather than carry forward in his company a person so extremely ill qualified to be a guide in a secret expedition. It seemed, too, as if the open air, the approach to the hills, and the ascent of the moon, supposed to be so portentous over those whose brain is infirm, made her spirits rise in a degree tenfold more loquacious than she had hitherto exhibited. To silence her by fair means seemed impossible; authoritative commands and coaxing entreaties she set alike at defiance, and threats only made her sulky, and altogether intractable.

"Is there no one of you," said Sharpitlaw, impatiently, "that knows the way to this accursed place—this Nicol Muschat's Cairn—excepting this mad clavering idiot?"

"Deil ane o' them kens it, except mysell," exclaimed Madge; "how suld they, the poor fule cowards? But I hae sat on the grave frae bat-fleeing time till cock-crow, and had mony a fine crack wi' Nicol Muschat and Ailie Muschat, that are lying sleeping below."

"The devil take your crazy brain," said Sharpitlaw; "will you not allow the men to answer a question?"

The officers obtaining a moment's audience while Ratcliffe diverted Madge's attention, declared that, though they had a general knowledge of the spot, they could not undertake to guide the party to it by the uncertain light of the moon, with such accuracy as to ensure success to their expedition.

"What shall we do, Ratcliffe?" said Sharpitlaw; "if he sees us before we see him, and that's what he is certain to do, if we go strolling about, without keeping the straight road,—we may bid gude day to the job; and I wad rather lose one hundred pounds, baith for the credit of the police, and because the Provost says somebody maun be hanged for this job o' Porteous, come o't what likes."

"I think," said Ratcliffe, "we maun just try Madge; and I'll see if I can get her keepit in ony better order. And at ony rate, if he suld hear her skirling her auld ends o' sangs, he's no to ken for that that there's ony body wi' her."

"That's true," said Sharpitlaw; "and if he thinks her alone he's as like to come towards her as to rin frae her. So set forward—we hae lost ower muckle time already—see to get her to keep the right road."

"And what sort o' house does Nichol Muschat and his wife keep now?" said Ratcliffe to the mad-woman, by way of humouring her vein of folly; "they were but thrawn folk lang syne, an a' tales be true."

"Ou, ay, ay, ay—but a's forgotten now," replied Madge, in the confidential tone of a gossip giving the history of her next-door neighbour—"Ye see, I spoke to them mysell, and tauld them byganes suld be byganes—her throat's sair misguggled and mashackered though; she wears her corpse-sheet drawn weel up to hide it, but that canna hinder the bluid seiping through, ye ken. I wussed her to wash it in St. Anthony's Well, and that will cleanse if ony thing can—But they say bluid never bleaches out o' linen claith—Deacon Sanders's new cleansing draps winna do't—I tried them mysell on a bit rag we hae at hame that was mailed wi' the bluid of a bit skirling wean that was hurt some gate, but out it winna come—Weel, ye'll say that's queer; but I will bring it out to St. Anthony's blessed Well some braw night just like this, and I'll cry up Ailie Muschat, and she and I will hae a grand bouking-washing, and bleach our claise in the beams of the bonny Lady Moon, that's far pleasanter to me than the sun—the sun's ower het, and ken ye, cummers, my brains are het eneugh already. But the moon, and the dew, and the night-wind, they are just like a caller kail-blade laid on my brow; and whiles I think the moon just shines on purpose to pleasure me, when naebody sees her but mysell."

This raving discourse she continued with prodigious volubility, walking on at a great pace, and dragging Ratcliffe along with her, while he endeavoured, in appearance at least, if not in reality, to induce her to moderate her voice.

All at once, she stopped short upon the top of a little hillock, gazed upward fixedly, and said not one word for the space of five minutes. "What the devil is the matter with her now?" said Sharpitlaw to Ratcliffe—"Can you not get her forward?"

"Ye maun just take a grain o' patience wi' her, sir," said Ratcliffe. "She'll no gae a foot faster than she likes hersell."

"D—n her," said Sharpitlaw, "I'll take care she has her time in Bedlam or Bridewell, or both, for she's both mad and mischievous."

In the meanwhile, Madge, who had looked very pensive when she first stopped, suddenly burst into a vehement fit of laughter, then paused and sighed bitterly,—then was seized with a second fit of laughter,—then, fixing her eyes on the moon, lifted up her voice and sung,—

"Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be."

"But I need not ask that of the bonny Lady Moon—I ken that weel eneugh mysell—*true*-love though he wasna—But naebody shall say that I ever tauld a word about the matter—But whiles I wish the bairn had lived—Weel, God guide us, there's a heaven aboon us a',"—(here she sighed bitterly,) "and a bonny moon, and sterns in it forby," (and here she laughed once more.)

"Are we to stand here all night?" said Sharpitlaw, very impatiently. "Drag her forward."

"Ay, sir," said Ratcliffe, "if we kend whilk way to drag her, that would settle it at ance.—Come, Madge, hinny," addressing her, "we'll no be in time to see Nicol and his wife, unless ye show us the road."

"In troth and that I will, Ratton," said she, seizing him by the arm, and resuming her route with huge strides, considering it was a female who took them. "And I'll tell ye, Ratton, blithe will Nicol Muschat be to see ye, for he says he kens weel there isna sic a villain out o' hell as ye are, and he wad be ravished to hae a crack wi' you—like to like, ye ken—it's a proverb never fails—and ye are baith a pair o' the deevil's peats, I trow—hard to ken whilk deserves the hettest corner o' his ingle-side."

Ratcliffe was conscience-struck, and could not forbear making an involuntary protest against this classification. "I never shed blood," he replied.

"But ye hae sauld it, Ratton—ye hae sauld blood mony a time. Folk kill wi' the tongue as weel as wi' the hand—wi' the word as weel as wi' the gulley!—

'It is the bonny butcher lad,
That wears the sleeves of blue,
He sells the flesh on Saturday,
On Friday that he slew.'"

"And what is that I am doing now?" thought Ratcliffe. "But I'll hae nae wyte of Robertson's young bluid, if I can help it;" then speaking apart to Madge, he asked her, "Whether she did not remember ony o' her auld sangs?"

"Mony a dainty ane," said Madge; "and blithely can I sing them, for lighsome sangs make merry gate." And she sang,—

"When the gledo's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill."

"Silence her cursed noise, if you should throttle her," said Sharpitlaw; "I see somebody yonder.—Keep close, my boys, and creep round the shoulder of the height. George Poinder, stay you with Ratcliffe and that mad yelling bitch; and you other two, come with me round under the shadow of the brae."

And he crept forward with the stealthy pace of an Indian savage, who leads his band to surprise an unsuspecting party of some hostile tribe. Ratcliffe saw them glide off, avoiding the moonlight, and keeping as much in the shade as possible. "Robertson's done up," said he to himself; "thae young lads are aye sae thoughtless. What deevil could he hae to say to Jeanie Deans, or to ony woman on earth, that he suld gang awa and get his neck raxed for her? And this mad quean, after cracking like a pen-gun, and skirling like a pea-hen for the hail night, behooves just to hae hadden her tongue when her clavers might have done some gude! But it's aye the way wi' women; if they ever haud their tongues ava', ye may swear it's for mischief. I wish I could set her on again without this blood-sucker kenning what I am doing. But he's as gleg as MacKeachan's elshin, that ran through sax plies of bend-leather and half an inch into the king's heel.

He then began to hum, but in a very low and suppressed tone, the first stanza of a favourite ballad of Wildfire's, the words of which bore some distant analogy with the situation of Robertson, trusting that the power of association would not fail to bring the rest to her mind:

"There's a bloodhound ranging Tinwald wood,
There's harness glancing sheen;
There's a maiden sits on Tinwald brae,
And she sings loud between."

Madge had no sooner received the catch-word, than she vindicated Ratcliffe's sagacity by setting off at score with the song:

"O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride?
There's twenty men wi' bow and blade
Are seeking where ye hide."

Though Ratcliffe was at a considerable distance from the spot called Muschat's Cairn, yet his eyes, practised like those of a cat to penetrate darkness, could mark that Robertson had caught the alarm. George Poinder, less keen of sight, or less attentive, was not aware of his flight any more than Sharpitlaw and assistants, whose view, though they were considerably nearer to the cairn, was intercepted by the broken nature of the ground under which they were screening themselves. At length, however, after the interval of five or six minutes, they also perceived that Robertson had fled, and rushed hastily towards the place, while Sharpitlaw called out aloud, in the harshest tones of a voice which resembled a saw-mill at work, "Chase, lads—chase—haud the brae—I see him on the edge of the hill!" Then hollaing back to the rear-guard of his detachment, he issued his further orders: "Ratcliffe, come here, and detain the woman—George, run and keep the style at the Duke's Walk—Ratcliffe, come here directly—but first knock out that mad bitch's brains!"

"Ye had better rin for it, Madge," said Ratcliffe, "for it's ill dealing wi' an angry man."

Madge Wildfire was not so absolutely void of common sense as not to understand this innuendo; and while Ratcliffe, in seemingly anxious haste of obedience, hastened to the spot where Sharpitlaw waited to deliver up Jeanie Deans to his custody, she fled with all the dispatch she could exert in an opposite direction. Thus the whole party were separated, and in rapid motion of flight or pursuit, excepting Ratcliffe and Jeanie, whom, although making no attempt to escape, he held fast by the cloak, and who remained standing by Muschat's Cairn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. *Measure for Measure.*

Jeanie Deans,—for here our story unites itself with that part of the narrative which broke off at the end of the first chapter,—while she waited, in terror and amazement, the hasty advance of three or four men towards her, was yet more startled at their suddenly breaking asunder, and giving chase in different directions to the late object of her terror, who became at that moment, though she could not well assign a reasonable cause, rather the cause of her interest. One of the party (it was Sharpitlaw) came straight up to her, and saying, "Your name is Jeanie Deans, and you are my prisoner," immediately added, "but if you will tell me which way he ran I will let you go."

"I dinna ken, sir," was all the poor girl could utter; and, indeed, it is the phrase which rises most readily to the lips of any person in her rank, as the readiest reply to any embarrassing question.

"But," said Sharpitlaw, "ye *ken* wha it was ye were speaking wi', my leddy, on the hill side, and midnight sae near; ye surely ken *that*, my bonny woman?"

"I dinna ken, sir," again iterated Jeanie, who really did not comprehend in her terror the nature of the questions which were so hastily put to her in this moment of surprise.

"We will try to mend your memory by and by, hinny," said Sharpitlaw, and shouted, as we have already told the reader, to Ratcliffe, to come up and take charge of her, while he himself directed the chase after

Robertson, which he still hoped might be successful. As Ratcliffe approached, Sharpitlaw pushed the young woman towards him with some rudeness, and betaking himself to the more important object of his quest, began to scale crags and scramble up steep banks, with an agility of which his profession and his general gravity of demeanour would previously have argued him incapable. In a few minutes there was no one within sight, and only a distant halloo from one of the pursuers to the other, faintly heard on the side of the hill, argued that there was any one within hearing. Jeanie Deans was left in the clear moonlight, standing under the guard of a person of whom she knew nothing, and, what was worse, concerning whom, as the reader is well aware, she could have learned nothing that would not have increased her terror.

When all in the distance was silent, Ratcliffe for the first time addressed her, and it was in that cold sarcastic indifferent tone familiar to habitual depravity, whose crimes are instigated by custom rather than by passion. "This is a braw night for ye, dearie," he said, attempting to pass his arm across her shoulder, "to be on the green hill wi' your jo." Jeanie extricated herself from his grasp, but did not make any reply. "I think lads and lasses," continued the ruffian, "dinna meet at Muschat's Cairn at midnight to crack nuts," and he again attempted to take hold of her.

"If ye are an officer of justice, sir," said Jeanie, again eluding his attempt to seize her, "ye deserve to have your coat stripped from your back."

"Very true, hinny," said he, succeeding forcibly in his attempt to get hold of her, "but suppose I should strip your cloak off first?"

"Ye are more a man, I am sure, than to hurt me, sir," said Jeanie; "for God's sake have pity on a half-distracted creature!"

"Come, come," said Ratcliffe, "you're a good-looking wench, and should not be cross-grained. I was going to be an honest man—but the devil has this very day flung first a lawyer, and then a woman, in my gate. I'll tell you what, Jeanie, they are out on the hill-side—if you'll be guided by me, I'll carry you to a wee bit corner in the Pleasance, that I ken o' in an auld wife's that a' the prokitors o' Scotland wat naething o', and we'll send Robertson word to meet us in Yorkshire, for there is a set of braw lads about the mid-land counties, that I hae done business wi' before now, and so we'll leave Mr. Sharpitlaw to whistle on his thumb."

It was fortunate for Jeanie, in an emergency like the present, that she possessed presence of mind and courage, so soon as the first hurry of surprise had enabled her to rally her recollection. She saw the risk she was in from a ruffian, who not only was such by profession, but had that evening been stupifying, by means of strong liquors, the internal aversion which he felt at the business on which Sharpitlaw had resolved to employ him.

"Dinna speak sae loud," said she, in a low voice, "he's up yonder."

"Who?—Robertson?" said Ratcliffe, eagerly.

"Ay," replied Jeanie; "up yonder;" and she pointed to the ruins of the hermitage and chapel.

"By G—d, then," said Ratcliffe, "I'll make my ain of him, either one way or other—wait for me here."

But no sooner had he set off, as fast as he could run, towards the chapel, than Jeanie started in an opposite direction, over high and low, on the nearest path homeward. Her juvenile exercise as a herd-woman had put "life and mettle" in her heels, and never had she followed Dustiefoot, when the cows were in the corn, with half so much speed as she now cleared the distance betwixt Muschat's Cairn and her father's cottage at Saint Leonard's. To lift the latch—to enter—to shut, bolt, and double bolt the door—to draw against it a heavy article of furniture, (which she could not have moved in a moment of less energy,) so as to make yet further provision against violence, was almost the work of a moment, yet done with such silence as equalled the celerity.

Her next anxiety was upon her father's account, and she drew silently to the door of his apartment, in order to satisfy herself whether he had been disturbed by her return. He was awake,—probably had slept but little; but the constant presence of his own sorrows, the distance of his apartment from the outer-door of the house, and the precautions which Jeanie had taken to conceal her departure and return, had prevented him from being sensible of either. He was engaged in his devotions, and Jeanie could distinctly hear him use these words: "And for the other child thou hast given me to be a comfort and stay to my old age, may her days be long in the land, according to the promise thou hast given to those who shall honour father and mother; may all her purchased and promised blessings be multiplied upon her; keep her in the watches of the night, and in the uprising of the morning, that all in this land may know that thou hast not utterly hid thy face from those that seek thee in truth and in sincerity." He was silent, but probably continued his petition in the strong fervency of mental devotion.

His daughter retired to her apartment, comforted, that while she was exposed to danger, her head had been covered by the prayers of the just as by an helmet, and under the strong confidence, that while she walked worthy of the protection of Heaven, she would experience its countenance. It was in that moment that a vague idea first darted across her mind, that something might yet be achieved for her sister's safety, conscious as she now was of her innocence of the unnatural murder with which she stood charged. It came, as she described it, on her mind, like a sun-blink on a stormy sea; and although it instantly vanished, yet she felt a degree of composure which she had not experienced for many days, and could not help being strongly persuaded that, by some means or other she would be called upon, and directed, to work out her sister's deliverance. She went to bed, not forgetting her usual devotions, the more fervently made on account of her late deliverance, and she slept soundly in spite of her agitation.

We must return to Ratcliffe, who had started, like a greyhound from the slips when the sportsman cries halloo, so soon as Jeanie had pointed to the ruins. Whether he meant to aid Robertson's escape, or to assist his pursuers, may be very doubtful; perhaps he did not himself know, but had resolved to be guided by circumstances. He had no opportunity, however, of doing either; for he had no sooner surmounted the steep ascent, and entered under the broken arches of the ruins, than a pistol was presented at his head, and a harsh voice commanded him, in the king's name, to surrender himself prisoner. "Mr. Sharpitlaw!" said Ratcliffe, surprised, "is this your honour?"

"Is it only you, and be d—d to you?" answered the fiscal, still more disappointed—"what made you leave the woman?"

"She told me she saw Robertson go into the ruins, so I made what haste I could to cleek the callant."

"It's all over now," said Sharpitlaw; "we shall see no more of him to-night; but he shall hide himself in a bean-hool, if he remains on Scottish ground without my finding him. Call back the people, Ratcliffe."

Ratcliffe holloed to the dispersed officers, who willingly obeyed the signal; for probably there was no individual among them who would have been much desirous of a rencontre hand to hand, and at a distance from his comrades, with such an active and desperate fellow as Robertson.

"And where are the two women?" said Sharpitlaw.

"Both made their heels serve them, I suspect," replied Ratcliffe, and he hummed the end of the old song—

> "Then hey play up the rin awa bride,
> For she has taen the gee."

"One woman," said Sharpitlaw,—for, like all rogues, he was a great calumniator of the fair sex,*

* The journal of Graves, a Bow-street officer, dispatched to Holland to obtain the surrender of the unfortunate William Brodie, bears a reflection on the ladies somewhat like that put in the mouth of the police officer Sharpitlaw. It had been found difficult to identify the unhappy criminal; and, when a Scotch gentleman of respectability had seemed disposed to give evidence on the point required, his son-in-law, a clergyman in Amsterdam, and his daughter, were suspected by Graves to have

—'one woman is enough to dark the fairest ploy that ever was planned; and how could I be such an ass as to expect to carry through a job that had two in it? But we know how to come by them both, if they are wanted, that's one good thing."

Accordingly, like a defeated general, sad and sulky, he led back his discomfited forces to the metropolis, and dismissed them for the night.

The next morning early, he was under the necessity of making his report to the sitting magistrate of the day. The gentleman who occupied the chair of office on this occasion (for the bailies, *Anglicé*, aldermen, take it by rotation) chanced to be the same by whom Butler was committed, a person very generally respected among his fellow-citizens. Something he was of a humorist, and rather deficient in general education; but acute, patient, and upright, possessed of a fortune acquired by honest industry, which made him perfectly independent; and, in short, very happily qualified to support the respectability of the office which he held.

Mr. Middleburgh had just taken his seat, and was debating, in an animated manner, with one of his colleagues, the doubtful chances of a game at golf which they had played the day before, when a letter was delivered to him, addressed "For Bailie Middleburgh; These: to be forwarded with speed." It contained these words:—

"SIR,

"I know you to be a sensible and a considerate magistrate, and one who, as such, will be content to worship God, though the devil bid you. I therefore expect that, notwithstanding the signature of this letter acknowledges my share in an action, which, in a proper time and place, I would not fear either to avow or to justify, you will not on that account reject what evidence I place before you. The clergyman, Butler, is innocent of all but involuntary presence at an action which he wanted spirit to approve of, and from which he endeavoured, with his best set phrases, to dissuade us. But it was not for him that it is my hint to speak. There is a woman in your jail, fallen under the edge of a law so cruel, that it has hung by the wall, like unscoured armour, for twenty years, and is now brought down and whetted to spill the blood of the most beautiful and most innocent creature whom the walls of a prison ever girdled in. Her sister knows of her innocence, as she communicated to her that she was betrayed by a villain.—O that high Heaven

'Would put in every honest hand a whip,
To scourge me such a villain through the world!'

"I write distractedly—but this girl—this Jeanie Deans, is a peevish puritan, superstitious and scrupulous after the manner of her sect; and I pray your honour, for so my phrase must go, to press upon her, that her sister's life depends upon her testimony. But though she should remain silent, do not dare to think that the young woman is guilty—far less to permit her execution. Remember the death of Wilson was fearfully avenged; and those yet live who can compel you to drink the dregs of your poisoned chalice.—I say, remember Porteous,—and say that you had good counsel from ONE OF HIS SLAYERS."

The magistrate read over this extraordinary letter twice or thrice. At first he was tempted to throw it aside as the production of a madman, so little did "the scraps from playbooks," as he termed the poetical quotation, resemble the correspondence of a rational being. On a re-perusal, however, he thought that, amid its incoherence, he could discover something like a tone of awakened passion, though expressed in a manner quaint and unusual.

"It is a cruelly severe statute," said the magistrate to his assistant, "and I wish the girl could be taken from under the letter of it. A child may have been born, and it may have been conveyed away while the mother was insensible, or it may have perished for want of that relief which the poor creature herself—helpless, terrified, distracted, despairing, and exhausted—may have been unable to afford to it. And yet it is certain, if the woman is found guilty under the statute, execution will follow. The crime has been too common, and examples are necessary."

"But if this other wench," said the city-clerk, "can speak to her sister communicating her situation, it will take the case from under the statute."

"Very true," replied the Bailie; "and I will walk out one of these days to St. Leonard's, and examine the girl myself. I know something of their father Deans—an old true-blue Cameronian, who would see house and family go to wreck ere he would disgrace his testimony by a sinful complying with the defections of the times; and such he will probably uphold the taking an oath before a civil magistrate. If they are to go on and flourish with their bull-headed obstinacy, the legislature must pass an act to take their affirmations, as in the case of Quakers. But surely neither a father nor a sister will scruple in a case of this kind. As I said before, I will go speak with them myself, when the hurry of this Porteous investigation is somewhat over; their pride and spirit of contradiction will be far less alarmed, than if they were called into a court of justice at once."

"And I suppose Butler is to remain incarcerated?" said the city-clerk.

"For the present, certainly," said the magistrate. "But I hope soon to set him at liberty upon bail."

"Do you rest upon the testimony of that light-headed letter?" asked the clerk.

"Not very much," answered the Bailie; "and yet there is something striking about it too—it seems the letter of a man beside himself, either from great agitation, or some great sense of guilt."

"Yes," said the town-clerk, "it is very like the letter of a mad strolling play-actor, who deserves to be hanged with all the rest of his gang, as your honour justly observes."

"I was not quite so bloodthirsty," continued the magistrate. "But to the point. Butler's private character is excellent; and I am given to understand, by some inquiries I have been making this morning, that he did actually arrive in town only the day before yesterday, so that it was impossible he could have been concerned in any previous machinations of these unhappy rioters, and it is not likely that he should have joined them on a suddenty."

"There's no saying anent that—zeal catches fire at a slight spark as fast as a brunstane match," observed the secretary. "I hae kend a minister wad be fair gude day and fair gude e'en wi' ilka man in the parochine, and hing just as quiet as a rocket on a stick, till ye mentioned the word abjuration-oath, or patronage, or siclike, and then, whiz, he was off, and up in the air an hundred miles beyond common manners, common sense, and common comprehension."

"I do not understand," answered the burgher-magistrate, "that the young man Butler's zeal is of so inflammable a character. But I will make further investigation. What other business is there before us?"

And they proceeded to minute investigations concerning the affair of Porteous's death, and other affairs through which this history has no occasion to trace them.

In the course of their business they were interrupted by an old woman of the lower rank, extremely haggard in look, and wretched in her apparel, who thrust herself into the council room.

"What do you want, gudewife?—Who are you?" said Bailie Middleburgh.

"What do I want!" replied she, in a sulky tone—"I want my bairn, or I want naething frae nane o' ye, for as grand's ye are." And she went on muttering to herself, with the wayward spitefulness of age—"They maun hae lordships and honours, nae doubt—set them up, the gutter-bloods! and deil a gentleman amang them."—Then again addressing the sitting magistrate, "Will *your honour* gie me back my puir crazy bairn?—*His* honour!—I hae kend

used arguments with the witness to dissuade him from giving his testimony. On which subject the journal of the Bow-street officer proceeds thus:

"*Saw then a manifest reluctance in Mr. ——, and had no* doubt the daughter and parson would endeavour to persuade him to decline troubling himself in the matter, but judged he could not go back from what he had said to Mr. Rich.—NOTA BENE. *No mischief but a woman or a priest in it—here both.*'

e day when less wad ser'd him, the oe of a Campvere skipper."

"Good woman," said the magistrate to this shrewish supplicant,—"tell us what it is you want, and do not interrupt the court."

"That's as muckle as till say, Bark, Bawtie, and be dune wi't!—I tell ye," raising her termagant voice, "I want my bairn! is na that braid Scots?"

"Who are you?—who is your bairn?" demanded the magistrate.

"Wha am I?—wha suld I be, but Meg Murdockson, and wha suld my bairn be but Magdalen Murdockson?—Your guard soldiers, and your constables, and your officers ken us weel eneugh when they rive the bits o' duds aff our backs, and take what penny o' siller we hae, and harle us to the Correction-house in Leith Wynd, and pettle us up wi' bread and water, and siclike sunkets."

"Who is she?" said the magistrate, looking round to some of his people.

"Other than a gude ane, sir," said one of the city-officers, shrugging his shoulders, and smiling.

"Will ye say sae?" said the termagant, her eye glancing with impotent fury; "an I had ye amang the Frigate-Whins, wadna I set my ten talents in your wuzzent face for that very word?" and she suited the word to the action, by spreading out a set of claws resembling those of St. George's dragon on a country sign-post.

"What does she want here?" said the impatient magistrate—"Can she not tell her business, or go away?"

"It's *my* bairn!—it's Magdalen Murdockson I'm wantin'," answered the beldame, screaming at the highest pitch of her cracked and mistuned voice—"havena I been tellin' ye sae this half-hour? And if ye are deaf, what needs ye sit cockit up there, and keep folk screighin' t'ye this gate?"

"She wants her daughter, sir," said the same officer whose interference had given the hag such offence before—"her daughter, who was taken up last night—Madge Wildfire, as they ca' her."

"Madge Hellfire, as they ca' her!" echoed the beldame; "and what business has a blackguard like you to ca' an honest woman's bairn out o' her ain name?"

"An *honest* woman's bairn, Maggie?" answered the peace-officer, smiling and shaking his head with an ironical emphasis on the adjective, and a calmness calculated to provoke to madness the furious old shrew.

"If I am no honest now, I was honest ance," she replied; "and that's mair than ye can say, ye born and bred thief, that never kend ither folk's gear frae your ain since the day ye was cleckit. Honest, say ye?—ye pykit your mother's pouch o' twalpennies Scotch when ye were five years auld, just as she was taking leave o' your father at the fit o' the gallows."

"She has you there, George," said the assistants, and there was a general laugh; for the wit was fitted for the meridian of the place where it was uttered. This general applause somewhat gratified the passions of the old hag; the "grim feature" smiled, and even laughed—but it was a laugh of bitter scorn. She condescended, however, as if appeased by the success of her sally, to explain her business more distinctly, when the magistrate, commanding silence, again desired her either to speak out her errand, or to leave the place.

"Her bairn," she said, "*was* her bairn, and she came to fetch her out of ill haft and waur guiding. If she wasna sae wise as ither folk, few ither folk had suffered as muckle as she had done; forby that she could fend the waur for hersell within the four wa's of a jail. She could prove by fifty witnesses, and fifty to that, that her daughter had never seen Jock Porteous, alive or dead, since he had gien her a loundering wi' his cane, the neger that he was! for driving a dead cat at the provost's wig on the Elector of Hanover's birth-day."

Notwithstanding the wretched appearance and violent demeanour of this woman, the magistrate felt the justice of her argument, that her child might be as dear to her as to a more *fortunate and more amiable* mother. He proceeded to investigate the circumstances which had led to Madge Murdockson's (or Wildfire's) arrest, and as it was clearly shown that she had not been engaged in the riot, he contented himself with directing that an eye should be kept upon her by the police, but that for the present she should be allowed to return home with her mother. During the interval of fetching Madge from the jail, the magistrate endeavoured to discover whether her mother had been privy to the change of dress betwixt that young woman and Robertson. But on this point he could obtain no light. She persisted in declaring, that she had never seen Robertson since his remarkable escape during service-time; and that, if her daughter had changed clothes with him, it must have been during her absence at a hamlet about two miles out of town, called Duddingstone, where she could prove that she passed that eventful night. And, in fact, one of the town-officers, who had been searching for stolen linen at the cottage of a washerwoman in that village, gave his evidence, that he had seen Maggie Murdockson there, whose presence had considerably increased his suspicion of the house in which she was a visitor, in respect that he considered her as a person of no good reputation.

"I tauld ye sae," said the hag; "see now what it is to hae a character, gude or bad! Now, maybe after a', I could tell ye something about Porteous that you council-chamber bodies never could find out, for as muckle stir as ye mak."

All eyes were turned towards her—all ears were alert. "Speak out!" said the magistrate.

"It will be for your ain gude," insinuated the town-clerk.

"Dinna keep the Bailie waiting," urged the assistants.

She remained doggedly silent for two or three minutes, casting around a malignant and sulky glance, that seemed to enjoy the anxious suspense with which they waited her answer. And then she broke forth at once. "A' that I ken about him is, that he was neither soldier nor gentleman, but just a thief and a blackguard, like maist o' yoursells, dears—What will ye gie me for that news, now?—He wad hae served the gude town lang or provost or bailie wad hae fund that out, my joe!"

While these matters were in discussion, Madge Wildfire entered, and her first exclamation was, "Eh! see if there isna our auld ne'er-do-weel deevil's buckie o' a mither—Hegh, sirs! but we are a hopefu' family, to be twa o' us in the Guard at ance—But there were better days wi' us ance—were there na, mither?"

Old Maggie's eyes had glistened with something like an expression of pleasure when she saw her daughter set at liberty. But either her natural affection, like that of the tigress, could not be displayed without a strain of ferocity, or there was something in the ideas which Madge's speech awakened, that again stirred her cross and savage temper. "What signifies what we were, ye street-raking limmer!" she exclaimed, pushing her daughter before her to the door, with no gentle degree of violence. "I'se tell thee what thou is now—thou's a crazed hellicat Bess o' Bedlam, that sall taste naething but bread and water for a fortnight, to serve ye for the plague ye hae gien me—and ower gude for ye, ye idle tawpie!"

Madge, however, escaped from her mother at the door, ran back to the foot of the table, dropped a very low and fantastic curtsey to the judge, and said with a giggling laugh,—"Our minnie's sair mis-set after her ordinar, sir—She'll hae had some quarrel wi' her auld gudeman—that's Satan, ye ken, sirs." This explanatory note she gave in a low confidential tone, and the spectators of that credulous generation did not hear it without an involuntary shudder. "The gudeman and her disna aye gree weel, and then I maun pay the piper; but my back's broad eneugh to bear't a'—an' if she hae nae havings, that's nae reason why wiser folk shouldna hae some." Here another deep curtsey, when the ungracious voice of her mother was heard.

"Madge, ye limmer! If I come to fetch ye!"

"Hear till her," said Madge. "But I'll wun out a

gliff the night for a' that, to dance in the moonlight, when her and the gudeman will be whirrying through the blue lift on a broom-shank, to see Jean Jap, that they hae putten intill the Kirkcaldy tolbooth—ay, they will hae a merry sail ower Inchkeith, and ower a' the bits o' bonny waves that are poppling and plashing against the rocks in the gowden glimmer o' the moon, ye ken.—I'm coming, mother—I'm coming," she concluded, on hearing a scuffle at the door betwixt the beldam and the officers, who were endeavouring to prevent her re-entrance. Madge then waved her hand wildly towards the ceiling, and sung, at the topmost pitch of her voice,—

"Up in the air,
On my bonny gray mare,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet."

And with a hop, skip, and jump, sprung out of the room, as the witches of Macbeth used, in less refined days, to seem to fly upwards from the stage.

Some weeks intervened before Mr. Middleburgh, agreeably to his benevolent resolution, found an opportunity of taking a walk towards St. Leonard's, in order to discover whether it might be possible to obtain the evidence hinted at in the anonymous letter respecting Effie Deans.

In fact, the anxious perquisitions made to discover the murderers of Porteous occupied the attention of all concerned with the administration of justice.

In the course of these inquiries, two circumstances happened material to our story. Butler, after a close investigation of his conduct, was declared innocent of accession to the death of Porteous; but, as having been present during the whole transaction, was obliged to find bail not to quit his usual residence at Libberton, that he might appear as a witness when called upon. The other incident regarded the disappearance of Madge Wildfire and her mother from Edinburgh. When they were sought, with the purpose of subjecting them to some further interrogatories, it was discovered by Mr. Sharpitlaw that they had eluded the observation of the police, and left the city so soon as dismissed from the council-chamber. No efforts could trace the place of their retreat.

In the meanwhile the excessive indignation of the Council of Regency, at the slight put upon their authority by the murder of Porteous, had dictated measures, in which their own extreme desire of detecting the actors in that conspiracy were consulted, in preference to the temper of the people, and the character of their churchmen. An act of parliament was hastily passed, offering two hundred pounds reward to those who should inform against any person concerned in the deed, and the penalty of death, by a very unusual and severe enactment, was denounced against those who should harbour the guilty. But what was chiefly accounted exceptionable, was a clause, appointing the act to be read in churches by the officiating clergyman, on the first Sunday of every month, for a certain period, immediately before the sermon. The ministers who should refuse to comply with this injunction were declared, for the first offence, incapable of sitting or voting in any church judicature, and for the second, incapable of holding any ecclesiastical preferment in Scotland.

This last order united in a common cause those who might privately rejoice in Porteous's death, though they dared not vindicate the manner of it, with the more scrupulous presbyterians, who held that even the pronouncing of the name of the "Lords Spiritual" in a Scottish pulpit was, *quodammodo*, an acknowledgment of prelacy, and that the injunction of the legislature was an interference of the civil government with the *jus divinum* of presbytery, since to the General Assembly alone, as representing the invisible head of the kirk, belonged the sole and exclusive right of regulating whatever pertained to public worship. Very many also, of different political or religious sentiments, and therefore not much moved by these considerations, thought they saw, in so violent an act of parliament, a more vindictive spirit than became the legislature of a great country, and something like an attempt to trample upon the rights and independence of Scotland. The various steps adopted for punishing the city of Edinburgh, by taking away her charter and liberties, for what a violent and mastering mob had done within her walls, resented by many who thought a pretext w[...] hastily taken for degrading the ancient metr[...] of Scotland. In short, there was much heart[...]ing, discontent, and disaffection, occasioned b[...] ill-considered measures.*

Amidst these heats and dissensions, the t[...] Effie Deans, after she had been many weeks [...]soned, was at length about to be brought fo[...] and Mr. Middleburgh found leisure to inquire [...] the evidence concerning her. For this purp[...] chose a fine day for his walk towards her f[...] house.

The excursion into the country was som[...] distant, in the opinion of a burgess of those [...] although many of the present inhabit suburban [...] considerably beyond the spot to which we [...] Three quarters of an hour's walk, however, eve[...] pace of magisterial gravity, conducted our bene[...] office-bearer to the Crags of St. Leonard's, a[...] humble mansion of David Deans.

The old man was seated on the deas, or tur[...] at the end of his cottage, busied in mending hi[...] harness with his own hands; for in those da[...] sort of labour which required a little more skill [...] usual fell to the share of the goodman himsel[...] that even when he was well to pass in the [...] With stern and austere gravity he persevered [...] task, after having just raised his head to notice t[...] vance of the stranger. It would have been impo[...] to have discovered, from his countenance and m[...] the internal feelings of agony with which he [...]tended. Mr. Middleburgh waited an instant, e[...]ing Deans would in some measure acknowled[...] presence, and lead into conversation; but, [...] seemed determined to remain silent, he was h[...] obliged to speak first.

"My name is Middleburgh—Mr. James M[...]burgh, one of the present magistrates of the [...] Edinburgh."

"It may be sae," answered Deans laconicall[...] without interrupting his labour.

"You must understand," he continued, "th[...] duty of a magistrate is sometimes an unpleasant [...]"

"It may be sae," replied David; "I hae na[...] to say in the contrar;" and he was again do[...] silent.

"You must be aware," pursued the magi[...] "that persons in my situation are often obli[...] make painful and disagreeable inquiries of ind[...]als, merely because it is their bounden duty."

"It may be sae," again replied Deans; "I ha[...]thing to say anent it, either the tae way or the t'[...] But I do ken there was ance in a day a just and [...]fearing magistracy in yon town o' Edinburgh, th[...] not bear the sword in vain, but were a terror t[...] doers, and a praise to such as kept the path. I[...] glorious days of auld worthy faithfu' Provost I[...]

* The Magistrates were closely interrogated before the [...] of Peers, concerning the particulars of the Mob, and the [...] in which these functionaries made their answers, s[...] strange in the ears of the Southern nobles. The Duke o[...]castle having demanded to know with what kind of sh[...] guard which Porteous commanded had loaded their m[...] was answered naively, "Ow, just sic as ane shoots du[...] fowls with." This reply was considered as a contempt [...] House of Lords, and the Provost would have suffered [...]ingly, but that the Duke of Argyle explained, that the [...]sion, properly rendered into English, meant *ducks and fowl*.

† This gentleman formed a striking example of the inst[...] of human prosperity. He was once the wealthiest man [...] time in Scotland, a merchant in an extensive line of com[...] and a farmer of the public revenue; insomuch that, abo[...] he estimated his fortune at two hundred thousand poun[...]ling. Sir William Dick was a zealous Covenanter; and [...] memorable year 1641, he lent the Scottish Convention of [...] one hundred thousand merks at once, and thereby enable[...] to support and pay their army, which must otherwise ha[...]ken to pieces. He afterwards advanced 20,000*l.* for the [...] of King Charles, during the usurpation; and having, by [...] the royal cause, provoked the displeasure of the ruling [...] he was fleeced of more money, amounting in all to 65,00[...]ling.

Being in this manner reduced to indigence, he went to L[...] to try to recover some part of the sums which had been [...] government security. Instead of receiving any satisfacti[...] Scottish Crœsus was thrown into prison, in which he die[...] December, 1655. It is said his death was hastened by th[...]

re was a true and faithfu' General Assembly rk, walking hand in hand with the real no-sh-hearted barons, and with the magistrates d other towns, gentles, burgesses, and com- all ranks, seeing with one eye, hearing with and upholding the ark with their united -And then folk might see men deliver up er to the states' use, as if it had been as late stanes. My father saw them toom the dollars out o' Provost Dick's window intill that carried them to the army at Dunse d if ye winna believe his testimony, there is ow itsell still standing in the Luckenbooths it's a claith-merchant's booth the day*—at tanclells five doors abune Gossford's Close. w we haena sic spirit amang us; we think ut the warst wally-dragle in our ain byre, at the blessing which the angel of the cove- e to the Patriarch even at Penuel and Maha- the binding obligation of our national vows; ad rather gie a pund Scots to buy an unguent our auld rannell-trees and our beds o' the bugs as they ca' them, than we wad gie a id the land of the swarm of Arminian cater- ocinian pismires, and deistical Miss Katies, ascended out of the bottomless pit, to plague erse, insidious, and lukewarm generation."

pened to Davie Deans on this occasion as it to many other habitual orators; when once me embarked on his favourite subject, the of his own enthusiasm carried him forward f his mental distress, while his well-exercised supplied him amply with all the types and rhetoric peculiar to his sect and cause.

ddleburgh contented himself with answering may be very true, my friend; but, as you said I have nothing to say to it at present, either or other.—You have two daughters, I think, is?"

l man winced, as one whose smarting sore ly galled; but instantly composed himself, the work which, in the heat of his decla- e had laid down, and answered with sullen , "Ae daughter, sir—only *ane*."

erstand you," said Mr. Middleburgh; "you one daughter here at home with you—but rtunate girl who is a prisoner—she is, I ur youngest daughter?"

esbyterian sternly raised his eyes. "After d, and according to the flesh, she *is* my ; but when she became a child of Belial, and y-keeper, and a trader in guilt and iniquity, d to be a bairn of mine."

Mr. Deans," said Middleburgh, sitting down d endeavouring to take his hand, which the roudly withdrew, "we are ourselves all sin- l the errors of our offspring, as they ought prise us, being the portion which they derive non portion of corruption inherited through y do not entitle us to cast them off because lost themselves."

said Deans, impatiently, "I ken a' that as I mean to say," he resumed, checking the he felt at being schooled,—a discipline of , which those most ready to bestow it on themselves most reluctantly submit to 'I mean to say, that what ye observe may ad reasonable—But I hae nae freedom to my ain private affairs wi' strangers—And his great national emergency, when there's ous' Act has come doun frae London, that r blow to this poor sinfu' kingdom and suf-fering kirk, than ony that has been heard of since the foul and fatal Test—at a time like this"——

"But, goodman," interrupted Mr. Middleburgh, "you must think of your own household first, or else you are worse even than the infidels."

"I tell ye, Bailie Middleburgh," retorted David Deans, "if ye be a bailie, as there is little honour in being ane in these evil days—I tell ye, I heard the gracious Saunders Peden—I wotna whan it was; but it was in killing time, when the plowers were drawing alang their furrows on the back of the Kirk of Scotland—I heard him tell his hearers, gude and waled Christians they were too, that some o' them wad greet mair for a bit drowned calf or stirk, than for a' the defections and oppressions of the day; and that they were some o' them thinking o' ae thing, some o' anither, and there was Lady Hundleslope thinking o' greeting Jock at the fireside! And the lady confessed in my hearing, that a drow of anxiety had come ower her for her son that she had left at hame weak of a decay†—And what wad he hae said of me, if I had ceased to think of the gude cause for a cast-away—a—It kills me to think of what she is!"——

"But the life of your child, goodman—think of that—if her life could be saved," said Middleburgh.

"Her life?" exclaimed David—"I wadna gie ane o' my gray hairs for her life, if her gude name be gane—And yet," said he, relenting and retracting as he spoke, "I wad make the niffer, Mr. Middleburgh—I wad gie a' these gray hairs that she has brought to shame and sorrow—I wad gie the auld head they grow on for her life, and that she might hae time to amend and return, for what hae the wicked beyond the breath of their nostrils?—But I'll never see her mair.—No!—that—that I am determined in—I'll never see her mair!" His lips continued to move for a minute after his voice ceased to be heard, as if he were repeating the same vow internally.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Middleburgh, "I speak to you as a man of sense: if you would save your daughter's life, you must use human means."

"I understand what you mean; but Mr. Novit, who is the procurator and doer of an honourable person, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, is to do what carnal wisdom can do for her in the circumstances. Mysell am not clear to trinquet and traffic wi' courts o' justice, as they are now constituted; I have a tenderness and scruple in my mind anent them."

"That is to say," said Middleburgh, "that you are a Cameronian, and do not acknowledge the authority of our courts of judicature, or present government?"

"Sir, under your favour," replied David, who was too proud of his own polemical knowledge, to call himself the follower of any one, "ye take me up before I fall down. I canna see why I suld be termed a Cameronian, especially now that ye hae given the name of that famous and savoury sufferer, not only until a regimental band of souldiers, whereof, I am told many can now curse, swear, and use profane language, as fast as ever Richard Cameron could preach or pray; but also because ye have, in as far as it is in your power, rendered that martyr's name vain and contemptible, by pipes, drums, and fifes, playing the vain carnal spring, called the Cameronian Rant, which too many professors of religion dance to—a practice maist unbecoming a professor to dance to any tune whatsoever, more especially promiscuously, that is, with the female sex.‡ A brutish fashion it is, whilk is the beginning of defection with many, as I may hae as muckle cause as maist folk to testify."

"Well, but, Mr. Deans," replied Mr. Middleburgh, "I only meant to say that you were a Cameronian, or MacMillanite, one of the society people, in short, who think it inconsistent to take oaths under a government where the Covenant is not ratified."

"Sir," replied the controversialist, who forgot even his present distress in such discussions as these, "you cannot fickle me sae easily as you do opine. I am *not* a MacMillanite, or a Russelite, or a Hamiltonian, or a Harleyite, or a Howdenite§—I will be led by the nose by none—I take my name as a Christian

necessaries. But this statement is somewhat exag- it be true, as is commonly said, that though he was d with bread, he had plenty of pie-crust, thence called a Dick's necessity."

es of fortune are commemorated in a folio pamphlet The lamentable state of the deceased Sir William contains several copper-plates, one representing Sir horseback, and attended with guards as Lord Pro- sburgh, superintending the unloading of one of his a. A second exhibiting him as arrested, and in the e bailiffs. A third presents him dead in prison. The teemed highly valuable by collectors of prints. The ever saw upon sale, was rated at 30*l*.

so too—But if the reader be *curious*, he may consult ' *Traditions of Edinburgh*.

† See Life of Peden, p. 111.

‡ See note, chap. x. p. 34.

§ All various species of the great genus Cameronian.

from no vessel of clay. I have my own principles and practice to answer for, and am an humble pleader for the gude auld cause in a legal way."

"That is to say, Mr. Deans," said Middleburgh, "that you are a *Deanite*, and have opinions peculiar to yourself."

"It may please you to say sae," said David Deans; "but I have maintained my testimony before as great folk, and in sharper times; and though I will neither exalt mysell nor pull down others, I wish every man and woman in this land had kept the true testimony, and the middle and straight path, as it were, on the ridge of a hill, where wind and water shears, avoiding right-hand snares and extremes, and left-hand way-slidings, as weel as Johnny Dodds of Farthing's Acre, and ae man mair that shall be nameless."

"I suppose," replied the magistrate, "that is as much as to say, that Johnny Dodds of Farthing's Acre, and David Deans of St. Leonard's, constitute the only members of the true, real, unsophisticated Kirk of Scotland?"

"God forbid that I suld make sic a vain-glorious speech, when there are sae mony professing Christians!" answered David; "but this I maun say, that all men act according to their gifts and their grace, sae that it is nae marvel that"——

"This is all very fine," interrupted Mr. Middleburgh; "but I have no time to spend in hearing it. The matter in hand is this—I have directed a citation to be lodged in your daughter's hands—If she appears on the day of trial and gives evidence, there is reason to hope she may save her sister's life—if, from any constrained scruples about the legality of her performing the office of an affectionate sister and a good subject, by appearing in a court held under the authority of the law and government, you become the means of deterring her from the discharge of this duty, I must say, though the truth may sound harsh in your ears, that you who gave life to this unhappy girl, will become the means of her losing it by a premature and violent death."

So saying, Mr. Middleburgh turned to leave him.

"Bide awee—bide awee, Mr. Middleburgh," said Deans, in great perplexity and distress of mind; but the Bailie, who was probably sensible that protracted discussion might diminish the effect of his best and most forcible argument, took a hasty leave, and declined entering further into the controversy.

Deans sunk down upon his seat stunned with a variety of conflicting emotions. It had been a great source of controversy among those holding his opinions in religious matters, how far the government which succeeded the Revolution could be, without sin, acknowledged by true presbyterians, seeing that it did not recognise the great national testimony of the Solemn League and Covenant? And latterly, those agreeing in this general doctrine, and assuming the sounding title of the anti-popish, anti-prelatic, anti-erastian, anti-sectarian, true presbyterian remnant, were divided into many petty sects among themselves, even as to the extent of submission to the existing laws and rulers, which constituted such an acknowledgment as amounted to sin.

At a very stormy and tumultuous meeting, held in 1682, to discuss these important and delicate points, the testimonies of the faithful few were found utterly inconsistent with each other.* The place where this conference took place was remarkably well adapted for such an assembly. It was a wild and very sequestered dell in Tweeddale, surrounded by high hills, and far remote from human habitation. A small river, or rather a mountain torrent, called the Talla, breaks down the glen with great fury, dashing successively over a number of small cascades, which has procured the spot the name of Talla-Linns. Here the leaders among the scattered adherents to the Covenant, men who, in their banishment from society, and in the recollection of the severi which they had been exposed, had become a sullen in their tempers, and fantastic in their re opinions, met with arms in their hands, and side of the torrent discussed, with a turbulence the noise of the stream could not drown, po controversy as empty and unsubstantial as its

It was the fixed judgment of most of the n that all payment of cess or tribute to the exist vernment was utterly unlawful, and a sacrifi idols. About other impositions and degrees mission there were various opinions; and pe is the best illustration of the spirit of those fathers of the church to say, that while all aili was impious to pay the cess employed for ma ing the standing army and militia, there was controversy on the lawfulness of paying the levied at ports and bridges, for maintaining and other necessary purposes; that there we who, repugnant to these imposts for turnpik postages, were nevertheless free in consci make payment of the usual freight at public and that a person of exceeding and punctilio James Russel, one of the slayers of the Arch of St. Andrews, had given his testimony wit warmth even against this last faint shade of tion to constituted authority. This ardent a lightened person and his followers had als scruples about the lawfulness of bestowing th nary names upon the days of the week and the of the year, which savoured in their nostrils so ly of paganism, that at length they arrived conclusion that they who owned such names a day, Tuesday, January, February, and so forth, ed themselves heirs to the same, if not greater ment, than had been denounced against the id of old.'

David Deans had been present on this mem occasion, although too young to be a speaker the polemical combatants. His brain, howev been thoroughly heated by the noise, clamou metaphysical ingenuity of the discussion, and a controversy to which his mind had often re and though he carefully disguised his vacillatio others, and perhaps from himself, he had neve able to come to any precise line of decision subject. In fact, his natural sense had acte counterpoise to his controversial zeal. He v no means pleased with the quiet and indifferen ner in which King William's government over the errors of the times, when, far from re the presbyterian kirk to its former supremac passed an act of oblivion even to those who ha its persecutors, and bestowed on many of th tles, favours, and employments. When, in t General Assembly which succeeded the Reve an overture was made for the revival of the and Covenant, it was with horror that Douce heard the proposal eluded by the men of car and policy, as he called them, as being inapp to the present times, and not falling under th dern model of the church. The reign of Quee had increased his conviction, that the Revolut vernment was not one of the true presbyteria plexion. But then, more sensible than the bi his sect, he did not confound the moderation lerance of these two reigns with the active t and oppression exercised in those of Charles James II. The presbyterian form of religion, deprived of the weight formerly attached to i tences of excommunication, and compelled to t the co-existence of episcopacy, and of sects c ous descriptions, was still the National Churc though the glory of the second temple was fi rior to that which had flourished from 1639 battle of Dunbar, still it was a structure that, ing the strength and the terrors, retained at le form and symmetry, of the original model. came the insurrection in 1715, and David I horror for the revival of the popish and prelati tion reconciled him greatly to the governm King George, although he grieved that that m might be suspected of a leaning unto Erasti

* This remarkable convocation took place upon 15th June, 1682, and an account of its confused and divisive proceedings may be found in Michael Shield's Faithful Contendings Displayed, Glasgow 1780, p. 21. It affords a singular and melancholy example how much a metaphysical and polemical spirit had crept in amongst those unhappy sufferers, since, amid so many real injuries which they had to sustain, they were disposed to add disagreement and disunion concerning the character and extent of such as were only imaginary.

moved by so many different considerations. had his scruples at different times ... of the ... which he felt an aught ... immediate acknowledgment or submission ... the government, which, however mild and was still uncovenanted; and now he felt led upon, of the most powerful motives ... ... giving testimony ... of justice ... which all who have been since ... a step of ... deficient ... The voice of nature, however ... been ... states of ... was ... sudden ... expedient for himself from the ... in which ... a fallen ... off from principle, ... a scene from which a father's could not but turn in shuddering horror.

"... been constant and unchanged in my testimony," said David Deans; "but then who has said that I have judged my neighbour over ... he hath had more freedom in his ... I never was a ... for ... with tender souls about ... or other the lesser tithes. My daughter ... have a light in this subject that is hid frae ... it is laid on her conscience, and not on ... she hath freedom to gang before this judge ... hold up her hand for this poor cast-away, ... not say she stepp'd over her bounds; ... "——He paused in his mental argument, ... of unutterable anguish convulsed his ... shaking it off, he firmly resumed the ... reasoning—"And yet—God forbid ... would go into defection at bidding of mine! ... the tender conscience of one bairn—no, ... the life of the other."

... would have devoted his daughter to death ... different feelings and motives, but not upon a ... principle of duty.

CHAPTER XIX.

To man, in this his trial state,
The privilege is given,
When lost by tides of human fate,
To ... *WATTS'S Hymns.*

... with a firm step that Deans sought his apartment ... to leave her to the ... own conscience in the dubious point of ... which ... supposed her to be placed.

... room had been the sleeping apartment ... sisters, and there still stood there a small bed which had been made for Effie's accommodation, when, complaining of illness, she had ... share, as in happier times, her sister's ... The eyes of Deans rested involuntarily, on ... the room, upon this little couch, with its coarse curtains, and the ideas connected ... so thick upon his soul as almost to ... him from opening his errand to his ...

Her occupation broke the ice. He found ... on a slip of paper, which contained a citation ... to appear as a witness upon her sister's ... half of the accused. For the worthy magistrate ... determined to omit no chance of doing Effie ... to leave her sister no apology for not ... evidence which she was supposed to possess ... caused the ordinary citation, or *subpœna*, ... Scottish criminal court, to be served upon her ... during his conference with David.

... caution was so far favourable to Deans, ... him the pain of entering upon a formal ... with his daughter; he only said, with a ... and tremulous voice, "I perceive ye are ... the matter."

... er, we are cruelly sted between God's laws ... laws,—What shall we do?—What can ...

... it must be observed, had no hesitation about the mere act of appearing in a court ... She might have heard the point discussed her more than once; but we have *already* ... that she was *accustomed to listen with* reverence to much which she was incapable of understanding, and that subtle arguments of casuistry found her a patient but unedified hearer. Upon receiving the citation, therefore, her thoughts did not turn upon the chimerical scruples which alarmed her father's mind, but to the language which had been held to her by the stranger at Muschat's Cairn. In a word, she never doubted but she was to be dragged forward into the court of justice, in order to place her in the cruel position of either sacrificing her sister by telling the truth, or committing perjury in order to save her life. And so strongly did her thoughts run in this channel, that she applied her father's words, "Ye are aware of the matter," to his acquaintance with the advice that had been so fearfully enforced upon her. She looked up with anxious surprise, not unmingled with a cast of horror, which his next words, as she interpreted and applied them, were not qualified to remove.

"Daughter," said David, "it has ever been my mind, that in things of ane doubtful and controversial nature, ilk Christian's conscience suld be his ain guide. Wherefore descend into yours, try your ain mind with sufficiency of soul exercise, and as you sall finally find yourself clear to do in this matter—even so be it."

"But, father," said Jeanie, whose mind revolted at the construction which she naturally put upon his language, "can this—this be a doubtful or controversial matter?—Mind, father, the ninth command—'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'"

David Deans paused; for still applying her speech to his preconceived difficulties, it seemed to him, as if *she*, a woman, and a sister, was scarce entitled to be scrupulous upon this occasion, where *he*, a man, exercised in the testimonies of that testifying period, had given indirect countenance to her following what must have been the natural dictates of her own feelings. But he kept firm his purpose, until his eyes involuntarily rested upon the little settle-bed, and recalled the form of the child of his old age, as she sate upon it, pale, emaciated, and broken-hearted. His mind, as the picture arose before him, involuntarily conceived, and his tongue involuntarily uttered—but in a tone how different from his usual dogmatical precision!—arguments for the course of conduct likely to ensure his child's safety.

"Daughter," he said, "I did not say that your path was free from stumbling—and, questionless, this act may be in the opinion of some a transgression, since he who beareth witness unlawfully, and against his conscience, doth in some sort bear false witness against his neighbour. Yet in matters of compliance, the guilt lieth not in the compliance sae muckle, as in the mind and conscience of him that doth comply; and, therefore, although my testimony hath not been spared upon public defections, I haena felt freedom to separate mysell from the communion of many who have been clear to hear those ministers who have taken the fatal indulgence, because they might get good of them, though I could not."

When David had proceeded thus far, his conscience reproved him, that he might be indirectly undermining the purity of his daughter's faith, and smoothing the way for her falling off from strictness of principle. He, therefore, suddenly stopped, and changed his tone:—"Jeanie, I perceive that our vile affections,—so I call them in respect of doing the will of our Father,—cling too heavily to me in this hour of trying sorrow, to permit me to keep sight of my ain duty, or to airt you to yours. I will speak nae mair anent this over-trying matter. Jeanie, if ye can, wi' God and gude conscience, speak in favour of this puir unhappy" (here his voice faltered)—"She is your sister in the flesh—worthless and cast away as she is, she is the daughter of a saint in heaven, that was a mother to you, Jeanie, in place of your ain—but if ye arena free in conscience to speak for her in the court of judicature, follow your conscience, Jeanie, and let God's will be done." After this adjuration he left the apartment, and his daughter remained in a state of great distress and perplexity.

It would have been no small addition to the sorrows of David Deans, even in this extremity of suf

fering, had he known that his daughter was applying the casuistical arguments which he had been using, not in the sense of a permission to follow her own opinion on a dubious and disputed point of controversy, but rather as an encouragement to transgress one of those divine commandments which Christians of all sects and denominations unite in holding most sacred.

"Can this be?" said Jeanie, as the door closed on her father—"Can these be his words that I have heard, or has the Enemy taken his voice and features to give weight unto the counsel which causeth to perish?—A sister's life, and a father pointing out how to save it!—O God deliver me! this is a fearfu' temptation."

Roaming from thought to thought, she at one time imagined her father understood the ninth commandment literally, as prohibiting false witness *against* our neighbour, without extending the denunciation against falsehood uttered *in favour* of the criminal. But her clear and unsophisticated power of discriminating between good and evil, instantly rejected an interpretation so limited, and so unworthy of the Author of the law. She remained in a state of the most agitating terror and uncertainty—afraid to communicate her thoughts freely to her father, lest she should draw forth an opinion with which she could not comply,—wrung with distress on her sister's account, rendered the more acute by reflecting that the means of saving her were in her power, but were such as her conscience prohibited her from using,—tossed, in short, like a vessel in an open roadstead during a storm, and, like that vessel, resting on one only sure cable and anchor,—faith in Providence, and a resolution to discharge her duty.

Butler's affection and strong sense of religion would have been her principal support in these distressing circumstances, but he was still under restraint, which did not permit him to come to St. Leonard's Crags; and her distresses were of a nature, which, with her indifferent habits of scholarship, she found it impossible to express in writing. She was therefore compelled to trust for guidance to her own unassisted sense of what was right or wrong.

It was not the least of Jeanie's distresses, that, although she hoped and believed her sister to be innocent, she had not the means of receiving that assurance from her own mouth.

The double-dealing of Ratcliffe in the matter of Robertson had not prevented his being rewarded, as double-dealers frequently have been, with favour and preferment. Sharpitlaw, who found in him something of a kindred genius, had been intercessor in his behalf with the magistrates, and the circumstance of his having voluntarily remained in the prison, when the doors were forced by the mob, would have made it a hard measure to take the life which he had such easy means of saving. He received a full pardon; and soon afterwards, James Ratcliffe, the greatest thief and housebreaker in Scotland, was, upon the faith, perhaps, of an ancient proverb, selected as a person to be intrusted with the custody of other delinquents.

When Ratcliffe was thus placed in a confidential situation, he was repeatedly applied to by the sapient Saddletree and others, who took some interest in the Deans' family, to procure an interview between the sisters; but the magistrates, who were extremely anxious for the apprehension of Robertson, had given strict orders to the contrary, hoping that, by keeping them separate, they might, from the one or the other, extract some information respecting that fugitive. On this subject Jeanie had nothing to tell them: She informed Mr. Middleburgh, that she knew nothing of Robertson, except having met him that night by appointment to give her some advice respecting her sister's concern, the purport of which, she said, was betwixt God and her conscience. Of his motions, purposes, or plans, past, present, or future, she knew nothing, and so had nothing to communicate.

Effie was equally silent, though from a different cause. It was in vain that they offered a commutation and alleviation of her punishment, and even a free pardon, if she would confess what she knew of her lover. She answered only with tears; unless, when at times driven into pettish sulkiness by the persecution of the interrogators, she made them abrupt and disrespectful answers.

At length, after her trial had been delayed for many weeks, in hopes she might be induced to speak out on a subject infinitely more interesting to the magistracy than her own guilt or innocence, their patience was worn out, and even Mr. Middleburgh finding no ear lent to further intercession in her behalf, the day was fixed for the trial to proceed.

It was now, and not sooner, that Sharpitlaw, recollecting his promise to Effie Deans, or rather being dinned into compliance by the unceasing remonstrances of Mrs. Saddletree, who was his next-door neighbour, and who declared it was heathen cruelty to keep the twa broken-hearted creatures separate, issued the important mandate, permitting them to see each other.

On the evening which preceded the eventful day of trial, Jeanie was permitted to see her sister—an awful interview, and occurring at a most distressing crisis. This, however, formed a part of the bitter cup which she was doomed to drink, to atone for crimes and follies to which she had no accession; and at twelve o'clock noon, being the time appointed for admission to the jail, she went to meet, for the first time for several months, her guilty, erring, and most miserable sister, in that abode of guilt, error, and utter misery.

CHAPTER XX.

———Sweet sister, let me live!
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.—*Measure for Measure.*

JEANIE DEANS was admitted into the jail by Ratcliffe. This fellow, as void of shame as of honesty, as he opened the now trebly secured door, asked her, with a leer which made her shudder, "whether she remembered him?"

A half-pronounced and timid "No," was her answer.

"What! not remember moonlight, and Muschat's Cairn, and Rob and Rat?" said he, with the same sneer;—"Your memory needs redding up, my jo."

If Jeanie's distresses had admitted of aggravation, it must have been to find her sister under the charge of such a profligate as this man. He was not, indeed, without something of good to balance so much that was evil in his character and habits. In his misdemeanours he had never been bloodthirsty or cruel; and in his present occupation he had shown himself, in a certain degree, accessible to touches of humanity. But these good qualities were unknown to Jeanie, who, remembering the scene at Muschat's Cairn, could scarce find voice to acquaint him, that she had an order from Bailie Middleburgh, permitting her to see her sister.

"I ken that fu' weel, my bonny doo; mair by token, I have a special charge to stay in the ward with you a' the time ye are thegither."

"Must that be sae?" asked Jeanie, with an imploring voice.

"Hout, ay, hinny," replied the turnkey; "and what the waur will you and your titty be o' Jim Ratcliffe hearing what ye hae to say to ilk other?—Deil a word ye'll say that will gar him ken your kittle sex better than he kens them already; and another thing is, that if ye dinna speak o' breaking the Tolbooth, deil a word will I tell ower, either to do ye good or ill."

Thus saying, Ratcliffe marshalled her the way to the apartment where Effie was confined.

Shame, fear, and grief, had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as, throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, "My dear Jeanie!—my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye." Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture, but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sunbeam unexpectedly

penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed, and sate down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony, till, throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

"Ye are ill, Effie," were the first words Jeanie could utter; "ye are very ill."

"O, what wad I gie to be ten times waur, Jeanie!" was the reply—"what wad I gie to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father—but I am his bairn nae langer now—O, I hae nae friend left in the warld!—O, that I were lying dead at my mother's side, in Newbattle kirk-yard!"

"Hout, lassie," said Ratcliffe, willing to show the interest which he absolutely felt, "dinna be sae dooms down-hearted as a' that; there's mony a tod hunted that's no killed. Advocate Langtale has brought folk through waur snappers than a' this, and there's no a cleverer agent than Nichil Novit e'er drew a bill of suspension. Hanged or unhanged, they are weel aff has sic an agent and counsel; ane's sure o' fair play. Ye are a bonny lass, too, an ye wad busk up your cockernonie a bit; and a bonny lass will find favour wi' judge and jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for the fifteenth part of a flea's hide and tallow, d—n them."

To this homely strain of consolation the mourners returned no answer; indeed, they were so much lost in their own sorrows as to have become insensible of Ratcliffe's presence. "O Effie," said her elder sister, "how could you conceal your situation from me? O woman, had I deserved this at your hand?—had ye spoke but ae word—sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us."

"And what gude wad that hae done?" answered the prisoner. "Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See," she said, producing the sacred volume, "the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. O see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' scripture!"

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: "He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree."

"Isna that ower true a doctrine?" said the prisoner—"Isna my crown, my honour removed? And what am I but a poor wasted, wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell."

"O, if ye had spoken a word," again sobbed Jeanie,—"if I were free to swear that ye had said but a word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day."

"Could they na?" said Effie, with something like awakened interest—for life is dear even to those who feel it as a burden—"Wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?"

"It was ane that kend what he was saying weel eneugh," replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

"Wha was it?—I conjure ye to tell me," said Effie, seating herself upright. "Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-by as I am now?—Was it—was it *him?*"

"Hout," said Ratcliffe, "what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither? I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat's Cairn."

"Was it him?" said Effie, catching eagerly at his words—"was it him, Jeanie, indeed?—O, I see it was him—poor lad, and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether millstane—and him in sic danger on his ain part—poor George!"

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling towards the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming—"O Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?"

"We maun forgie our enemies, ye ken," said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice; for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she still regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

"And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?" said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

"Love him?" answered Effie—"If I hadna loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trow ye, that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten?—Na, na—ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend—And O Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no!"

"What needs I tell ye ony thing about it," said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about ony body beside."

"That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it," replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. "But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine." And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

"I fancy," said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, "the lassie thinks that naebody has een but hersell—Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the Tolbooth forby Jock Porteous? but ye are of my mind, hinny—better sit and rue, than flit and rue—Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that, maybe."

"O my God! my God!" said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him—"D'ye ken where they hae putten my bairn? O my bairn! my bairn! the poor sackless innocent new-born wee ane—bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh!—O man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me where they hae put my bairn—the sign of my shame, and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has ta'en it away, or what they hae dune wi't!"

"Hout tout," said the turnkey, endeavouring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, "that's taking me at my word wi' a witness—Bairn, quo' she? How the deil suld I ken ony thing of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that of auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell."

As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Jeanie Deans possessed, with her excellently clear understanding, the concomitant advantage of promptitude of spirit, even in the extremity of distress.

She did not suffer herself to be overcome by her own feelings of exquisite sorrow, but instantly applied herself to her sister's relief, with the readiest remedies which circumstances afforded; and which, to do Ratcliffe justice, he showed himself anxious to sug-

gest, and alert in procuring. He had even the delicacy to withdraw to the farthest corner of the room, so as to render his official attendance upon them as little intrusive as possible, when Effie was composed enough again to resume her conference with her sister.

The prisoner once more, in the most earnest and broken tones, conjured Jeanie to tell her the particulars of the conference with Robertson, and Jeanie felt it was impossible to refuse her this gratification.

"Do ye mind," she said, "Effie, when ye were in the fever before we left Woodend, and how angry your mother, that's now in a better place, was wi' me for gi'ing ye milk and water to drink, because ye grat for it? Ye were a bairn then, and ye are a woman now, and should ken better than ask what canna but hurt you—But come weal or wo, I canna refuse you ony thing that ye ask me wi' the tear in your ee."

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek and forehead, murmuring, "O, if ye kend how lang it is since I heard his name mentioned!—if ye but kend how muckle good it does me but to ken ony thing o' him, that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o' him!"

Jeanie sighed, and commenced her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in her's, and keeping her eye fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of "Poor fellow,"—"Poor George," which escaped in whispers, and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made a long pause.

"And this was his advice?" were the first words she uttered.

"Just sic as I hae tell'd ye," replied her sister.

"And he wanted you to say something to yon folks, that wad save my young life?"

"He wanted," answered Jeanie, "that I suld be mansworn."

"And you tauld him," said Effie, "that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughteen year auld yet?"

"I told him," replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflections seemed about to take, "that I daured na swear to an untruth"

"And what d'ye ca' an untruth?" said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit -"Ye are muckle to blame, lass, if ye think a mother would, or could, murder her ain bairn—Murder?—I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its ee!"

"I do believe," said Jeanie, "that ye are as innocent of sic a purpose as the new-born babe itsell."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie, haughtily; "it's whiles the faut of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the warld are as bad as the warst temptations can make them."

"I dinna deserve this frae ye, Effie," said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach, and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

"Maybe no, sister," said Effie. "But ye are angry because I love Robertson—How can I help loving him, that loves me better than body and soul baith? - Here he put his life in a nifier, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stood wi' him as it stands wi' you"—Here she paused and was silent.

"O, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!" said Jeanie.

"Ay, lass," said her sister, "that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time eneugh to repent o't."

"But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offence when it's a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed."

"Weel, weel, Jeanie," said Effie, "I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions—we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your *breath* to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae *nae breath to waste on ony body.*"

"I must needs say," interposed Ratcliffe, "that it's d—d hard, when three words of your mouth would give the girl the chance to nick Moll Blood,* that you make such scrupling about rapping† to them. D—n me, if they would take me, if I would not rap to all Whatd'yecallum's—Hyssop's Fables, for her life—I am us'd to't, b—t me, for less matters. Why, I have smacked calf-skin‡ fifty times in England for a keg of brandy."

"Never speak mair o't," said the prisoner. "It's just as weel as it is—and gude day, sister; ye keep Mr. Ratcliffe waiting on—Ye'll come back and see me, I reckon, before"— here she stopped, and became deadly pale.

"And are we to part in this way," said Jeanie, "and you in sic deadly peril? O, Effie, look but up, and say what ye wad hae me do, and I could find in my heart amaist to say that I wad do't."

"No, Jeanie," replied her sister, after an effort, "I am better minded now. At my best, I was never half sae gude as ye were, and what for suld you begin to mak yoursell waur to save me, now that I am no worth saving? God knows, that in my sober mind, I wadna wuss ony living creature to do a wrang thing to save my life. I might have fled frae this tolbooth on that awfu' night wi' ane wad hae carried me through the warld, and friended me, and fended for me. But I said to them, let life gang when gude fame is gane before it. But this lang imprisonment has broken my spirit, and I am whiles sair left to mysell, and then I wad gie the Indian mines of gold and diamonds, just for life and breath—for I think, Jeanie, I have such roving fits as I used to hae in the fever; but, instead of the fiery een, and wolves, and Widow Butler's bullseg, that I used to see spieling up on my bed, I am thinking now about a high, black gibbet, and me standing up, and such seas of faces all looking up at poor Effie Deans, and asking if it be her that George Robertson used to call the Lily of St. Leonard's. And then they stretch out their faces, and make mouths, and girn at me, and which ever way I look, I see a face laughing like Meg Murdockson when she tauld me I had seen the last of my wean. God preserve us, Jeanie, that carline has a fearsome face!" She clapped her hands before her eyes as she uttered this exclamation, as if to secure herself against seeing the fearful object she had alluded to.

Jeanie Deans remained with her sister for two hours, during which she endeavoured, if possible, to extract something from her that might be serviceable in her exculpation. But she had nothing to say beyond what she had declared on her first examination, with the purport of which the reader will be made acquainted in proper time and place. "They wadna believe her," she said, "and she had naething mair to tell them."

At length Ratcliffe, though reluctantly, informed the sisters that there was a necessity that they should part. "Mr. Novit," he said, "was to see the prisoner, and maybe Mr. Langtale too. Langtale likes to look at a bonny lass, whether in prison or out o' prison."

Reluctantly, therefore, and slowly, after many a tear, and many an embrace, Jeanie retired from the apartment, and heard its jarring bolts turned upon the dear being from whom she was separated. Somewhat familiarized now even with her rude conductor, she offered him a small present in money, with a request he would do what he could for her sister's accommodation. To her surprise, Ratcliffe declined the fee. "I wasna bloody when I was on the pad," he said, "and I winna be greedy—that is, beyond what's right and reasonable—now that I am in the lock.—Keep the siller; and for civility, your sister sall hae sic as I can bestow; but I hope you'll think better on it, and rap an oath for her—deil a hair ill there is in it, if ye are rapping again the crown. I kend a worthy minister, as gude a man, bating the deed they deposed him for, as ever ye heard claver in a pu'pit, that rapped to a hogshead of pigtail tobacco, just for as muckle as filled his spleuchan.§ But maybe ye are keeping your ain counsel—weel, weel, there's nae harm in that. As for your sister, I'se see that she

* The gallows. † Swearing.
‡ Kissed the book. § Tobacco pouch.

s her meat clean and warm, and I'll try to gar her down and take a sleep after dinner, for de'il a ee 'll close the night. I hae gude experience o' thae tters. The first night is aye the warst o't. I hae ver heard o' ane that sleepit the night afore trial, t of mony a ane that sleepit as sound as a tap the ght before their necks were straughted. And it's wonder—the warst may be tholed when it's kend Better a finger aff as aye wagging."

CHAPTER XXI.

> Yet though thou mayst be dragg'd in scorn
> To yonder ignominious tree,
> Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
> To share the cruel fates' decree.—JEMMY DAWSON

AFTER spending the greater part of the morning in devotions (for his benevolent neighbours had ndly insisted upon discharging his task of ordinary our,) David Deans entered the apartment when breakfast meal was prepared. His eyes were inuntarily cast down, for he was afraid to look at nie, uncertain as he was whether she might feel rself at liberty, with a good conscience, to attend Court of Justiciary that day, to give the evidence ich he understood that she possessed, in order to r sister's exculpation. At length, after a minute of prehensive hesitation, he looked at her dress to disver whether it seemed to be in her contemplation go abroad that morning. Her apparel was neat d plain, but such as conveyed no exact intimation her intentions to go abroad. She had exchanged r usual garb for morning labour, for one something erior to that with which, as her best, she was wont dress herself for church, or any more rare occasion going into society. Her sense taught her, that it s respectful to be decent in her apparel on such an casion, while her feelings induced her to lay aside use of the very few and simple personal ornants, which, on other occasions, she permitted herf to wear. So that there occurred nothing in her ernal appearance which could mark out to her her, with any thing like certainty, her intentions on s occasion.

The preparations for their humble meal were that rning made in vain. The father and daughter , each assuming the appearance of eating, when other's eyes were turned to them, and desisting m the effort with disgust, when the affectionate posture seemed no longer necessary.

At length these moments of constraint were reved. The sound of St. Giles's heavy toll anunced the hour previous to the commencement of trial; Jeanie arose, and, with a degree of compoe for which she herself could not account, asned her plaid, and made her other preparations for listant walking. It was a strange contrast been the firmness of her demeanour, and the vacilon and cruel uncertainty of purpose indicated in her father's motions; and one unacquainted with h could scarcely have supposed that the former s in her ordinary habits of life, a docile, quiet, ntle, and even timid country-maiden, while her her, with a mind naturally proud and strong, and ported by religious opinions, of a stern, stoical, d unyielding character, had in his time undergone d withstood the most severe hardships, and the st imminent peril, without depression of spirit, or bjugation of his constancy. The secret of this ference was, that Jeanie's mind had already anipated the line of conduct which she must adopt, th all its natural and necessary consequences; ile her father, ignorant of every other circumstance, mented himself with imagining what the one sister ght say or swear, or what effect her testimony ght have upon the awful event of the trial.

He watched his daughter, with a faltering and inisive look, until she looked back upon him, with ok of unutterable anguish, as she was about to leave apartment.

"My dear lassie," said he, "I will"—His action, tily and confusedly searching for his worsted mits* and staff, showed his purpose of accompanying her, though his tongue failed distinctly to announce it.

"Father," said Jeanie, replying rather to his action than his words, "ye had better not."

"In the strength of my God," answered Deans, assuming firmness, "I will go forth."

And, taking his daughter's arm under his, he began to walk from the door with a step so hasty, that she was almost unable to keep up with him. A trifling circumstance, but which marked the perturbed state of his mind, checked his course.—"Your bonnet, father?" said Jeanie, who observed he had come out with his gray hairs uncovered. He turned back with a slight blush on his cheek, being ashamed to have been detected in an omission which indicated so much mental confusion, assumed his large blue Scottish bonnet, and with a step slower, but more composed, as if the circumstance had obliged him to summon up his resolution, and collect his scattered ideas, again placed his daughter's arm under his, and resumed the way to Edinburgh.

The courts of justice were then, and are still held in what is called the Parliament Close, or, according to modern phrase, the Parliament Square, and occupied the buildings intended for the accommodation of the Scottish Estates. This edifice, though in an imperfect and corrupted style of architecture, had then a grave, decent, and, as it were, a judicial aspect, which was at least entitled to respect from its antiquity. For which venerable front, I observed, on my last occasional visit to the metropolis, that modern taste had substituted, at great apparent expense, a pile so utterly inconsistent with every monument of antiquity around, and in itself so clumsy at the same time and fantastic, that it may be likened to the decorations of Tom Errand the Porter, in the Trip to the Jubilee, when he appears bedizened with the tawdry finery of Beau Clincher. *Sed transeat cum cæteris erroribus.*

The small quadrangle, or Close, if we may presume still to give it that appropriate, though antiquated title, which at Litchfield, Salisbury, and elsewhere, is properly applied to designate the enclosure adjacent to a cathedral, already evinced tokens of the fatal scene which was that day to be acted. The soldiers of the City Guard were on their posts, now enduring, and now rudely repelling with the butts of their muskets, the motley crew who thrust each other forward, to catch a glance at the unfortunate object of trial, as she should pass from the adjacent prison to the Court in which her fate was to be determined. All must have occasionally observed, with disgust, the apathy with which the vulgar gaze on scenes of this nature, and how seldom, unless when their sympathies are called forth by some striking and extraordinary circumstance, the crowd evince any interest deeper than that of callous, unthinking bustle, and brutal curiosity. They laugh, jest, quarrel, and push each other to and fro, with the same unfeeling indifference as if they were assembled for some holiday sport, or to see an idle procession. Occasionally, however, this demeanour, so natural to the degraded populace of a large town, is exchanged for a temporary touch of human affections; and so it chanced on the present occasion.

When Deans and his daughter presented themselves in the Close, and endeavoured to make their way forward to the door of the Court-house, they became involved in the mob, and subject, of course, to their insolence. As Deans repelled with some force the rude pushes which he received on all sides, his figure and antiquated dress caught the attention of the rabble, who often show an intuitive sharpness in ascribing the proper character from external appearance.—

> "Ye're welcome, whigs,
> Frae Bothwell briggs,"

sung one fellow (for the mob of Edinburgh were at that time jacobitically disposed, probably because that was the line of sentiment most diametrically opposite to existing authority.)

> "Mess David Williamson,
> Chosen of twenty,
> Ran up the pu'pit stair,
> And sang Killiecrankie,"

* A kind of worsted gloves used by the lower orders.

chanted a siren, whose profession might be guessed by her appearance. A tattered cadie, or errand porter, whom David Deans had jostled in his attempt to extricate himself from the vicinity of these scorners, exclaimed in a strong north-country tone, "Ta deil ding out her Cameronian een—what gies her titles to dunch gentleman's about?"

"Make room for the ruling elder," said yet another; "he comes to see a precious sister glorify God in the Grassmarket!"

"Whisht; shame's in ye, sirs," said the voice of a man very loudly, which, as quickly sinking, said in a low, but distinct tone, "It's her father and sister."

All fell back to make way for the sufferers; and all, even the very rudest and most profligate, were struck with shame and silence. In the space thus abandoned to them by the mob, Deans stood, holding his daughter by the hand, and said to her, with a countenance strongly and sternly expressive of his internal emotion, "Ye hear with your ears, and ye see with your eyes, where and to whom the backslidings and defections of professors are ascribed by the scoffers. Not to themselves alone, but to the kirk of which they are members, and to its blessed and invisible Head. Then, weel may we take wi' patience our share and portion of this outspreading reproach."

The man who had spoken, no other than our old friend Dumbiedikes, whose mouth, like that of the prophet's ass, had been opened by the emergency of the case, now joined them, and, with his usual taciturnity, escorted them into the Court-house. No opposition was offered to their entrance, either by the guards or door-keepers; and it is even said, that one of the latter refused a shilling of civility-money, tendered him by the Laird of Dumbiedikes, who was of opinion that "siller wad mak a' easy." But this last incident wants confirmation.

Admitted within the precincts of the Court-house, they found the usual number of busy office-bearers, and idle loiterers, who attend on these scenes by choice, or from duty. Burghers gaped and stared; young lawyers sauntered, sneered, and laughed, as in the pit of the theatre; while others apart sat on a bench retired, and reasoned highly, *inter apices juris*, on the doctrines of constructive crime, and the true import of the statute. The bench was prepared for the arrival of the judges: The jurors were in attendance. The crown-counsel, employed in looking over their briefs and notes of evidence, looked grave, and whispered with each other. They occupied one side of a large table placed beneath the bench; on the other sat the advocates, whom the humanity of the Scottish law (in this particular more liberal than that of the sister country) not only permits, but enjoins, to appear and assist with their advice and skill, all persons under trial. Mr. Nichil Novit was seen actively instructing the counsel for the panel, (so the prisoner is called in Scottish law-phraseology,) busy, bustling, and important. When they entered the Court-room, Deans asked the Laird, in a tremulous whisper, "Where will *she* sit?"

Dumbiedikes whispered Novit, who pointed to a vacant space at the bar, fronting the judges, and was about to conduct Deans towards it.

"No!" he said; "I cannot sit by her—I cannot own her—not as yet, at least—I will keep out of her sight, and turn mine own eyes elsewhere—better for us baith."

Saddletree, whose repeated interference with the counsel had procured him one or two rebuffs, and a special request that he would concern himself with his own matters, now saw with pleasure an opportunity of playing the person of importance. He bustled up to the poor old man, and proceeded to exhibit his consequence, by securing, through his interest with the bar-keepers and macers, a seat for Deans, in a situation where he was hidden from the general eye by the projecting corner of the bench.

"It's gude to have a friend at court," he said, continuing his heartless harangues to the passive auditor, who neither heard nor replied to them; "few folk but mysell could hae sorted ye out a seat like this—the Lords will be here incontinent, and proceed *instanter to trial*. They wunna fence the court as they do at the Circuit—The High Court of Justiciary is aye fenced.—But, Lord's sake, what's this o't?—Jeanie, ye are a cited witness—Macer, this lass is a witness—she maun be enclosed—she maun on nae account be at large.—Mr. Novit, suldna Jeanie Deans be enclosed?"

Novit answered in the affirmative, and offered to conduct Jeanie to the apartment, where, according to the scrupulous practice of the Scottish Court, the witnesses remain in readiness to be called into court to give evidence; and separated, at the same time, from all who might influence their testimony, or give them information concerning that which was passing upon the trial.

"Is this necessary?" said Jeanie, still reluctant to quit her father's hand.

"A matter of absolute needcessity," said Saddletree; "wha ever heard of witnesses no being enclosed?"

"It is really a matter of necessity," said the younger counsellor, retained for her sister; and Jeanie reluctantly followed the macer of the court to the place appointed.

"This, Mr. Deans," said Saddletree, "is ca'd sequestering a witness; but it's clean different (whilk maybe ye wadna fund out o' yoursell) frae sequestering ane's estate or effects, as in cases of bankruptcy. I hae aften been sequestered as a witness, for the Sheriff is in the use whiles to cry me in to witness the declarations at precognitions, and so is Mr. Sharpitlaw; but I was ne'er like to be sequestered o' land and goods but ance, and that was lang syne, afore I was married. But whisht, whisht! here's the Court coming."

As he spoke, the five Lords of Justiciary, in their long robes of scarlet, faced with white, and preceded by their mace-bearer, entered with the usual formalities, and took their places upon the bench of judgment.

The audience rose to receive them; and the bustle occasioned by their entrance was hardly composed, when a great noise and confusion of persons struggling, and forcibly endeavouring to enter at the doors of the Court-room and of the galleries, announced that the prisoner was about to be placed at the bar. This tumult takes place when the doors, at first only opened to those either having right to be present, or to the better and more qualified ranks, are at length laid open to all whose curiosity induces them to be present on the occasion. With inflamed countenances and dishevelled dresses, struggling with, and sometimes tumbling over each other, in rushed the rude multitude, while a few soldiers, forming, as it were, the centre of the tide, could scarce, with all their efforts, clear a passage for the prisoner to the place which she was to occupy. By the authority of the Court, and the exertions of its officers, the tumult among the spectators was at length appeased, and the unhappy girl brought forward, and placed betwixt two sentinels with drawn bayonets, as a prisoner at the bar, where she was to abide her deliverance for good or evil, according to the issue of her trial.

CHAPTER XXII.

> We have strict statutes, and most biting laws—
> The needful bits, and curbs for headstrong steeds—
> Which, for these fourteen years, we have let sleep,
> Like to an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
> That goes not out to prey.—*Measure for Measure.*

"Euphemia Deans," said the presiding Judge, in an accent in which pity was blended with dignity, "stand up and listen to the criminal indictment now to be preferred against you."

The unhappy girl, who had been stupified by the confusion through which the guards had forced a passage, cast a bewildered look on the multitude of faces around her, which seemed to tapestry, as it were, the walls in one broad slope from the ceiling to the floor, with human countenances, and instinctively obeyed a command, which rung in her ears like the trumpet of the judgment-day.

"Put back your hair, Effie," said one of the macers.

r beautiful and abundant tresses of long fair which, according to the costume of the country, rried women were not allowed to cover with ort of cap, and which, alas! Effie dared no r confine with the snood, or riband, which imp- pu ty of maiden-fame, now hung unbound and elled over her face, and almost concealed her s. On receiving this hint from the attendant, fortunate young woman, with a hasty, trem- and apparently mechanical compliance, shaded rom her face her luxuriant locks, and showed whole court, excepting one individual, a coun- e, which, though pale and emaciated, was so amid its agony, that it called forth an univer- urmur of compassion and sympathy. Appa- the expressive sound of human feeling recalled or girl from the stupor of fear, which predomi- at first over every other sensation, and awa- her to the no less painful sense of shame and ure attached to her present situation. Her eye, had at first glanced wildly around, was turned ground; her cheek, at first so deadly pale, gradually to be overspread with a faint blush, increased so fast, that, when in agony of she strove to conceal her face, her temples, her her neck, and all that her slender fingers and palms could not cover, became of the deepest m.

marked and were moved by these changes, ex- g one. It was old Deans, who, motionless in at, and concealed, as we have said, by the corner bench, from seeing or being seen, did never- s keep his eyes firmly fixed on the ground, as if uined that, by no possibility whatever, would an ocular witness of the shame of his house.

habod!" he said to himself—"Ichabod! my s departed!"

le these reflections were passing through his the indictment, which set forth in technical he crime of which the panel stood accused, ad as usual, and the prisoner was asked if she uilty, or Not Guilty.

ot guilty of my poor bairn's death," said Effie in an accent corresponding in plaintive soft- tone to the beauty of her features, and which ot heard by the audience without emotion.

presiding Judge next directed the counsel to to the relevancy; that is, to state on either e arguments in point of law, and evidence in f fact, against and in favour of the criminal; which it is the form of the court to pronounce minary judgment, sending the cause to the cog- e of the jury or assize.

counsel for the crown briefly stated the fre- of the crime of infanticide which had given the special statute under which the panel stood d. He mentioned the various instances, many m marked with circumstances of atrocity, had at length induced the King's Advocate, with great reluctance, to make the experi- whether by strictly enforcing the Act of Par- t which had been made to prevent such enor- their occurrence might be prevented. "He d," he said, "to be able to establish by wit- as well as by the declaration of the panel f, that she was in the state described by the e. According to his information, the panel had unicated her pregnancy to no one, nor did she in her own declaration that she had done so. ecrecy was the first requisite in support of the ment. The same declaration admitted, that d borne a male child, in circumstances which ut too much reason to believe it had died by nds, or at least with the knowledge or con- f the unhappy mother. It was not, however, ary for him to bring positive proof that the was accessary to the murder, nay, nor even to that the child was murdered at all. It was nt to support the indictment, that it could not d. According to the stern, but necessary se- of this statute, she who should conceal her ncy, who should omit to call that assistance is most necessary on such *occasions*, was ready to have *meditated the death of her off-*spring, as an event most likely to be the consequence of her culpable and cruel concealment. And if, under such circumstances, she could not alternatively show by proof, that the infant had died a natural death, or produce it still in life, she must, under the construction of the law, be held to have murdered it, and suffer death accordingly."

The counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Fairbrother, a man of considerable fame in his profession, did not pretend directly to combat the arguments of the King's Advocate. He began by lamenting that his senior at the bar, Mr. Langtale, had been suddenly called to the county of which he was Sheriff, and that he had been applied to on short warning, to give the panel his assistance in this interesting case. He had had little time, he said, to make up for his inferiority to his learned brother by long and minute research; and he was afraid he might give a specimen of his incapacity, by being compelled to admit the accuracy of the indictment under the statute. "It was enough for their Lordships," he observed, "to know, that such was the law, and he admitted the Advocate had a right to call for the usual interlocutor of relevancy." "But," he stated, "that when he came to establish his case by proof, he trusted to make out circumstances which would satisfactorily elide the charge in the libel. His client's story was a short, but most melancholy one. She was bred up in the strictest tenets of religion and virtue, the daughter of a worthy and conscientious person, who, in evil times, had established a character for courage and religion, by becoming a sufferer for conscience' sake."

David Deans gave a convulsive start at hearing himself thus mentioned, and then resumed the situation, in which, with his face stooped against his hands, and both resting against the corner of the elevated bench on which the Judges sate, he had hitherto listened to the procedure in the trial. The whig lawyers seemed to be interested; the tories put up their lip.

"Whatever may be our difference of opinion," resumed the lawyer, whose business it was to carry his whole audience with him if possible, "concerning the peculiar tenets of these people," (here Deans groaned deeply,) "it is impossible to deny them the praise of sound, and even rigid morals, or the merit of training up their children in the fear of God; and yet it was the daughter of such a person whom a jury would shortly be called upon, in the absence of evidence, and upon mere presumptions, to convict of a crime, more properly belonging to a heathen, or a savage, than to a Christian and civilized country. It was true," he admitted, "that the excellent nurture and early instruction which the poor girl had received, had not been sufficient to preserve her from guilt and error. She had fallen a sacrifice to an inconsiderate affection for a young man of prepossessing manners, as he had been informed, but of a very dangerous and desperate character. She was seduced under promise of marriage, a promise, which the fellow might have, perhaps, done her justice by keeping, had he not at that time been called upon by the law to atone for a crime, violent and desperate in itself, but which became the preface to another eventful history, every step of which was marked by blood and guilt, and the final termination of which had not even yet arrived. He believed that no one would hear him without surprise, when he stated that the father of this infant now amissing, and said by the learned Advocate to have been murdered, was no other than the notorious George Robertson, the accomplice of Wilson, the hero of the memorable escape from the Tolbooth Church, and, as no one knew better than his learned friend the Advocate, the principal actor in the Porteous conspiracy."

"I am sorry to interrupt a counsel in such a case as the present," said the presiding Judge; "but I must remind the learned gentleman, that he is travelling out of the case before us."

The counsel bowed, and resumed. "He only judged it necessary," he said, "to mention the name and situation of Robertson, because the circumstance in which that character was placed, went a great way in accounting for the silence on which his Majesty's

counsel had laid so much weight, as affording proof that his client proposed to allow no fair play for its life, to the helpless being whom she was about to bring into the world. She had not announced to her friends that she had been seduced from the path of honour and why had she not done so? Because she expected daily to be restored to character, by her seducer doing her that justice which she knew to be in his power, and believed to be in his inclination. Was it natural was it reasonable was it fair, to expect that she should, in the interim, become *felo de se* of her own character, and proclaim her frailty to the world, when she had every reason to expect, that, by concealing it for a season, it might be veiled for ever? Was it not, on the contrary, pardonable, that, in such an emergency, a young woman, in such a situation, should be found far from disposed to make a confidant of every prying gossip, who, with sharp eyes, and eager ears, pressed upon her for an explanation of suspicious circumstances, which females in the lower—he might say which females of all ranks are so alert in noticing, that they sometimes discover them where they do not exist? Was it strange, or was it criminal, that she should have repelled their inquisitive impertinence with petulant denials? The sense and feeling of all who heard him would answer directly in the negative. But although his client had thus remained silent towards those to whom she was not called upon to communicate her situation,—to whom," said the learned gentleman, "I will add, it would have been unadvised and improper in her to have done so; yet, I trust, I shall remove this case most triumphantly from under the statute, and obtain the unfortunate young woman an honourable dismission from your Lordships' bar, by showing that she did, in due time and place, and to a person most fit for such confidence, mention the calamitous circumstances in which she found herself. This occurred after Robertson's conviction, and when he was lying in prison in expectation of the fate which his comrade Wilson afterwards suffered, and from which he himself so strangely escaped. It was then, when all hopes of having her honour repaired by wedlock vanished from her eyes,—when an union with one in Robertson's situation, if still practicable, might, perhaps, have been regarded rather as an addition to her disgrace,—it was *then*, that I trust to be able to prove that the prisoner communicated and consulted with her sister, a young woman several years older than herself, the daughter of her father, if I mistake not, by a former marriage, upon the perils and distress of her unhappy situation."

"If, indeed, you are able to instruct *that* point, Mr. Fairbrother," said the presiding Judge——

"If I am indeed able to instruct that point, my Lord," resumed Mr. Fairbrother, "I trust not only to serve my client, but to relieve your Lordships from that which I know you feel the most painful duty of your high office; and to give all who now hear me the exquisite pleasure of beholding a creature so young, so ingenuous, and so beautiful, as she that is now at the bar of your Lordships' Court, dismissed from thence in safety and in honour."

This address seemed to affect many of the audience, and was followed by a slight murmur of applause. Deans, as he heard his daughter's beauty and innocent appearance appealed to, was involuntarily about to turn his eyes towards her; but, recollecting himself, he bent them again on the ground with stubborn resolution.

"Will not my learned brother, on the other side of the bar," continued the advocate, after a short pause, "share in this general joy, since I know, while he discharges his duty in bringing an accused person here, no one rejoices more in their being freely and honourably sent hence? My learned brother shakes his head doubtfully, and lays his hand on the panel's declaration. I understand him perfectly—he would insinuate that the facts now stated to your Lordships are inconsistent with the confession of Euphemia Deans herself. I need not remind your lordships, that her present defence is no whit to be narrowed within the bounds of her former confession; and that it is not by any account which she may formerly
have given of herself, but by what is now to b
for or against her, that she must ultimately s
fall. I am not under the necessity of accoun
her choosing to drop out of her declaration
cumstances of her confession to her sist
might not be aware of its importance; she n
afraid of implicating her sister; she might ev
forgotten the circumstance entirely, in the
and distress of mind incidental to the arre
young a creature on a charge so heinous.
these reasons are sufficient to account for her
suppressed the truth in this instance, at w
risk to herself; and I incline most to her er
fear of criminating her sister, because I obs
has had a similar tenderness towards he
(however undeserved on his part,) and ha
once mentioned Robertson's name from be
to end of her declaration.

"But, my Lords," continued Fairbrother,
aware the King's Advocate will expect me t
that the proof I offer is consistent with other
stances of the case, which I do not and
deny. He will demand of me how Effie
confession to her sister, previous to her del
reconcilable with the mystery of the birth—
disappearance, perhaps the murder (for I will r
a possibility which I cannot disprove) of the
My Lords, the explanation of this is to be f
the placability, perchance, I may say, in the
and pliability, of the female sex. The *dulc
ryllidis iræ*, as your Lordships well kn
easily appeased; nor is it possible to co
woman so atrociously offended by the mar
she has loved, but what she will retain
of forgiveness, upon which his penitence,
real or affected, may draw largely, with a c
that his bills will be answered. We can pro
letter produced in evidence, that this villain
son, from the bottom of the dungeon wh
already probably meditated the escape, w
afterwards accomplished by the assistance
comrade, contrived to exercise authority
mind, and to direct the motions, of this unha
It was in compliance with his injunctions, e
in that letter, that the panel was prevailed
alter the line of conduct which her own better
had suggested; and, instead of resorting, w
time of travail approached, to the protectio
own family, was induced to confide hersel
charge of some vile agent of this nefarious
and by her conducted to one of those soli
secret purlieus of villany, which, to the sham
police, still are suffered to exist in the suburb
city, where, with the assistance, and under the
of a person of her own sex, she bore a ma
under circumstances which added treble bi
to the wo denounced against our original
What purpose Robertson had in all this, it is
tell or even to guess. He may have meant t
the girl, for her father is a man of substanc
for the termination of the story, and the co
the woman whom he had placed about the
of Euphemia Deans, it is still more difficul
count. The unfortunate young woman was
by the fever incidental to her situation. In t
she appears to have been deceived by the per
waited on her, and, on recovering her sen
found that she was childless in that abode of
Her infant had been carried off, perhaps for t
purposes, by the wretch that waited on her.
have been murdered for what I can tell."

He was here interrupted by a piercing sh
tered by the unfortunate prisoner. She w
difficulty brought to compose herself. Her
availed himself of the tragical interruption,
his pleading with effect.

"My Lords," said he, "in that piteous
heard the eloquence of maternal affection,
passing the force of my poor words—Rache
ing for her children! Nature herself bears te
in favour of the tenderness and acuteness
prisoner's parental feelings. I will not di
her plea by adding a word more."

"Heard ye ever the like o' that, Laird?" s

distress to Dumbiedikes, when the Counsel had ended his speech. "There's a chield can spin a muckle pirn out of a wee tait of tow! Deil hae't he kens mair about it than what's in the declaration, and a surmise that Jeanie Deans suld hae been able to say something about her sister's situation, whilk surmise, Mr. Crossmyloof says, rests on sma' authority. And he's cleckit this great muckle bird out o' this wee egg! He could wile the very flounders out o' the Firth.—What garr'd my father no send me to Utrecht?—But whisht, the Court is gaun to pronounce the interlocutor of relevancy."

And accordingly the Judges, after a few words, recorded their judgment, which bore, that the indictment if proved, was relevant to infer the pains of law: And that the defence, that the panel had communicated her situation to her sister, was a relevant defence: And, finally, appointed the said indictment and defence to be submitted to the judgment of an assize.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Most righteous judge! a sentence.—Come, prepare.
Merchant of Venice.

It is by no means my intention to describe minutely the forms of a Scottish criminal trial, nor am I sure that I could draw up an account so intelligible and accurate as to abide the criticism of the gentlemen of the long robe. It is enough to say that the jury was impanelled, and the case proceeded. The prisoner was again required to plead to the charge, and she again replied, "Not Guilty," in the same heart-thrilling tone as before.

The crown counsel then called two or three female witnesses, by whose testimony it was established, that Effie's situation had been remarked by them, that they had taxed her with the fact, and that her answers had amounted to an angry and petulant denial of what they charged her with. But, as very frequently happens, the declaration of the panel or accused party herself was the evidence which bore hardest upon her case.

In the event of these Tales ever finding their way across the Border, it may be proper to apprise the southern reader that it is the practice in Scotland, on apprehending a suspected person, to subject him to a judicial examination before a magistrate. He is not compelled to answer any of the questions asked of him, but may remain silent if he sees it his interest to do so. But whatever answers he chooses to give are formally written down, and being subscribed by himself and the magistrate, are produced against the accused in case of his being brought to trial. It is true, that these declarations are not produced as being in themselves evidence properly so called, but only as *adminicles* of testimony, tending to corroborate what is considered as legal and proper evidence. Notwithstanding this nice distinction, however, introduced by lawyers to reconcile this procedure to their own general rule, that a man cannot be required to bear witness against himself, it nevertheless usually happens that these declarations become the means of condemning the accused, as it were, out of their own mouths. The prisoner, upon these previous examinations, has indeed the privilege of remaining silent if he pleases; but every man necessarily feels that a refusal to answer natural and pertinent interrogatories, put by judicial authority, is in itself a strong proof of guilt, and will certainly lead to his being committed to prison; and few can renounce the hope of obtaining liberty, by giving some specious account of themselves, and showing apparent frankness in explaining their motives and accounting for their conduct. It, therefore, seldom happens that the prisoner refuses to give a judicial declaration, in which, nevertheless, either by letting out too much of the truth, or by endeavouring to substitute a fictitious story, he almost always exposes himself to suspicion and to contradictions, which weigh heavily in the minds of the jury.

The declaration of Effie Deans was uttered on other principles, and the following is a sketch of its contents, given in the judicial form, in which they may still be found in the Books of Adjournal.

The declarant admitted a criminal intrigue with an individual whose name she desired to conceal. "Being interrogated, what her reason was for secrecy on this point? She declared, that she had no right to blame that person's conduct more than she did her own, and that she was willing to confess her own faults, but not to say any thing which might criminate the absent. Interrogated, if she confessed her situation to any one, or made any preparation for her confinement? Declares, she did not. And being interrogated, why she forbore to take steps which her situation so peremptorily required? Declares, she was ashamed to tell her friends, and she trusted the person she has mentioned would provide for her and the infant. Interrogated, if he did so? Declares, that he did not do so personally; but that it was not his fault, for that the declarant is convinced he would have laid down his life sooner than the bairn or she had come to harm. Interrogated, what prevented him from keeping his promise? Declares, that it was impossible for him to do so, he being under trouble at the time, and declines further answer to this question. Interrogated, where she was from the period she left her master, Mr. Saddletree's family, until her appearance at her father's, at St. Leonard's, the day before she was apprehended? Declares, she does not remember. And, on the interrogatory being repeated, declares, she does not mind muckle about it, for she was very ill. On the question being again repeated, she declares, she will tell the truth, if it should be the undoing of her, so long as she is not asked to tell on other folk; and admits, that she passed that interval of time in the lodging of a woman, an acquaintance of that person who had wished her to that place to be delivered, and that she was there delivered accordingly of a male child. Interrogated, what was the name of that person? Declares and refuses to answer this question. Interrogated, where she lives? Declares, she has no certainty, for that she was taken to the lodging aforesaid under cloud of night. Interrogated, if the lodging was in the city or suburbs? Declares and refuses to answer that question. Interrogated, whether, when she left the house of Mr. Saddletree, she went up or down the street? Declares and refuses to answer the question. Interrogated, whether she had ever seen the woman before she was wished to her, as she termed it, by the person whose name she refuses to answer? Declares and replies, not to her knowledge. Interrogated, whether this woman was introduced to her by the said person verbally, or by word of mouth? Declares, she has no freedom to answer this question. Interrogated, if the child was alive when it was born? Declares, that—God help her and it! it certainly was alive. Interrogated, if it died a natural death after birth? Declares, not to her knowledge. Interrogated, where it now is? Declares, she would give her right hand to ken, but that she never hopes to see mair than the banes of it. And being interrogated, why she supposes it is now dead? the declarant wept bitterly, and made no answer. Interrogated, if the woman, in whose lodging she was, seemed to be a fit person to be with her in that situation? Declares, she might be fit enough for skill, but that she was a hard-hearted bad woman. Interrogated, if there was any other person in the lodging excepting themselves two? Declares, that she thinks there was another woman; but her head was so carried with pain of body and trouble of mind, that she minded her very little. Interrogated, when the child was taken away from her? Declared, that she fell in a fever, and was light-headed, and when she came to her own mind, the woman told her the bairn was dead; and that the declarant answered, if it was dead it had had foul play. That, thereupon, the woman was very sair on her, and gave her much ill-language; and that the deponent was frightened, and crawled out of the house when her back was turned, and went home to Saint Leonard's Crags, as well as a woman in her condition dought.* Interrogated, why she did not tell her story to her sister and father and

* *i. e.* was able to do.

get force to search the house for her child, dead or alive? Declares, it was her purpose to do so, but she had not time. Interrogated, why she now conceals the name of the woman, and the place of her abode? The declarant remained silent for a time, and then said, that to do so could not repair the skaith that was done, but might be the occasion of more. Interrogated, whether she had herself, at any time, had any purpose of putting away the child by violence? Declares, never; so might God be merciful to her—and then again declares, never, when she was in her perfect senses; but what bad thoughts the Enemy might put into her brain when she was out of herself, she cannot answer. And again solemnly interrogated, declares, that she would have been drawn with wild horses, rather than have touched the bairn with an unmotherly hand. Interrogated, declares, that among the ill language the woman gave her, she did say sure enough that the declarant had hurt the bairn when she was in the brain-fever; but that the declarant does not believe that she said this from any other cause than to frighten her, and make her be silent. Interrogated, what else the woman said to her? Declares, that when the declarant cried loud for her bairn, and was like to raise the neighbours, the woman threatened her, that they that could stop the wean's skirling would stop hers, if she did not keep a' the lounder.* And that this threat, with the manner of the woman, made the declarant conclude, that the bairn's life was gone, and her own in danger, for that the woman was a desperate bad woman, as the declarant judged, from the language she used. Interrogated, declares, that the fever and delirium were brought on her by hearing bad news, suddenly told to her, but refuses to say what the said news related to. Interrogated, why she does not now communicate these particulars, which might, perhaps, enable the magistrate to ascertain whether the child is living or dead; and requested to observe, that her refusing to do so exposes her own life, and leaves the child in bad hands; as also, that her present refusal to answer on such points, is inconsistent with her alleged intention to make a clean breast to her sister? Declares, that she kens the bairn is now dead, or, if living, there is one that will look after it; that for her own living or dying, she is in God's hands, who knows her innocence of harming her bairn with her will or knowledge; and that she has altered her resolution of speaking out, which she entertained when she left the woman's lodging, on account of a matter which she has since learned. And declares, in general, that she is wearied, and will answer no more questions at this time."

Upon a subsequent examination, Euphemia Deans adhered to the declaration she had formerly made, with this addition, that a paper found in her trunk being shown to her, she admitted that it contained the credentials, in consequence of which she resigned herself to the conduct of the woman at whose lodgings she was delivered of the child. Its tenor ran thus:—

"Dearest Effie,

"I have gotten the means to send to you by a woman who is well qualified to assist you in your approaching streight; she is not what I could wish her, but I cannot do better for you in my present condition. I am obliged to trust to her in this present calamity, for myself and you too. I hope for the best, though I am now in a sore pinch; yet thought is free—I think Handie Dandie and I may queer the stifler† for all that is come and gone. You will be angry for me writing this, to my little Cameronian Lily; but if I can but live to be a comfort to you, and a father to your babie, you will have plenty of time to scold.—Once more, let none know your counsel—my life depends on this hag, d—n her—she is both deep and dangerous, but she has more wiles and wit than ever were in a beldam's head, and has cause to be true to me. Farewell, my Lily—Do not droop on my account—in a week I will be yours, or no more my own."

Then followed a postscript. "If they must truss me, I will repent of nothing so much, even at the last hard pinch, as of the injury I have done my Lily."

Effie refused to say from whom she had received this letter, but enough of the story was now known, to ascertain that it came from Robertson; and from the date, it appeared to have been written about the time when Andrew Wilson (called for a nickname Handie Dandie) and he were meditating their first abortive attempt to escape, which miscarried in the manner mentioned in the beginning of this history.

The evidence of the Crown being concluded, the counsel for the prisoner began to lead a proof in her defence. The first witnesses were examined upon the girl's character. All gave her an excellent one, but none with more feeling than worthy Mrs. Saddletree, who, with the tears on her cheeks, declared, that she could not have had a higher opinion of Effie Deans, nor a more sincere regard for her, if she had been her own daughter. All present gave the honest woman credit for her goodness of heart, excepting her husband, who whispered to Dumbiedikes, "That Nichil Novit of yours is but a raw hand at leading evidence, I'm thinking. What signified his bringing a woman here to snotter and snivel, and bather their Lordships? He should hae ceeted me, sir, and I should hae gien them sic a screed o' testimony, they shouldna hae touched a hair o' her head."

"Hadna ye better get up and try't yet?" said the Laird. "I'll make a sign to Novit."

"Na, na," said Saddletree, "thank ye for naething, neighbour—that would be ultroneous evidence, and I ken what belangs to that; but Nichil Novit suld hae had me ceeted *debito tempore*." And wiping his mouth with his silk handkerchief with great importance, he resumed the port and manner of an edified and intelligent auditor.

Mr. Fairbrother now premised, in a few words, "that he meant to bring forward his most important witness, upon whose evidence the cause must in a great measure depend. What his client was, they had learned from the preceding witnesses; and so far as general character, given in the most forcible terms, and even with tears, could interest every one in her fate, she had already gained that advantage. It was necessary, he admitted, that he should produce more positive testimony of her innocence than what arose out of general character, and this he undertook to do by the mouth of the person to whom she had communicated her situation—by the mouth of her natural counsellor and guardian—her sister.—Macer, call into court, Jean, or Jeanie Deans, daughter of David Deans, cow-feeder, at Saint Leonard's Crags."

When he uttered these words, the poor prisoner instantly started up, and stretched herself half way over the bar, towards the side at which her sister was to enter. And when, slowly following the officer, the witness advanced to the foot of the table, Effie, with the whole expression of her countenance altered, from that of confused shame and dismay, to an eager, imploring, and almost ecstatic earnestness of entreaty, with outstretched hands, hair streaming back, eyes raised eagerly to her sister's face, and glistening through tears, exclaimed, in a tone which went through the heart of all who heard her—"O Jeanie, Jeanie, save me, save me!"

With a different feeling, yet equally appropriated to his proud and self-dependant character, old Deans drew himself back still further under the cover of the bench; so that when Jeanie, as she entered the court cast a timid glance towards the place at which she had left him seated, his venerable figure was no longer visible. He sate down on the other side of Dumbiedikes, wrung his hand hard, and whispered, "Ah, Laird, this is warst of a'—if I can but win ower this part—I feel my head unca dizzy; but my Master is strong in his servant's weakness." After a moment's mental prayer, he again started up, as if impatient of continuing in any one posture, and gradually edged himself forward towards the place he had just quitted.

Jeanie, in the meantime, had advanced to the bottom of the table, when, unable to resist the impulse of affection, she suddenly extended her hand to her sister. Effie was just within the distance, that she

* *i. e.* the quieter. † Avoid the gallows.

could seize it with both hers, press it to her mouth, cover it with kisses, and bathe it in tears, with the fond devotion that a Catholic would pay to a guardian saint descended for his safety; while Jeanie, hiding her own face with her other hand, wept bitterly. The sight would have moved a heart of stone, much more of flesh and blood. Many of the spectators shed tears, and it was some time before the presiding Judge himself could so far subdue his emotion, as to request the witness to compose herself, and the prisoner to forbear those marks of eager affection, which, however natural, could not be permitted at that time, and in that presence.

The solemn oath,—"the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal, as far as she knew or should be asked," was then administered by the Judge, "in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God at the great day of judgment;" an awful adjuration, which seldom fails to make impression even on the most hardened characters, and to strike with fear even the most upright. Jeanie, educated in deep and devout reverence for the name and attributes of the Deity, was, by the solemnity of a direct appeal to his person and justice, awed, but at the same time elevated above all considerations, save those which she could, with a clear conscience, call HIM to witness. She repeated the form in a low and reverent, but distinct tone of voice, after the Judge, to whom, and not to any inferior officer of the court, the task is assigned in Scotland of directing the witness in that solemn appeal, which is the sanction of his testimony.

When the judge had finished the established form, he added in a feeling, but yet a monitory tone, an advice, which the circumstances appeared to him to call for.

"Young woman," these were his words, "you come before this court in circumstances which it would be worse than cruel not to pity and to sympathize with. Yet it is my duty to tell you, that the truth, whatever its consequences may be, the truth is what you owe to your country, and to that God whose word is truth, and whose name you have now invoked. Use your own time in answering the questions that gentleman" (pointing to the counsel) "shall put to you—But remember, that what you may be tempted to say beyond what is the actual truth, you must answer both here and hereafter."

The usual questions were then put to her:—Whether any one had instructed her what evidence she had to deliver? Whether any one had given or promised her any good deed, hire, or reward, for her testimony? Whether she had any malice or ill-will at his majesty's advocate, being the party against whom she was cited as a witness? To which questions she successively answered by a quiet negative. But their tenor gave great scandal and offence to her father, who was not aware that they are put to every witness as a matter of form.

"Na, na," he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, "my bairn is no like the widow of Tekoah—nae man has putten words into her mouth."

One of the judges, better acquainted, perhaps, with the books of adjournal than with the book of Samuel, was disposed to make some instant inquiry after this widow of Tekoah, who, as he construed the matter, had been tampering with the evidence. But the presiding judge, better versed in scripture history, whispered to his learned brother the necessary explanation; and the pause occasioned by this mistake, had the good effect of giving Jeanie Deans time to collect her spirits for the painful task she had to perform.

Fairbrother, whose practice and intelligence were considerable, saw the necessity of letting the witness compose herself. In his heart he suspected that she came to bear false witness in her sister's cause.

"But that is her own affair," thought Fairbrother; "and it is my business to see that she has plenty of time to regain composure, and to deliver her evidence, be it true, or be it false—*valeat quantum*."

Accordingly, he commenced his interrogatories with uninteresting questions, which admitted of instant reply.

"You are, I think, the sister of the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the full sister, however?"

"No, sir—we are by different mothers."

"True; and you are, I think, several years older than your sister?"

"Yes, sir," &c.

After the advocate had conceived that, by these preliminary and unimportant questions, he had familiarized the witness with the situation in which she stood, he asked, "whether she had not remarked her sister's state of health to be altered, during the latter part of the term when she had lived with Mrs. Saddletree?"

Jeanie answered in the affirmative.

"And she told you the cause of it, my dear, I suppose?" said Fairbrother, in an easy, and, as one may say, an inductive sort of tone.

"I am sorry to interrupt my brother," said the crown counsel, rising, "but I am in your Lordships' judgment, whether this be not a leading question?"

"If this point is to be debated," said the presiding judge, "the witness must be removed."

For the Scottish lawyers regard with a sacred and scrupulous horror, every question so shaped by the counsel examining, as to convey to a witness the least intimation of the nature of the answer which is desired from him. These scruples, though founded on an excellent principle, are sometimes carried to an absurd pitch of nicety, especially as it is generally easy for a lawyer who has his wits about him to elude the objection. Fairbrother did so in the present case.

"It is not necessary to waste the time of the court, my lord; since the king's counsel thinks it worth while to object to the form of my question, I will shape it otherwise.—Pray, young woman, did you ask your sister any question when you observed her looking unwell?—take courage—speak out."

"I asked her," replied Jeanie, "what ailed her."

"Very well—take your own time—and what was the answer she made?" continued Mr. Fairbrother.

Jeanie was silent, and looked deadly pale. It was not that she at any one instant entertained an idea of the possibility of prevarication—it was the natural hesitation to extinguish the last spark of hope that remained for her sister.

"Take courage, young woman," said Fairbrother. —"I asked what your sister said ailed her when you inquired?"

"Nothing," answered Jeanie, with a faint voice, which was yet heard distinctly in the most distant corner of the court-room,—such an awful and profound silence had been preserved during the anxious interval, which had interposed betwixt the lawyer's question and the answer of the witness.

Fairbrother's countenance fell; but with that ready presence of mind which is as useful in civil as in military emergencies, he immediately rallied—"Nothing? True; you mean nothing at *first*—but when you asked her again, did she not tell you what ailed her?"

The question was put in a tone meant to make her comprehend the importance of her answer, had she not been already aware of it. The ice was broken, however, and, with less pause than at first, she now replied,—"Alack! alack! she never breathed word to me about it."

A deep groan passed through the court. It was echoed by one deeper and more agonized from the unfortunate father. The hope, to which unconsciously, and in spite of himself, he had still secretly clung, had now dissolved, and the venerable old man fell forward senseless on the floor of the Court-house, with his head at the foot of his terrified daughter. The unfortunate prisoner, with impotent passion strove with the guards, betwixt whom she was placed. "Let me gang to my father!—I *will* gang to him—I *will* gang to him—he is dead—he is killed—I hae killed him!"—she repeated in frenzied tones of grief, which those who heard them did not speedily forget.

Even in this moment of agony and general confusion, Jeanie did not lose that superiority, which a deep and firm mind assures to its possessor, under the most trying circumstances.

"He is my father—he is our father," she mildly

repeated to those who endeavoured to separate them, as she stooped,—shaded aside his gray hairs, and began assiduously to chafe his temples.

The Judge, after repeatedly wiping his eyes, gave directions that they should be conducted into a neighbouring apartment, and carefully attended. The prisoner, as her father was borne from the Court, and her sister slowly followed, pursued them with her eyes so earnestly fixed, as if they would have started from their socket. But when they were no longer visible, she seemed to find, in her despairing and deserted state, a courage which she had not yet exhibited.

"The bitterness of it is now past," she said, and then boldly addressed the Court, "My Lords, if it is your pleasure to gang on wi' this matter, the weariest day will hae its end at last."

The Judge, who, much to his honour, had shared deeply in the general sympathy, was surprised at being recalled to his duty by the prisoner. He collected himself, and requested to know if the panel's counsel had more evidence to produce. Fairbrother replied, with an air of dejection, that his proof was concluded.

The King's Counsel addressed the Jury for the crown. He said in few words, that no one could be more concerned than he was for the distressing scene which they had just witnessed. But it was the necessary consequence of great crimes to bring distress and ruin upon all connected with the perpetrators. He briefly reviewed the proof, in which he showed that all the circumstances of the case concurred with those required by the act under which the unfortunate prisoner was tried: That the counsel for the panel had totally failed in proving that Euphemia Deans had communicated her situation to her sister: That, respecting her previous good character, he was sorry to observe, that it was females who possessed the world's good report, and to whom it was justly valuable, who were most strongly tempted by shame and fear of the world's censure, to the crime of infanticide: That the child was murdered, he professed to entertain no doubt. The vacillating and inconsistent declaration of the prisoner herself, marked as it was by numerous refusals to speak the truth on subjects, when, according to her own story, it would have been natural, as well as advantageous, to have been candid; even this imperfect declaration left no doubt in his mind as to the fate of the unhappy infant. Neither could he doubt that the panel was a partner in this guilt. Who else had an interest in a deed so inhuman? Surely neither Robertson, nor Robertson's agent, in whose house she was delivered, had the least temptation to commit such a crime, unless upon her account, with her connivance, and for the sake of saving her reputation. But it was not required of him, by the law, that he should bring precise proof of the murder, or of the prisoner's accession to it. It was the very purpose of the statute to substitute a certain chain of presumptive evidence in place of a probation, which, in such cases, it was peculiarly difficult to obtain. The jury might peruse the statute itself, and they had also the libel and interlocutor of relevancy to direct them in point of law. He put it to the conscience of the jury, that under both he was entitled to a verdict of Guilty.

The charge of Fairbrother was much cramped by his having failed in the proof which he expected to lead. But he fought his losing cause with courage and constancy. He ventured to arraign the severity of the statute under which the young woman was tried. "In all other cases," he said, "the first thing required of the criminal prosecutor was, to prove unequivocally that the crime libelled had actually been committed, which lawyers called proving the *corpus delicti*. But this statute, made doubtless with the best intentions, and under the impulse of a just horror for the unnatural crime of infanticide, run the risk of itself occasioning the worst of murders, the death of an innocent person, to atone for a supposed crime which may never have been committed by any one. He was so far from acknowledging the alleged probability of the child's violent death, that he could not even allow that there was evidence of its hav
lived."

The King's Counsel pointed to the wom
claration; to which the counsel replied—"A
tion concocted in a moment of terror and ag
which approached to insanity," he said, "his
brother well knew was no sound evidence ag
party who emitted it. It was true, that a judi
fession, in presence of the Justices themsel
the strongest of all proof, in so much that it i
law, that '*in confitentem nullæ sunt partes*
But this was true of judicial confession only, b
law meant that which is made in presence of
tices, and the sworn inquest. Of extrajudic
fession, all authorities held with the illustr
naceus, and Matheus, '*confessio extrajudic
se nulla est; et quod nullum est, non potest c
culari.*' It was totally inept, and void of all
and effect from the beginning; incapable, si
of being bolstered up or supported, or, acco
the law-phrase, adminiculated, by other pres
circumstances. In the present case, therefore
the extrajudicial confession go, as it ought t
nothing," he contended, "the prosecutor had n
out the second quality of the statute, that a li
had been born; and *that*, at least, ought to
blished before presumptions were received th
been murdered. If any of the assize," he said,
be of opinion that this was dealing rather n
with the statute, they ought to consider that i
its nature highly penal, and therefore entitl
favourable construction."

He concluded a learned speech, with an
peroration on the scene they had just wi
during which Saddletree fell fast asleep.

It was now the presiding Judge's turn to
the jury. He did so briefly and distinctly.

"It was for the jury," he said, "to consider
the prosecutor had made out his plea. For
he sincerely grieved to say, that a shadow
remained not upon his mind concerning th
which the inquest had to bring in. He w
follow the prisoner's counsel through the i
ment which he had brought against the st
King William and Queen Mary. He and
were sworn to judge according to the laws
stood, not to criticise, or to evade, or even t
them. In no civil case would a counsel ha
permitted to plead his client's case in the teet
law; but in the hard situation in which coun
often placed in the Criminal Court, as well
favour to all presumptions of innocence, he
inclined to interrupt the learned gentleman.
row his plea. The present law, as it now st
been instituted by the wisdom of their fa
check the alarming progress of a dreadful
when it was found too severe for its purpose,
doubtless be altered by the wisdom of the leg
at present it was the law of the land, the rul
court, and, according to the oath which t
taken, it must be that of the jury. This
girl's situation could not be doubted; that
borne a child, and that the child had disa
were certain facts. The learned counsel ha
to show that she had communicated her si
All the requisites of the case required by th
were therefore before the jury. The learned ge
had, indeed, desired them to throw out of co
tion the panel's own confession, which was
usually urged, in penury of all others, by co
his situation, who usually felt that the decl
of their clients bore hard on them. But
Scottish law designed that a certain weight
be laid on these declarations, which, he a
were *quodammodo* extrajudicial, was evide
the universal practice by which they were
produced and read, as part of the prosecutor's
tion. In the present case, no person who ha
the witnesses describe the appearance of th
woman before she left Saddletree's house, a
trasted it with that of her state and conditio
return to her father's, could have any doubt
fact of delivery had taken place, as set fortl
own declaration, which was, therefore, not a

piece of testimony, but adminiculated and supported by the strongest circumstantial proof.

"He did not," he said, "state the impression upon his own mind with the purpose of biassing theirs. He had felt no less than they had done from the scene of domestic misery which had been exhibited before them; and if they, having God and a good conscience, the sanctity of their oath, and the regard due to the law of the country, before their eyes, could come to a conclusion favourable to this unhappy prisoner, he should rejoice as much as any one in court; for never had he found his duty more distressing than in discharging it that day, and glad he would be to be relieved from the still more painful task, which would otherwise remain for him."

The jury, having heard the Judge's address, bowed and retired, preceded by a macer of Court, to the apartment destined for their deliberation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Law, take thy victim—May she find the mercy
In yon mild heaven, which this hard world denies her!

It was an hour ere the jurors returned, and as they traversed the crowd with slow steps, as men about to discharge themselves of a heavy and painful responsibility, the audience was hushed into profound, earnest, and awful silence.

"Have you agreed on your chancellor, gentlemen?" was the first question of the Judge.

The foreman, called in Scotland the chancellor of the jury, usually the man of best rank and estimation among the assizers, stepped forward, and, with a low reverence, delivered to the Court a sealed paper, containing the verdict, which, until of late years, that verbal returns are in some instances permitted, was always couched in writing. The Jury remained standing while the Judge broke the seals and having perused the paper, handed it, with an air of mournful gravity, down to the Clerk of Court, who proceeded to engross in the record the yet unknown verdict, of which, however, all omened the tragical contents. A form still remained, trifling and unimportant in itself, but to which imagination adds a sort of solemnity from the awful occasion upon which it is used. A lighted candle was placed on the table, the original paper containing the verdict was enclosed in a sheet of paper, and, sealed with the Judge's own signet, was transmitted to the Crown Office, to be preserved among other records of the same kind. As all this is transacted in profound silence, the producing and extinguishing the candle seems a type of the human spark which is shortly afterwards doomed to be quenched, and excites in the spectators something of the same effect which in England is obtained by the Judge assuming the fatal cap of judgment. When these preliminary forms had been gone through, the Judge required Euphemia Deans to attend to the verdict to be read.

After the usual words of style, the verdict set forth, that the Jury having made choice of John Kirk, Esq. to be their chancellor, and Thomas Moore, merchant, to be their clerk, did, by a plurality of voices, find the said Euphemia Deans Guilty of the crime libelled; but, in consideration of her extreme youth, and the cruel circumstances of her case, did earnestly entreat that the Judge would recommend her to the mercy of the Crown.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "you have done your duty—and a painful one it must have been to men of humanity like you. I will, undoubtedly, transmit your recommendation to the throne. But it is my duty to tell all who now hear me, but especially to inform that unhappy young woman, in order that her mind may be settled accordingly, that I have not the least hope of a pardon being granted in the present case. You know the crime has been increasing in this land and I know further, that this has been ascribed to the lenity in which the laws have been exercised, and that there is therefore no hope whatever of obtaining a remission for this offence." The jury bowed again, and, released from their painful office, dispersed themselves among the mass of bystanders.

The Court then asked Mr. Fairbrother, whether he had any thing to say, why judgment should not follow on the verdict? The counsel had spent some time in perusing, and reperusing the verdict, counting the letters in each juror's name, and weighing every phrase, nay every syllable, in the nicest scales of legal criticism. But the clerk of the jury had understood his business too well. No flaw was to be found, and Fairbrother mournfully intimated, that he had nothing to say in arrest of judgment.

The presiding Judge then addressed the unhappy prisoner:—"Euphemia Deans, attend to the sentence of the Court now to be pronounced against you."

She rose from her seat, and, with a composure far greater than could have been expected from her demeanour during some parts of the trial, abode the conclusion of the awful scene. So nearly does the mental portion of our feelings resemble those which are corporal, that the first severe blows which we receive bring with them a stunning apathy, which renders us indifferent to those that follow them. Thus said Mandrin, when he was undergoing the punishment of the wheel; and so have all felt, upon whom successive inflictions have descended with continuous and reiterated violence.

"Young woman," said the Judge, "it is my painful duty to tell you, that your life is forfeited under a law, which, though it may seem in some degree severe, is yet wisely so, to render those of your unhappy situation aware what risk they run, by concealing, out of pride or false shame, their lapse from virtue, and making no preparation to save the lives of the unfortunate infants whom they are to bring into the world. When you concealed your situation from your mistress, your sister, and other worthy and compassionate persons of your own sex, in whose favour your former conduct had given you a fair place, you seem to me to have had in your contemplation, at least, the death of the helpless creature, for whose life you neglected to provide. How the child was disposed of—whether it was dealt upon by another, or by yourself—whether the extraordinary story you have told is partly false, or altogether so, is between God and your own conscience. I will not aggravate your distress by pressing on that topic, but I do most solemnly adjure you to employ the remaining space of your time in making your peace with God, for which purpose such reverend clergyman, as you yourself may name, shall have access to you. Notwithstanding the humane recommendation of the jury, I cannot afford to you, in the present circumstances of the country, the slightest hope that your life will be prolonged beyond the period assigned for the execution of your sentence. Forsaking, therefore, the thoughts of this world, let your mind be prepared by repentance for those of more awful moments—for death, judgment, and eternity.—Doomster, read the sentence."*

* The name of this officer is equivalent to the pronouncer of doom or sentence. In this connexion the Judges of the Isle of Man were called Deemsters. But in Scotland the word was long restricted to the designation of an official person, whose duty it was to recite the sentence after it had been pronounced by the Court, and recorded by the clerk; on which occasion the Doomster legalized it by the words of form, "*And this I pronounce for doom.*" For a length of years, the office, as mentioned in the text, was held *in commendam* with that of the executioner; for when this odious but necessary officer of justice received his appointment, he petitioned the Court of Justiciary to be received as their Doomster, which was granted as a matter of course.

The premonition of the executioner in open court, and in presence of the wretched criminal, had something in it hideous and disgusting to the more refined feelings of later times. But if an old tradition of the Parliament House of Edinburgh may be trusted, it was the following anecdote which occasioned the disuse of the Doomster's office.

It chanced at one time that the office of public executioner was vacant. There was occasion for some one to act as Doomster, and, considering the party who generally held the office, it is not wonderful that a *locum tenens* was hard to be found. At length, one Hume, who had been sentenced to transportation, for an attempt to burn his own house, was induced to consent that he would pronounce the doom on this occasion. But when brought forth to officiate, instead of repeating the doom to the criminal, Mr. Hume addressed himself to their lordships in a bitter complaint of the injustice of his own sentence. It was in vain that he was interrupted, and reminded of the purpose for which he had come hither; "I ken what ye want of me weel eneugh," said the fellow, "ye want me to be your Doomster; but I am come to be none of your Doomster; I am come to summon you, Lord T—, and you, Lord E—, to answer at the bar of an-

When the Doomster showed himself, a tall, haggard figure, arrayed in a fantastic garment of black and gray, passmented with silver lace, all fell back with a sort of instinctive horror, and made wide way for him to approach the foot of the table. As this office was held by the common executioner, men shouldered each other backward to avoid even the touch of his garment, and some were seen to brush their own clothes, which had accidentally become subject to such contamination. A sound went through the court, produced by each person drawing in their breath hard, as men do when they expect or witness what is frightful, and at the same time affecting. The caitiff villain yet seemed, amid his hardened brutality, to have some sense of his being the object of public detestation, which made him impatient of being in public, as birds of evil omen are anxious to escape from daylight, and from pure air.

Repeating after the Clerk of Court, he gabbled over the words of the sentence, which condemned Euphemia Deans to be conducted back to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and detained there until Wednesday the ---- day of ----; and upon that day, betwixt the hours of two and four o'clock afternoon, to be conveyed to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck upon a gibbet. "And this," said the Doomster, aggravating his harsh voice, "I pronounce for *doom*."

He vanished when he had spoken the last emphatic word, like a foul fiend after the purpose of his visitation has been accomplished; but the impression of horror, excited by his presence and his errand, remained upon the crowd of spectators.

The unfortunate criminal,—for so she must now be termed,—with more susceptibility, and more irritable feelings than her father and sister, was found, in this emergence, to possess a considerable share of their courage. She had remained standing motionless at the bar while the sentence was pronounced, and was observed to shut her eyes when the Doomster appeared. But she was the first to break silence when that evil form had left his place.

"God forgive ye, my Lords," she said, "and dinna be angry wi' me for wishing it—we a' need forgiveness. As for mysell I canna blame ye, for ye act up to your lights; and if I havena killed my poor infant, ye may witness a' that hae seen it this day, that I hae been the means of killing my gray-headed father —I deserve the warst frae man, and frae God too— But God is mair mercifu' to us than we are to each other."

With these words the trial concluded. The crowd rushed, bearing forward and shouldering each other, out of the court, in the same tumultuary mode in which they had entered; and, in the excitation of animal motion and animal spirits, soon forgot whatever they had felt as impressive in the scene which they had witnessed. The professional spectators, whom habit and theory had rendered as callous to the distress of the scene as medical men are to those of a surgical operation, walked homeward in groups, discussing the general principle of the statute under which the young woman was condemned, the nature of the evidence, and the arguments of the counsel, without considering even that of the Judge as exempt from their criticism.

The female spectators, more compassionate, were loud in exclamation against that part of the Judge's speech which seemed to cut off the hope of pardon.

"Set him up, indeed," said Mrs. Howden, "to tell us that the poor lassie behoved to die, when Mr. John Kirk, as civil a gentleman as is within the ports of the town, took the pains to prigg for her himsell."

"Ay, but, neighbour," said Miss Damahoy, drawing up her thin maidenly form to its full height of prim dignity—"I really think this unnatural business of having bastard-bairns should be putten a
There isna a hussy now on this side o' tl
you can bring within your doors, but thei
chields—writer-lads, prentice-lads, and wl
coming traiking after them for their destruc
discrediting ane's honest house into the b
hae nae patience wi' them."

"Hout, neighbour," said Mrs. Howden,
live and let live—we hae been young oursell
are no aye to judge the warst when lads a
forgather."

"Young oursells? and judge the wars
Miss Damahoy. "I am no sae auld as th
to, Mrs. Howden; and as for what ye ca' i
I ken neither good nor bad about the matte
my stars."

"Ye are thankfu' for sma' mercies, then,"
Howden; with a toss of her head; "and i
and *young*—I trow ye were doing for yours
last riding of the Scots Parliament, and th
the gracious year seven, sae ye can be nae sl
at ony rate."

Plumdamas, who acted as squire of the b
two contending dames, instantly saw the l
entering into such delicate points of chron
being a lover of peace and good neighbourl
no time in bringing back the conversation t
ginal subject.

"The Judge didna tell us a' he could hae
if he had liked, about the application fo
neighbours," said he; "is there aye a wi
lawyer's clew; but it's a wee bit of a secret

"And what is't?—what is't, neighbour
mas?" said Mrs. Howden and Miss Da
once, the acid fermentation of their dispute
once neutralized by the powerful alkali impl
word secret.

"Here's Mr. Saddletree can tell ye that b
me, for it was him that tauld me," said Plu
as Saddletree came up, with his wife hangi
arm, and looking very disconsolate.

When the question was put to Saddletree,
very scornful. "They speak about stoppin
quency of child-murder," said he, in a cont
tone: "do ye think our auld enemies of En
Glendook aye ca's them in his printed Stat
care a boddle whether we dinna kill ane ani
and birn, horse and foot, man, woman, an
all and sindry, *omnes et singulos*, as Mr. Cr
says? Na, na, it's no *that* hinders them fra
ing the bit lassie. But here's the pinch of
The king and queen are sae ill-pleased wi' th
about Porteous, that deil a kindly Scot will
don again, either by reprieve or remission, i
town o' Edinburgh should be a' hanged on

"Deil that they were back at their Gerr
yard then, as my neighbour MacCroskie ca'
Mrs. Howden, "and that's the way they're
guide us!"

"They say for certain," said Miss Damah
King George flang his periwig in the fire
heard o' the Porteous mob."

"He has done that, they say," replied S
"for less thing."

"A weel, said Miss Damahoy, "he mi
mair wit in his anger—but it's a' the bette
wigmaker, I'se warrant."

"The queen tore her biggonets for perfec
ye'll hae heard o' that too?" said Plumdama
the king, they say, kickit Sir Robert Walpo
keeping down the mob of Edinburgh; but
believe he wad behave sae ungenteel."

"It's dooms truth, though," said Saddletr
he was for kicking the Duke of Argyle* too.

other world for the injustice you have done me in this." In short, Hume had only made a pretext of complying with the proposal, in order to have an opportunity of reviling the Judges to their faces, or giving them, in the phrase of his country, "a sloan." He was hurried off amid the laughter of the audience, but the indecorous scene which had taken place contributed to the abolition of the office of Dempster. The sentence is now read over by the clerk of court, and the formality of pronouncing doom is altogether omitted.

* This nobleman was very dear to his countrymen,
justly proud of his military and political talents, a
for the ready zeal with which he asserted the rights
tive country. This was never more conspicuous t
matter of the Porteous Mob, when the Ministers br
violent and vindictive bill, for declaring the Lord
Edinburgh incapable of bearing any public office in
not foreseeing a disorder which no one foresaw, or u
the course of a riot too formidable to endure opposi
same bill made provision for pulling down the city
abolishing the city guard,—rather a Hibernian mode
them better to keep the peace within burgh in future.

"Kickin the Duke of Argyle!" exclaimed the hearers at once, in all the various combined keys of utter astonishment.

"Ay, but MacCallummore's blood wadna sit down wi' that; there was risk of Andro Ferrara coming in thirdsman."

"The duke is a real Scotsman—a true friend to the country," answered Saddletree's hearers.

"Aye, troth is he, to king and country baith, as ye sall hear," continued the orator, "if ye will come in bye into my house, for it's safest speaking of sic things *inter parietes*."

When they entered his shop he thrust his prentice boy out of it, and unlocking his desk, took out, with an air of grave and complacent importance, a dirty and crumpled piece of printed paper; he observed, "This is new corn—it's no every body could show ye the like o' this. It's the Duke's speech about the Porteous mob, just promulgated by the hawkers. Ye shall hear what Ian Roy Cean* says for himsell. My correspondent bought it in the Palace-yard, that's like just under the king's nose—I think he claws up their mittans!—It came in a letter about a foolish bill of exchange that the man wanted me to renew for him. I wish ye wad see about it, Mrs. Saddletree."

Honest Mrs. Saddletree had hitherto been so sincerely distressed about the situation of her unfortunate protegée, that she had suffered her husband to proceed in his own way, without attending to what he was saying. The words *bill* and *renew* had, however, an awakening sound in them; and she snatched the letter which her husband held towards her, and wiping her eyes, and putting on her spectacles, endeavoured, as fast as the dew which collected on her glasses would permit, to get at the meaning of the needful part of the epistle; while her husband with pompous elevation, read an extract from the speech.

"I am no minister, I never was a minister, and I never will be one"——

"I didna ken his grace was ever designed for the ministry," interrupted Mrs. Howden.

"He disna mean a minister of the gospel, Mrs. Howden, but a minister of state," said Saddletree, with condescending goodness, and then proceeded: "The time was, when I might have been a piece of a minister, but I was too sensible of my own incapacity to engage in any state affair. And I thank God that I had always too great a value for those few abilities which nature has given me, to employ them in doing any drudgery, or any job of what kind soever. I have, ever since I set out in the world, (and I believe few have set out more early,) served my prince with my tongue; I have served him with any little interest I had, and I have served him with my sword, and in my profession of arms. I have held employments which I have lost, and were I to be to-morrow deprived of those which still remain to me, and which I have endeavoured honestly to deserve, I would still serve him to the last acre of my inheritance, and to the last drop of my blood."——

Mrs. Saddletree here broke in upon the orator.—"Mr. Saddletree, what *is* the meaning of a' this? Here are ye clavering about the Duke of Argyle, and this man Martingale gaun to break on our hands, and lose us gude sixty pounds—I wonder what duke will pay that, quotha—I wish the Duke of Argyle would pay his ain accounts—He is in a thousand punds Scots on thae very books when he was last at Roystoun—I'm no saying but he's a just nobleman, and that it's gude siller—but it wad drive ane daft to be confused wi' dukes and drakes, and thae distressed folk up stairs, that's Jeanie Deans and her father. And then, putting the very callant that was sewing the curpel out o' the shop, to play wi' blackguards in the close—Sit still, neighbours, it's no that I mean to disturb *you*; but what between courts o' law and courts o' state, and upper and under parliaments, and parliament-houses, here and in London, the gudeman's gane clean gyte, I think."

The gossips understood civility, and the rule of doing as they would be done by, too well, to tarry upon the slight invitation implied in the conclusion of this speech, and therefore made their farewells and departure as fast as possible, Saddletree whispering to Plumdamas that he would "meet him at MacCroskie's," (the low-browed shop in the Luckenbooths, already mentioned,) "in the hour of cause, and put MacCallummore's speech in his pocket, for a' the gudewife's din."

When Mrs. Saddletree saw the house freed of her importunate visiters, and the little boy reclaimed from the pastimes of the wynd to the exercise of the awl, she went to visit her unhappy relative, David Deans, and his elder daughter, who had found in her house the nearest place of friendly refuge.

CHAPTER XXV.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.—
Measure for Measure

When Mrs. Saddletree entered the apartment in which her guests had shrouded their misery, she found the window darkened. The feebleness which followed his long swoon had rendered it necessary to lay the old man in bed. The curtains were drawn around him, and Jeanie sate motionless by the side of the bed. Mrs. Saddletree was a woman of kindness, nay, of feeling, but not of delicacy. She opened the half-shut window, drew aside the curtain, and taking her kinsman by the hand, exhorted him to sit up, and bear his sorrow like a good man, and a Christian man, as he was. But when she quitted his hand, it fell powerless by his side, nor did he attempt the least reply.

"Is all over?" asked Jeanie, with lips and cheeks as pale as ashes,—"And is there nae hope for her?"

"Nane, or next to nane," said Mrs. Saddletree; "I heard the judge-carle say it with my ain ears—It was a burning shame to see sae mony o' them set up yonder in their red gowns and black gowns, and a' to take the life o' a bit senseless lassie. I had never muckle broo o' my gudeman's gossips, and now I like them waur than ever. The only wiselike thing I heard ony body say, was decent Mr. John Kirk of Kirk-knowe, and he wussed them just to get the king's mercy, and nae mair about it. But he spake to unreasonable folk—he might just hae keepit his breath to hae blawn on his porridge."

"But *can* the king gie her mercy?" said Jeanie, earnestly. "Some folk tell me he canna gie mercy in cases of mur——in cases like hers."

The Duke of Argyle opposed this bill as a cruel, unjust, and fanatical proceeding, and an encroachment upon the privileges of the royal burghs of Scotland, secured to them by the treaty of Union. "In all the proceedings of that time," said his Grace, "the nation of Scotland treated with the English as a free and independent people; and as that treaty, my Lords, had no other guarantee for the due performance of its articles, but the faith and honour of a British Parliament, it would be both unjust and ungenerous, should this House agree to any proceedings that have a tendency to injure it."

Lord Hardwicke, in reply to the Duke of Argyle, seemed to insinuate, that his Grace had taken up the affair in a party point of view, to which the nobleman replied in the spirited language quoted in the text—Lord Hardwicke apologized. The bill was much modified, and the clauses concerning the dismantling the city, and disbanding the Guard, were departed from. A fine of 2000l. was imposed on the city for the benefit of Porteous's widow. She was contented to accept three-fourths of the sum, the payment of which closed the transaction. It is remarkable, that, in our day, the Magistrates of Edinburgh have had recourse to both those measures, held in such horror by their predecessors, as necessary steps for the improvement of the city.

It may be here noticed, in explanation of another circumstance mentioned in the text, that there is a tradition in Scotland, that George II., whose irascible temper is said sometimes to have hurried him into expressing his displeasure *par voie du fait*, offered to the Duke of Argyle, in angry audience, some menace of this nature, on which he left the presence in high disdain, and with little ceremony. Sir Robert Walpole, having met the Duke as he retired, and learning the cause of his resentment and discomposure, endeavoured to reconcile him to what had happened, by saying, "Such was his Majesty's way, and that he often took such liberties with himself without meaning any harm." This did not mend matters in M'Callummore's eyes, who replied, in great disdain, "You will please to remember, Sir Robert, the infinite distance there is betwixt you and me." Another frequent expression of passion on the part of the same monarch, is alluded to in the old Jacobite song—

The fire shall get both hat and wig,
As oft times they've got a' that.

* Red John the Warrior, a name personal and proper in the Highlands to John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, as MacCallummore was that of his race or *dignity*.

"*Can* he gie mercy, hinny?—I weel I wot he *can*, when he likes. There was young Singlesword, that stickit the Laird of Ballencleuch, and Captain Hackum, the Englishman, that killed Lady Colgrain's gudeman, and the Master of Saint Clair, that shot the twa Shaws, and mony mair in my time—to be sure they were gentle blude, and had their kin to speak for them—And there was Jock Porteous the other day—I'se warrant there's mercy, an folk could win at it."

"Porteous?" said Jeanie; "very true—I forget a' that I suld maist mind.—Fare ye weel, Mrs. Saddletree; and may ye never want a friend in the hour o' distress!"

"Will ye no stay wi' your father, Jeanie, bairn?—Ye had better," said Mrs. Saddletree.

"I will be wanted ower yonder," indicating the Tolbooth with her hand, "and I maun leave him now, or I will never be able to leave him. I fearna for his life—I ken how strong-hearted he is—I ken it," she said, laying her hand on her bosom, "by my ain heart at this minute."

"Weel, hinny, if ye think it's for the best, better he stay here and rest him, than gang back to St. Leonard's."

"Muckle better—muckle better—God bless you—God bless you!—At no rate let him gang till ye hear frae me," said Jeanie.

"But ye'll be back belive?" said Mrs. Saddletree, detaining her; "they winna let ye stay yonder, hinny."

"But I maun gang to St. Leonard's—there's muckle to be dune, and little time to do it in. And I have friends to speak to—God bless you—take care of my father."

She had reached the door of the apartment, when, suddenly turning, she came back, and knelt down by the bedside.—"O father, gie me your blessing—I dare not go till ye bless me. Say but God bless ye, and prosper ye, Jeanie—try but to say that!"

Instinctively, rather than by an exertion of intellect, the old man murmured a prayer, that "purchased and promised blessings might be multiplied upon her."

"He has blessed mine errand," said his daughter, rising from her knees, "and it is borne in upon my mind that I shall prosper."

So saying, she left the room.

Mrs. Saddletree looked after her, and shook her head. "I wish she binna roving, poor thing—There's something queer about a' thae Deanses. I dinna like folk to be sae muckle better than other folk—seldom comes gude o't. But if she's gaun to look after the kye at St. Leonard's, that's another story; to be sure they maun be sorted.—Grizzie, come up here, and take tent to the honest auld man, and see he wants naething.—Ye silly tawpie," (addressing the maid-servant as she entered,) "what garr'd ye busk up your cockernony that gate?—I think there's been enough the day to gie an awfu' warning about your cockups and your fallal duds—see what they a' come to." &c. &c. &c.

Leaving the good lady to her lecture upon worldly vanities, we must transport our reader to the cell in which the unfortunate Effie Deans was now immured, being restricted of several liberties which she had enjoyed before the sentence was pronounced.

When she had remained about an hour in the state of stupified horror so natural in her situation, she was disturbed by the opening of the jarring bolts of her place of confinement, and Ratcliffe showed himself. "It's your sister," he said, "wants to speak t'ye, Effie."

"I canna see naebody," said Effie, with the hasty irritability which misery had rendered more acute—"I canna see naebody, and least of a' her—Bid her take care of the auld man—I am naething to any o' them now, nor them to me."

"She says she maun see ye, though," said Ratcliffe; and Jeanie, rushing into the apartment, threw her arms round her sister's neck, who writhed to extricate herself from her embrace.

"What signifies coming to greet ower me," said poor Effie, "when you have killed me?—killed me, when a word of your mouth would have saved me—killed me, when I am an innocent creature—innocent of that guilt at least—and me that wad hae body and soul to save your finger from being

"You shall not die," said Jeanie, with enthu firmness; "say what ye like o' me—think w like o' me—only promise—for I doubt your heart—that ye winna harm yoursell, and yo not die this shameful death."

"A *shamefu'* death I will not die, Jeanie. have that in my heart—though it has been ow a ane—that winna bide shame. Gae hame father, and think nae mair on me—I have eat earthly meal."

"O, this was what I feared!" said Jeanie.

"Hout, tout, hinnie," said Ratcliffe; "it's l ye ken o' thae things. Ane aye thinks at t dinnle o' the sentence, they hae heart enough rather than bide out the sax weeks; but th bide the sax weeks out for a' that. I ken the weel; I hae fronted the doomster three tim here I stand, Jim Ratcliffe, for a' that. Had my napkin strait the first time, as I had a grea till't—and it was a' about a bit gray cowt, worth ten punds sterling—where would I hav now?"

"And how *did* you escape?" said Jeanie, th of this man, at first so odious to her, having a a sudden interest in her eyes from their correspo with those of her sister.

"*How* did I escape?" said Ratcliffe, with a kn wink,—"I tell ye I 'scapit in a way that nae bo escape from this Tolbooth while I keep the ke

"My sister shall come out in the face of th said Jeanie; "I will go to London and beg h don from the king and queen. If they pa Porteous, they may pardon her; if a sister ask ter's life on her bended knees, they *will* pard —they *shall* pardon her—and they will win a sand hearts by it."

Effie listened in bewildered astonishment, earnest was her sister's enthusiastic assuran she almost involuntarily caught a gleam of but it instantly faded away.

"Ah Jeanie! the king and queen live in L a thousand miles from this—far ayont the sa I'll be gane before ye win there!"

"You are mistaen," said Jeanie; "it is no and they go to it by land; I learned something thae things from Reuben Butler."

"Ah, Jeanie! ye never learned ony thing bu was gude frae the folk ye keepit company wi' —but I"—she wrung her hands, and wept bitt

"Dinna think on that now," said Jeanie; will be time for that if the present space be red Fare ye weel! Unless I die by the road, I w the king's face that gies grace.—O, sir, (to Ra be kind to her—she ne'er kend what it was t stranger's kindness till now.—Farewell—fa Effie!—Dinna speak to me—I maunna greet my head's ower dizzy already!"

She tore herself from her sister's arms, and cell. Ratcliffe followed her, and beckoned he small room. She obeyed his signal, but not w trembling.

"What's the fule thing shaking for?" said mean nothing but civility to you. D—n me, I you, and I can't help it. You have so much that, d—n me, but I think there's some cha your carrying the day. But you must not go king till you have made some friend; try the try MacCallummore; he's Scotland's friend that the great folks dinna muckle like him—b fear him, and that will serve your purpose a D'ye ken naebody wad gie ye a letter to him?"

"Duke of Argyle?" said Jeanie, recollectin self suddenly—"what was he to that Argy suffered in my father's time—in the persecutio

"His son or grandson, I'm thinking," sai cliffe; "but what o' that?"

"Thank God!" said Jeanie, devoutly claspi hands.

"You whigs are a' thanking God for some said the ruffian. "But hark ye, hinny, I'll te secret. Ye may meet wi' rough customers Border, or in the Midland, afore ye get to L

il ane o' them will touch an acquaintance [illegible] Ratton's; for though I am tethered frae [illegible] yet they ken I can do a gude or an [illegible] -and deil a gude fellow that has been but [illegible] month on the lay, be he mill r or padder, [illegible] w's the path* of [illegible] [illegible] in England - and there's rogue's Latin [illegible]

[illegible] indeed, totally unintelligible to Jeanie, [illegible] was only impatient to escape from him. [illegible] a line or two on a dirty piece of [illegible] said to her, as she drew back when he [illegible] "Hey! what the deil [illegible] I wanna bite you. [illegible] if it does nae gude, it can do nae ill. But [illegible] to show it, if you have ony fasherie wi' [illegible] or his clerks."

[illegible]" said she. "I do not understand what you [illegible]

[illegible] an, if ye fall among thieves, my precious,— [illegible] a Scripture phrase if ye will hae ane— the [illegible] of them will ken a scart o' my guse feather. [illegible] awa wi' ye— and stick to Argyle; if ony [illegible]"

[illegible] casting an anxious look at the grated win- [illegible] and blackened walls of the old Tolbooth, and [illegible] scarce less anxious at the hospitable lodging [illegible] Saddletree, Jeanie turned her back on that [illegible] and soon after on the city itself. She reach- [illegible] Leonard's Crags without meeting any one [illegible] she knew, which, in the state of her mind, [illegible] sidered as a great blessing. I must do nae- [illegible] she thought as she went along, that can soften [illegible] on my heart— it's ower weak already for what [illegible] do. I will think and act as firmly as I can, [illegible] k as little.

[illegible] was an ancient servant, or rather cottar, of [illegible] r's, who had lived under him for many years, [illegible] se fidelity was worthy of full confidence. [illegible] for this woman, and explaining to her that [illegible] umstances of her family required that she [illegible] ndertake a journey, which would detain her [illegible] weeks from home, she gave her full instruc- [illegible] ncerning the management of the domestic [illegible] her absence. With a precision which, upon [illegible] she herself could not help wondering at, [illegible] ribed and detailed the most minute steps [illegible] re to be taken, and especially such as were [illegible] for her father's comfort. "It was proba- [illegible] said, "that he would return to St. Leon- [illegible] norrow; certain that he would return very [illegible] must be in order for him. He had enough [illegible] s him, without being fashed about warldly [illegible]

[illegible] meanwhile she toiled busily, along with [illegible] tly, to leave nothing unarranged.

[illegible] deep in the night when all these matters [illegible] led; and when they had partaken of some [illegible] first which J[illegible] on that event- [illegible] May Hettly, whose usual residence was a [illegible] t a little distance from Deans's house, asked [illegible] g mistress, whether she would not permit [illegible] main in the house all night? "Ye hae had [illegible] day," she said, "and sorrow and fear are [illegible] ompanions in the watches of the night, as [illegible] rd the gudeman say himsell."

[illegible] are ill companions indeed," said Jeanie; [illegible] aun learn to abide their presence, and better [illegible] the house than in the field."

[illegible] missed her aged assistant accordingly,—for [illegible] was the gradation in their rank of life, that [illegible] ardly term May a servant, and proceeded [illegible] a few preparations for her journey.

[illegible] nplicity of her education and country made [illegible] parations very brief and easy. Her tartan [illegible] rved all the purposes of a riding-habit, and [illegible] brella; a small bundle contained such chan- [illegible] en as were absolutely necessary. Barefooted, [illegible] no says, she had come into the world, and [illegible] d she proposed to perform her pilgrimage; [illegible] lean shoes and change of snow-white thread [illegible] were to be reserved for special occasions of [illegible] y. She was not aware, that the English [illegible] comfort attach an idea of abject misery to the idea of a barefooted traveller; and if the objection of cleanliness had been made to the practice, she would have been apt to vindicate herself upon the very frequent ablutions to which, with Mahometan scrupulosity, a Scottish damsel of some condition usually subjects herself. Thus far, therefore, all was well.

From an oaken press or cabinet, in which her father kept a few old books and two or three bundles of papers, besides his ordinary accounts and receipts, she sought out and extracted from a parcel of notes of sermons, calculations of interest, records of dying speeches of the martyrs, and the like, one or two documents which she thought might be of some use to her upon her mission. But the most important difficulty remained behind, and it had not occurred to her until that very evening. It was the want of money, without which it was impossible she could undertake so distant a journey as she now meditated.

David Deans, as we have said, was easy, and even opulent in his circumstances. But his wealth, like that of the patriarchs of old, consisted in his kine and herds, and in two or three sums lent out at interest to neighbours or relatives, who, far from being in circumstances to pay any thing to account of the principal sums, thought they did all that was incumbent on them when, with considerable difficulty, they discharged "the annual rent." To these debtors it would be in vain, therefore, to apply, even with her father's concurrence; nor could she hope to obtain such concurrence, or assistance in any mode, without such a series of explanations and debates as she felt might deprive her totally of the power of taking the step, which, however daring and hazardous, she knew was absolutely necessary for trying the last chance in favour of her sister. Without departing from filial reverence, Jeanie had an inward conviction that the feelings of her father, however just, and upright, and honourable, were too little in unison with the spirit of the time to admit of his being a good judge of the measures to be adopted in this crisis. Herself more flexible in manner, though no less upright in principle, she felt that to ask his consent to her pilgrimage would be to encounter the risk of drawing down his positive prohibition, and under that she believed her journey could not be blessed in its progress and event. Accordingly, she had determined upon the means by which she might communicate to him her undertaking and its purpose, shortly after her actual departure. But it was impossible to apply to him for money without altering this arrangement, and discussing fully the propriety of her journey; pecuniary assistance from that quarter, therefore, was laid out of the question.

It now occurred to Jeanie that she should have consulted with Mrs. Saddletree on this subject. But, besides the time that must now necessarily be lost in recurring to her assistance, Jeanie internally revolted from it. Her heart acknowledged the goodness of Mrs. Saddletree's general character, and the kind interest she took in their family misfortunes; but still she felt that Mrs. Saddletree was a woman of an ordinary and worldly way of thinking, incapable, from habit and temperament, of taking a keen or enthusiastic view of such a resolution as she had formed; and to debate the point with her, and to rely upon her conviction of its propriety for the means of carrying it into execution, would have been gall and wormwood.

Butler, whose assistance she might have been assured of, was greatly poorer than herself. In these circumstances, she formed a singular resolution for the purpose of surmounting this difficulty, the execution of which will form the subject of the next chapter.

* [illegible] † Seal. ‡ Justice of Peace.

CHAPTER XXVI.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I've heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again;"
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his side, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

Dr. Watts

The mansion-house of Dumbiedikes, to which we are now to introduce our readers, lay three or four

miles—no matter for the exact topography—to the southward of St. Leonard's. It had once borne the appearance of some little celebrity; for the "auld laird," whose humours and pranks were often mentioned in the alehouses for about a mile round it, wore a sword, kept a good horse, and a brace of greyhounds; brawled, swore, and betted at cock-fights and horse-matches; followed Somerville of Drum's hawks, and the Lord Ross's hounds, and called himself *point d. vise* a gentleman. But the line had been vailed of its splendour in the present proprietor, who cared for no rustic amusements, and was as saving, timid, and retired, as his father had been at once grasping and selfishly extravagant,—daring, wild, and intrusive.

Dumbiedikes was what is called in Scotland a *single* house; that is, having only one room occupying its whole depth from back to front, each of which single apartments was illuminated by six or eight cross lights, whose diminutive panes and heavy frames permitted scarce so much light to enter as shines through one well-constructed modern window. This inartificial edifice, exactly such as a child would build with cards, had a steep roof flagged with coarse gray stones instead of slates; a half-circular turret, battlemented, or, to use the appropriate phrase, bartizan'd on the top, served as a case for a narrow turnpike-stair, by which an ascent was gained from story to story; and at the bottom of the said turret was a door studded with large-headed nails. There was no lobby at the bottom of the tower, and scarce a landing-place opposite to the doors which gave access to the apartments. One or two low and dilapidated out-houses, connected by a court-yard wall equally ruinous, surrounded the mansion. The court had been paved, but the flags being partly displaced, and partly renewed, a gallant crop of docks and thistles sprung up between them, and the small garden, which opened by a postern through the wall, seemed not to be in a much more orderly condition. Over the low-arched gateway which led into the yard, there was a carved stone, exhibiting some attempt at armorial bearings; and above the inner entrance hung, and had hung for many years, the mouldering hatchment, which announced that umquhile Laurence Dumbie, of Dumbiedikes, had been gathered to his fathers in Newbattle kirk-yard. The approach to this palace of pleasure was by a road formed by the rude fragments of stone gathered from the fields, and it was surrounded by ploughed but unenclosed land. Upon a baulk, that is, an unploughed ridge of land interposed among the corn, the Laird's trusty palfrey was tethered by the head, and picking a meal of grass. The whole argued neglect and discomfort; the consequence, however, of idleness and indifference, not of poverty.

In this inner court, not without a sense of bashfulness and timidity, stood Jeanie Deans, at an early hour in a fine spring morning. She was no heroine of romance, and therefore looked with some curiosity and interest on the mansion-house and domains, of which, it might at that moment occur to her, a little encouragement, such as women of all ranks know by instinct how to apply, might have made her mistress. Moreover, she was no person of taste beyond her time, rank, and country, and certainly thought the house of Dumbiedikes, though inferior to Holyrood-house, or the palace at Dalkeith, was still a stately structure in its way, and the land a "very bonnie bit, if it were better seen to and done to." But Jeanie Deans was a plain, true-hearted, honest girl, who, while she acknowledged all the splendour of her old admirer's habitation, and the value of his property, never for a moment harboured a thought of doing the Laird, Butler, or herself, the injustice, which many ladies of higher rank would not have hesitated to do to all three, on much less temptation.

Her present errand being with the Laird, she looked round the offices to see if she could find any domestic to announce that she wished to see him. As all was silence, she ventured to open one door;—it was the old Laird's dog-kennel, now deserted, unless when occupied, as one or two tubs seemed to testify, as a washing-house. She tried another—it
was the roofless shed where the hawks had bee
kept, as appeared from a perch or two not yet
pletely rotten, and a lure and jesses which
mouldering on the wall. A third door led to the
house, which was well stocked. To keep a ver
fire, was one of the few points of domestic ma
ment in which Dumbiedikes was positively a
in all other matters of domestic economy he
completely passive, and at the mercy of his
keeper, the same buxom dame whom his fa
long since bequeathed to his charge, and who, i
did her no injustice, had feathered her nest p
at his expense.

Jeanie went on opening doors, like the s
Calender wanting an eye, in the castle of th
dred obliging damsels, until, like the said
errant, she came to a stable. The Highland P
Rory Bean, to which belonged the single entir
was her old acquaintance, whom she had seen
ing on the baulk, as she failed not to recog
the well-known ancient riding furniture and
pique saddle, which half hung on the wall
trailed on the litter. Beyond the "treviss,"
formed one side of the stall, stood a cow, who
her head and lowed when Jeanie came into the
an appeal which her habitual occupations e
her perfectly to understand, and with which sh
not refuse complying, by shaking down some
to the animal, which had been neglected, like
things else in this castle of the sluggard.

While she was accommodating "the milky m
with the food which she should have receive
hours sooner, a slip-shod wench peeped in
stable, and perceiving that a stranger was em
in discharging the task which she, at length,
luctantly, had quitted her slumbers to perform,
lated, "Eh, sirs! the Brownie! the Brownie
fled, yelling as if she had seen the devil.

To explain her terror, it may be necessary
tice, that the old house of Dumbiedikes had,
ing to report, been long haunted by a Brown
of those familiar spirits, who were believed in
times to supply the deficiencies of the ordin
bourer—

"Whirl the long mop, and ply the airy flail."

Certes, the convenience of such a supernatu
sistant could have been nowhere more sensil
than in a family where the domestics were s
disposed to personal activity; yet this serving
was so far from rejoicing in seeing a suppose
substitute discharging a task which she shoul
long since performed herself, that she proce
raise the family by her screams of horror, utte
thick as if the Brownie had been flaying her.
who had immediately resigned her temporar
pation, and followed the yelling damsel into th
yard, in order to undeceive and appease he
there met by Mrs. Janet Balchristie, the fa
sultana of the last Laird, as scandal went—the
keeper of the present. The good-looking
woman, betwixt forty and fifty, (for such
scribed her at the death of the last Laird,) w
a fat, red-faced, old dame of seventy, or there
fond of her place, and jealous of her authority.
scious that her administration did not rest on
a basis as in the time of the old proprietor, thi
siderate lady had introduced into the fam
screamer aforesaid, who added good featur
bright eyes to the powers of her lungs. Sh
no conquest of the Laird, however, who se
live as if there was not another woman in the
but Jeanie Deans, and to bear no very ardent o
bearing affection even to her. Mrs. Janet B
tie, notwithstanding, had her own uneasy th
upon the almost daily visits to Saint Leonard's
and often, when the Laird looked at her wistf
paused, according to his custom before uttera
expected him to say, "Jenny, I am gaun to c
my condition;" but she was relieved by "Je
am gaun to change my shoon."

Still, however, Mrs. Balchristie regarded
Deans with no small portion of malevolen
customary feeling of such persons towards a

who they think has the means of doing them an injury. But she had also a general aversion to any female, tolerably young, and decently well-looking, who showed a wish to approach the house of Dumbiedikes and the proprietor thereof. And as she had raised her mass of mortal clay out of bed two hours earlier than usual to come to the rescue of her clamorous niece, she was in such extreme bad humour against all and sundry, that Saddletree would have pronounced that she harboured *inimicitiam contra omnes mortales*.

"Wha the deil are ye?" said the fat dame to poor Jeanie, whom she did not immediately recognise, "scouping about a decent house at sic an hour in the morning?"

"It was ane wanting to speak to the Laird," said Jeanie, who felt something of the intuitive terror which she had formerly entertained for this termagant, when she was occasionally at Dumbiedikes on business of her father's.

"Ane?—And what sort of ane are ye?—hae ye nae name?—D'ye think his honour has naething else to do than to speak wi' ilka idle tramper that comes about the town, and him in his bed yet, honest man?"

"Dear, Mrs. Balchristie," replied Jeanie, in a submissive tone, "d'ye no mind me?—d'ye no mind Jeanie Deans?"

"Jeanie Deans!!" said the termagant, in accents affecting the utmost astonishment; then, taking two strides nearer to her, she peered into her face with a stare of curiosity, equally scornful and malignant—"I say Jeanie Deans, indeed—Jeanie Deevil, they had better hae ca'd ye!—A bonny spot o' wark your tittie and you hae made out murdering ae puir wean, and your light limmer of a sister's to be hanged for't, as weel she deserves!—And the like o' you to come to ony honest man's house, and want to be into a decent bachelor gentleman's room at this time in the morning, and him in his bed?—Gae wa', gae wa'!"

Jeanie was struck mute with shame at the unfeeling brutality of this accusation, and could not even find words to justify herself from the vile construction put upon her visit, when Mrs. Balchristie, seeing her advantage, continued in the same tone, "Come, come, bundle up your pipes and tramp awa wi' ye!—ye may be seeking a father to another wean for ony thing I ken. If it warna that your father, auld David Deans, had been a tenant on our land, I would cry up the men-folk, and hae ye dookit in the burn for your impudence."

Jeanie had already turned her back, and was walking towards the door of the court-yard, so that Mrs. Balchristie, to make her last threat impressively audible to her, had raised her stentorian voice to its utmost pitch. But, like many a general, she lost the engagement by pressing her advantage too far.

The Laird had been disturbed in his morning slumbers by the tones of Mrs. Balchristie's objurgation, sounds in themselves by no means uncommon, but very remarkable in respect to the early hour at which they were now heard. He turned himself on the other side, however, in hopes the squall would blow by, when, in the course of Mrs. Balchristie's second explosion of wrath, the name of Deans distinctly struck the tympanum of his ear. As he was, in some degree, aware of the small portion of benevolence with which his housekeeper regarded the family at St. Leonard's, he instantly conceived that some message from thence was the cause of this untimely ire, and getting out of his bed, he slipt as speedily as possible into an old brocaded night-gown, and some other necessary integuments, clapped on his head his father's gold-laced hat, (for though he was seldom seen without it, yet it is proper to contradict the popular report, that he slept in it, as Don Quixote did in his helmet,) and opening the window of his bed-room, beheld, to his great astonishment, the well-known figure of Jeanie Deans herself retreating from his gate; while his housekeeper, with arms a-kimbo, fists clenched and extended, body erect, and head shaking with rage, sent after her a volley of Billingsgate oaths. His choler rose in proportion to the surprise, and, perhaps, to the disturbance of his repose. "Hark ye," he exclaimed *from the window*, "ye auld limb of Satan—wha the deil gies you commission to guide an honest man's daughter that gate?"

Mrs. Balchristie was completely caught in the manner. She was aware, from the unusual warmth with which the Laird expressed himself, that he was quite serious in this matter, and she knew that, with all his indolence of nature, there were points on which he might be provoked, and that, being provoked, he had in him something dangerous, which her wisdom taught her to fear accordingly. She began, therefore, to retract her false step as fast as she could. "She was but speaking for the house's credit, and she couldna think of disturbing his honour in the morning sae early, when the young woman might as weel wait or call again; and to be sure, she might make a mistake between the twa sisters, for ane o' them wasna sae creditable an acquaintance."

"Haud your peace, ye auld jade," said Dumbiedikes; "the warst quean e'er stude in their shoon may ca' you cousin, an a' be true that I have heard.—Jeanie, my woman, gang into the parlour—but stay, that winna be redd up yet—wait there a minute till I come doun to let ye in—Dinna mind what Jenny says to ye."

"Na, na," said Jenny, with a laugh of affected heartiness, "never mind me, lass—a' the warld kens my bark's waur than my bite—if ye had had an appointment wi' the Laird, ye might hae tauld me—I am nae uncivil person—gang your ways in by, hinny." And she opened the door of the house with a master-key.

"But I had no appointment wi' the Laird," said Jeanie, drawing back; "I want just to speak twa words to him, and I wad rather do it standing here, Mrs. Balchristie."

"In the open court-yard?—Na, na, that wad never do, lass; we maunna guide ye that gate neither—And how's that douce honest man, your father?"

Jeanie was saved the pain of answering this hypocritical question by the appearance of the Laird himself.

"Gang in and get breakfast ready," said he to his housekeeper—"and, d'ye hear, breakfast wi' us yoursell—ye ken how to manage the porringers of tea-water—and, hear ye, see abune a' that there's a gude fire.—Weel, Jeanie, my woman, gang in by—gang in by, and rest ye."

"Na, Laird," Jeanie replied, endeavouring as much as she could to express herself with composure, notwithstanding she still trembled, "I canna gang in—I have a lang day's darg afore me—I maun be twenty mile o' gate the night yet, if feet will carry me."

"Guide and deliver us!—twenty mile—twenty mile on your feet!" ejaculated Dumbiedikes, whose walks were of a very circumscribed diameter,—"Ye maun never think o' that—come in by."

"I canna do that, Laird," replied Jeanie; "the twa words I hae to say to ye I can say here; forby that Mrs. Balchristie"——

"The deil flee awa wi' Mrs. Balchristie," said Dumbiedikes, "and he'll hae a heavy lading o' her! I tell ye, Jeanie Deans, I am a man of few words, but I am laird at hame, as weel as in the field; deil a brute or body about my house but I can manage when I like, except Rory Bean, my powny; but I can seldom be at the plague, an it binna when my bluid's up."

"I was wanting to say to ye, Laird," said Jeanie, who felt the necessity of entering upon her business, "that I was gaun a lang journey, outby of my father's knowledge."

"Outby his knowledge, Jeanie!—Is that right? Ye maun think o't again—it's no right," said Dumbiedikes, with a countenance of great concern.

"If I were anes at Lunnon," said Jeanie, in exculpation, "I am amaist sure I could get means to speak to the queen about my sister's life."

"Lunnon—and the queen—and her sister's life!" said Dumbiedikes, whistling for very amazement—"the lassie's demented."

"I am no out o' my mind," said she, "and, sink or swim, I am determined to gang to Lunnon, if I suld beg my way frae door to door—and so I maun

unless ye wad lend me a small sum to pay my expenses—little thing will do it; and ye ken my father's a man of substance, and wad see nae man, far less you, Laird, come to loss by me."

Dumbiedikes, on comprehending the nature of this application, could scarce trust his ears—he made no answer whatever, but stood with his eyes riveted on the ground.

"I see ye are no for assisting me, Laird," said Jeanie; "sae fare ye weel—and gang and see my poor father as aften as ye can—he will be lonely eneugh now."

"Where is the silly bairn gaun?" said Dumbiedikes; and, laying hold of her hand, he led her into the house. "It's no that I didna think o't before," he said, "but it stack in my throat."

Thus speaking to himself, he led her into an old-fashioned parlour, shut the door behind them, and fastened it with a bolt. While Jeanie, surprised at this manœuvre, remained as near the door as possible, the Laird quitted her hand, and pressed upon a spring lock fixed in an oak panel in the wainscot, which instantly slipped aside. An iron strong-box was discovered in a recess of the wall; he opened this also, and, pulling out two or three drawers, showed that they were filled with leathern-bags, full of gold and silver coin.

"This is my bank, Jeanie lass," he said, looking first at her, and then at the treasure, with an air of great complacency,—"nane o' your goldsmith's bills for me,—they bring folk to ruin."

Then suddenly changing his tone, he resolutely said—"Jeanie, I will make ye Leddy Dumbiedikes afore the sun sets, and ye may ride to Lunnon in your ain coach, if ye like."

"Na, Laird," said Jeanie, "that can never be—my father's grief—my sister's situation—the discredit to you"——

"That's *my* business," said Dumbiedikes; "ye wad say naething about that if ye werena a fule—and yet I like ye the better for't—ae wise body's eneugh in the married state. But if your heart's ower fu', take what siller will serve ye, and let it be when ye come back again—as gude syne as sune."

"But, Laird," said Jeanie, who felt the necessity of being explicit with so extraordinary a lover, "I like another man better than you, and I canna marry ye."

"Another man better than me, Jeanie?" said Dumbiedikes—"how is that possible? It's no possible, woman—ye hae kend me sae lang."

"Ay but, Laird," said Jeanie, with persevering simplicity, "I hae kend him langer."

"Langer?—it's no possible!" exclaimed the poor Laird. "It canna be; ye were born on the land. O Jeanie woman, ye haena lookit—ye haena seen the half o' the gear." He drew out another drawer—"A' gowd, Jeanie, and there's bands for siller lent—And the rental book, Jeanie—clear three hunder sterling—deil a wadset, heritable band, or burden—Ye haena lookit at them, woman—And then my mother's wardrobe, and my grandmother's forby—silk gowns wad stand on their ends, pearlin-lace as fine as spiders' webs, and rings and ear-rings to the boot of a' that—they are a' in the chamber of deas—Oh, Jeanie, gang up the stair and look at them!"

But Jeanie held fast her integrity, though beset with temptations, which perhaps the Laird of Dumbiedikes did not greatly err in supposing were those most affecting to her sex.

"It canna be, Laird—I have said it—and I canna break my word till him, if ye wad gie me the haill barony of Dalkeith, and Lugton into the bargain."

"Your word to *him*," said the Laird, somewhat pettishly; "but wha is he, Jeanie?—wha is he?—I haena heard his name yet—Come now, Jeanie, ye are but queering us—I am no trowing that there is sic a ane in the warld—ye are but making fashion—What is he?—wha is he?"

"Just Reuben Butler, that's schulemaster at Libberton," said Jeanie.

"Reuben Butler! Reuben Butler!" echoed the Laird of Dumbiedikes, pacing the apartment in high disdain,—"Reuben Butler, the dominie at Libberton—*and a dominie depute too*!—Reuben, the son of my cottar!—Very weel, Jeanie lass, wilfu' woma[n will] hae her way—Reuben Butler! he hasna in his [pouch] the value o' the auld black coat he wears—but [it disn]a signify." And, as he spoke, he shut succes[sively], and with vehemence, the drawers of his tr[easure]. "A fair offer, Jeanie, is nae cause o' feud. A[ne] may bring a horse to the water, but twenty [winna] gar him drink—And as for wasting my substa[nce on] other folk's joes"——

There was something in the last hint that [nettled] Jeanie's honest pride. "I was begging na[e] your honour," she said; "at least of a' on sic a [footing as] ye pit it on. Gude morning to ye, sir; ye ha[e been] kind to my father, and it isna in my heart t[o think] otherwise than kindly of you."

So saying, she left the room, without listeni[ng to a] faint "But, Jeanie—Jeanie—stay, woman!" [and] traversing the court-yard with a quick step, [she set] out on her forward journey, her bosom glowin[g with] that natural indignation and shame, which an [honest] mind feels at having subjected itself to ask a f[avour] which had been unexpectedly refused. When [out of] the Laird's ground, and once more upon the [public] road, her pace slackened, her anger cooled, an[d anx]ious anticipations of the consequence of this [unex]pected disappointment began to influence h[er] other feelings. Must she then actually beg h[er way] to London? for such seemed the alternative; o[r must] she turn back, and solicit her father for mone[y; and] by doing so lose time, which was precious, [besides] the risk of encountering his positive prohibit[ion re]specting her journey? Yet she saw no medi[um be]tween these alternatives; and, while she [walked] slowly on, was still meditating whether it w[ere not] better to return.

While she was thus in an uncertainty, she [heard] the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and a well-know[n voice] calling her name. She looked round, and s[aw ad]vancing towards her on a pony, whose bare ba[ck and] halter assorted ill with the nightgown, slippe[rs, and] laced cocked-hat of the rider, a cavalier of no le[ss im]portance than Dumbiedikes himself. In the [energy] of his pursuit, he had overcome even the H[ighland] obstinacy of Rory Bean, and compelled tha[t self-]willed palfrey to canter the way his rider [chose]; which Rory, however, performed with all the [symp]toms of reluctance, turning his head, and acc[ompa]nying every bound he made in advance with [a side]long motion, which indicated his extreme w[ish to] turn round,—a manœuvre which nothing but t[he con]stant exercise of the Laird's heels and cudgel [could] possibly have counteracted.

When the Laird came up with Jeanie, th[e first] words he uttered were,—"Jeanie, they sa[y ane] shouldna aye take a woman at her first word[."]

"Ay, but ye maun take me at mine, Laird," [said] Jeanie, looking on the ground, and walking o[n with]out a pause. "I hae but ae word to bestow [on ony]body, and that's aye a true ane."

"Then," said Dumbiedikes, "at least ye suld[na] take a man at *his* first word. Ye maunna ga[ng this] wilfu' gate sillerless, come o't what like."—H[e put a] purse into her hand. "I wad gie you Rory t[oo, but] he's as wilfu' as yoursell, and he's ower weel [used to] a gate that maybe he and I hae gaen ower afte[n, and] he'll gang nae road else."

"But Laird," said Jeanie, "though I ken my [father] will satisfy every penny of this siller, whatever [ye spend] o't, yet I wadna like to borrow it frae ane that [maybe] thinks of something mair than the paying o' [it back] again."

"There's just twenty-five guineas o't," said [Dum]biedikes, with a gentle sigh, "and whether you[r father] pays or disna pay, I make ye free till't withou[t ano]ther word. Gang where ye like—do what ye [like]—and marry a' the Butlers in the country, gin [ye like]—And sae, gude morning to you, Jeanie."

"And God bless you, Laird, wi' mony a [gude] morning," said Jeanie, her heart more softe[ned by] the unwonted generosity of this uncouth cha[racter] than perhaps Butler might have approved, i[f he had] known her feelings at that moment; "and co[mfort] and the Lord's peace, and the peace of the wo[rld, be] with you, if we suld never meet again!"

Dumbiedikes turned and waved his hand; and his pony, much more willing to return than he had been to set out, hurried him homewards so fast, that, wanting the aid of a regular bridle, as well as of saddle and stirrups, he was too much puzzled to keep his seat to permit of his looking behind, even to give the parting glance of a forlorn swain. I am ashamed to say, that the sight of a lover, run away with in nightgown and slippers and a laced hat, by a bare-backed Highland pony, had something in it of a sedative, even to a grateful and deserved burst of affectionate esteem. The figure of Dumbiedikes was too ludicrous not to confirm Jeanie in the original sentiments she entertained towards him.

"He's a gude creature," said she, "and a kind—it's a pity he has sae willyard a powny." And she instantly turned her thoughts to the important journey which she had commenced, reflecting with pleasure, that, according to her habits of life and of undergoing fatigue, she was now amply or even superfluously provided with the means of encountering the expenses of the road, up and down from London, and all other expenses whatever.

CHAPTER XXVII.

> What strange and wayward thoughts will slide
> Into a lover's head;
> "O mercy!" to myself I cried,
> "If Lucy should be dead!"—WORDSWORTH.

In pursuing her solitary journey, our heroine, soon after passing the house of Dumbiedikes, gained a little eminence, from which, on looking to the eastward down a prattling brook, whose meanders were shaded with straggling willows and alder trees, she could see the cottages of Woodend and Beer-sheba, the haunts and habitation of her early life, and could distinguish the common on which she had so often herded sheep, and the recesses of the rivulet where she had pulled rushes with Butler, to plait crowns and sceptres for her sister Effie, then a beautiful but spoiled child, of about three years old. The recollections which the scene brought with them were so bitter, that, had she indulged them, she would have sate down and relieved her heart with tears.

"But I kend," said Jeanie, when she gave an account of her pilgrimage, "that greeting would do but little good, and that it was mair beseeming to thank the Lord, that had showed me kindness and countenance by means of a man, that mony ca'd a Nabal and churl, but wha was free of his gudes to me as ever the fountain was free of the stream. And I minded the Scripture about the sin of Israel at Meribah, when the people murmured, although Moses had brought water from the dry rock that the congregation might drink and live. Sae, I wad not trust mysell with another look at poor Woodend, for the very blue reek that came out of the lum-head pat me in mind of the change of market days with us."

In this resigned and Christian temper she pursued her journey, until she was beyond this place of melancholy recollections, and not distant from the village where Butler dwelt, which, with its old-fashioned church and steeple, rises among a tuft of trees, occupying the ridge of an eminence to the south of Edinburgh. At a quarter of a mile's distance is a clumsy square tower, the residence of the Laird of Libberton, who, in former times, with the habits of the predatory chivalry of Germany, is said frequently to have annoyed the city of Edinburgh, by intercepting the supplies and merchandise which came to the town from the southward.

This village, its tower, and its church, did not lie precisely in Jeanie's road towards England; but they were not much aside from it, and the village was the abode of Butler. She had resolved to see him in the beginning of her journey, because she conceived him the most proper person to write to her father concerning her resolution and her hopes. There was probably another reason latent in her affectionate bosom. She wished once more to see the object of so early and so sincere an attachment, before commencing a pilgrimage, the perils of which she did not disguise from herself, although she did *not allow them so to* press upon her mind as to diminish the strength and energy of her resolution. A visit to a lover from a young person in a higher rank of life than Jeanie's, would have had something forward and improper in its character. But the simplicity of her rural habits was unacquainted with these punctilious ideas of decorum, and no notion, therefore, of impropriety crossed her imagination, as, setting out upon a long journey, she went to bid adieu to an early friend.

There was still another motive that pressed upon her mind with additional force as she approached the village. She had looked anxiously for Butler in the court-house, and had expected that certainly, in some part of that eventful day, he would have appeared to bring such countenance and support as he could give to his old friend, and the protector of his youth, even if her own claims were laid aside. She knew, indeed, that he was under a certain degree of restraint; but she still had hoped that he would have found means to emancipate himself from it, at least for one day. In short, the wild and wayward thoughts which Wordsworth has described as rising in an absent lover's imagination, suggested, as the only explanation of his absence, that Butler must be very ill. And so much had this wrought on her imagination, that when she approached the cottage in which her lover occupied a small apartment, and which had been pointed out to her by a maiden with a milk-pail on her head, she trembled at anticipating the answer she might receive on inquiring for him.

Her fears in this case had, indeed, only hit upon the truth. Butler, whose constitution was naturally feeble, did not soon recover the fatigue of body and distress of mind which he had suffered, in consequence of the tragical events with which our narrative commenced. The painful idea that his character was breathed on by suspicion, was an aggravation to his distress.

But the most cruel addition was the absolute prohibition laid by the magistrates on his holding any communication with Deans or his family. It had unfortunately appeared likely to them, that some intercourse might be again attempted with that family by Robertson, through the medium of Butler, and this they were anxious to intercept, or prevent, if possible. The measure was not meant as a harsh or injurious severity on the part of the magistrates; but, in Butler's circumstances, it pressed cruelly hard. He felt he must be suffering under the bad opinion of the person who was dearest to him, from an imputation of unkind desertion, the most alien to his nature.

This painful thought, pressing on a frame already injured, brought on a succession of slow and lingering feverish attacks, which greatly impaired his health, and at length rendered him incapable even of the sedentary duties of the school, on which his bread depended. Fortunately, old Mr. Whackbairn, who was the principal teacher of the little parochial establishment, was sincerely attached to Butler. Besides that he was sensible of his merits and value as an assistant, which had greatly raised the credit of his little school, the ancient pedagogue, who had himself been tolerably educated, retained some taste for classical lore, and would gladly relax, after the drudgery of the school was past, by conning over a few pages of Horace or Juvenal with his usher. A similarity of taste begot kindness, and he accordingly saw Butler's increasing debility with great compassion, roused up his own energies to teaching the school in the morning hours, insisted upon his assistant's reposing himself at that period, and, besides, supplied him with such comforts as the patient's situation required, and his means were inadequate to compass.

Such was Butler's situation, scarce able to drag himself to the place where his daily drudgery must gain his daily bread, and racked with a thousand fearful anticipations concerning the fate of those who were dearest to him in the world, when the trial and condemnation of Effie Deans put the cope-stone upon his mental misery.

He had a particular account of these events from a fellow-student who resided in the same village, and who, having been present on the melancholy occasion, was able to place it in all its agony of horrors

before his excruciated imagination. That sleep should have visited his eyes, after such a curfew-note, was impossible. A thousand dreadful visions haunted his imagination all night, and in the morning he was awaked from a feverish slumber, by the only circumstance which could have added to his distress—the visit of an intrusive ass.

This unwelcome visitant was no other than Bartoline Saddletree. The worthy and sapient burgher had kept his appointment at MacCroskie's, with Plumdamas and some other neighbours, to discuss the Duke of Argyle's speech, the justice of Effie Deans's condemnation, and the improbability of her obtaining a reprieve. This sage conclave disputed high, and drank deep, and on the next morning Bartoline felt, as he expressed it, as if his head was like a "confused progress of writs."

To bring his reflective powers to their usual serenity, Saddletree resolved to take a morning's ride upon a certain hackney, which he, Plumdamas, and another honest shopkeeper, combined to maintain by joint subscription, for occasional jaunts for the purpose of business or exercise. As Saddletree had two children boarded with Whackbairn, and was, as we have seen, rather fond of Butler's society, he turned his palfrey's head towards Libberton, and came, as we have already said, to give the unfortunate usher that additional vexation, of which Imogen complains so feelingly, when she says,

"I'm sprighted with a fool—
Sprighted and anger'd worse."

If any thing could have added gall to bitterness, it was the choice which Saddletree made of a subject for his prosing harangues, being the trial of Effie Deans, and the probability of her being executed.—Every word fell on Butler's ear like the knell of a death-bell, or the note of a screech-owl.

Jeanie paused at the door of her lover's humble abode upon hearing the loud and pompous tones of Saddletree sounding from the inner apartment,—"Credit me, it will be sae, Mr. Butler. Brandy cannot save her. She maun gang down the Bow wi' the lad in the pioted coat* at her heels.—I am sorry for the lassie, but the law, sir, maun hae its course—

'Vivat Rex,
Currat Lex,'

as the poet has it, in whilk of Horace's odes I know not."

Here Butler groaned, in utter impatience of the brutality and ignorance which Bartoline had contrived to amalgamate into one sentence. But Saddletree, like other prosers, was blessed with a happy obtuseness of perception concerning the unfavourable impression which he generally made on his auditors. He proceeded to deal forth his scraps of legal knowledge without mercy, and concluded by asking Butler with great self-complacency, "Was it na a pity my father didna send me to Utrecht? Havena I missed the chance to turn out as *clarissimus an ictus*, as auld Grunwiggin himsell? Whatfor dinna ye speak, Mr. Butler? Wad I no hae been a *clarissimus ictus*? Eh, man?"

"I really do not understand you, Mr. Saddletree," said Butler, thus pushed hard for an answer. His faint and exhausted tone of voice was instantly drowned in the sonorous bray of Bartoline.

"No understand me, man? *Ictus* is Latin for a lawyer, is it not?"

"Not that ever I heard of," answered Butler, in the same dejected tone.

"The deil ye dinna! See, man, I got the word but this morning out of a memorial of Mr. Crossmyloof's—see, there it is, *ictus clarissimus et peritissimus*—it's a' Latin, for it's printed in the Italian types."

"O, you mean *juris-consultus*—*Ictus* is an abbreviation for *juris-consultus*."

"Dinna tell me, man," persevered Saddletree, "there's nae abbreviates except in adjudications; and this is a' about a servitude of water-drap—that is to say, *tillicidian*,† (maybe ye'll say that's no Latin neither,) in Mary King's Close in the High Street."

"Very likely," said poor Butler, overwhelmed by the noisy perseverance of his visiter. "I am not able to dispute with you."

"Few folk are—few folk are, Mr. Butler, though I say it, that shouldna say it," returned Bartoline, with great delight. "Now, it will be twa hours yet or ye're wanted in the schule, and as ye are no weel, I'll sit wi' you to divert ye, and explain t'ye the nature of a *tillicidian*. Ye maun ken, the petitioner, Mrs. Crombie, a very decent woman, is a friend of mine, and I hae stude her friend in this case, and brought her wi' credit into the court, and I doubtna that in due time she will win out o't wi' credit, win she or lose she. Ye see, being an inferior tenement, or laigh house, we grant oursells to be burdened wi' the *tillicide*, that is, that we are obligated to receive the natural water-drap of the superior tenement, sae far as the same fa's frae the heavens, or the roof of our neighbour's house, and from thence by the gutters or eaves upon our laigh tenement. But the other night comes a Highland quean of a lass, and she flashes, God kens what, out at the eastmost window of Mrs. MacPhail's house, that's the superior tenement. I believe the auld women wad hae greed, for Luckie MacPhail sent down the lass to tell my friend Mrs. Crombie that she had made the gardyloo out of the wrang window, from respect for twa Highlandmen that were speaking Gaelic in the close below the right ane. But luckily for Mrs. Crombie, I just chanced to come in in time to break aff the communing, for it's a pity the point suldna be tried. We had Mrs. MacPhail into the Ten-Mark Court—The Hieland limmer of a lass wanted to swear herself free—but haud ye there, says I"——

The detailed account of this important suit might have lasted until poor Butler's hour of rest was completely exhausted, had not Saddletree been interrupted by the noise of voices at the door. The woman of the house where Butler lodged, on returning with her pitcher from the well, whence she had been fetching water for the family, found our heroine Jeanie Deans standing at the door, impatient of the prolix harangue of Saddletree, yet unwilling to enter until he should have taken his leave.

The good woman abridged the period of hesitation by inquiring, "Was ye wanting the gudeman or me, lass?"

"I wanted to speak with Mr. Butler, if he's at leisure," replied Jeanie.

"Gang in by then, my woman," answered the goodwife; and opening the door of a room, she announced the additional visiter with, "Mr. Butler, here's a lass wants to speak t'ye."

The surprise of Butler was extreme, when Jeanie, who seldom stirred half a mile from home, entered his apartment upon this annunciation.

"Good God!" he said, starting from his chair, while alarm restored to his cheek the colour of which sickness had deprived it; "some new misfortune must have happened!"

"None, Mr. Reuben, but what you must hae heard of—but O, ye are looking ill yoursell!"—for "the hectic of a moment" had not concealed from her affectionate eye the ravages which lingering disease and anxiety of mind had made in her lover's person.

"No: I am well—quite well," said Butler, with eagerness; "if I can do any thing to assist you, Jeanie—or your father."

"Ay, to be sure," said Saddletree; "the family may be considered as limited to them twa now, just as if Effie had never been in the tailzie, puir thing. But, Jeanie lass, what brings you out to Libberton sae air in the morning, and your father lying ill in the Luckenbooths?"

"I had a message frae my father to Mr. Butler," said Jeanie, with embarrassment; but instantly feeling ashamed of the fiction to which she had resorted, for her love of and veneration for truth was almost quaker-like, she corrected herself—"That is to say, I wanted to speak with Mr. Butler about some business of my father's and puir Effie's."

"Is it law business?" said Bartoline; "because if it be, ye had better take my opinion on the subject than his."

* The executioner, in a livery of black or dark gray and silver, likened by low wit to a magpie.
† He meant, probably, *stillicidium*.

"It is not just law business," said Jeanie, who saw considerable inconvenience might arise from letting Mr. Saddletree into the secret purpose of her journey; "but I want Mr. Butler to write a letter for me."

"Very right," said Mr. Saddletree; "and if ye'll tell me what it is about, I'll dictate to Mr. Butler as Mr. Crossmyloof does to his clerk. Get your pen and ink *in initialibus*, Mr. Butler."

Jeanie looked at Butler, and wrung her hands with vexation and impatience.

"I believe, Mr. Saddletree," said Butler, who saw the necessity of getting rid of him at all events, "that Mr. Whackbairn will be somewhat affronted if you do not hear your boys called up to their lessons."

"Indeed, Mr. Butler, and that's as true; and I promised to ask a half play-day to the school, so that the bairns might gang and see the hanging, which canna but have a pleasing effect on their young minds, seeing there is no knowing what they may come to themselves.—Odd so, I didna mind ye were here, Jeanie Deans; but ye maun use yoursell to hear the matter spoken o'.—Keep Jeanie here till I come back, Mr. Butler; I wunna bide ten minutes."

And with this unwelcome assurance of an immediate return, he relieved them of the embarrassment of his presence.

"Reuben," said Jeanie, who saw the necessity of using the interval of his absence in discussing what had brought her there, "I am bound on a lang journey—I am gaun to Lunnon to ask Effie's life of the king and of the queen."

"Jeanie! you are surely not yourself," answered Butler, in the utmost surprise; "*you* go to London—*you* address the king and queen!"

"And what for no, Reuben?" said Jeanie, with all the composed simplicity of her character; "it's but speaking to a mortal man and woman when a' is done. And their hearts maun be made o' flesh and blood like other folk's, and Effie's story wad melt them were they stane. Forby, I hae heard that they are no sic bad folk as what the jacobites ca' them."

"Yes, Jeanie," said Butler; "but their magnificence—their retinue—the difficulty of getting audience?"

"I have thought of a' that, Reuben, and it shall not break my spirit. Nae doubt their claiths will be very grand, wi' their crowns on their heads, and their sceptres in their hands, like the great King Ahasuerus when he sate upon his royal throne forament the gate of his house, as we are told in Scripture. But I have that within me that will keep my heart from failing, and I am amaist sure that I will be strengthened to speak the errand I came for."

"Alas! alas!" said Butler, "the kings now-a-days do not sit in the gate to administer justice, as in patriarchal times. I know as little of courts as you do, Jeanie, by experience; but by reading and report I know, that the King of Britain does every thing by means of his ministers."

"And if they be upright, God-fearing ministers," said Jeanie, "it's sae muckle the better chance for Effie and me."

"But you do not even understand the most ordinary words relating to a court," said Butler; "by the ministry is meant not clergymen, but the king's official servants."

"Nae doubt," returned Jeanie, "he maun hae a great number mair, I daur to say, than the Duchess has at Dalkeith, and great folk's servants are aye mair saucy than themselves. But I'll be decently put on, and I'll offer them a trifle o' siller, as if I came to see the palace. Or, if they scruple that, I'll tell them I'm come on a business of life and death, and then they will surely bring me to speech of the king and queen?"

Butler shook his head. "O Jeanie, this is entirely a wild dream. You can never see them but through some great lord's intercession, and I think it is scarce possible even then."

"Weel, but maybe I can get that too," said Jeanie, "with a little helping from you."

"From me, Jeanie, this is the wildest imagination of all."

"Ay, but it is not, Reuben. Havena I heard *you* say, that your grandfather (*that my father never likes* to hear about) did some gude langsyne to the forbear of this MacCallummore, when he was Lord of Lorn?"

"He did so," said Butler, eagerly, "and I can prove it. I will write to the Duke of Argyle—report speaks him a good kindly man, as he is known for a brave soldier and true patriot—I will conjure him to stand between your sister and this cruel fate. There is but a poor chance of success, but we will try all means."

"We *must* try all means," replied Jeanie; "but writing winna do it—a letter canna look, and pray, and beg, and beseech, as the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter's like the music that the ladies have for their spinets—naething but black scores, compared to the same tune played or sung. It's word of mouth maun do't, or naething, Reuben."

"You are right," said Reuben, recollecting his firmness, "and I will hope that Heaven has suggested to your kind heart and firm courage the only possible means of saving the life of this unfortunate girl. But, Jeanie, you must not take this most perilous journey alone; I have an interest in you, and I will not agree that my Jeanie throws herself away. You must even, in the present circumstances, give me a husband's right to protect you, and I will go with you myself on this journey, and assist you to do your duty by your family."

"Alas, Reuben!" said Jeanie in her turn, "this must not be; a pardon will not gie my sister her fair fame again, or make me a bride fitting for an honest man and an usefu' minister. Wha wad mind what he said in the pu'pit, that had to wife the sister of a woman that was condemned for sic wickedness!"

"But, Jeanie," pleaded her lover, "I do not believe, and I cannot believe, that Effie has done this deed."

"Heaven bless you for saying sae, Reuben!" answered Jeanie; "but she maun bear the blame o't, after all."

"But that blame, were it even justly laid on her, does not fall on you?"

"Ah, Reuben, Reuben," replied the young woman, "ye ken it is a blot that spreads to kith and kin.—Ichabod—as my poor father says—the glory is departed from our house; for the poorest man's house has a glory, where there are true hands, a divine heart, and an honest fame—And the last has gane frae us a'."

"But Jeanie, consider your word and plighted faith to me; and would ye undertake such a journey without a man to protect you?—and who should that protector be but your husband?"

"You are kind and good, Reuben, and wad tak me wi' a' my shame, I doubtna. But ye canna but own that this is no time to marry or be given in marriage. Na, if that suld ever be, it maun be in another and a better season. And, dear Reuben, ye speak of protecting me on my journey—Alas! who will protect and take care of you?—your very limbs tremble with standing for ten minutes on the floor; how could you undertake a journey as far as Lunnon?"

"But I am strong—I am well," continued Butler, sinking in his seat totally exhausted, "at least I shall be quite well to-morrow."

"Ye see, and ye ken, ye maun just let me depart," said Jeanie, after a pause; and then taking his extended hand, and gazing kindly in his face, she added, "It's e'en a grief the mair to me to see you in this way. But ye maun keep up your heart for Jeanie's sake, for if she isna your wife, she will never be the wife of living man. And now gie me the paper for MacCallummore, and bid God speed me on my way."

There was something of romance in Jeanie's venturous resolution; yet, on consideration, as it seemed impossible to alter it by persuasion, or to give her assistance but by advice, Butler, after some further debate, put into her hands the paper she desired, which, with the muster-roll in which it was folded up, were the sole memorials of the stout and enthusiastic Bible Butler, his grandfather. While Butler sought this document, Jeanie had time to take up his pocket Bible. "I have marked a scripture," she said, as she again laid it down, "with your kylevine pen, that will be useful to us baith. And ye maun tak the *trouble*, Reuben, to write a' this to my father, for, God *help me*, I have neither head nor hand for lang letters

at ony time, for he's no weel now; and I trust him entirely to you, and I trust you will soon be permitted to see him. And if ye should chance to win to the speech o' him, mind a' the queer bits o' ways, for Jeanie's sake; and dinna speak o' Latin or English terms to him, for he's o' the auld warld, and downa bide to be fashed wi' them, though I daresay he may be wrang. And dinna ye say muckle to him, but set him on speaking himsell, for he'll bring himsell mair comfort that way. And O, Reuben, the poor lassie in yon dungeon! but I needna bid your kind heart—gie her what comfort ye can as soon as they will let ye see her—tell her—But I maunna speak mair about her, for I maunna take leave o' ye wi' the tear in my ee, for that wadna be canny. God bless ye, Reuben!"

To avoid so ill an omen she left the room hastily, while her features yet retained the mournful and affectionate smile which she had compelled them to wear, in order to support Butler's spirits.

It seemed as if the power of sight, of speech, and of reflection, had left him as she disappeared from the room, which she had entered and retired from so like an apparition. Saddletree, who entered immediately afterwards, overwhelmed him with questions, which he answered without understanding them, and with legal disquisitions, which conveyed to him no iota of meaning. At length the learned burgess recollected, that there was a Baron Court to be held at Loanhead that day, and though it was hardly worth while, "he might as weel go to see if there was ony thing doing, as he was acquainted with the baron-bailie, who was a decent man, and would be glad of a word of legal advice."

So soon as he departed, Butler flew to the Bible, the last book which Jeanie had touched. To his extreme surprise, a paper, containing two or three pieces of gold, dropped from the book. With a black-lead pencil, she had marked the sixteenth and twenty-fifth verses of the thirty-seventh Psalm,—"A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of the wicked."—"I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."

Deeply impressed with the affectionate delicacy which shrouded its own generosity under the cover of a providential supply to his wants, he pressed the gold to his lips with more ardour than ever the metal was greeted with by a miser. To emulate her devout firmness and confidence seemed now the pitch of his ambition, and his first task was to write an account to David Deans of his daughter's resolution and journey southward. He studied every sentiment, and even every phrase which he thought could reconcile the old man to her extraordinary resolution. The effect which this epistle produced will be hereafter adverted to. Butler committed it to the charge of an honest clown, who had frequent dealings with Deans in the sale of his dairy produce, and who readily undertook a journey to Edinburgh, to put the letter into his own hands.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"My native land, good night!"—Lord Byron.

In the present day, a journey from Edinburgh to London is a matter at once safe, brief, and simple, however inexperienced or unprotected the traveller. Numerous coaches of different rates of charge, and as many packets, are perpetually passing and repassing betwixt the capital of Britain and her northern sister, so that the most timid or indolent may execute such a journey upon a few hours' notice. But it was different in 1737. So slight and infrequent was then the intercourse betwixt London and Edinburgh, that men still alive remember that upon one occasion the mail from the former city arrived at the General Post-Office in Scotland, with only one letter in it.† The usual mode of travelling was by means of post-horses, the traveller occupying one and hi[s guide] another, in which manner, by relays of hors[es from] stage to stage, the journey might be accompl[ished in] a wonderfully short time by those who could [endure] fatigue. To have the bones shaken to pi[eces by a] constant change of those hacks was a luxu[ry for the] rich—the poor were under the necessity of u[sing the] mode of conveyance with which nature [had pro]vided them.

With a strong heart, and a frame patient of [fatigue,] Jeanie Deans, travelling at the rate of twe[nty miles] a-day, and sometimes further, traversed the [southern] part of Scotland, and advanced as far as Du[rham.]

Hitherto she had been either among [her own] country-folk, or those to whom her bare feet [and tar]tan screen were objects too familiar to attr[act] attention. But as she advanced, she perce[ived that] both circumstances exposed her to sarcas[m and] taunts, which she might otherwise have [escaped;] and although in her heart she thought it unk[ind and] inhospitable, to sneer at a passing strange[r on ac]count of the fashion of her attire, yet she [had the] good sense to alter those parts of her dres[s which] attracted ill-natured observation. Her che[cquered] screen was deposited carefully in her bundle, [and she] conformed to the national extravagance of [wearing] shoes and stockings for the whole day. S[he con]fessed afterwards, that, "besides the wastrif[e, it was] lang or she could walk sae comfortably [wi' the] shoes as without them; but there was oft[en a bit] saft heather by the road-side, and that he[lped her] weel on." The want of the screen, wh[ich was] drawn over the head like a veil, she suppli[ed by a] *bon-grace*, as she called it; a large straw [bonnet,] like those worn by the English maidens whe[n labour]ing in the fields. "But I thought unco sl[ightly o'] mysell," she said, "the first time I put on a [married] woman's *bon-grace*, and me a single maiden."

With these changes she had little, as she [said, to] make "her kenspeckle when she didna spe[ak," but] her accent and language drew down on her [so many] jests and gibes, couched in a worse *patoi[s]* than her own, that she soon found it was h[er inter]est to talk as little and as seldom as possib[le. She] answered, therefore, civil salutations of cha[nce pas]sengers with a civil curtsy, and chose, with [peculiar] circumspection, such places of repose as l[ooked at] once most decent and sequestered. She f[ound the] common people of England, although in[ferior in] courtesy to strangers, such as was then practis[ed in her] own more unfrequented country, yet, upon th[e whole,] by no means deficient in the real duties of ho[spitality.] She readily obtained food, and shelter, and pr[otection] at a very moderate rate, which sometimes [the ge]nerosity of mine host altogether declined, [with a] blunt apology,—"Thee hast a lang way af[ore thee,] lass; and I'se ne'er take penny out o' a sir[ ] man's purse; it's the best friend thou can [have on] the road."

It often happened, too, that mine host[ess was] struck with "the tidy, nice Scotch body," [and pro]cured her an escort, or a cast in a wagon, f[or some] part of the way, or gave her useful advice an[d recom]mendation respecting her resting places.

At York our pilgrim stopped for the best p[art of a] day,—partly to recruit her strength,—partly [because] she had the good luck to obtain a lodging i[n an inn] kept by a countrywoman,—partly to indite [two let]ters to her father and Reuben Butler; an o[peration] of some little difficulty, her habits being [by no] means those of literary composition. Tha[t to her] father was in the following words:

"Dearest Father,

"I make my present pilgrimage more he[avy and] burdensome, through the sad occasion to ref[lect that] it is without your knowledge, which, God [knows,] was far contrary to my heart; for Scriptu[re says,] that 'the vow of the daughter should not [be bind]ing without the consent of the father,' wh[erein it] may be I have been guilty to tak this wearie [journey] without your consent. Nevertheless, it wa[s borne] in upon my mind that I should be an ins[trument] to help my poor sister in this extremity of [neces]sity, otherwise I wad not, for wealth or for

* By dint of assiduous research I am enabled to certiorate the reader, that the name of this person was Saunders Broadfoot, and that he dealt in the wholesome commodity called kirnmilk, (*Anglice*, butter-milk.)—J. C.

† *The fact is certain. The single epistle was addressed to the principal director of the British Linen Company.*

gear, or for the hail lands of Da'keith and Lugton, have done the like o' this, without your free will and knowledge. O, dear father, as ye wad desire a blessing on my journey, and upon your household, speak a word or write a line of comfort to yon poor prisoner. If she has sinned, she has sorrowed and suffered, and ye ken better than me, that we maun forgie others, as we pray to be forgien. Dear father, forgive my saying this muckle, for it doth not become a young head to instruct gray hairs; but I am sae far frae ye, that my heart yearns to ye a', and fain wad I hear that ye had forgien her trespass, and sae I nae doubt say mair than may become me. The folk here are civil, and, like the barbarians unto the holy apostle, hae shewn me much kindness; and there are a sort of chosen people in the land, for they hae some kirks without organs that are like ours, and are called meeting-houses, where the minister preaches without a gown. But most of the country are prelatists, whilk is awfu' to think; and I saw twa men that were ministers following hounds, as bauld as Roslin or Driden, the young Laird of Loup-the-dike, or ony wild gallant in Lothian. A sorrowfu' sight to behold! O dear father, may a blessing be with your down-lying and up-rising, and remember in your prayers your affectionate daughter to command,

"JEAN DEANS."

A postscript bore, "I learned from a decent woman, a grazier's widow, that they hae a cure for the muir-ill in Cumberland, whilk is ane pint, as they ca't, of yill, whilk is a dribble in comparison of our gawsie Scots pint, and hardly a mutchkin, boil'd wi' sope and hartshorn draps, and toomed down the creature's throat wi' ane whorn. Ye might try it on the bason-faced year-auld quey; and it does nae gude, it can do nae ill.—She was a kind woman, and seemed skeely about horned beasts. When I reach Lunnon, I intend to gang to our cousin Mrs. Glass, the tobacconist, at the sign o' the Thistle, wha is so ceevil as to send you down your spleuchan-fu' anes a-year; and as she must be weel kend in Lunnon, I doubt not easily to find out where she lives."

Being seduced into betraying our heroine's confidence thus far, we will stretch our communication a step beyond, and impart to the reader her letter to her lover.

"MR. REUBEN BUTLER,

"Hoping this will find you better, this comes to say, that I have reached this great town safe, and am not wearied with walking, but the better for it. And I have seen many things which I trust to tell you one day, also the muckle kirk of this place; and all around the city are mills, whilk havena muckle-wheels nor mill-dams, but gang by the wind—strange to behold. Ane miller asked me to gang in and see it work, but I wad not, for I am not come to the south to make acquaintance with strangers. I keep the straight road, and just beck if ony body speaks to me ceevilly, and answers naebody with the tong but women of mine ain sect. I wish, Mr. Butler, I kend ony thing that wad mak ye weel, for they hae mair medicines in this town of York than wad cure a' Scotland, and surely some of them wad be gude for your complaints. If ye had a kindly motherly body to nurse ye, and no to let ye waste yoursell wi' reading—whilk ye read mair than eneugh with the bairns in the schule—and to gie ye warm milk in the morning, I wad be mair easy for ye. Dear Mr. Butler, keep a good heart, for we are in the hands of Ane that kens better what is gude for us than we ken what is for oursells. I hae nae doubt to do that for which I am come—I canna doubt it—I winna think to doubt it—because, if I haena full assurance, how shall I bear myself with earnest entreaties in the great folk's presence? But to ken that ane's purpose is right, and to make their heart strong, is the way to get through the warst day's darg. The bairns' rime says, the warst blast of the borrowing days* couldna kill the three silly poor hog-lambs. And if it be God's pleasure, we that are sindered in sorrow may meet again in joy, even on this hither side of Jordan. I dinna bid ye mind what I said at our partin' anent my poor father and that misfortunate lassie, for I ken you will do it for the sake of Christian charity, whilk is mair than the entreaties of her that is your servant to command,

"JEANIE DEANS."

This letter also had a postscript. "Dear Reuben, If ye think that it wad hae been right for me to have said mair and kinder things to ye, just think that I hae written sae, since I am sure that I wish a' that is kind and right to ye and by ye. Ye will think I am turned waster, for I wear clean hose and shoon every day; but it's the fashion here for decent bodies, and ilka land has its ain land-law. Ower and abune a', if laughing days were e'er to come back again till us, ye wad laugh weel to see my round face at the far end of a strae *bon-grace*, that looks as muckle and round as the middell aisle in Libberton Kirk. But it sheds the sun weel aff, and keeps uncivil folk frae staring as if a body were a worrycow. I sall tell ye by writ how I come on wi' the Duke of Argyle, when I won up to Lunnon. Direct a line, to say how ye are, to me, to the charge of Mrs. Margaret Glass, tobacconist, at the sign of the Thistle, Lunnon, whilk, if it assures me of your health, will make my mind sae muckle easier. Excuse bad spelling and writing, as I have ane ill pen."

The orthography of these epistles may seem to the southron to require a better apology than the letter expresses, though a bad pen was the excuse of a certain Galwegian laird for bad spelling; but, on behalf of the heroine, I would have them to know, that, thanks to the care of Reuben Butler, Jeanie Deans wrote and spelled fifty times better than half the women of rank in Scotland at that period, whose strange orthography and singular diction form the strongest contrast to the good sense which their correspondence usually intimates.

For the rest, in the tenor of these epistles, Jeanie expressed, perhaps, more hopes, a firmer courage, and better spirits, than she actually felt. But this was with the amiable idea of relieving her father and lover from apprehensions on her account, which she was sensible must greatly add to their other troubles. "If they think me weel, and like to do weel," said the poor pilgrim to herself, "my father will be kinder to Effie, and Butler will be kinder to himsell. For I ken weel that they will think mair o' me than I do o' mysell."

Accordingly, she sealed her letters carefully, and put them into the post-office with her own hand, after many inquiries concerning the time in which they were likely to reach Edinburgh. When this duty was performed, she readily accepted her landlady's pressing invitation to dine with her, and remain till the next morning. The hostess, as we have said, was her countrywoman, and the eagerness with which Scottish people meet, communicate, and, to the extent of their power, assist each other, although it is often objected to us as a prejudice and narrowness of sentiment, seems, on the contrary, to arise from a most justifiable and honourable feeling of patriotism, combined with a conviction, which, if undeserved, would long since have been confuted by experience, that the habits and principles of the nation are a sort of guarantee for the character of the individual. At any rate, if the extensive influence of this national partiality be considered as an additional tie, binding man to man, and calling forth the good offices of such as can render them to the countryman who happens to need them, we think it must be found to exceed, as an active and efficient motive to generosity, that more impartial and wider principle of general benevolence, which we have sometimes seen pleaded as an excuse for assisting no individual whatever.

Mrs. Bickerton, lady of the ascendant of the Seven Stars, in the Castle-gate, York, was deeply infected with the unfortunate prejudices of her country. Indeed, she displayed so much kindness to Jeanie Deans (because she herself, being a Merse woman *marched* with Mid-Lothian, in which Jeanie was born,) showed such motherly regard to her, and such

* The three last days of March, old style, are called the Borrowing Days; for as they are remarked to be unusually stormy, it is feigned that March had borrowed them from April, to extend the sphere of his rougher sway. The rhyme on the subject is quoted in Leyden's edition of the *Complaynt of Scotland*.

anxiety for her further progress, that Jeanie thought herself safe, though by temper sufficiently cautious, in communicating her whole story to her.

Mrs. Bickerton raised her hands and eyes at the recital, and exhibited much wonder and pity. But she also gave some effectual good advice.

She required to know the strength of Jeanie's purse, reduced by her deposit at Libberton, and the necessary expense of her journey, to about fifteen pounds. "This," she said, "would do very well, providing she could carry it a' safe to London."

"Safe?" answered Jeanie; "I'se warrant my carrying it safe, bating the needful expenses."

"Ay, but highwaymen, lassie," said Mrs. Bickerton; "for ye are come into a more civilized, that is to say, a more roguish country than the north, and how ye are to get forward, I do not profess to know. If ye could wait here eight days, our wagons would go up, and I would recommend you to Joe Broadwheel, who would see you safe to the Swan and two Necks. And dinna sneeze at Joe, if he should be for drawing up wi' you," (continued Mrs. Bickerton, her acquired English mingling with her national or original dialect,) "he's a handy boy, and a wanter, and no lad better thought o' on the road; and the English make good husbands enough, witness my poor man, Moses Bickerton, as is i' the kirkyard."

Jeanie hastened to say, that she could not possibly wait for the setting forth of Joe Broadwheel; being internally by no means gratified with the idea of becoming the object of his attention during the journey.

"Aweel, lass," answered the good landlady, "then thou must pickle in thine ain poke-nook, and buckle thy girdle thine ain gate. But take my advice, and hide thy gold in thy stays, and keep a piece or two and some silver, in case thou be'st spoke withal; for there's as wud lads haunt within a day's walk from hence, as on the Braes of Doun in Perthshire. And, lass, thou maunna gang staring through Lunnon, asking wha kens Mrs. Glass at the sign o' the Thistle; marry, they would laugh thee to scorn. But gang thou to this honest man," and she put a direction into Jeanie's hand, "he kens maist part of the sponsible Scottish folk in the city, and he will find out your friend for thee."

Jeanie took the little introductory letter with sincere thanks; but, something alarmed on the subject of the highway robbers, her mind recurred to what Ratcliffe had mentioned to her, and briefly relating the circumstances which placed a document so extraordinary in her hands, she put the paper he had given her into the hand of Mrs. Bickerton.

The Lady of the Seven Stars did not, indeed, ring a bell, because such was not the fashion of the time, but she whistled on a silver-call, which was hung by her side, and a tight serving-maiden entered the room.

"Tell Dick Ostler to come here," said Mrs. Bickerton.

Dick Ostler accordingly made his appearance;—a queer, knowing, shambling animal, with a hatchet-face, a squint, a game-arm, and a limp.

"Dick Ostler," said Mrs. Bickerton, in a tone of authority that showed she was (at least by adoption) Yorkshire too, "thou knowest most people an' most things o' the road."

"Eye, eye, God help me, mistress," said Dick, shrugging his shoulders betwixt a repentant and a knowing expression—"Eye! I ha' known'd a thing or twa i' ma day, mistress." He looked sharp and laughed—looked grave and sighed, as one who was prepared to take the matter either way.

"Kenst thou this wee bit paper amang the rest, man?" said Mrs. Bickerton, handing him the protection which Ratcliffe had given Jeanie Deans.

When Dick looked at the paper, he winked with one eye, extended his grotesque mouth from ear to ear, like a navigable canal, scratched his head powerfully and then said, "Ken!—ay—maybe we ken summat, an it werena for harm to him, mistress."

"None in the world," said Mrs. Bickerton; "only a dram of Hollands to thyself, man, and thou wil't speak."

"Why, then," said Dick, giving the head-band of the breeches a knowing hoist with one hand, and kicking out one foot behind him to accommo[date] adjustment of that important habiliment, "I [dare] say the pass will be kend weel enough on t[he road,] an that be all."

"But what sort of a lad was he?" said Mrs [Bicker]ton, winking to Jeanie, as proud of her knowin[g ostler].

"Why, what ken I?—Jim the Rat—wh[y he was] Cock o' the North within this twelvemonth [—he and] Scotch Wilson, Handie Dandie, as they call[ed him—] but he's been out o' this country a while, as I [rackon;] but ony gentleman, as keeps the road o' [...] Stamford, will respect Jim's pass."

Without asking further questions, the lan[dlady fill]ed Dick Ostler a bumper of Hollands. H[e ducked] with his head and shoulders, scraped with [his] advanced hoof, bolted the alcohol, to use the [...] phrase, and withdrew to his own domains.

"I would advise thee, Jeanie," said Mrs. B[ickerton,] "an thou meetest with ugly customers o' [...] to show them this bit paper, for it will serve [...] sure thyself."

A neat little supper concluded the even[ing. The] exported Scotswoman, Mrs. Bickerton by n[ame, ate] heartily of one or two seasoned dishes, dra[nk] sound old ale, and a glass of stiff negus; w[hile she] gave Jeanie a history of her gout, admirin[g how it] was possible that she, whose fathers and mo[thers for] many generations had been farmers in Lam[mermuir,] could have come by a disorder so totally unk[nown to] them. Jeanie did not choose to offend her [...] landlady, by speaking her mind on the prob[able ori]gin of this complaint; but she thought on [the flesh-]pots of Egypt, and, in spite of all entreaties [to better] fare, made her evening meal upon vegetables [and a] glass of fair water.

Mrs. Bickerton assured her, that the accep[tance of] any reckoning was entirely out of the quest[ion, fur]nished her with credentials to her correspon[dent in] London, and to several inns upon the road w[here she] had some influence or interest, reminded h[er of the] precautions she should adopt for concealing [her mo]ney, and as she was to depart early in the [morning,] took leave of her very affectionately, taking [her word] that she would visit her on her return to S[cotland,] and tell her how she had managed, and that s[ummum] *bonum* for a gossip, "all how and about it." Jeanie faithfully promised.

CHAPTER XXIX.

> And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind
> In sad alliance, each degraded mind

As our traveller set out early on the ensuin[g morn]ing to prosecute her journey, and was in t[he act of] leaving the inn-yard, Dick Ostler, who ei[ther had] risen early or neglected to go to bed, either [circum]stance being equally incident to his calling, [hollowed] out after her,—"The top of the morning to y[e, Moggie.] Have a care o' Gunnerby Hill, yo[ung one.] Robin Hood's dead and gwone, but there [be snatchers] yet in the vale of Bever." Jeanie looked at [him as if] to request a further explanation, but, with [a leer, a] shuffle, and a shrug, inimitable, (unless by [...]) Dick turned again to the raw-boned steed [he] was currying, and sung as he employed the c[urry-comb and] brush,—

> "Robin Hood was a yeoman good,
> And his bow was of trusty yew;
> And if Robin said stand on the King's lea lan[d,]
> Pray why should not we say so too?"

Jeanie pursued her journey without further [reply,] for there was nothing in Dick's manner that [invited] her to prolong their conference. A painf[ul day's] journey brought her to Ferrybridge, the best i[nn then] and since, upon the great northern road; an[d an in]troduction from Mrs. Bickerton, added to [her own] simple and quiet manners, so propitiated the [landlady] of the Swan in her favour, that the good da[me pro]cured her the convenient accommodation of [a pillion] and post-horse then returning to Tuxford, so [that she] accomplished, upon the second day after [leaving] York, the longest journey she had yet ma[de. She] was a good deal fatigued by a mode of trav[elling]

[illegible]

worn by wagoners.

"The woman," said the other, a tall thin figure, "does not understand the words of action.—Your money, my precious, or your life!"

"I have but very little money, gentlemen," said poor Jeanie, tendering that portion which she had separated from her principal stock, and kept apart for such an emergency; "but if you are resolved to have it, to be sure you must have it."

"This won't do, my girl. D—n me, if it shall pass!" said the shorter ruffian; "do ye think gentlemen are to hazard their lives on the road to be cheated in this way? We'll have every farthing you have got, or we will strip you to the skin, curse me."

His companion, who seemed to have something like compassion for the horror which Jeanie's countenance now expressed, said, "No, no, Tom, this is one of the precious sisters, and we'll take her word, for once, without putting her to the stripping proof. Hark ye, my lass, if you'll look up to heaven, and say, this is the last penny you have about ye, why, hang it, we'll let you pass."

"I am not free," answered Jeanie, "to say what I have about me, gentlemen, for there's life and death depends on my journey; but if you leave me as much as finds me in bread and water, I'll be satisfied, and thank you, and pray for you."

"D—n your prayers!" said the shorter fellow, "that's a coin that won't pass with us;" and at the same time made a motion to seize her.

"Stay, gentlemen," Ratcliffe's pass suddenly occurring to her; "perhaps you know this paper."

"What the devil is she after now, Frank?" said the more savage ruffian—"Do you look at it, for d—n me if I could read it, if it were for the benefit of my clergy."

"This is a jark from Jim Ratcliffe," said the taller, having looked at the bit of paper. "The wench must pass by our cutter's law."

"I say no," answered his companion; "Rat has left the lay, and turned bloodhound, they say."

"We may need a good turn from him all the same," said the taller ruffian again.

"But what are we to do then?" said the shorter man,—"We promised, you know, to strip the wench, and send her begging back to her own beggarly country, and now you are for letting her go on."

"I did not say that," said the other fellow, and whispered to his companion, who replied, "Be alive about it then, and don't keep chattering till some travellers come up to nab us."

"You must follow us off the road, young woman," said the taller.

"For the love of God!" exclaimed Jeanie, "as you were born of woman, dinna ask me to leave the road! rather take all I have in the world."

"What the devil is the wench afraid of?" said the other fellow. "I tell you you shall come to no harm; but if you will not leave the road and come with us, d—n me, but I'll beat your brains out where you stand."

"Thou art a rough bear, Tom," said his companion.—"An ye touch her, I'll give ye a shake by the collar shall make the Leicester beans rattle in thy guts.—Never mind him, girl; I will not allow him to lay a finger on you, if you walk quietly on with us; but if you keep jabbering there, d—n me, but I'll leave him to settle it with you."

This threat conveyed all that is terrible to the imagination of poor Jeanie, who saw in him that "was of milder mood" her only protection from the most brutal treatment. She, therefore, not only followed him, but even held him by the sleeve, lest he should escape from her; and the fellow, hardened as he was, seemed something touched by these marks of confidence, and repeatedly assured her, that he would suffer her to receive no harm.

They conducted their prisoner in a direction leading more and more from the public road, but she observed that they kept a sort of track or by-path, which relieved her from part of her apprehensions, which would have been greatly increased had they not seemed to follow a determined and ascertained route. After about half an hour's walking, all three in profound silence, they approached an old barn, which

stood on the edge of some cultivated grou
mote from every thing like a habitation.
itself, however, tenanted, for there was li
windows.

One of the footpads scratched at the do
was opened by a female, and they entered
unhappy prisoner. An old woman, who
paring food by the assistance of a stifli
holsome charcoal, asked them, in the nam
devil, what they brought the wench there
why they did not strip her and turn her abr
common?

"Come, come, Mother Blood," said the
"we'll do what's right to oblige you, and w
oblige; we are bad enough, but not suc
would make us—devils incarnate."

"She has got a jark from Jim Ratcliffe,
short fellow, "and Frank here won't hear o
ting her through the mill."

"No, that will I not, by G—d!" answere
"but if old Mother Blood could keep her h
little while, or send her back to Scotlan
hurting her, why, I see no harm in that—n

"I'll tell you what, Frank Levitt," sa
woman, "if you call me Mother Blood a
paint this gully" (and she held a knife up a
to make good her threat) "in the best bloo
body, my bonny boy."

"The price of ointment must be up in th
said Frank, "that puts Mother Blood so
of humour."

Without a moment's hesitation the fury d
knife at him with the unerring dexterity
Indian. As he was on his guard, he av
missile by a sudden motion of his head, bu
that past his ear, and stuck deep in the clay
partition behind.

"Come, come, mother," said the robbe
her by both wrists, "I shall teach you who's
and so saying, he forced the hag backward
force, who strove vehemently until she s
bunch of straw, and then letting go her
held up his finger towards her in the mena
ture by which a maniac is intimidated by h
It appeared to produce the desired effect; f
not attempt to rise from the seat on whi
placed her, or to resume any measures of a
lence, but wrung her withered hands with
rage, and brayed and howled like a demoni

"I will keep my promise with you, you o
said Frank; "the wench shall not go forw
London road, but I will not have you touc
her head, if it were but for your insolence."

This intimation seemed to compose in so
the vehement passion of the old hag; and
exclamations and howls sunk into a low,
ing, growling tone of voice, another perso
added to this singular party.

"Eh, Frank Levitt," said this new-come
tered with a hop, step, and jump, which at
veyed her from the door into the centre of
"were ye killing our mother? or were ye c
grunter's weasand that Tam brought in this
or have ye been reading your prayers bac
bring up my auld acquaintance the deil am

The tone of the speaker was so partic
Jeanie immediately recognised the woman
rode foremost of the pair which passed her j
she met the robbers; a circumstance whic
increased her terror, as it served to show
mischief designed against her was pre
though by whom, or for what cause, she w
at a loss to conjecture. From the style o
versation, the reader also may probably ack
in this female an old acquaintance in the e
of our narrative.

"Out, ye mad devil!" said Tom, whom sh
turbed in the middle of a draught of some li
which he had found means of accommoda
self; "betwixt your Bess of Bedlam pranks,
dam's frenzies, a man might live quieter in t
ken than here."—And he again resumed t
jug out of which he had been drinking.

"And wha's this o't?" said the madwo

p to Jeanie Deans, who, although in great ter- t watched the scene with a resolution to let g pass unnoticed which might be serviceable sisting her to escape, or informing her as to the ture of her situation, and the danger attending "Wha's this o't?" again exclaimed Madge Wild- "Douce Davie Deans, the auld doited whig s daughter, in a gipsy's barn, and the night set- ; this is a sight for sair een! Eh, sirs, the off o' the godly!—and the t'other sister's in lbooth at Edinburgh! I am very sorry for her, share—it's my mither wusses ill to her, and —though maybe I hae as muckle cause."

ark ye, Madge," said the taller ruffian, "you not such a touch of the devil's blood as the hag mother, who may be his dam for what I know— his young woman to your kennel, and do not let vil enter, though he should ask in God's name."

u ay; that I will, Frank," said Madge, taking of Jeanie by the arm, and pulling her along; it's no for decent Christian young leddies, like nd me, to be keeping the like o' you and Tyburn company at this time o' night. Sae gude e'en sirs, and mony o' them; and may ye a' sleep till angman wauken ye, and then it will be weel for ountry."

e then, as her wild fancy seemed suddenly to pt her, walked demurely towards her mother, seated by the charcoal fire, with the reflection e red light on her withered and distorted features ted by every evil passion, seemed the very picture ecate at her infernal rites; and suddenly drop- on her knees, said, with a manner of a six years hild, "Mammie, hear me say my prayers before o bed, and say God bless my bonny face, as ye to do lang syne."

he deil flay the hide o' it to sole his brogues said the old lady, aiming a buffet at the suppli- in answer to her dutiful request.

blow missed Madge, who, being probably ac- ted by experience with the mode in which her r was wont to confer her maternal benedic- slipt out of arm's length with great dexterity ickness. The hag then started up, and, seiz- pair of old fire-tongues, would have amended otion by beating out the brains either of her ter or Jeanie, (which she did not seem greatly which,) when her hand was once more arrest- the man whom they called Frank Levitt, who, g her by the shoulder, flung her from him with iolence, exclaiming, "What, Mother Damna- gain, and in my sovereign presence?—Hark dge of Bedlam, get to your hole with your play- , or we shall have the devil to pay here, and g to pay him with."

ge took Levitt's advice, retreating as fast as uld, and dragging Jeanie along with her into of recess, partitioned off from the rest of the nd filled with straw, from which it appeared t was intended for the purpose of slumber.— oonlight shone, through an open hole, upon a , a pack-saddle, and one or two wallets, the nly furniture of Madge and her amiable mo- "Now, saw ye e'er in your life," said Madge, dainty a chamber of deas? see as the moon down sae caller on the fresh strae! There's leasanter cell in Bedlam, for as braw a place s on the outside.—Were ye ever in Bedlam?"

o," answered Jeanie faintly, appalled by the ion, and the way in which it was put, yet g to soothe her insane companion; being in stances so unhappily precarious, that even the y of this gibbering madwoman seemed a species ection.

ver in Bedlam!" said Madge, as if with some e.—"But ye'll hae been in the cells at Edin- ?"

ver," repeated Jeanie.

el, I think thae daft carles the magistrates aebody to Bedlam but me—they maun hae an spect for me, for whenever I am brought to ey aye hae me back to Bedlam. But troth, ," (she said this in a very confidential tone,) my private mind *about it, I think ye are at* nae great loss; for the keeper's a cross patch, and he maun hae it a' his ain gate, to be sure, or he makes the place waur than hell. I often tell him he's the daftest in a' the house. But what are they making sic a skirling for?—Deil ane o' them's get in here. it wadna be mensefu'! I will sit wi' my back again the door; it winna be that easy stirring me."

"Madge!"—"Madge!"—"Madge Wildfire!"— "Madge devil! what have ye done with the horse?" was repeatedly asked by the men without.

"He's e'en at his supper, puir thing," answered Madge; "deil an ye were at yours too, an it were scauding brimstane, and then we wad hae less o' your din."

"His supper?" answered the more sulky ruffian— "What d'ye mean by that? Tell me where he is, or I will knock your Bedlam brains out!"

"He's in Gaffer Gabblewood's wheat-close, an ye maun ken."

"His wheat-close, you crazed jilt!" answered the other, with an accent of great indignation.

"O, dear Tyburn Tam, man, what ill will the blades of the young wheat do to the puir nag?"

"That is not the question," said the other robber; "but what the country will say to us to-morrow when they see him in such quarters. Go, Tom, and bring him in; and avoid the soft ground my lad; leave no hoof-track behind you."

"I think you give me always the fag of it, whatever is to be done," grumbled his companion.

"Leap, Laurence, you're long enough," said the other; and the fellow left the barn accordingly, without further remonstrance.

In the meanwhile, Madge had arranged herself for repose on the straw; but still in a half-sitting posture, with her back resting against the door of the hovel, which, as it opened inwards, was in this manner kept shut by the weight of her person.

"There's mair shifts by stealing, Jeanie," said Madge Wildfire; "though whiles I can hardly get our mother to think sae. Wha wad hae thought but mysell of making a bolt of my ain back-bane! But it's no sae strong as thae that I hae seen in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh. The hammermen of Edinburgh are to my mind afore the world for making stancheons, ring-bolts, fetter-bolts, bars, and locks. And they arena that bad at girdles for carcakes neither, though the Cu'ross hammermen have the gree for that. My mother had ance a bonny Cu'ross girdle, and I thought to have baked carcakes on it for my puir wean that's dead and gane nae fair way—but we maun a' dee, ye ken, Jeanie—You Cameronian bodies ken that brawlie; and ye're for making a hell upon earth that ye may be less unwillin' to part wi' it. But as touching Bedlam that ye were speaking about, I'se ne'er recommend it muckle the tae gate or the tother, be it right—be it wrang. But ye ken what the sang says?" And, pursuing the unconnected and floating wanderings of her mind, she sung aloud—

"In the bonny cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane and twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty

"Weel, Jeanie, I am something hoarse the night, and I canna sing muckle mair; and troth, I think, I am gaun to sleep."

She drooped her head on her breast, a posture from which Jeanie, who would have given the world for an opportunity of quiet to consider the means and the probability of her escape, was very careful not to disturb her. After nodding, however, for a minute or two, with her eyes half closed, the unquiet and restless spirit of her malady again assailed Madge. She raised her head, and spoke, but with a lowered tone, which was again gradually overcome by drowsiness, to which the fatigue of a day's journey on horseback had probably given unwonted occasion,—"I dinna ken what makes me sae sleepy—I amaist never sleep till my bonny Lady Moon gangs till her bed—mair by token, when she's at the full, ye ken, rowing aboon us yonder in her grand silver coach—I have danced to her my lane sometimes for very joy—and whiles dead folk came and danced wi' me—the like o' Jock

Porteous, or ony body I had kend when I was living —for ye maun ken I was ance dead mysell." Here the poor maniac sung in a low and wild tone,

> "My banes are buried in yon kirkyard
> Sae far ayont the sea,
> And it is but my blithesome ghaist
> That's speaking now to thee.

"But after a', Jeanie, my woman, naebody kens weel wha's living and wha's dead—or wha's gane to Fairyland—there's another question. Whiles I think my puir bairn's dead—ye ken very weel it's buried—but that signifies naething. I have had it on my knee a hundred times, and a hundred till that, since it was buried—and how could that be were it dead, ye ken?—it's merely impossible."—And here, some conviction half-overcoming the reveries of her imagination, she burst into a fit of crying and ejaculation, "Wae's me! wae's me! wae's me!" till at length she moaned and sobbed herself into a deep sleep, which was soon intimated by her breathing hard, leaving Jeanie to her own melancholy reflections and observations.

CHAPTER XXX.

> Bind her quickly; or, by this steel,
> I'll tell, although I truss for company.—FLETCHER.

THE imperfect light which shone into the window enabled Jeanie to see that there was scarcely any chance of making her escape in that direction; for the aperture was high in the wall, and so narrow, that, could she have climbed up to it, she might well doubt whether it would have permitted her to pass her body through it. An unsuccessful attempt to escape would be sure to draw down worse treatment than she now received, and she, therefore, resolved to watch her opportunity carefully ere making such a perilous effort. For this purpose she applied herself to the ruinous clay partition, which divided the hovel in which she now was from the rest of the waste barn. It was decayed and full of cracks and chinks, one of which she enlarged with her fingers, cautiously and without noise, until she could obtain a plain view of the old hag and the taller ruffian, whom they called Levitt, seated together beside the decayed fire of charcoal, and apparently engaged in close conference. She was at first terrified by the sight, for the features of the old woman had a hideous cast of hardened and inveterate malice and ill-humour, and those of the man, though naturally less unfavourable, were such as corresponded well with licentious habits, and a lawless profession.

"But I remembered," said Jeanie, "my worthy father's tales of a winter evening, how he was confined with the blessed martyr Mr. James Renwick, who lifted up the fallen standard of the true reformed Kirk of Scotland, after the worthy and renowned Daniel Cameron, our last blessed bannerman, had fallen among the swords of the wicked at Airsmoss, and how the very hearts of the wicked malefactors and murderers, whom they were confined withal, were melted like wax at the sound of their doctrine and I bethought mysell, that the same help that was wi' them in their strait, wad be wi' me in mine, an I could but watch the Lord's time and opportunity for delivering my feet from their snare; and I minded the Scripture of the blessed Psalmist, whilk he insisteth on, as weel in the forty-second, as in the forty-third psalm. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.'"

Strengthened in a mind naturally calm, sedate, and firm, by the influence of religious confidence, this poor captive was enabled to attend to, and comprehend a great part of an interesting conversation which passed betwixt those into whose hands she had fallen, notwithstanding that their meaning was partly disguised by the occasional use of cant terms, of which Jeanie knew not the import, by the low tone in which they spoke, and by their mode of supplying their broken phrases by shrugs and signs, as is usual amongst those of their disorderly profession.

The man opened the conversation by say
dame, you see I am true to my friend
forgot that you *planked a chury*,* which
through the bars of the Castle of York,
to do your work without asking questic
good turn deserves another. But now t
who is as loud as Tom of Lincoln, is son
and this same Tyburn Neddie is shakin
after the old nag, why, you must tell n
this is about, and what's to be done—fo
I touch the girl, or let her be touched, a
Jim Rat's pass too."

'Thou art an honest lad, Frank," an
old woman, "but e'en too kind for thy
tender heart will get thee into trouble. I
gang up Holborn Hill backward, and a' o
of some silly loon that could never ha
ye had ye drawn your knife across his we

"You may be baulked there, old one.
the robber; "I have known many a pr
short in his first summer upon the road.
was something hasty with his flats and s
sides, a man would fain live out his two
good conscience. So, tell me what all t
and what's to be done for you that one
cently?"

"Why, you must know, Frank—but
snap of right Hollands." She drew a
her pocket, and filled the fellow a lar
which he pronounced to be the right th
must know, then, Frank—wunna ye
hand?" again offering the flask.

"No, no—when a woman wants mi
you, she always begins by filling you dr
all Dutch courage. What I do I will do
last the longer for that too."

"Well, then, you must know," resu
woman, without any further attempts at
"that this girl is going to London."

Here Jeanie could only distinguish the
ter."

The robber answered in a louder t
enough that; and what the devil is yo
with it?"

"Business enough, I think. If the l
the noose, that silly cull will marry her."

"And who cares if he does?" said the

"Who cares, ye donnard Neddie? I
will strangle her with my own hands,
she should come to Madge's preferment.'

"Madge's preferment? Does your ol
see no further than that? If he is as yo
think he'll ever marry a moon-calf lil
Ecod, that's a good one—Marry Madge
Ha! ha! ha!"

"Hark ye, ye crack-rope padder, born
bred thief!" replied the hag, "suppose he
ries the wench, is that a reason he sh
another, and that other to hold my daug
and she crazed, and I a beggar, and all al
But I know that of him will hang him—
of him will hang him, if he had a thous
know that of him will hang—hang—har

She grinned as she repeated and dwelt up
monosyllable, with the emphasis of a
fiend.

"Then why don't you hang—hang—h
said Frank, repeating her words cont
"There would be more sense in that, tha
ing yourself here upon two wenches tha
you and your daughter no ill."

"No ill?" answered the old woman—'
marry this jail-bird if ever she gets her fo

"But as there is no chance of his marr
of your brood, I cannot, for my soul, see
have to do with all this," again replied
shrugging his shoulders. "Where there is
got, I'll go as far as my neighbours, but
chief for mischief's sake."

"And would you go nae length for reve
the hag—"for revenge, the sweetest mo
mouth that ever was cooked in hell?"

"The devil may keep it for his own eat

* Concealed a knife.

robber; "for hang me if I like the sauce he t with."

age?" continued the old woman; "why, it st reward the devil gives us for our time here after. I have wrought hard for it—I have for it, and I have sinned for it—and I will or there is neither justice in heaven nor in

had by this time lighted a pipe, and was lis- ith great composure to the frantic and vin- avings of the old hag. He was too much by his course of life to be shocked with o indifferent, and probably too stupid, to r part of their animation or energy. "But, he said, after a pause, "still I say, that if s your wish, you should take it on the young mself."

h I could," she said, drawing in her breath, eagerness of a thirsty person while mimick- action of drinking—"I wish I could!—but nnot—I cannot."

why not?—You would think little of peach- hanging him for this Scotch affair.—Rat might have milled the Bank of England, noise about it."

re nursed him at this withered breast," an- he old woman, folding her hands on her bo- if pressing an infant to it, "and though he ed an adder to me—though he has been the ion of me and mine—though he has made pany for the devil, if there be a devil, and hell, if there be such a place, yet I cannot life—No, I cannot," she continued, with an ce of rage against herself; "I have thought have tried it—but, Francis Leavitt, I canna ough wi't!—Na, na—he was the first bairn irst—ill I had been—but man can never ken man feels for the bairn she has held first som!"

e sure," said Levitt, "we have no experience. her, they say you ha'n't been so kind to other as you call them, that have come in your ay, d——n me, never lay your hand on the for I am captain and leader here, and I will rebellion."

ag, whose first motion had been, upon hear- question, to grasp the haft of a large knife, losed her hand, stole it away from the weapon, ered it to fall by her side, while she proceeded ort of a smile—"Bairns! ye are joking, lad, d touch bairns? Madge, puir thing, had a me wi' ane—and the tother"—Here her voice much, that Jeanie, though anxiously upon ch, could not catch a word she said, until she er tone at the conclusion of the sentence— adge, in her daffin', threw it into the Nor'- trow."

e, whose slumbers, like those of most who under mental malady, had been short and ily broken, now made herself heard from s of repose.

ed, mother, that's a great lee, for I did nae e"

h, thou hellicat devil," said her mother—"By s! the other wench will be waking too!"

at may be dangerous," said Frank; and he d followed Meg Murdockson across the floor. e," said the hag to her daughter, "or I sall he knife between the planks into the Bedlam f thee!"

rently she at the same time seconded her by pricking her with the point of a knife, for with a faint scream, changed her place, and r opened.

ld woman held a candle in one hand, and a s the other. Levitt appeared behind her; with a view of preventing, or assisting her iolence she might meditate, could not be well . Jeanie's presence of mind stood her friend readful crisis. She had resolution enough to e the attitude and manner of one who sleeps ly, and to regulate even her breathing, not- ing the agitation of instant terror, so as to nd with her attitude.

The old woman passed the light across her eyes; and although Jeanie's fears were so powerfully awakened by this movement, that she often declared afterwards, that she thought she saw the figures of her destined murderers through her closed eyelids, she had still the resolution to maintain the feint, on which her safety perhaps depended.

Levitt looked at her with fixed attention; he then turned the old woman out of the place, and followed her himself. Having regained the outer apartment, and seated themselves, Jeanie heard the highwayman say, to her no small relief, "She's as fast as if she were in Bedfordshire.—Now, old Meg, d——n me, i I can understand a glim of this story of yours, or what good it will do you to hang the one wench, and torment the other; but, rat me, I will be true to my friend, and serve ye the way ye like it. I see it will be a bad job; but I do think I could get her down to Surfleet on the Wash, and so on board Tom Moonshine's neat lugger, and keep her out of the way three or four weeks, if that will please ye?—But d——n me if any one shall harm her, unless they have a mind to choke on a brace of blue plums.—It's a cruel bad job, and I wish you and it, Meg, were both at the devil."

"Never mind, hinny Levitt," said the old woman "you are a ruffler, and will have a' your ain gate— She shanna gang to heaven an hour sooner for me I carena whether she live or die—it's her sister—ay her sister!"

"Well, we'll say no more about it, I hear Tom coming in. We'll couch a hogshead,* and so better had you." They retired to repose, accordingly, and all was silent in this asylum of iniquity.

Jeanie lay for a long time awake. At break of day she heard the two ruffians leave the barn, after whispering with the old woman for some time. The sense that she was now guarded only by persons of her own sex gave her some confidence, and irresistible lassitude at length threw her into slumber.

When the captive awakened, the sun was high in heaven, and the morning considerably advanced. Madge Wildfire was still in the hovel which had served them for the night, and immediately bid her good morning, with her usual air of insane glee. "And d'ye ken, lass," said Madge, "there's queer things chanced since ye hae been in the land of Nod. The constables hae been here, woman, and they met wi' my minnie at the door, and they whirl'd her awa to the Justice's about the man's wheat.—Dear! thae English churls think as muckle about a blade of wheat or grass, as a Scots laird does about his maukins and his muir-poots. Now, lass, if ye like, we'll play them a fine jink; we will awa out and take a walk—they will make unco wark when they miss us, but we can easily be back by dinner time, or before dark night at ony rate, and it will be some frolic and fresh air.—But maybe ye wad like to take some breakfast, and then lie down again? I ken by mysell, there's whiles I can sit wi' my head on my hand the haill day, and havena a word to cast at a dog—and other whiles that I canna sit still a moment. That's when the folk think me warst, but I am aye canny eneugh—ye needna be feared to walk wi' me."

Had Madge Wildfire been the most raging lunatic, instead of possessing a doubtful, uncertain, and twilight sort of rationality, varying, probably, from the influence of the most trivial causes, Jeanie would hardly have objected to leave a place of captivity where she had so much to apprehend. She eagerly assured Madge that she had no occasion for further sleep, no desire whatever for eating; and hoping internally that she was not guilty of sin in doing so, she flattered her keeper's crazy humour for walking in the woods.

"It's no a'thegither for that neither," said poor Madge; "but I am judging ye will wun the better out o' thae folk's hands; no that they are a'thegither bad folk neither, but they have queer ways wi' them, and I whiles dinna think it has been ever very weel wi' my mother and me since we kept siclike company."

With the haste, the joy, the fear, and the hope of a

* Lay ourselves down to sleep

liberated captive, Jeanie snatched up her little bundle, followed Madge into the free air, and eagerly looked round her for a human habitation; but none was to be seen. The ground was partly cultivated, and partly left in its natural state, according as the fancy of the slovenly agriculturists had decided. In its natural state it was waste, in some places covered with dwarf trees and bushes, in others swamp, and elsewhere firm and dry downs or pasture grounds.

Jeanie's active mind next led her to conjecture which way the high-road lay, whence she had been forced. If she regained that public road, she imagined she must soon meet some person, or arrive at some house where she might tell her story, and request protection. But after a glance around her, she saw with regret that she had no means whatever of directing her course with any degree of certainty, and that she was still in dependance upon her crazy companion. "Shall we not walk upon the high-road?" said she to Madge, in such a tone as a nurse uses to coax a child. "It's brawer walking on the road than amang thae wild bushes and whins."

Madge, who was walking very fast, stopped at this question, and looked at Jeanie with a sudden and scrutinizing glance, that seemed to indicate complete acquaintance with her purpose. "Aha, lass!" she exclaimed, "are ye gaun to guide us that gate?—Ye'll be for making your heels save your head, I am judging."

Jeanie hesitated for a moment, on hearing her companion thus express herself, whether she had not better take the hint, and try to outstrip and get rid of her. But she knew not in which direction to fly; she was by no means sure that she would prove the swiftest, and perfectly conscious that, in the event of her being pursued and overtaken, she would be inferior to the madwoman in strength. She therefore gave up thoughts for the present of attempting to escape in that manner, and, saying a few words to allay Madge's suspicions, she followed in anxious apprehension the wayward path by which her guide thought proper to lead her. Madge, infirm of purpose, and easily reconciled to the present scene, whatever it was, began soon to talk with her usual diffuseness of ideas.

"It's a dainty thing to be in the woods on a fine morning like this—I like it far better than the town, for there isna a wheen duddie bairns to be crying after ane, as if ane were a warld's wonder, just because ane maybe is a thought bonnier and better put-on than their neighbours—though, Jeanie, ye suld never be proud o' braw claiths, or beauty neither—wae's me! they're but a snare. I anes thought better o' them, and what came o't?"

"Are ye sure ye ken the way ye are taking us?" said Jeanie, who began to imagine that she was getting deeper into the woods, and more remote from the high-road.

"Do I ken the road?—Wasna I mony a day living here, and whatfor shouldna I ken the road?—I might hae forgotten, too, for it was afore my accident; but there are some things ane can never forget, let them try it as muckle as they like."

By this time they had gained the deepest part of a patch of woodland. The trees were a little separated from each other, and at the foot of one of them, a beautiful poplar, was a variegated hillock of wild flowers and moss, such as the poet of Grasmere has described in his verses on the Thorn. So soon as she arrived at this spot, Madge Wildfire, joining her hands above her head, with a loud scream that resembled laughter, flung herself all at once upon the spot, and remained lying there motionless.

Jeanie's first idea was to take the opportunity of flight; but her desire to escape yielded for a moment to apprehension for the poor insane being, who, she thought, might perish for want of relief. With an effort, which, in her circumstances, might be termed heroic, she stooped down, spoke in a soothing tone, and endeavoured to raise up the forlorn creature. She effected this with difficulty, and, as she placed her against the tree in a sitting posture, she observed with surprise, that her complexion, usually florid, *was now* deadly pale, and that her face was bathed *in tears. Notwithstanding* her own extreme danger, *Jeanie was affected by* the situation of her com-

panion; and the rather, that through th
of her wavering and inconsistent state
line of conduct, she discerned a gene
kindness towards herself, for which she

"Let me alane! let me alane!" s
young woman, as her paroxysm of sor
abate. "Let me alane—it does me goo
canna shed tears but maybe anes or twi
I aye come to wet this turf with them, th
may grow fair, and the grass may be gr

"But what is the matter with you?"
—"Why do you weep so bitterly?"

"There's matter enow," replied t
"mair than ae puir mind can bear, I
bit, and I'll tell you a' about it; for I l
Deans a'body spoke weel about ye w
in the Pleasaunts—And I mind ay the
ye gae me yon day, when I had bee
Seat for four-and-twenty hours, lookin
that somebody was sailing in."

These words recalled to Jeanie's reco
in fact, she had been one morning ma
by meeting a crazy young woman nea
house at an early hour, and that, as sh
be harmless, her apprehension had been
pity, and she had relieved the unhappy v
some food, which she devoured with th
famished person. The incident, trifling
at present of great importance, if it sh
to have made a favourable and perman
on the mind of the object of her charity

"Yes," said Madge, "I'll tell ye all a
are a decent man's daughter—Douce I
ye ken—and maybe ye'll can teach me t
narrow way, and the strait path; for
burning bricks in Egypt, and walking
weary wilderness of Sinai, for lang and
But whenever I think about mine error
cover my lips for shame." Here she l
smiled. "It's a strange thing now—
mair gude words to you in ten minute
speak to my mother in as mony years.
I dinna think on them—and whiles th
my tongue's end; but then comes tl
brushes my lips with his black wing,
broad black loof on my mouth—for a bl
Jeanie—and sweeps away a' my gude
dits up my gude words, and pits a whe
and idle vanities in their place."

"Try, Madge," said Jeanie,—"try t
mind, and make your breast clean, an
your heart easier—Just resist the devil
flee from you—and mind that, as my
tells me, there is nae devil sae deceitf
wandering thoughts."

"And that's true too, lass," said M
up; "and I'll gang a gate where the
follow me; and it's a gate that you w
to gang—but I'll keep a fast hand o'
fear Apollyon should stride across the
did in the Pilgrim's Progress."

Accordingly she got up, and, taking
arm, began to walk forward at a gre
soon, to her companion's no small joy
marked path, with the meanders o
seemed perfectly acquainted. Jeanie e
bring her back to the confessional, l
was gone by. In fact, the mind of this
ing resembled nothing so much as a q
leaves, which may for a few minutes re
are instantly discomposed and put in r
first casual breath of air. She had n
Bunyan's parable into her head, to the
every thing else, and on she went with gr

"Did ye never read the Pilgrim's Pro
you shall be the woman Christiana, a
the maiden Mercy—for ye ken Mercy
fairer countenance, and the more allur
companion—and if I had my little mes
it would be Great-Heart their guide, y
was e'en as bauld, that he wad bark
twenty times his size; and that was e'
o' him, for he bit Corporal MacAlpin
morning when they were hauling me t

d Corporal MacAlpine killed the bit faithfu' his Lochaber axe—deil pike the Highland ...m!"

Madge," said Jeanie, "ye should not speak ...ls."

...ry true," said Madge, shaking her head; ...I manna think on my puir bit doggie, ...n I saw it lying dying in the gutter. But ...weel for it suffered baith cauld and hun... it was living, and in the grave there is rest ...gs—rest for the doggie, and my puir bairn,

...bairn ?" said Jeanie, conceiving that by ...n such a topic, supposing it to be a real ...uld not fail to bring her companion to a ...osed temper.

...s mistaken, however, for Madge coloured, ...l with some anger, "*My* bairn ? ay, to be ...irn. Whatfor shouldna I hae a bairn, and ...rn too, as weel as your bonny tittie, the ...Leonard's ?"

...swer struck Jeanie with some alarm, and ...xious to soothe the irritation she had un... given occasion to. "I am very sorry for ...rtune"——

...! what wad ye be sorry for?" answered ...'The bairn was a blessing—that is, Jeanie, ...e been a blessing if it hadna been for my ...ut my mother's a queer woman.—Ye see, ...an auld carle wi' a bit land, and a gude ...er besides, just the very picture of old Mr. ...id or Mr. Ready-to-halt, that Great-Heart ...from Slaygood the giant, when he was ...t and about to pick his bones, for Slaygood ...e nature of the flesh-eaters—and Great... ...ed Giant Despair too—but I am doubting ...spair's come alive again, for a' the story ...d him busy at my heart whiles."

...nd so the auld carle,"—said Jeanie, for she ...ully interested in getting to the truth of ...istory, which she could not but suspect ...ne extraordinary way linked and entwined ...te of her sister. She was also desirous, if ...o engage her companion in some narrative ...ght be carried on in a lower tone of voice, ...as in great apprehension lest the elevated Madge's conversation should direct her the robbers in search of them.

...o the auld carle," said Madge, repeating her ...I wish you had seen him stoiting about, aff ...to the other, wi' a kind o' dot-and-go-one ...tion, as if ilk ane o' his twa legs had be... ...sundry folk—But Gentle George could take ...awly—Eh, as I used to laugh to see George ...op like him!—I dinna ken, I think I laughed ...en than what I do now, though maybe no ...uckle."

...who was Gentle George ?" said Jeanie, en... ...g to bring her back to her story.

...was Geordie Robertson, ye ken, when he ...Edinburgh: but that's no his right name ...His name is——But what is your business ...me?" said she, as if upon sudden recollec... ...hat have ye to do asking for folk's names? ...a mind I should scour my knife between ...as my mother says !"

...was spoken with a menacing tone and ges... ...e hastened to protest her total innocence ...in the accidental question which she had ...d Madge Wildfire went on somewhat pu...

...' ask folk's names, Jeanie—it's no civil—I ...alf-a-dozen o' folk in my mother's at anes, ...ane o' them ca'd the ither by his name; ...ie Ratton says, it is the most uncivil thing ...because the bailie bodies are aye asking ...estions, when ye saw sic a man, or sic a ...l if ye dinna ken their names, ye ken there ...e mair speer'd about it."

...strange school, thought Jeanie to herself, ...oor creature been bred up, where such re... ...autions are taken against the pursuits of ... What would my father or Reuben Butler ...were to tell them *there are sic folk in the* world? And to abuse the simplicity of this demented creature! O, that I were but safe at hame amang mine ain leal and true people! and I'll bless God, while I have breath, that placed me amongst those who live in His fear, and under the shadow of His wing.

She was interrupted by the insane laugh of Madge Wildfire, as she saw a magpie hop across the path.

"See there!—that was the gait my old joe used to cross the country, but no just sae lightly—he hadna wings to help his auld legs, I trow; but I behoved to have married him for a' that, Jeanie, or my mother would have been the dead o' me. But then came in the story of my poor bairn, and my mother thought he wad be deaved wi' its skirling, and she pat it away in below the bit bourock of turf yonder, just to be out o' the gate; and I think she buried my best wits with it, for I have never been just mysell since. And only think, Jeanie, after my mother had been at a' this pains, the auld doited body Johnny Drottle turned up his nose, and wadna hae aught to say to me! But it's little I care for him, for I have led a merry life ever since, and ne'er a braw gentleman looks at me but ye wad think he was gaun to drop off his horse for mere love of me. I have kend some o' them put their hand in their pocket, and gie me as muckle as sixpence at a time, just for my weel-faurd face."

This speech gave Jeanie a dark insight into Madge's history. She had been courted by a wealthy suitor, whose addresses her mother had favoured, notwithstanding the objection of old age and deformity. She had been seduced by some profligate, and, to conceal her shame and promote the advantageous match she had planned, her mother had not hesitated to destroy the offspring of their intrigue. That the consequence should be the total derangement of a mind which was constitutionally unsettled by giddiness and vanity, was extremely natural; and such was, in fact, the history of Madge Wildfire's insanity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court—right glad they were.
CHRISTABEL.

Pursuing the path which Madge had chosen, Jeanie Deans observed, to her no small delight, that marks of more cultivation appeared, and the thatched roofs of houses, with their blue smoke arising in little columns, were seen embosomed in a tuft of trees at some distance. The track led in that direction, and Jeanie therefore resolved, while Madge continued to pursue it, that she would ask her no questions having had the penetration to observe, that by doing so she ran the risk of irritating her guide, or awakening suspicions, to the impressions of which persons in Madge's unsettled state of mind are particularly liable.

Madge therefore, uninterrupted, went on with the wild disjointed chat which her rambling imagination suggested: a mood in which she was much more communicative respecting her own history, and that of others, than when there was any attempt made, by direct queries, or cross-examinations, to extract information on these subjects.

"It's a queer thing," she said, "but whiles I can speak about the bit bairn and the rest of it, just as if it had been another body's, and no my ain; and whiles I am like to break my heart about it—Had you ever a bairn, Jeanie ?"

Jeanie replied in the negative.

"Ay; but your sister had, though—and I ken what came o't too."

"In the name of heavenly mercy," said Jeanie, forgetting the line of conduct which she had hitherto adopted, "tell me but what became of that unfortunate babe, and"—

Madge stopt, looked at her gravely and fixedly, and then broke into a great fit of laughing—"Aha lass,—catch me if you can—I think it's easy to gar you trow ony thing.—How suld I ken ony thing o' your sister's wean? Lasses suld hae naething to do wi' weans till they are married—and then a' the gossips and cummers come in and feast as if it were the blithest

day in the warld.—They say maidens' bairns are weel guided. I wot that wasna true of your tittie's and mine; but these are sad tales to tell—I maun just sing a bit to keep up my heart—It's a sang that Gentle George made on me lang syne, when I went with him to Lockington wake, to see him act upon a stage, in fine clothes with the player folk. He might hae dune waur than married me that night as he promised—better wed over the mixen* as over the moor, as they say in Yorkshire—he may gang further and fare waur—but that's a' ane to the sang,——

'I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own—
The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

'I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day:
The wild-fire that flashes so fair and so free,
Was never so bright, or so bonny, as me.'

"I like that the best o' a' my sangs," continued the maniac, "because *he* made it. I am often singing it, and that's maybe the reason folk ca' me Madge Wildfire. I aye answer to the name, though it's no my ain, for what's the use of making a fash ?"

'But ye shouldna sing upon the Sabbath at least," said Jeanie, who, amid all her distress and anxiety, could not help being scandalized at the deportment of her companion, especially as they now approached near to the little village.

"Ay! is this Sunday?" said Madge. "My mother leads sic a life, wi' turning night into day, that ane loses a' count o' the days o' the week, and disna ken Sunday frae Saturday. Besides, it's a' your whiggery—in England, folk sing when they like—And then, ye ken, you are Christiana, and I am Mercy—and ye ken, as they went on their way, they sang."—And she immediately raised one of John Bunyan's ditties :—

"He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

"Fulness to such a burthen is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

"And do ye ken, Jeanie, I think there's much truth in that book, the Pilgrim's Progress. The boy that sings that song was feeding his father's sheep in the Valley of Humiliation, and Mr. Great-Heart says, that he lived a merrier life, and had more of the herb called heart's ease in his bosom, than they that wear silk and velvet like me, and are as bonny as I am."

Jeanie Deans had never read the fanciful and delightful parable to which Madge alluded. Bunyan was, indeed, a rigid Calvinist, but then he was also a member of a Baptist congregation, so that his works had no place on David Deans's shelf of divinity. Madge, however, at some time of her life, had been well acquainted, as it appeared, with the most popular of his performances, which, indeed, rarely fails to make a deep impression upon children, and people of the lower rank.

"I am sure," she continued, "I may weel say I am come out of the city of Destruction, for my mother is Mrs. Bat's-eyes, that dwells at Deadman's Corner; and Frank Levitt, and Tyburn Tam, they may be likened to Mistrust and Guilt, that came galloping up, and struck the poor pilgrim to the ground with a great club, and stole a bag of silver, which was most of his spending money, and so have they done to many, and will do to more. But now we will gang to the Interpreter's house, for I ken a man that will play the Interpreter right weel; for he has eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth written on his lips, and he stands as if he pleaded wi' men—O if I had minded what he had said to me, I had never been the cast-away creature that I am!—But it is all over now.—But we'll knock at the gate, and then the keeper will admit Christiana, but Mercy will be left out—and then I'll stand at the door trembling and crying, and then Christiana—that's you, Jeanie—will intercede for me; a Mercy—that's me, ye ken—will faint; and t Interpreter—yes, the Interpreter, that's Mr. S himself, will come out and take me—that's po demented me—by the hand, and give me a p nate, and a piece of honeycomb, and a sma of spirits, to stay my fainting—and then t times will come back again, and we'll be the l folk you ever saw."

In the midst of the confused assemblage c indicated in this speech, Jeanie thought she serious purpose on the part of Madge, to en to obtain the pardon and countenance of so whom she had offended; an attempt the mos of all others to bring them once more into with law and legal protection. She, theref solved to be guided by her while she was in s ful a disposition, and act for her own safety ing to circumstances.

They were now close by the village, one c beautiful scenes which are so often found in England, where the cottages, instead of bei in two direct lines on each side of a dusty hig stand in detached groups, interspersed not on large oaks and elms, but with fruit-trees, so r which were at this time in flourish, that th seemed enamelled with their crimson and whi soms. In the centre of the hamlet stood the church and its little Gothic tower, from w present was heard the Sunday chime of bells.

"We will wait here until the folk are a' church—they ca' the kirk a church in E Jeanie, be sure you mind that—for if I was ga ward amang them, a' the gaitts o' boys and wad be crying at Madge Wildfire's tail, the lit rakers! and the beadle would be as hard upo if it was our fault. I like their skirling as i does, I can tell him; I'm sure I often wish th a het peat doun their throats when they set t that gate."

Conscious of the disorderly appearance of h dress after the adventure of the preceding nig of the grotesque habit and demeanour of he and sensible how important it was to secur tentive and patient audience to her strange sto some one who might have the means to prot Jeanie readily acquiesced in Madge's proposa under the trees, by which they were still so screened, until the commencement of service give them an opportunity of entering the without attracting a crowd around them. Sh the less opposition, that Madge had intimat this was not the village where her mother custody, and that the two squires of the pad v sent in a different direction.

She sate herself down, therefore, at the fo oak, and by the assistance of a placid fountai had been dammed up for the use of the villag which served her as a natural mirror, she beg uncommon thing with a Scottish maiden rank—to arrange her toilette in the open a bring her dress, soiled and disordered as it w such order as the place and circumstances a

She soon perceived reason, however, to reg she had set about this task, however decent a cessary, in the present time and society. Wildfire, who, among other indications of i had a most overweening opinion of those ch which, in fact she had owed her misery, an mind, like a raft upon a lake, was agitated an about at random by each fresh impulse, no soo held Jeanie begin to arrange her hair, place he in order, rub the dust from her shoes and clot just her neck-handkerchief and mittens, and s than with imitative zeal she began to bediz trick herself out with shreds and remnants gaudy finery, which she took out of a little bun which, when disposed around her person, m appearance ten times more fantastic and api it had been before.

Jeanie groaned in spirit, but dared not inte a matter so delicate. Across the man's cap o hat which she wore, Madge placed a broken an white feather, intersected with one which ha

* A homely proverb, signifying, better wed a neighbour than one fetched from a distance.—*Mixen* signifies dunghill.

the train of a peacock. To her dress, which i of riding-habit, she stitched, pinned, and secured, a large furbelow of artificial flow-ished, wrinkled and dirty, which had first a lady of quality, then descended to her d dazzled the inmates of the servants'-hall. scarf of yellow silk, trimmed with tinsel s, which had seen as hard service, and honourable a transmission, was next thing houlder, and fell across her person in the a shoulder-belt, or baldrick. Madge then f the coarse ordinary shoes which she wore for them by a pair of dirty satin ones, span-mbroidered to match the scarf, and far-h very high heels. She had cut a willow her morning's walk, almost as long as a ng-rod. This she set herself seriously to then it was transformed into such a wand easurer or High Steward bears on public she told Jeanie that she thought they now ent, as young women should do upon the orning, and that as the bells had done ring-as willing to conduct her to the Interpreter's

sighed heavily, to think it should be her lot rd's day, and during kirk-time too, to parade of an inhabited village with so very gro-omrade; but necessity had no law, since, positive quarrel with the madwoman, which, cumstances, would have been very unadvi-could see no means of shaking herself free ciety.

oor Madge, she was completely elated with vanity, and the most perfect satisfaction g her own dazzling dress, and superior ap-They entered the hamlet without being ob-cept by one old woman, who, being nearly ivel blind," was only conscious that some-fine and glittering was passing by, and s deep a reverence to Madge as she would to a Countess. This filled up the measure 's self-approbation. She minced, she am-smiled, she simpered, and waved Jeanie rward with the condescension of a noble , who has undertaken the charge of a coun-n her first journey to the capital.

ollowed in patience, and with her eyes fixed und, that she might save herself the mor-of seeing her companion's absurdities; but d when, ascending two or three steps, she self in the churchyard, and saw that Madge ng straight for the door of the church. As d no mind to enter the congregation in such she walked aside from the pathway, and decided tone, "Madge, I will wait here till h comes out—you may go in by yourself if a mind."

spoke these words, she was about to seat on one of the gravestones.

was a little before Jeanie when she turned t suddenly changing her course, she follow-ith long strides, and, with every feature in-th passion, overtook and seized her by the o ye think, ye ungratefu' wretch, that I am et you sit doun upon my father's grave? settle ye doun;—if ye dinna rise and come Interpreter's house, that's the house of God, st I'll rive every dud aff your back!"

pted the action to the phrase; for with one e stripped Jeanie of her straw bonnet and a of her hair to boot, and threw it up into an ree, where it stuck fast. Jeanie's first im-to scream, but conceiving she might receive rm before she could obtain the assistance of notwithstanding the vicinity of the church, ht it wiser to follow the madwoman into gation, where she might find some means from her, or at least be secured against her But when she meekly intimated her con-low Madge, her guide's uncertain brain had other train of ideas. She held Jeanie fast hand, and with the other pointed to the in-on the gravestone, and commanded her to Jeanie obeyed, and read these *words*:—

"THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DONALD MURDOCKSON OF THE KING'S XXVI., OR CAMERONIAN REGIMENT, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN, A BRAVE SOLDIER, AND A FAITHFUL SERVANT, BY HIS GRATEFUL AND SORROWING MASTER, ROBERT STAUN-TON."

"It's very weel read, Jeanie; it's just the very words," said Madge, whose ire had now faded into deep melancholy, and with a step, which, to Jeanie's great joy, was uncommonly quiet and mournful, she led her companion towards the door of the church.

It was one of those old-fashioned Gothic parish churches which are frequent in England, the most cleanly, decent, and reverential places of worship that are, perhaps, anywhere to be found in the Christian world. Yet, notwithstanding the decent solemnity of its exterior, Jeanie was too faithful to the directory of the Presbyterian kirk, to have entered a prelatic place of worship, and would, upon any other occasion, have thought that she beheld in the porch the venerable figure of her father waving her back from the entrance, and pronouncing in a solemn tone, "Cease, my child, to hear the instruction which causeth to err from the words of knowledge." But in her present agitating and alarming situation, she looked for safety to this forbidden place of assembly, as the hunted animal will sometimes seek shelter from imminent danger in the human habitation, or in other places of refuge most alien to its nature and habits. Not even the sound of the organ, and of one or two flutes which accompanied the psalmody, prevented her from following her guide into the chancel of the church.

No sooner had Madge put her foot upon the pavement, and become sensible that she was the object of attention to the spectators, than she resumed all the fantastic extravagance of deportment which some transient touch of melancholy had banished for an instant. She swam rather than walked up the centre aisle, dragging Jeanie after her, whom she held fast by the hand. She would, indeed, have fain slipped aside into the pew nearest to the door, and left Madge to ascend in her own manner and alone, to the high places of the synagogue; but this was impossible, without a degree of violent resistance, which seemed to her inconsistent with the time and place, and she was accordingly led in captivity up the whole length of the church by her grotesque conductress, who, with half-shut eyes, a prim smile upon her lips, and a mincing motion with her hands, which corresponded with the delicate and affected pace at which she was pleased to move, seemed to take the general stare of the congregation, which such an exhibition necessarily excited, as a high compliment, and which she returned by nods and half curtsies to individuals amongst the audience, whom she seemed to distinguish as acquaintances. Her absurdity was enhanced in the eyes of the spectators by the strange contrast which she formed to her companion, who, with dishevelled hair, downcast eyes, and a face glowing with shame, was dragged, as it were, in triumph after her.

Madge's airs were at length fortunately cut short by her encountering in her progress the looks of the clergyman, who fixed upon her a glance, at once steady, compassionate, and admonitory. She hastily opened an empty pew which happened to be near her, and entered, dragging in Jeanie after her. Kicking Jeanie on the shins, by way of hint that she should follow her example, she sunk her head upon her hand for the space of a minute. Jeanie, to whom this posture of mental devotion was entirely new, did not attempt to do the like, but looked round her with a bewildered stare, which her neighbours, judging from the company in which they saw her, very naturally ascribed to insanity. Every person in their immediate vicinity drew back from this extraordinary couple as far as the limits of their pew permitted; but one old man could not get beyond Madge's reach ere she had snatched the prayer-book from his hand and ascertained the lesson of the day. She then turned up the ritual, and, with the most overstrained enthusiasm of gesture and manner, showed Jeanie the passages as they were read in the service ma-

king, at the same time, her own responses so loud as to be heard above those of every other person.

Notwithstanding the shame and vexation which Jeanie felt in being thus exposed in a place of worship, she could not and durst not omit rallying her spirits so as to look around her, and consider to whom she ought to appeal for protection so soon as the service should be concluded. Her first ideas naturally fixed upon the clergyman, and she was confirmed in the resolution by observing that he was an aged gentleman, of a dignified appearance and deportment, who read the service with an undisturbed and decent gravity, which brought back to becoming attention those younger members of the congregation who had been disturbed by the extravagant behaviour of Madge Wildfire. To the clergyman, therefore, Jeanie resolved to make her appeal when the service was over.

It is true she felt disposed to be shocked at his surplice, of which she had heard so much, but which she had never seen upon the person of a preacher of the word. Then she was confused by the change of posture adopted in different parts of the ritual, the more so as Madge Wildfire, to whom they seemed familiar, took the opportunity to exercise authority over her, pulling her up and pushing her down with a bustling assiduity, which Jeanie felt must make them both objects of painful attention. But notwithstanding these prejudices, it was her prudent resolution, in this dilemma, to imitate as nearly as she could what was done around her. The prophet, she thought, permitted Naaman the Syrian to bow even in the house of Rimmon. Surely if I, in this strait, worship the God of my fathers in mine own language, although the manner thereof be strange to me, the Lord will pardon me in this thing.

In this resolution she became so much confirmed, that, withdrawing herself from Madge as far as the pew permitted, she endeavoured to evince, by serious and undeviating attention to what was passing, that her mind was composed to devotion. Her tormentor would not long have permitted her to remain quiet, but fatigue overpowered her, and she fell fast asleep in the other corner of the pew.

Jeanie, though her mind in her own despite sometimes reverted to her situation, compelled herself to give attention to a sensible, energetic, and well-composed discourse, upon the practical doctrines of Christianity, which she could not help approving, although it was every word written down and read by the preacher, and although it was delivered in a tone and gesture very different from those of Boanerges Stormheaven, who was her father's favourite preacher. The serious and placid attention with which Jeanie listened, did not escape the clergyman. Madge Wildfire's entrance had rendered him apprehensive of some disturbance, to provide against which, as far as possible, he often turned his eyes to the part of the church where Jeanie and she were placed, and became soon aware that, although the loss of her head-gear, and the awkwardness of her situation, had given an uncommon and anxious air to the features of the former, yet she was in a state of mind very different from that of her companion. When he dismissed the congregation, he observed her look around with a wild and terrified look, as if uncertain what course she ought to adopt, and noticed that she approached one or two of the most decent of the congregation, as if to address them, and then shrunk back timidly, on observing that they seemed to shun and to avoid her. The clergyman was satisfied there must be something extraordinary in all this, and as a benevolent man, as well as a good Christian pastor, he resolved to inquire into the matter more minutely.

CHAPTER XXXII.

——— There govern'd in that year
A stern, stout churl—an angry overseer.—CRABBE.

WHILE Mr. Staunton, for such was this worthy clergyman's name, was laying aside his gown in the vestry, Jeanie was in the act of coming to an open rupture with Madge.

"We must return to Mummer's barn di
said Madge; "we'll be ower late, and my mot
be angry."

"I am not going back with you, Madge," s
nie, taking out a guinea, and offering it to l
am much obliged to you, but I maun gang
road.'

"And me coming a' this way out o' my
pleasure you, ye ungratefu' cutty," answere
"and me to be brained by my mother wa
hame, and a' for your sake!—But I will ga
good"—

"For God's sake," said Jeanie, to a man wi
beside them, "keep her off! she is mad."

"Ey, ey," answered the boor; "I hae son
of that, and I trow thou be'st a bird of the sa
ther.—Howsomever, Madge, I redd thee keep i
her, or I'se lend thee a whister-poop."

Several of the lower class of the parishione
gathered round the strangers, and the cry arose
the boys, that "there was a-going to be a fite l
mad Madge Murdockson and another Bess
lam." But while the fry assembled with the i
hope of seeing as much of the fun as poss
laced cocked-hat of the beadle was discerned
the multitude, and all made way for that p
awful authority. His first address was to M

"What's brought thee back again, thou s
not, to plague this parish? Hast thou brou
more bastards wi' thee to lay to honest men's
or does thou think to burden us with this goos
as gare-brained as thysell, as if rates wer
enow? Away wi' thee to thy thief of a mothe
fast in the stocks at Barkston town-end—A
ye out o' the parish, or I'se be at ye with the

Madge stood sulky for a minute; but she h
too often taught submission to the beadle's a
be ungentle means, to feel courage enough
pute it.

"And my mother—my puir auld mother, is
stocks at Barkston!—This is a' your wyt
Jeanie Deans; but I'll be upsides wi' you, as
my name's Madge Wildfire—I mean Murdo
God help me, I forget my very name in this c
waste!"

So saying, she turned upon her heel, and v
followed by all the mischievous imps of the
some crying, "Madge, canst thou tell thy nar
some pulling the skirts of her dress, and al
best of their strength and ingenuity, exercisi
new device or other to exasperate her into fre

Jeanie saw her departure with infinite
though she wished, that, in some way or ot
could have requited the service Madge had e
upon her.

In the meantime, she applied to the beadle t
whether "there was any house in the villag
she could be civilly entertained for her mo
whether she could be permitted to speak to
gyman?"

"Ay, ay, we'se ha' reverend care on thee
think," answered the man of constituted a
"that, unless thou answer the Rector all th
we'se spare thy money, and gie thee lodgin
parish charge, young woman."

"Where am I to go then?" said Jeanie,
alarm.

"Why, I am to take thee to his Reverence
first place, to gie an account o' thysell, an
thou comena to be a burden upon the parish.

"I do not wish to burden any one," replied
"I have enough for my own wants, and only
get on my journey safely."

"Why, that's another matter," replied th
"an if it be true—and I think thou dost not
polrumptious as thy playfellow yonder;—thou
be a mettle lass enow, an thou wert snog an
bit better. Come thou away, then—the Rec
good man."

"Is that the minister," said Jeanie, "who
ed"——

"The minister? Lord help thee! What
presbyterian art thou?—Why, 'tis the Rec
Rector's sell, woman, and there isna the lik

nty, nor the four next to it. Come away— i thee—we munna bide here."

ure I am very willing to go to see the minis- Jeanie; "for, though he read his discourse, that surplice, as they call it here, I cannot he must be a very worthy God-fearing man, the root of the matter in the way he did."

ppointed rabble, finding that there was like irther sport, had by this time dispersed, and th her usual patience, followed her conse- nd surly, but not brutal, conductor towards y.

rical mansion was large and commodious, ing was an excellent one, and the advowson to a very wealthy family in the neighbour- o had usually bred up a son or nephew to i. for the sake of inducting him, as oppor- red, into this very comfortable provision. nner the rectory of Willingham had always dered as a direct and immediate appanage gham-hall; and as the rich baronets to latter belonged had usually a son, or bro- ephew, settled in the living, the utmost care taken to render their habitation not merely e and commodious, but even dignified and

situated about four hundred yards from the id on a rising ground which sloped gently covered with small enclosures, or closes, rregularly, so that the old oaks and elms, re planted in hedge-rows, fell into perspec- were blended together in beautiful irregu- When they approached nearer to the house, a e gate-way admitted them into a lawn, of imensions, indeed, but which was inter- ith large sweet-chestnut trees and beeches, n handsome order. The front of the house ilar. Part of it seemed very old, and had, in the residence of the incumbent in Romish uccessive occupants had made considerable and improvements, each in the taste of his and without much regard to symmetry. But ngruities of architecture were so graduated ly mingled, that the eye, far from being dis- ith the combinations of various styles, saw ut what was interesting in the varied and pile which they exhibited. Fruit-trees dis- the southern wall, outer staircases, various entrance, a combination of roofs and chim- fferent ages, united to render the front, not autiful or grand, but intricate, perplexed, or, Ir. Price's appropriate phrase, picturesque. t considerable addition was that of the pre- stor, who, "being a bookish man," as the s at the pains to inform Jeanie, to augment, her reverence for the person before whom to appear, had built a handsome library ur, and no less than two additional bed-

' men would hae scrupled such expense," l the parochial officer, "seeing as the living s it pleases Sir Edmund to will it; but his e has a canny bit land of his own, and need on two sides of a penny."

could not help comparing the irregular yet and commodious pile of building before e "Manses" in her own country, where a urious heritors, professing all the while the of their lives and fortunes to the presbyte- blishment, strain their inventions to disco- may be nipped, and clipped, and pared from g which forms but a poor accommodation the present incumbent, and, despite the advantage of stone-masonry, must, in the forty or fifty years, again burden their de- s with an expense, which, once liberally and ely employed, ought to have freed their om a recurrence of it for more than a cen- ast.

the Rector's house the ground sloped down ll river, which, without possessing the ro- vivacity and rapidity of a northern stream, vertheless, by its occasional appearance the ranges of willows and poplars that crowned its banks, a very pleasing accompaniment to the landscape. "It was the best trouting stream," said the beadle, whom the patience of Jeanie, and especially the assurance that she was not about to become a burden to the parish, had rendered rather communicative, "the best trouting stream in all Lincolnshire; for when you got lower, there was nought to be done wi' fly-fishing."

Turning aside from the principal entrance, he conducted Jeanie towards a sort of portal connected with the older part of the building, which was chiefly occupied by servants, and knocking at the door, it was opened by a servant in grave purple livery, such as befitted a wealthy and dignified clergyman.

"How dost do, Tummas?" said the beadle—"and how's young Measter Staunton?"

"Why, but poorly—but poorly, Measter Stubbs.—Are you wanting to see his Reverence?"

"Ay, ay, Tummas; please to say I ha' brought up the young woman as came to service to-day with mad Madge Murdockson—she seems to be a decent-ish koind o' body; but I ha' asked her never a question. Only I can tell his Reverence that she is a Scotchwoman, I judge, and as flat as the fens of Holland."

Tummas honoured Jeanie Deans with such a stare, as the pampered domestics of the rich, whether spiritual or temporal, usually esteem it part of their privilege to bestow upon the poor, and then desired Mr. Stubbs and his charge to step in till he informed his master of their presence.

The room into which he showed them was a sort of steward's parlour, hung with a county map or two, and three or four prints of eminent persons connected with the county, as Sir William Monson, James York the blacksmith of Lincoln, and the famous Peregrine, Lord Willoughby, in complete armour looking as when he said, in the words of the legend below the engraving,—

"Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And face ye well about:
And shoot ye sharp, bold bowmen,
And we will keep them out.
Ye musquet and calliver-men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost man in fight,
Said brave Lord Willoughbee."

When they had entered this apartment, Tummas as a matter of course offered, and as a matter of course Mr. Stubbs accepted, a "summat" to eat and drink, being the respectable relics of a gammon of bacon, and a *whole whiskin*, or black pot of sufficient double ale. To these eatables Mr. Beadle seriously inclined himself, and (for we must do him justice) not without an invitation to Jeanie, in which Tummas joined, that his prisoner or charge would follow his good example. But although she might have stood in need of refreshment, considering she had tasted no food that day, the anxiety of the moment, her own sparing and abstemious habits, and a bashful aversion to eat in company of the two strangers, induced her to decline their courtesy. So she sate in a chair apart, while Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Tummas, who had chosen to join his friend in consideration that dinner was to be put back till the afternoon service was over, made a hearty luncheon, which lasted for half an hour, and might not then have concluded, had not his Reverence rung his bell, so that Tummas was obliged to attend his master. Then, and no sooner, to save himself the labour of a second journey to the other end of the house, he announced to his master the arrival of Mr. Stubbs, with the other madwoman, as he chose to designate Jeanie, as an event which had just taken place. He returned with an order that Mr. Stubbs and the young woman should be instantly ushered up to the library.

The beadle bolted in haste his last mouthful of fat bacon, washed down the greasy morsel with the last rinsings of the pot of ale, and immediately marshalled Jeanie through one or two intricate passages which led from the ancient to the more modern buildings, into a handsome little hall, or ante-room, adjoining to the library, and out of which a glass door opened to the lawn.

"Stay here," said Stubbs, "till I tell his Reverence you are come."

So saying he opened a door and entered the library.

Without wishing to hear their conversation, Jeanie, as she was circumstanced, could not avoid it; for as Stubbs stood by the door, and his Reverence was at the upper end of a large room, their conversation was necessarily audible in the ante-room.

"So you have brought the young woman here at last, Mr. Stubbs. I expected you some time since. You know I do not wish such persons to remain in custody a moment without some inquiry into their situation."

"Very true, your Reverence," replied the beadle; "but the young woman had eat nought to-day, and soa Measter Tummas did set down a drap of drink and a morsel, to be sure."

"Thomas was very right, Mr. Stubbs; and what has become of the other most unfortunate being?"

"Why," replied Mr. Stubbs, "I did think the sight on her would but vex your Reverence, and soa I did let her go her ways back to her mother, who is in trouble in the next parish."

"In trouble!—that signifies in prison, I suppose?" said Mr Staunton."

"Ay, truly; something like it, an it like your Reverence."

"Wretched, unhappy, incorrigible woman!" said the clergyman. "And what sort of person is this companion of hers?"

"Why, decent enow, an it like your Reverence," said Stubbs; "for aught I sees of her, there's no harm of her, and she says she has cash enow to carry her out of the county."

"Cash? that is always what you think of, Stubbs. —But, has she sense?—has she her wits?—has she the capacity of taking care of herself?"

"Why, your Reverence," replied Stubbs, "I cannot just say—I will be sworn she was not born at Witt-ham;* for Gaffer Gibbs looked at her all the time of service, and he says she could not turn up a single lesson like a Christian, even though she had Madge Murdockson to help her—but then, as to fending for hersell, why, she's a bit of a Scotch woman, your Reverence, and they say the worst donnot of them can look out for their own turn, and she is decently put on enow, and not bechounched like t'other."

"Send her in here, then, and do you remain below, Mr. Stubbs."

This colloquy had engaged Jeanie's attention so deeply, that it was not until it was over that she observed that the sashed door, which we have said, led from the anteroom into the garden, was opened, and that there entered, or rather was borne in by two assistants, a young man, of a very pale and sickly appearance, whom they lifted to the nearest couch, and placed there, as if to recover from the fatigue of an unusual exertion. Just as they were making this arrangement, Stubbs came out of the library, and summoned Jeanie to enter it. She obeyed him, not without tremor; for, besides the novelty of the situation to a girl of her secluded habits, she felt also as if the successful prosecution of her journey was to depend upon the impression she should be able to make on Mr. Staunton.

It is true, it was difficult to suppose on what pretext a person travelling on her own business, and at her own charge, could be interrupted upon her route. But the violent detention she had already undergone, was sufficient to show that there existed persons at no great distance, who had the interest, the inclination, and the audacity, forcibly to stop her journey, and she felt the necessity of having some countenance and protection, at least till she should get beyond their reach. While these things passed through her mind much faster than our pen and ink can record, or even the reader's eye collect the meaning of its traces, Jeanie found herself in a handsome library, and in presence of the Rector of Willingham. The well-furnished presses and shelves which surrounded the large and handsome apartment, contained more books than Jeanie imagined existed in the world, being accustomed to consider as an extensive collection two fir shelves, each about three feet long, which contained her father's treasured volumes, the whole pith and marrow, as he used sometimes to boast, of modern divinity. An orrery, globes, a telescope, and some other scientific implements, conveyed to Jeanie an impression of admiration and wonder not unmixed with fear; for, in her ignorant apprehension, they seemed rather adapted for magical purposes than any other; and a few stuffed animals (as the Rector was fond of natural history) added to the impressive character of the apartment.

Mr. Staunton spoke to her with great mildness. He observed, that, although her appearance at church had been uncommon, and in strange, and, he must add, discreditable society, and calculated, upon the whole, to disturb the congregation during divine worship, he wished, nevertheless, to hear her own account of herself before taking any steps which his duty might seem to demand. He was a justice of peace, he informed her, as well as a clergyman.

"His honour" (for she would not say his reverence) "was very civil and kind," was all that poor Jeanie could at first bring out.

"Who are you, young woman?" said the clergyman, more peremptorily—"and what do you do in this country, and in such company?—We allow no strollers or vagrants here."

"I am not a vagrant or a stroller, sir," said Jeanie, a little roused by the supposition. "I am a decent Scotch lass, travelling through the land on my own business and my own expenses; and I was so unhappy as to fall in with bad company, and was stopped a' night on my journey. And this puir creature, who is something light-headed, let me out in the morning."

"Bad company!" said the clergyman. "I am afraid, young woman, you have not been sufficiently anxious to avoid them."

"Indeed, sir," returned Jeanie, "I have been brought up to shun evil communication. But these wicked people were thieves, and stopped me by violence and mastery."

"Thieves!" said Mr. Staunton; "then you charge them with robbery, I suppose?"

"No, sir; they did not take so much as a boddle from me," answered Jeanie; "nor did they use me ill, otherwise than by confining me."

The clergyman inquired into the particulars of her adventure, which she told him from point to point.

"This is an extraordinary, and not a very probable tale, young woman," resumed Mr. Staunton. "Here has been, according to your account, a great violence committed without any adequate motive. Are you aware of the law of this country—that if you lodge this charge you will be bound over to prosecute this gang?"

Jeanie did not understand him, and he explained that the English law, in addition to the inconvenience sustained by persons who have been robbed or injured, has the goodness to intrust to them the care and the expense of appearing as prosecutors.

Jeanie said, "that her business at London was express; all she wanted was, that any gentleman would, out of Christian charity, protect her to some town where she could hire horses and a guide; and, finally," she thought, "it would be her father's mind that she was not free to give testimony in an English court of justice, as the land was not under a direct gospel dispensation."

Mr. Staunton stared a little, and asked if her father was a Quaker.

"God forbid, sir," said Jeanie—"He is nae schismatic nor sectary, nor ever treated for sic black commodities as theirs, and that's weel kend o' him."

"And what is his name, pray?" said Mr. Staunton.

"David Deans, sir, the cowfeeder at Saint Leonard's Craigs, near Edinburgh."

A deep groan from the anteroom prevented the Rector from replying, and, exclaiming, "Good God! that unhappy boy!" he left Jeanie alone, and hastened into the outer apartment.

Some noise and bustle was heard, but no one entered the library for the best part of an hour

* A proverbial and punning expression in that county, to intimate that a person is not very clever.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

> Fantastic passions' maddening brawl!
> And shame and terror over all!
> Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
> Which, all confused, I could not know
> Whether I suffer'd or I did,
> For all seem'd guilt, remorse, or wo;
> My own, or others, still the same
> Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.—COLERIDGE.

DURING the interval while she was thus left alone, Jeanie anxiously revolved in her mind what course was best for her to pursue. She was impatient to continue her journey, yet she feared she could not safely adventure to do so while the old hag and her assistants were in the neighbourhood, without risking a repetition of their violence. She thought she could collect from the conversation which she had partly overheard, and also from the wild confessions of Madge Wildfire, that her mother had a deep and revengeful motive for obstructing her journey if possible. And from whom could she hope for assistance if not from Mr. Staunton? His whole appearance and demeanour seemed to encourage her hopes. His features were handsome, though marked with a deep cast of melancholy; his tone and language were gentle and encouraging; and, as he had served in the army for several years during his youth, his air retained that easy frankness which is peculiar to the profession of arms. He was, besides, a minister of the gospel; and although a worshipper, according to Jeanie's notions, in the court of the Gentiles, and so benighted as to wear a surplice; although he read the Common Prayer, and wrote down every word of his sermon before delivering it; and although he was, moreover, in strength of lungs, as well as pith and marrow of doctrine, vastly inferior to Boanerges Stormheaven, Jeanie still thought he must be a very different person from Curate Kiltstoup, and other prelatical divines of her father's earlier days, who used to get drunk in their canonical dress, and hound out the dragoons against the wandering Cameronians. The house seemed to be in some disturbance, but as she could not suppose she was altogether forgotten, she thought it better to remain quiet in the apartment where she had been left, till some one should take notice of her.

The first who entered was, to her no small delight, one of her own sex, a motherly-looking aged person of a housekeeper. To her Jeanie explained her situation in a few words, and begged her assistance.

The dignity of a housekeeper did not encourage too much familiarity with a person who was at the Rectory on justice-business, and whose character might seem in her eyes somewhat precarious; but she was civil, although distant.

"Her young master," she said, "had had a bad accident by a fall from his horse, which made him liable to fainting fits; he had been taken very ill just now, and it was impossible his Reverence could see Jeanie for some time; but that she need not fear his doing all that was just and proper in her behalf the instant he could get her business attended to." She concluded by offering to show Jeanie a room, where she might remain till his Reverence was at leisure.

Our heroine took the opportunity to request the means of adjusting and changing her dress.

The housekeeper, in whose estimation order and cleanliness ranked high among personal virtues, gladly complied with a request so reasonable; and the change of dress which Jeanie's bundle furnished made so important an improvement in her appearance, that the old lady hardly knew the soiled and disordered traveller, whose attire showed the violence she had sustained, in the neat, clean, quiet-looking little Scotchwoman, who now stood before her. Encouraged by such a favourable alteration in her appearance, Mrs. Dalton ventured to invite Jeanie to partake of her dinner, and was equally pleased with the decent propriety of her conduct during that meal.

"Thou canst read this book, canst thou, young woman?" said the old lady, when their meal was concluded, laying her hand upon a large Bible.

"I hope sae, madam," said Jeanie, surprised at the question; "my father wad hae wanted mony a thing, ere I had wanted *that* schuling."

"The better sign of him, young woman. There are men here, well to pass in the world, would not want their share of a Leicester plover, and that's a bag-pudding, if fasting for three hours would make all their poor children read the Bible from end to end. Take thou the book, then, for my eyes are something dazed, and read where thou listest—it's the only book thou canst not happen wrong in."

Jeanie was at first tempted to turn up the parable of the good Samaritan, but her conscience checked her as it it were an use of Scripture, not for her own edification, but to work upon the mind of others for the relief of her worldly afflictions; and under this scrupulous sense of duty, she selected, in preference, a chapter of the prophet Isaiah, and read it, notwithstanding her northern accent and tone, with a devout propriety, which greatly edified Mrs. Dalton.

"Ah!" she said, "an all Scotch women were sic as thou!—but it was our luck to get born devils of thy country, I think—every one worse than t'other. If thou knowest of any tidy lass like thysell, that wanted a place, and could bring a good character, and would not go laking about to wakes and fairs, and wore shoes and stockings all the day round—why, I'll not say but we might find room for her at the Rectory. Hast no cousin or sister, lass, that such an offer would suit?"

This was touching upon a sore point, but Jeanie was spared the pain of replying, by the entrance of the same man-servant she had seen before.

"Measter wishes to see the young woman from Scotland," was Tummas's address.

"Go to his Reverence, my dear, as fast as you can, and tell him all your story—his Reverence is a kind man," said Mrs. Dalton. "I will fold down the leaf, and make you a cup of tea, with some nice muffin, against you come down, and that's what you seldom see in Scotland, girl."

"Measter's waiting for the young woman," said Tummas impatiently.

"Well, Mr. Jack-sauce, and what is your business to put in your oar?—And how often must I tell you to call Mr. Staunton his Reverence, seeing as he is a dignified clergyman, and not be meastering, meastering him, as if he were a little petty squire?"

As Jeanie was now at the door, and ready to accompany Tummas, the footman said nothing till he got into the passage, when he muttered, "There are more masters than one in this house, and I think we shall have a mistress too, an Dame Dalton carries it thus."

Tummas led the way through a more intricate range of passages than Jeanie had yet threaded, and ushered her into an apartment which was darkened by the closing of most of the window shutters, and in which was a bed with the curtains partly drawn.

"Here is the young woman, sir," said Tummas.

"Very well," said a voice from the bed, but not that of his Reverence; "be ready to answer the bell, and leave the room."

"There is some mistake," said Jeanie, confounded at finding herself in the apartment of an invalid; "the servant told me that the minister"—

"Don't trouble yourself," said the invalid, "there is no mistake. I know more of your affairs than my father, and I can manage them better.—Leave the room, Tom." The servant obeyed.—"We must not," said the invalid, "lose time, when we have little to lose. Open the shutter of that window."

She did so, and, as he drew aside the curtain of his bed, the light fell on his pale countenance, as, turban'd with bandages, and dressed in a night-gown, he lay, seemingly exhausted, upon the bed.

"Look at me," he said, "Jeanie Deans; can you not recollect me?"

"No, sir," said she, full of surprise. "I was never in this country before."

"But I may have been in yours. Think—recollect. I should faint did I name the name you are most dearly bound to loathe and to detest. Think—remember!"

A terrible recollection flashed on Jeanie, which every tone of the speaker confirmed, and which his next words rendered certainty.

"Be composed—remember Muschat's Cairn, and the moonlight night!"

Jeanie sunk down on a chair, with clasped hands, and gasped in agony.

"Yes, here I lie," he said, "like a crushed snake, writhing with impatience at my incapacity of motion—here I lie, when I ought to have been in Edinburgh, trying every means to save a life that is dearer to me than my own.—How is your sister?—how fares it with her?—condemned to death, I know it, by this time! O, the horse that carried me safely on a thousand errands of folly and wickedness, that he should have broke down with me on the only good mission I have undertaken for years! But I must rein in my passion—my frame cannot endure it, and I have much to say. Give me some of the cordial which stands on that table.—Why do you tremble? But you have too good cause.—Let it stand—I need it not."

Jeanie, however reluctant, approached him with the cup into which she had poured the draught, and could not forbear saying, "There is a cordial for the mind, sir, if the wicked will turn from their transgressions, and seek to the Physician of souls."

"Silence!" he said sternly—"and yet I thank you. But tell me, and lose no time in doing so, what you are doing in this country? Remember, though I have been your sister's worst enemy, yet I will serve her with the best of my blood, and I will serve you for her sake; and no one can serve you to such purpose, for no one can know the circumstances so well—so speak without fear."

"I am not afraid, sir," said Jeanie, collecting her spirits. "I trust in God; and if it pleases Him to redeem my sister's captivity, it is all I seek, whosoever be the instrument. But, sir, to be plain with you, I dare not use your counsel, unless I were enabled to see that it accords with the law which I must rely upon."

"The devil take the puritan!" cried George Staunton, for so we must now call him. "I beg your pardon; but I am naturally impatient, and you drive me mad! What harm can it possibly do you to tell me in what situation your sister stands, and your own expectations of being able to assist her? It is time enough to refuse my advice when I offer any which you may think improper. I speak calmly to you, though 'tis against my nature;—but don't urge me to impatience—it will only render me incapable of serving Effie."

There was in the looks and words of this unhappy young man a sort of restrained eagerness and impetuosity, which seemed to prey upon itself, as the impatience of a fiery steed fatigues itself with churning upon the bit. After a moment's consideration, it occurred to Jeanie that she was not entitled to withhold from him, whether on her sister's account or her own, the account of the fatal consequences of the crime which he had committed, nor to reject such advice, being in itself lawful and innocent, as he might be able to suggest in the way of remedy. Accordingly, in as few words as she could express it, she told the history of her sister's trial and condemnation, and of her own journey as far as Newark. He appeared to listen in the utmost agony of mind, yet repressed every violent symptom of emotion, whether by gesture or sound, which might have interrupted the speaker, and, stretched on his couch like the Mexican monarch on his bed of live coals, only the contortions of his cheek, and the quivering of his limbs, gave indication of his sufferings. To much of what she said he listened with stifled groans, as if he were only hearing those miseries confirmed, whose fatal reality he had known before; but when she pursued her tale through the circumstances which had interrupted her journey, extreme surprise and earnest attention appeared to succeed to the symptoms of remorse which he had before exhibited. He questioned Jeanie closely concerning the appearance of the two men, and the conversation which she had overheard between the taller of them and the woman.

When Jeanie mentioned the old woman having alluded to her foster-son—"It is too true," he said; "and the source from which I derived food, when an infant, must have communicated to me the wretched—the fatal—propensity to vices that were strangers in my own family.—But go on."

Jeanie passed slightly over her journey in company with Madge, having no inclination to repeat what might be the effect of mere raving on the part of her companion, and therefore her tale was now closed.

Young Staunton lay for a moment in profound meditation, and at length spoke with more composure than he had yet displayed during their interview.—"You are a sensible, as well as a good young woman, Jeanie Deans, and I will tell you more of my story than I have told to any one.—Story did I call it?—it is a tissue of folly, guilt, and misery.—But take notice—I do it because I desire your confidence in return—that is, that you will act in this dismal matter by my advice and direction. Therefore do I speak."

"I will do what is fitting for a sister and a daughter, and a Christian woman to do," said Jeanie; "but do not tell me any of your secrets—It is not good that I should come into your counsel, or listen to the doctrine which causeth to err."

"Simple fool!" said the young man. "Look at me. My head is not horned, my foot is not cloven, my hands are not garnished with talons; and, since I am not the very devil himself, what interest can any one else have in destroying the hopes with which you comfort or fool yourself? Listen to me patiently, and you will find that, when you have heard my counsel, you may go to the seventh heaven with it in your pocket, if you have a mind, and not feel yourself an ounce heavier in the ascent."

At the risk of being somewhat heavy, as explanations usually prove, we must here endeavour to combine into a distinct narrative, information which the invalid communicated in a manner at once too circumstantial, and too much broken by passion to admit of our giving his precise words. Part of it, indeed, he read from a manuscript, which he had perhaps drawn up for the information of his relations after his decease.

"To make my tale short—this wretched hag—this Margaret Murdockson, was the wife of a favourite servant of my father;—she had been my nurse;—her husband was dead; she resided in a cottage near this place;—she had a daughter who grew up, and was then a beautiful but very giddy girl; her mother endeavoured to promote her marriage with an old and wealthy churl in the neighbourhood;—the girl saw me frequently—she was familiar with me, as our connexion seemed to permit—and I—in a word, I wronged her cruelly—It was not so bad as your sister's business, but it was sufficiently villanous—her folly should have been her protection. Soon after this I was sent abroad—To do my father justice, if I have turned out a fiend, it is not his fault—he used the best means. When I returned, I found the wretched mother and daughter had fallen into disgrace, and were chased from this country.—My deep share in their shame and misery was discovered—my father used very harsh language—we quarrelled. I left his house, and led a life of strange adventure, resolving never again to see my father or my father's home.

"And now comes the story!—Jeanie, I put my life into your hands, and not only my own life, which, God knows, is not worth saving, but the happiness of a respectable old man, and the honour of a family of consideration. My love of low society, as such propensities as I was cursed with are usually termed, was, I think, of an uncommon kind, and indicated a nature, which, if not depraved by early debauchery, would have been fit for better things. I did not so much delight in the wild revel, the low humour, the unconfined liberty of those with whom I associated, as in the spirit of adventure, presence of mind in peril, and sharpness of intellect which they displayed in prosecuting their maraudings upon the revenue, or similar adventures.—Have you looked round this rectory?—is it not a sweet and pleasant retreat?"

Jeanie, alarmed at this sudden change of subject, replied in the affirmative.

"Well! I wish it had been ten thousand fathoms under ground, with its church-lands, and tithes, and all that belongs to it! Had it not been for this cursed

ritory. I should have been permitted to follow the bent of my own inclinations and the profession of arms, and half the courage and address that I have displayed among smugglers and deer-stealers would have secured me an honourable rank among my contemporaries. Why did I not go abroad when I left this house!—Why did I leave it at all!—why—But it came to that point with me that it is madness to look back, and misery to look forward."

He paused, and then proceeded with more composure.

"The chances of a wandering life brought me unhappily to Scotland, to embroil myself in worse and more criminal actions than I had yet been concerned in. It was now I became acquainted with Wilson, a remarkable man in his station of life; quiet, composed, and resolute, firm in mind, and uncommonly strong in person, gifted with a sort of rough eloquence which raised him above his companions. Hitherto I had been

'As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
Were seen some sparkles of a better hope.'

But it was this man's misfortune, as well as mine, that, notwithstanding the difference of our rank and education, he acquired an extraordinary and fascinating influence over me, which I can only account for by the calm determination of his character being superior to the less sustained impetuosity of mine. Where he led, I felt myself bound to follow; and strange was the courage and address which he displayed in his pursuits. While I was engaged in desperate adventures, under so strange and dangerous a preceptor, I became acquainted with your unfortunate sister at some sports of the young people in the suburbs, which she frequented by stealth—and her ruin proved an interlude to the tragic scenes in which I was now deeply engaged. Yet this let me say—the villainy was not premeditated, and I was firmly resolved to do her all the justice which marriage could do, so soon as I should be able to extricate myself from my unhappy course of life, and embrace some one more suited to my birth. I had wild visions—visions of conducting her as if to some poor retreat, and introducing her at once to rank and fortune she never dreamt of. A friend, at my request, attempted a negotiation with my father, which was protracted for some time, and renewed at different intervals. At length, and just when I expected my father's pardon, he learned by some means or other my infamy, painted in even exaggerated colours, which was, God knows, unnecessary. He wrote me a letter—how it found me out, I know not—enclosing me a sum of money, and disowning me for ever. I became desperate—I became frantic—I readily joined Wilson in a perilous smuggling adventure in which we miscarried, and was willingly blinded by his logic to consider the robbery of the officer of the customs in Fife as a fair and honourable reprisal. Hitherto I had observed a certain line in my criminality, and stood free of assaults upon personal property, but now I felt a wild pleasure in disgracing myself as much as possible.

"The plunder was no object to me. I abandoned that to my comrades, and only asked the post of danger. I remember well, that when I stood with my drawn sword guarding the door while they committed the felony, I had not a thought of my own safety. I was only meditating on my sense of supposed wrong from my family, my impotent thirst of vengeance, and how it would sound in the haughty ears of the family of Willingham, that one of their descendants, and the heir apparent of their honours, should perish by the hands of the hangman for robbing a Scottish gauger of a sum not equal to one fifth part of the money I had in my pocket-book. We were taken—I expected no less. We were condemned—that also I looked for. But death, as he approached nearer, looked grimly; and the recollection of your sister's destitute condition determined me on an effort to save my life.—I forgot to tell you, that in Edinburgh I again met the woman Murdockson and her daughter. She had followed the camp when young, and had now, under pretence of a *trifling traffic*, resumed predatory habits, with which she had already been too familiar. Our first meeting was stormy; but I was liberal of what money I had, and she forgot, or seemed to forget, the injury her daughter had received. The unfortunate girl herself seemed hardly even to know her seducer, far less to retain any sense of the injury she had received. Her mind is totally alienated, which, according to her mother's account, is sometimes the consequence of an unfavourable confinement. But it was *my doing*. Here was another stone knitted round my neck to sink me into the pit of perdition. Every look—every word of this poor creature—her false spirits—her imperfect recollections—her allusions to things which she had forgotten, but which were recorded in my conscience, were stabs of a poniard—stabs did I say?—they were tearing with hot pincers, and scalding the raw wound with burning sulphur—they were to be endured, however, and they *were* endured.—I return to my prison thoughts.

"It was not the least miserable of them that your sister's time approached. I knew her dread of you and of her father. She often said she would die a thousand deaths ere you should know her shame—yet her confinement must be provided for. I knew this woman Murdockson was an infernal hag, but I thought she loved me, and that money would make her true. She had procured a file for Wilson, and a spring-saw for me; and she undertook readily to take charge of Effie during her illness, in which she had skill enough to give the necessary assistance. I gave her the money which my father had sent me. It was settled that she should receive Effie into her house in the meantime, and wait for further directions from me, when I should effect my escape. I communicated this purpose, and recommended the old hag to poor Effie by a letter, in which I recollect that I endeavoured to support the character of Macheath under condemnation—a fine, gay, bold-faced ruffian, who is game to the last. Such, and so wretchedly poor, was my ambition! Yet I had resolved to forsake the courses I had been engaged in, should I be so fortunate as to escape the gibbet. My design was to marry your sister, and go over to the West Indies. I had still a considerable sum of money left, and I trusted to be able, in one way or other, to provide for myself and my wife.

"We made the attempt to escape, and by the obstinacy of Wilson, who insisted upon going first, it totally miscarried. The undaunted and self-denied manner in which he sacrificed himself to redeem his error, and accomplish my escape from the Tolbooth Church, you must have heard of—all Scotland rang with it. It was a gallant and extraordinary deed—All men spoke of it—all men, even those who most condemned the habits and crimes of this self-devoted man, praised the heroism of his friendship. I have many vices, but cowardice, or want of gratitude, are none of the number. I resolved to requite his generosity, and even your sister's safety became a secondary consideration with me for the time. To effect Wilson's liberation was my principal object, and I doubted not to find the means.

"Yet I did not forget Effie neither. The bloodhounds of the law were so close after me, that I dared not trust myself near any of my old haunts, but old Murdockson met me by appointment, and informed me that your sister had happily been delivered of a boy. I charged the hag to keep her patient's mind easy, and let her want for nothing that money could purchase, and I retreated to Fife, where, among my old associates of Wilson's gang, I hid myself in those places of concealment where the men engaged in that desperate trade are used to find security for themselves and their uncustomed goods. Men who are disobedient both to human and divine laws, are not always insensible to the claims of courage and generosity. We were assured that the mob of Edinburgh, strongly moved with the hardships of Wilson's situation, and the gallantry of his conduct, would back any bold attempt that might be made to rescue him even from the foot of the gibbet. Desperate as the attempt seemed, upon my declaring myself ready to lead the onset on the guard, I found no want of followers, who engaged to stand by me, and returned to Lothian, soon

joined by some steady associates, prepared to act whenever the occasion might require.

"I have no doubt I should have rescued him from the very noose that dangled over his head," he continued with animation, which seemed a flash of the interest which he had taken in such exploits; "but amongst other precautions, the magistrates had taken one, suggested, as we afterwards learned, by the unhappy wretch Porteous, which effectually disconcerted my measures. They anticipated, by half an hour, the ordinary period for execution; and, as it had been resolved amongst us, that, for fear of observation from the officers of justice, we should not show ourselves upon the street until the time of action approached, it followed that all was over before our attempt at a rescue commenced. It did commence, however, and I gained the scaffold and cut the rope with my own hand. It was too late! The bold, stout-hearted, generous criminal was no more—and vengeance was all that remained to us—a vengeance, as I then thought, doubly due from my hand, to whom Wilson had given life and liberty when he could as easily have secured his own."

"O, sir," said Jeanie, "did the Scripture never come into your mind, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it?'"

"Scripture? Why I had not opened a Bible for five years," answered Staunton.

"Wae's me, sirs," said Jeanie—"and a minister's son too!"

"It is natural for you to say so; yet do not interrupt me, but let me finish my most accursed history. The beast, Porteous, who kept firing on the people long after it had ceased to be necessary, became the object of their hatred for having overdone his duty, and of mine for having done it too well. We—that is, I and the other determined friends of Wilson—resolved to be avenged; but caution was necessary. I thought I had been marked by one of the officers, and therefore continued to lurk about the vicinity of Edinburgh, but without daring to venture within the walls. At length, I visited, at the hazard of my life, the place where I hoped to find my future wife and my son—they were both gone. Dame Murdockson informed me, that so soon as Effie heard of the miscarriage of the attempt to rescue Wilson, and the hot pursuit after me, she fell into a brain fever; and that being one day obliged to go out on some necessary business and leave her alone, she had taken that opportunity to escape, and she had not seen her since. I loaded her with reproaches, to which she listened with the most provoking and callous composure; for it is one of her attributes, that, violent and fierce as she is upon most occasions, there are some in which she shows the most imperturbable calmness. I threatened her with justice; she said I had more reason to fear justice than she had. I felt she was right, and was silenced. I threatened her with vengeance; she replied in nearly the same words, that, to judge by injuries received, I had more reason to fear her vengeance, than she to dread mine. She was again right, and I was left without an answer. I flung myself from her in indignation, and employed a comrade to make inquiry in the neighbourhood of St. Leonard's concerning your sister; but ere I received his answer, the opening quest of a well-scented terrier of the law drove me from the vicinity of Edinburgh to a more distant and secluded place of concealment. A secret and trusty emissary at length brought me the account of Porteous' condemnation, and of your sister's imprisonment on a criminal charge; thus astounding one of mine ears, while he gratified the other.

"I again ventured to the Pleasance—again charged Murdockson with treachery to the unfortunate Effie and her child, though I could conceive no reason, save that of appropriating the whole of the money I had lodged with her. Your narrative throws light on this, and shows another motive, not less powerful because less evident—the desire of wreaking vengeance on the seducer of her daughter,—the destroyer at once of her reason and reputation. Great God! how I wish that, instead of the revenge she made choice of, she had delivered me up to the cord!"

"But what account did the wretched woman give of Effie and the bairn?" said Jeanie, who, during this long and agitating narrative, had firmness and discernment enough to keep her eye on such points as might throw light on her sister's misfortunes.

"She would give none," said Staunton; "she said the mother made a moonlight flitting from her house, with the infant in her arms—that she had never seen either of them since—that the lass might have thrown the child into the North Loch or the Quarry Holes, for what she knew, and it was like enough she had done so."

"And how came you to believe that she did not speak the fatal truth?" said Jeanie, trembling.

"Because, on this second occasion, I saw her daughter, and I understood from her, that, in fact, the child had been removed or destroyed during the illness of the mother. But all knowledge to be got from her is so uncertain and indirect, that I could not collect any further circumstances. Only the diabolical character of old Murdockson makes me augur the worst."

"The last account agrees with that given by my poor sister," said Jeanie; "but gang on wi' your ain tale, sir."

"Of this I am certain," said Staunton, "that Effie, in her senses, and with her knowledge, never injured living creature—But what could I do in her exculpation?—Nothing—and, therefore, my whole thoughts were turned towards her safety. I was under the cursed necessity of suppressing my feelings towards Murdockson; my life was in the hag's hand—that I cared not for; but on my life hung that of your sister. I spoke the wretch fair; I appeared to confide in her; and to me, so far as I was personally concerned, she gave proofs of extraordinary fidelity. I was at first uncertain what measures I ought to adopt for your sister's liberation, when the general rage excited among the citizens of Edinburgh on account of the reprieve of Porteous, suggested to me the daring idea of forcing the jail, and at once carrying off your sister from the clutches of the law, and bringing to condign punishment a miscreant, who had tormented the unfortunate Wilson even in the hour of death, as if he had been a wild Indian taken captive by a hostile tribe. I flung myself among the multitude in the moment of fermentation—so did others among Wilson's mates, who had, like me, been disappointed in the hope of glutting their eyes with Porteous's execution. All was organized, and I was chosen for the captain. I felt not—I do not now feel, compunction for what was to be done, and has since been executed."

"O God forgive ye, sir, and bring ye to a better sense of your ways!" exclaimed Jeanie, in horror at the avowal of such violent sentiments.

"Amen," replied Staunton, "if my sentiments are wrong. But I repeat, that, although willing to aid the deed, I could have wished them to have chosen another leader; because I foresaw that the great and general duty of the night would interfere with the assistance which I proposed to render Effie. I gave a commission, however, to a trusty friend to protect her to a place of safety, so soon as the fatal procession had left the jail. But for no persuasions which I could use in the hurry of the moment, or which my comrade employed at more length, after the mob had taken a different direction, could the unfortunate girl be prevailed upon to leave the prison. His arguments were all wasted upon the infatuated victim, and he was obliged to leave her in order to attend to his own safety. Such was his account; but, perhaps, he persevered less steadily in his attempt to persuade her than I would have done."

"Effie was right to remain," said Jeanie; "and I love her the better for it."

"Why will you say so?" said Staunton.

"You cannot understand my reasons, sir, if I should render them," answered Jeanie composedly "they that thirst for the blood of their enemies have no taste for the well-spring of life."

"My hopes," said Staunton, "were thus a second time disappointed. My next efforts were to bring her through her trial by means of yourself. How I urged it, and where, you cannot have forgotten. I do not

blame you for your refusal; it was founded, I am convinced, on principle, and not on indifference to your sister's fate. For me, judge of me as a man frantic; I knew not what hand to turn to, and all my efforts were unavailing. In this condition, and close beset on all sides, I thought of what might be done by means of my family, and their influence. I fled from Scotland—I reached this place—my miserably wasted and unhappy appearance procured me from my father that pardon, which a parent finds it so hard to refuse, even to the most undeserving son. And here I have awaited in anguish of mind, which the condemned criminal might envy, the event of your sister's trial."

"Without taking any steps for her relief?" said Jeanie.

"To the last I hoped her case might terminate more favourably; and it is only two days since that the fatal tidings reached me. My resolution was instantly taken. I mounted my best horse with the purpose of making the utmost haste to London, and there compounding with Sir Robert Walpole for your sister's safety, by surrendering to him, in the person of the heir of the family of Willingham, the notorious George Robertson, the accomplice of Wilson, the breaker of the Tolbooth prison, and the well-known leader of the Porteous mob."

"But would that save my sister?" said Jeanie, in astonishment.

"It would, as I should drive my bargain," said Staunton. "Queens love revenge as well as their subjects—Little as you seem to esteem it, it is a poison which pleases all palates, from the prince to the peasant. Prime ministers love no less the power of pleasing sovereigns by gratifying their passions. The life of an obscure village girl? Why, I might ask the best of the crown-jewels for laying the head of such an insolent conspiracy at the foot of her majesty, with a certainty of being gratified. All my other plans have failed, but this could not—Heaven is just, however, and would not honour me with making this voluntary atonement for the injury I have done your sister. I had not rode ten miles, when my horse, the best and most sure-footed animal in this country, fell with me on a level piece of road, as if he had been struck by a cannon-shot. I was greatly hurt, and was brought back here in the miserable condition in which you now see me."

As young Staunton had come to the conclusion, the servant opened the door, and, with a voice which seemed intended rather for a signal, than merely the announcing of a visit, said, "His Reverence, sir, is coming up stairs to wait upon you."

"For God's sake, hide yourself, Jeanie," exclaimed Staunton, "in that dressing closet!"

"No, sir," said Jeanie; "as I am here for nae ill, I canna take the shame of hiding mysell frae the master o' the house."

"But, good Heavens!" exclaimed George Staunton, "do but consider"——

Ere he could complete the sentence, his father entered the apartment.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

And now, will pardon, comfort, kindness, draw
The youth from vice? will honour, duty, law? —CRABBE.

JEANIE arose from her seat, and made her quiet reverence, when the elder Mr. Staunton entered the apartment. His astonishment was extreme at finding his son in such company.

"I perceive, madam," he said, "I have made a mistake respecting you, and ought to have left the task of interrogating you, and of righting your wrongs, to this young man, with whom, doubtless, you have been formerly acquainted."

"It's unwitting on my part that I am here," said Jeanie; "the servant told me his master wished to speak with me."

"There goes the purple coat over my ears," murmured Tummas. "D—n her, why must she needs speak the truth, when she could have as well said anything else she had a mind?"

"George," said Mr. Staunton, "*if you are still*—as you have ever been—lost to all self-respect, you might at least have spared your father, and your father's house, such a disgraceful scene as this."

"Upon my life—upon my soul, sir!" said George, throwing his feet over the side of the bed, and starting from his recumbent posture.

"Your life, sir!" interrupted his father, with melancholy sternness,—"What sort of life has it been?—Your soul! alas! what regard have you ever paid to it? Take care to reform both ere offering either as pledges of your sincerity."

"On my honour, sir, you do me wrong," answered George Staunton; "I have been all that you can call me that's bad, but in the present instance you do me injustice. By my honour, you do!"

"Your honour!" said his father, and turned from him, with a look of the most upbraiding contempt, to Jeanie. "From you, young woman, I neither ask nor expect any explanation; but, as a father alike and as a clergyman, I request your departure from this house. If your romantic story has been other than a pretext to find admission into it, (which, from the society in which you first appeared I may be permitted to doubt,) you will find a justice of peace within two miles, with whom, more properly than with me, you may lodge your complaint."

"This shall not be," said George Staunton, starting up to his feet. "Sir, you are naturally kind and humane—you shall not become cruel and inhospitable on my account. Turn out that eaves-dropping rascal," pointing to Thomas, "and get what hartshorn drops, or what better receipt you have against fainting, and I will explain to you in two words the connexion betwixt this young woman and me. She shall not lose her fair character through me. I have done too much mischief to her family already, and I know too well what belongs to the loss of fame."

"Leave the room, Sir," said the Rector to the servant; and when the man had obeyed, he carefully shut the door behind him. Then addressing his son, he said sternly, "Now, sir, what new proof of your infamy have you to impart to me?"

Young Staunton was about to speak, but it was one of those moments when persons, who, like Jeanie Deans, possess the advantage of a steady courage and unruffled temper, can assume the superiority over more ardent but less determined spirits.

"Sir," she said to the elder Staunton, "ye have an undoubted right to ask your ain son to render a reason of his conduct. But respecting me, I am but a wayfaring traveller, no ways obligated or indebted to you, unless it be for the meal of meat which in my ain country, is willingly gien by rich or, poor, according to their ability, to those who need it; and for which, forby that, I am willing to make payment, if I didna think it would be an affront to offer siller in a house like this—only I dinna ken the fashions of the country."

"This is all very well, young woman," said the Rector, a good deal surprised, and unable to conjecture whether to impute Jeanie's language to simplicity or impertinence—"this may be all very well—but let me bring it to a point. Why do you stop this young man's mouth, and prevent his communicating to his father and his best friend, an explanation (since he says he has one) of circumstances which seem in themselves not a little suspicious?"

"He may tell of his ain affairs what he likes," answered Jeanie; "but my family and friends have nae right to hae ony stories told anent them without their express desire; and, as they canna be here to speak for themselves, I entreat ye wadna ask Mr. George Rob—I mean Staunton, or whatever his name is, ony questions anent me or my folk; for I maun be free to tell you, that he will neither have the bearing of a Christian or a gentleman, if he answers you against my express desire."

"This is the most extraordinary thing I ever met with," said the Rector, as, after fixing his eyes keenly on the placid, yet modest countenance of Jeanie, he turned them suddenly upon his son. "What have you to say, sir?"

"That I feel I have been too hasty in my promise, sir," answered George Staunton; "I have no title

to make any communications respecting the affairs of this young person's family without her assent."

The elder Mr. Staunton turned his eyes from one to the other with marks of surprise.

"This is more, and worse, I fear," he said, addressing his son, "than one of your frequent and disgraceful connexions—I insist upon knowing the mystery."

"I have already said, sir," replied his son, rather sullenly, "that I have no title to mention the affairs of this young woman's family without her consent."

"And I hae nae mysteries to explain, sir," said Jeanie, "but only to pray you, as a preacher of the gospel and a gentleman, to permit me to go safe to the next public house on the Lunnon road."

"I shall take care of your safety," said young Staunton; "you need ask that favour from no one."

"Do you say so before my face!" said the justly-incensed father. "Perhaps, sir, you intend to fill up the cup of disobedience and profligacy by forming a low and disgraceful marriage? But let me bid you beware."

"If you were feared for sic a thing happening wi' me, sir," said Jeanie, "I can only say that not for all the land that lies between the twa ends of the rainbow wad I be the woman that should wed your son."

"There is something very singular in all this," said the elder Staunton; "follow me into the next room, young woman."

"Hear me speak first," said the young man. "I have but one word to say. I confide entirely in your prudence; tell my father as much or as little of these matters as you will, he shall know neither more nor less from me."

His father darted to him a glance of indignation, which softened into sorrow as he saw him sink down on the couch, exhausted with the scene he had undergone. He left the apartment, and Jeanie followed him, George Staunton raising himself as she passed the door-way, and pronouncing the word, "Remember!" in a tone as monitory as it was uttered by Charles I. upon the scaffold. The elder Staunton led the way into a small parlour, and shut the door.

"Young woman," said he, "there is something in your face and appearance that marks both sense and simplicity, and, if I am not deceived, innocence also—Should it be otherwise, I can only say, you are the most accomplished hypocrite I have ever seen.—I ask to know no secret that you have unwillingness to divulge, least of all those which concern my son. His conduct has given me too much unhappiness to permit me to hope comfort or satisfaction from him. If you are such as I suppose you, believe me, that whatever unhappy circumstances may have connected you with George Staunton, the sooner you break them through the better."

"I think I understand your meaning, sir," replied Jeanie; "and as ye are sae frank as to speak o' the young gentleman in sic a way, I must needs say that it is but the second time of my speaking wi' him in our lives, and what I hae heard frae him on these twa occasions has been such that I never wish to hear the like again."

"Then it is your real intention to leave this part of the country, and proceed to London?" said the Rector.

"Certainly, sir; for I may say, in one sense, that the avenger of blood is behind me; and if I were but assured against mischief by the way"——

"I have made inquiry," said the clergyman, "after the suspicious characters you described. They have left their place of rendezvous; but as they may be lurking in the neighbourhood, and as you say you have special reason to apprehend violence from them, I will put you under the charge of a steady person, who will protect you as far as Stamford, and see you into a light coach, which goes from thence to London."

"A coach is not for the like of me, sir," said Jeanie; to whom the idea of a stage-coach was unknown, as, indeed, they were then only used in the neighbourhood of London.

Mr. Staunton briefly explained that she would find that mode of conveyance more commodious, cheaper, and more safe, than travelling on horseback. She expressed her gratitude with so much singleness of heart, that he was induced to ask her whether she wanted the pecuniary means of prosecuting her journey. She thanked him, but said she had enough for her purpose; and, indeed, she had husbanded her stock with great care. This reply served also to remove some doubts, which naturally enough still floated in Mr. Staunton's mind, respecting her character and real purpose, and satisfied him, at least, that money did not enter into her scheme of deception, if an impostor she should prove. He next requested to know what part of the city she wished to go to.

"To a very decent merchant, a cousin o' my ain, a Mrs. Glass, sir, that sells snuff and tobacco, at the sign o' the Thistle, somegate in the town."

Jeanie communicated this intelligence with a feeling that a connexion so respectable ought to give her consequence in the eyes of Mr. Staunton; and she was a good deal surprised when he answered,

"And is this woman your only acquaintance in London, my poor girl? and have you really no better knowledge where she is to be found?"

"I was gaun to see the Duke of Argyle, forby Mrs. Glass," said Jeanie; "and if your honour thinks it would be best to go there first, and get some of his Grace's folk to show me my cousin's shop"——

"Are you acquainted with any of the Duke of Argyle's people?" said the Rector.

"No, sir."

"Her brain must be something touched after all, or it would be impossible for her to rely on such introductions.—Well," said he aloud, "I must not inquire into the cause of your journey, and so I cannot be fit to give you advice how to manage it. But the landlady of the house where the coach stops is a very decent person; and as I use her house sometimes, I will give you a recommendation to her."

Jeanie thanked him for his kindness with her best curtsy, and said, "That with his honour's line, and ane from worthy Mrs. Bickerton, that keeps the Seven Stars at York, she did not doubt to be well taken out in Lunnon."

"And now," said he, "I presume you will be desirous to set out immediately."

"If I had been in an inn, sir, or any suitable resting-place," answered Jeanie, "I wad not have presumed to use the Lord's day for travelling; but as I am on a journey of mercy, I trust my doing so will not be imputed."

"You may, if you choose, remain with Mrs. Dalton for the evening; but I desire you will have no further correspondence with my son, who is not a proper counsellor for a person of your age, whatever your difficulties may be."

"Your honour speaks ower truly in that," said Jeanie; "it was not with my will that I spoke wi' him just now, and—not to wish the gentleman ony thing but gude—I never wish to see him between the een again."

"If you please," added the Rector, "as you seem to be a seriously disposed young woman, you may attend family worship in the hall this evening."

"I thank your honour," said Jeanie; "but I am doubtful if my attendance would be to edification."

"How!" said the Rector; "so young, and already unfortunate enough to have doubts upon the duties of religion!"

"God forbid, sir," replied Jeanie; "it is not for that; but I have been bred in the faith of the suffering remnant of the presbyterian doctrine in Scotland, and I am doubtful if I can lawfully attend upon your fashion of worship, seeing it has been testified against by many precious souls of our kirk, and specially by my worthy father."

"Well, my good girl," said the Rector, with a good humoured smile, "far be it from me to put any force upon your conscience; and yet you ought to recollect that the same divine grace dispenses its streams to other kingdoms as well as to Scotland. As it is as essential to our spiritual, as water to our earthly wants, its springs, various in character, yet alike efficacious in virtue, are to be found in abundance throughout the Christian world."

but," said Jeanie, "though the waters may be t, with your worship's leave, the blessing upon ay not be equal. It would have been in vain man the Syrian leper to have bathed in Pharid Abana, rivers of Damascus, when it was waters of Jordan that were sanctified for the

l," said the Rector, "we will not enter upon at debate betwixt our national churches at We must endeavour to satisfy you, that at nongst our errors, we preserve Christian cha-i a desire to assist our brethren."

en ordered Mrs. Dalton into his presence, and ed Jeanie to her particular charge, with direc-be kind to her, and with assurances, that, the morning, a trusty guide and a good horse be ready to conduct her to Stamford. He then serious and dignified, yet kind leave of her, her full success in the objects of her journey, he said he doubted not were laudable, from mindness of thinking which she had displayed ersation.

e was again conducted by the housekeeper to apartment. But the evening was not des-o pass over without further torment from Staunton. A paper was slipped into her hand faithful Tummas, which intimated his young s desire, or rather demand, to see her instantly, ured her he had provided against interruption. l your young master," said Jeanie, openly, and ess of all the winks and signs by which Tum-rove to make her comprehend that Mrs. Dalton it to be admitted into the secret of the corres-ce, "that I promised faithfully to his worthy hat I would not see him again."

nmas," said Mrs. Dalton, "I think you might h more creditably employed, considering the u wear, and the house you live in, than to be g messages between your young master and at chance to be in this house."

y, Mrs. Dalton, as to that, I was hired to messages, and not to ask any questions about and it's not for the like of me to refuse the gentleman's bidding, if he were a little wildish If there was harm meant, there's no harm ou see."

wever," said Mrs. Dalton, "I gie you fair warn-mmas Ditton, that an I catch thee at this work is Reverence shall make a clear house of you." nas retired, abashed and in dismay. The rest vening passed away without any thing worthy e.

e enjoyed the comforts of a good bed and a leep with grateful satisfaction, after the perils rdships of the preceding day; and such was gue, that she slept soundly until six o'clock, he was awakened by Mrs. Dalton, who ac-d her that her guide and horse were ready, and dance. She hastily rose, and, after her morn-otions, was soon ready to resume her travels. therly care of the housekeeper had provided breakfast, and, after she had partaken of this nent, she found herself safe seated on a pillion stout Lincolnshire peasant, who was, besides, with pistols, to protect her against any violence night be offered.

trudged on in silence for a mile or two along try road, which conducted them, by hedge and y, into the principal highway, a little beyond am. At length her master of the horse asked ther her name was not Jean, or Jane, Deans. swered in the affirmative, with some surprise here's a bit of a note as concerns you," said , handing it over his left shoulder. "Its from master, as I judge, and every man about Will-is fain to pleasure him either for love or fear; come to be landlord at last, let them say what e."

broke the seal of the note, which was ad-to her, and read as follows:

refuse to see me. I suppose you are shocked haracter: but, in painting myself such as I should give me credit for my sincerity. I least, no hypocrite. *You refuse, however, to* see me, and your conduct may be natural—but is it wise? I have expressed my anxiety to repair your sister's misfortunes at the expense of my honour,—my family's honour—my own life; and you think me too debased to be admitted even to sacrifice what I have remaining of honour, fame, and life, in her cause. Well, if the offerer be despised, the victim is still equally at hand; and perhaps there may be justice in the decree of Heaven, that I shall not have the melancholy credit of appearing to make this sacrifice out of my own free good-will. You, as you have declined my concurrence, must take the whole upon yourself. Go, then, to the Duke of Argyle, and, when other arguments fail you, tell him you have it in your power to bring to condign punishment the most active conspirator in the Porteous mob. He will hear you on this topic, should he be deaf to every other. Make your own terms, for they will be at your own making. You know where I am to be found; and you may be assured I will not give you the dark side of the hill, as at Muschat's Cairn; I have no thoughts of stirring from the house I was born in; like the hare, I shall be worried in the seat I started from. I repeat it—make your own terms. I need not remind you to ask your sister's life, for that you will do of course; but make terms of advantage for yourself—ask wealth and reward—office and income for Butler—ask any thing—you will get any thing—and all for delivering to the hands of the executioner a man most deserving of his office;—one who, though young in years, is old in wickedness, and whose most earnest desire is, after the storms of an unquiet life, to sleep and be at rest."

This extraordinary letter was subscribed with the initials G. S.

Jeanie read it over once or twice with great attention, which the slow pace of the horse, as he stalked through a deep lane, enabled her to do with facility.

When she had perused this billet, her first employment was to tear it into as small pieces as possible, and disperse these pieces in the air by a few at a time, so that a document containing so perilous a secret might not fall into any other person's hand.

The question how far, in point of extremity, she was entitled to save her sister's life by sacrificing that of a person who, though guilty towards the state, had done her no injury, formed the next earnest and most painful subject of consideration. In one sense, indeed, it seemed as if denouncing the guilt of Staunton, the cause of her sister's errors and misfortunes, would have been an act of just, and even providential retribution. But Jeanie, in the strict and severe tone of morality in which she was educated, had to consider not only the general aspect of a proposed action, but its justness and fitness in relation to the actor, before she could be, according to her own phrase, free to enter upon it. What right had she to make a barter between the lives of Staunton and of Effie, and to sacrifice the one for the safety of the other? His guilt—that guilt for which he was amenable to the laws—was a crime against the public indeed, but it was not against her.

Neither did it seem to her that his share in the death of Porteous, though her mind revolted at the idea of using violence to any one, was in the relation of a common murder, against the perpetrator of which every one is called to aid the public magistrate. That violent action was blended with many circumstances, which, in the eyes of those of Jeanie's rank in life, if they did not altogether deprive it of the character of guilt, softened, at least, its most atrocious features. The anxiety of the government to obtain conviction of some of the offenders, had but served to increase the public feeling which connected the action, though violent and irregular, with the idea of ancient national independence. The rigorous procedure adopted or proposed against the city of Edinburgh, the ancient metropolis of Scotland—the extremely unpopular and injudicious measure of compelling the Scottish clergy, contrary to their principles and sense of duty, to promulgate from the pulpit the reward offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of this slaughter, had produced on the public mind the opposite consequences from what were intended; and Jeanie felt conscious, that whoever should lodge information con-

cerning that event, and for whatsoever purpose it might be done, it would be considered as an act of treason against the independence of Scotland. With the fanaticism of the Scotch presbyterians, there was always mingled a glow of national feeling, and Jeanie trembled at the idea of her name being handed down to posterity with that of the "fause Monteath," and one or two others, who, having deserted and betrayed the cause of their country, are damned to perpetual remembrance and execration among its peasantry. Yet, to part with Effie's life once more, when a word spoken might save it, pressed severely on the mind of her affectionate sister.

"The Lord support and direct me!" said Jeanie, "for it seems to be his will to try me with difficulties far beyond my ain strength."

While this thought passed through Jeanie's mind, her guard, tired of silence, began to show some inclination to be communicative. He seemed a sensible, steady peasant, but not having more delicacy or prudence than is common to those in his situation, he, of course, chose the Willingham family as the subject of his conversation. From this man Jeanie learned some particulars of which she had hitherto been ignorant, and which we will briefly recapitulate for the information of the reader.

The father of George Staunton had been bred a soldier, and, during service in the West Indies, had married the heiress of a wealthy planter. By this lady he had an only child, George Staunton, the unhappy young man who has been so often mentioned in this narrative. He passed the first part of his early youth under the charge of a doting mother, and in the society of negro slaves, whose study it was to gratify his every caprice. His father was a man of worth and sense; but as he alone retained tolerable health among the officers of the regiment he belonged to, he was much engaged with his duty. Besides, Mrs. Staunton was beautiful and wilful, and enjoyed but delicate health; so that it was difficult for a man of affection, humanity, and a quiet disposition, to struggle with her on the point of her over-indulgence to an only child. Indeed, what Mr. Staunton did do towards counteracting the baneful effects of his wife's system, only tended to render it more pernicious; for every restraint imposed on the boy in his father's presence, was compensated by treble license during his absence. So that George Staunton acquired, even in childhood, the habit of regarding his father as a rigid censor, from whose severity he was desirous of emancipating himself as soon and absolutely as possible.

When he was about ten years old, and when his mind had received all the seeds of those evil weeds which afterwards grew apace, his mother died, and his father, half heart-broken, returned to England. To sum up her imprudence and unjustifiable indulgence, she had contrived to place a considerable part of her fortune at her son's exclusive control or disposal; in consequence of which management, George Staunton had not been long in England till he learned his independence, and how to abuse it. His father had endeavoured to rectify the defects of his education by placing him in a well-regulated seminary. But although he showed some capacity for learning, his riotous conduct soon became intolerable to his teachers. He found means (too easily afforded to all youths who have certain expectations) of procuring such a command of money as enabled him to anticipate in boyhood the frolics and follies of a more mature age, and, with these accomplishments, he was returned on his father's hands as a profligate boy, whose example might ruin a hundred.

The elder Mr. Staunton, whose mind, since his wife's death, had been tinged with a melancholy, which certainly his son's conduct did not tend to dispel, had taken orders, and was inducted by his brother Sir William Staunton into the family living of Willingham. The revenue was a matter of consequence to him, for he derived little advantage from the estate of his late wife; and his own fortune was that of a younger brother.

He took his son to reside with him at the rectory; but he soon found that his disorders rendered him an intolerable inmate. And as the young men o own rank would not endure the purse-proud i lence of the Creole, he fell into that taste for lov ciety, which is worse than "pressing to death, w ping, or hanging." His father sent him abroad he only returned wilder and more desperate thai fore. It is true, this unhappy youth was not wi his good qualities. He had lively wit, good ter reckless generosity, and manners which, whi was under restraint, might pass well in society. all these availed him nothing. He was so we quainted with the turf, the gaming-table, the c pit, and every worse rendezvous of folly and dis tion, that his mother's fortune was spent befo was twenty-one, and he was soon in debt and ir tress. His early history may be concluded ir words of our British Juvenal, when describing milar character:—

> Headstrong, determined in his own career,
> He thought reproof unjust, and truth severe.
> The soul's disease was to its crisis come,
> He first abused and then abjured his home;
> And when he chose a vagabond to be,
> He made his shame his glory, "I'll be free!"

"And yet 'tis pity on Measter George, too," tinued the honest boor, "for he has an open l and winna let a poor body want an he has it."

The virtue of profuse generosity, by which, fin they themselves are most directly advantag readily admitted by the vulgar as a cloak for r sins.

At Stamford our heroine was deposited in safe her communicative guide. She obtained a pla the coach, which, although termed a light one, accommodated with no fewer than six horses, reached London on the afternoon of the second The recommendation of the elder Mr. Staunton cured Jeanie a civil reception at the inn when carriage stopped, and, by the aid of Mrs. Bicker correspondent, she found out her friend and rel Mrs. Glass, by whom she was kindly received hospitably entertained.

CHAPTER XXXV.

> My name is Argyle, you may well think it strange,
> To live at the court and never to change.—*Ballad.*

Few names deserve more honourable mention i history of Scotland, during this period, than th John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. His ta as a statesman and a soldier were generally admi he was not without ambition, but "without th ness that attends it"—without that irregulari thought and aim, which often excites great me his peculiar situation, (for it was a very peculiar to grasp the means of raising themselves to p at the risk of throwing a kingdom into confu Pope has distinguished him as

> Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
> And shake alike the senate and the field.

He was alike free from the ordinary vices of st men, namely, falsehood, and dissimulation; and those of warriors, inordinate and violent thirst self-aggrandizement.

Scotland, his native country, stood at this ti a very precarious and doubtful situation. She indeed united to England, but the cement ha had time to acquire consistence. The irritati ancient wrongs still subsisted, and betwixt the f jealousy of the Scottish, and the supercilious di of the English, quarrels repeatedly occurred, i course of which the national league, so importa the safety of both, was in the utmost danger of l dissolved. Scotland had, besides, the disadva of being divided into intestine factions, which l each other bitterly, and waited but a signal to l forth into action.

In such circumstances, another man, with th lents and rank of Argyle, but without a mind so pily regulated, would have sought to rise fro earth in the whirlwind, and direct its fury. He c a course more safe and more honourable.

Soaring above the petty distinctions of factio

us raised, whether in office or opposition, for easures which were at once just and lenient. h military talents enabled him, during the ble year 1715, to render such services to the Hanover, as, perhaps, were too great to be knowledged or repaid. He had employed, utmost influence in softening the consequen-at insurrection to the unfortunate gentlemen, i mistaken sense of loyalty had engaged in r, and was rewarded by the esteem and affec-his country in an uncommon degree. This ty with a discontented and warlike people, posed to be a subject of jealousy at court, ie power to become dangerous is sometimes obnoxious, though the inclination is not uni-it. Besides, the Duke of Argyle's independ-somewhat haughty mode of expressing him-'arliament, and acting in public, were ill cal-to attract royal favour. He was, therefore, respected, and often employed; but he was vourite of George the Second, his consort, or sters. At several different periods in his life, e might be considered as in absolute disgrace although he could hardly be said to be a de-nember of opposition. This rendered him er to Scotland, because it was usually in her iat he incurred the displeasure of his sove-ind upon this very occasion of the Porteous e animated and eloquent opposition which he red to the severe measures which were about dopted towards the city of Edinburgh, was e gratefully received in that metropolis, as it derstood that the Duke's interposition had rsonal offence to Queen Caroline.

onduct on this occasion, as, indeed, that of all tish members of the legislature, with one or orthy exceptions, had been in the highest de-ited. The popular tradition, concerning his Queen Caroline, has been given already, and gments of his speech against the Porteous bill remembered. He retorted upon the Chancel-d Hardwicke, the insinuation that he had mself in this case rather as a party than as a "I appeal," said Argyle, "to the House—to on, if I can be justly branded with the infamy a jobber or a partisan. Have I been a briber —a buyer of boroughs?—the agent of corrup-any purpose, or on behalf of any party?—r my life; examine my actions in the field and binet, and see where there lies a blot that can my honour. I have shown myself the friend untry—the loyal subject of my king. I am do so again, without an instant's regard to the r smiles of a court. I have experienced both, prepared with indifference for either. I have y reasons for opposing this bill, and I have appear that it is repugnant to the interna-aty of union, to the liberty of Scotland, and, ly, to that of England, to common justice, non sense, and to the public interest. Shall ropolis of Scotland, the capital of an inde-nation, the residence of a long line of mo-by whom that noble city was graced and dig-hall such a city, for the fault of an obscure nown body of rioters, be deprived of its ho-d its privileges—its gates and its guards?—ll a native Scotsman tamely behold the ha-glory, my Lords, in opposing such unjust and reckon it my dearest pride and honour up in defence of my native country, while open to undeserved shame, and unjust spolia-

statesmen and orators, both Scottish and used the same arguments, the bill was gra-ripped of its most oppressive and obnoxious and at length ended in a fine upon the city burgh in favour of Porteous's widow. So somebody observed at the time, the whole of ree debates ended in making the fortune of ookmaid, such having been the good wo-iginal capacity.

urt, however, did not forget the baffle they ived in this affair, and the Duke of Argyle, contributed so much to it, was thereafter considered as a person in disgrace. It is necessary to place these circumstances under the reader's observation, both because they are connected with the preceding and subsequent part of our narrative.

The Duke was alone in his study, when one of his gentlemen acquainted him, that a country girl, from Scotland, was desirous of speaking with his Grace.

"A country-girl, and from Scotland!" said the Duke; "what can have brought the silly fool to London? -Some lover pressed and sent to sea, or some stock sunk in the South-Sea funds, or some such hopeful concern, I suppose, and then nobody to manage the matter but MacCallummore.—Well, this same popularity has its inconveniences.—However, show our countrywoman up, Archibald—it is ill manners to keep her in attendance."

A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance might be termed very modest, and pleasing in expression, though sun-burnt, somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features, was ushered into the splendid library. She wore the tartan plaid of her country, adjusted so as partly to cover her head, and partly to fall back over her shoulders. A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humoured face, to which the solemnity of her errand, and her sense of the Duke's rank and importance, gave an appearance of deep awe, but not of slavish fear or fluttered bashfulness. The rest of Jeanie's dress was in the style of Scottish maidens of her own class; but arranged with that scrupulous attention to neatness and cleanliness, which we often find united with that purity of mind, of which it is a natural emblem.

She stopped near the entrance of the room, made her deepest reverence, and crossed her hands upon her bosom without uttering a syllable. The Duke of Argyle advanced towards her; and, if she admired his graceful deportment and rich dress, decorated with the orders which had been deservedly bestowed on him, his courteous manner, and quick and intelligent cast of countenance, he, on his part, was not less, or less deservedly, struck with the quiet simplicity and modesty expressed in the dress, manners, and countenance of his humble countrywoman.

"Did you wish to speak with me, my bonny lass?" said the Duke, using the encouraging epithet which at once acknowledged the connexion between them as country-folk; "or did you wish to see the Duchess?"

"My business is with your honour, my Lord—I mean your Lordship's Grace."

"And what is it, my good girl?" said the Duke, in the same mild and encouraging tone of voice. Jeanie looked at the attendant. "Leave us, Archibald," said the Duke, "and wait in the ante-room." The domestic retired. "And now sit down, my good lass," said the Duke; "take your breath—take your time, and tell me what you have got to say. I guess by your dress, you are just come up from poor old Scotland—Did you come through the streets in your tartan plaid?"

"No, sir," said Jeanie; "a friend brought me in ane o' their street coaches—a very decent woman," she added, her courage increasing as she became familiar with the sound of her own voice in such a presence; "your Lordship's Grace kens her—it's Mrs. Glass, at the sign o' the Thistle."

"O, my worthy snuff-merchant—I have always a chat with Mrs. Glass when I purchase my Scotch high-dried.—Well, but your business, my bonny woman—time and tide, you know, wait for no one."

"Your honour—I beg your Lordship's pardon—I mean your Grace,"—for it must be noticed, that this matter of addressing the Duke by his appropriate title had been anxiously inculcated upon Jeanie by her friend Mrs. Glass, in whose eyes it was a matter of such importance, that her last words, as Jeanie left the coach, were, "Mind to say your Grace;" and Jeanie, who had scarce ever in her life spoke to a person of higher quality than the Laird of Dumbiedikes, found great difficulty in arranging her language according to the rules of ceremony.

The Duke, who saw her embarrassment, said, with his usual affability, "Never mind my grace, lassie,

just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scotch tongue in your head."

"Sir, I am muckle obliged—Sir, I am the sister of that poor unfortunate criminal, Effie Deans, who is ordered for execution at Edinburgh."

"Ah!" said the Duke, "I have heard of that unhappy story, I think—a case of child-murder, under a special act of parliament—Duncan Forbes mentioned it at dinner the other day."

"And I was come up frae the north, sir, to see what could be done for her in the way of getting a reprieve or pardon, sir, or the like of that."

"Alas! my poor girl," said the Duke, "you have made a long and a sad journey to very little purpose—Your sister is ordered for execution."

"But I am given to understand that there is law for reprieving her, if it is in the king's pleasure," said Jeanie.

"Certainly there is," said the Duke; "but that is purely in the King's breast. The crime has been but too common—the Scotch crown-lawyers think it is right there should be an example. Then the late disorders in Edinburgh have excited a prejudice in government against the nation at large, which they think can only be managed by measures of intimidation and severity. What argument have you, my poor girl, except the warmth of your sisterly affection, to offer against all this?—What is your interest?—What friends have you at court?"

"None, excepting God and your Grace," said Jeanie, still keeping her ground resolutely, however.

"Alas!" said the Duke, "I could almost say with old Ormond, that there could not be any, whose influence was smaller with kings and ministers. It is a cruel part of our situation, young woman—I mean of the situation of men in my circumstances, that the public ascribe to them influence which they do not possess; and that individuals are led to expect from them assistance which we have no means of rendering. But candour and plain dealing is in the power of every one, and I must not let you imagine you have resources in my influence, which do not exist, to make your distress the heavier—I have no means of averting your sister's fate—She must die."

"We must a' die, sir," said Jeanie; "it is our common doom for our father's transgressions; but we shouldna hasten ilk other out o' the world, that's what your honour kens better than me."

"My good young woman," said the Duke, mildly, "we are all apt to blame the law under which we immediately suffer; but you seem to have been well educated in your line of life, and you must know that it is alike the law of God and man, that the murderer shall surely die."

"But, sir, Effie—that is, my poor sister, sir—canna be proved to be a murderer; and if she be not, and the law take her life notwithstanding, wha is it that is the murderer then?"

"I am no lawyer," said the Duke; "and I own I think the statute a very severe one."

"You are a law-maker, sir, with your leave; and, therefore, ye have power over the law," answered Jeanie.

"Not in my individual capacity," said the Duke; "though, as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. But that cannot serve you—nor have I at present, I care not who knows it, so much personal influence with the sovereign, as would entitle me to ask from him the most insignificant favour. What could tempt you, young woman, to address yourself to me?"

"It was yoursell, sir."

"Myself?" he replied—"I am sure you have never seen me before."

"No, sir; but a' the world kens that the Duke of Argyle is his country's friend; and that ye fight for the right, and speak for the right, and that there's nane like yours in our present Israel, and so they that think themselves wranged draw to refuge under your shadow; and if ye wunna stir to save the blood of an innocent countrywoman of your ain, what should we expect frae southrons and strangers? And maybe I had another reason for troubling your honour."

"And what is that?" asked the Duke.

"I hae understood from my father, that [illegible] nour's house, and especially your gudesire [illegible] father, laid down their lives on the sea [illegible] persecuting time. And my father was ho[illegible] gie his testimony baith in the cage and in t[illegible] as is specially mentioned in the books of Pet[illegible] the packman, that your honour, I daresay, [illegible] he uses maist partly the west-land of Scotl[illegible] sir, there's ane that takes concern in me, th[illegible] me to gang to your Grace's presence, for hi[illegible] had done your gracious gudesire some goo[illegible] ye will see frae these papers."

With these words, she delivered to the [illegible] little parcel which she had received from B[illegible] opened it, and, in the envelope, read with [illegible] prise, "Muster-roll of the men serving in th[illegible] that godly gentleman, Captain Salathiel B[illegible] Obadiah Muggleton, Sin-Despise Doub[illegible] Stand-fast-in-faith Gipps, Turn-to the right [illegible] away—What the deuce is this? A list of P[illegible] Barebone's Parliament, I think, or of old N[illegible] gelical army—that last fellow should unde[illegible] wheelings to judge by his name.—But wha[illegible] this mean, my girl?"

"It was the other paper, sir," said Jeanie, [illegible] abashed at the mistake.

"O, this is my unfortunate grandfather's [illegible] enough—'To all who may have friendsh[illegible] house of Argyle, these are to certify, that [illegible] Butler, of Monk's regiment of dragoons, ha[illegible] under God, the means of saving my life [illegible] English troopers who were about to slay me, [illegible] no other present means of recompense in r[illegible] do give him this acknowledgment, hopin[illegible] may be useful to him or his during these tro[illegible] times; and do conjure my friends, tenants, [illegible] and whoever will do aught for me, eith[illegible] Highlands or Lowlands, to protect and assi[illegible] Benjamin Butler, and his friends or famil[illegible] lawful occasions, giving them such cou[illegible] maintenance, and supply, as may corresp[illegible] the benefit he hath bestowed on me; wi[illegible] hand—[illegible]'

"This is a strong injunction—This Benja[illegible] ler was your grandfather, I suppose?—You [illegible] young to have been his daughter."

"He was nae akin to me, sir—he was gran[illegible] ane—to a neighbour's son—to a sincere we[illegible] of mine, sir," dropping her little curtsy as [illegible]

"O I understand," said the Duke—"a truel[illegible] He was the grandsire of one you are engage[illegible]

"One I *was* engaged to, sir," said Jeanie [illegible] "but this unhappy business of my poor sist[illegible]

"What?" said the Duke hastily,—"he ha[illegible] serted you on that account, has he?"

"No, sir; he wad be the last to leave a [illegible] difficulties," said Jeanie; "but I maun [illegible] him, as weel as for mysell. He is a clerg[illegible] and it would not beseem him to marry the [illegible] wi' this disgrace on my kindred."

"You are a singular young woman," [illegible] Duke. "You seem to me to think of ever[illegible] fore yourself. And have you really come [illegible] Edinburgh on foot, to attempt this hopeless [illegible] tion for your sister's life?"

"It was not a'thegether on foot, sir," [illegible] Jeanie; "for I sometimes got a cast in [illegible] and I had a horse from Ferrybridge, and [illegible] coach"——

"Well, never mind all that," interrupted th[illegible] "What reason have you for thinking y[illegible] innocent?"

"Because she has not been proved guilt[illegible] appear from looking at these papers."

She put into his hand a note of the evid[illegible] copies of her sister's declaration. These pa[illegible] ler had procured after her departure, and S[illegible] had them forwarded to London, to Mrs [illegible] care; so that Jeanie found the documents, [illegible] sary for supporting her suit, lying in readin[illegible] arrival.

"Sit down in that chair, my good girl," [illegible] Duke, "until I glance over the papers."

She obeyed, and watched with the utmo[illegible]

ange in his countenance as he cast his eye the papers briefly, yet with attention, and memoranda as he went along. After reading astily over, he looked up, and seemed about to yet changed his purpose, as if afraid of com- himself by giving too hasty an opinion, and ver again several passages which he had l as being most important. All this he did in time than can be supposed by men of ordinary ; for his mind was of that acute and penetra- aracter which discovers, with the glance of n, what facts bear on the particular point ances to be subjected to consideration. At ie rose, after a few minutes deep reflection.— g woman," said he, "your sister's case must y be termed a hard one."

bless you, sir, for that very word!" said Jeanie. eems contrary to the genius of British law," ed the Duke, "to take that for granted which roved, or to punish with death for a crime, for aught the prosecutor has been able to nay not have been committed at all."

I bless you, sir!" again said Jeanie, who had rom her seat, and, with clasped hands, eyes ng through tears, and features which trembled ixiety, drank in every word which the Duke .

t alas! my poor girl," he continued, "what will my opinion do you, unless I could impress those in whose hands your sister's life is pla- the law? Besides, I am no lawyer; and I must with some of our Scottish gentlemen of the about the matter."

ut, sir, what seems reasonable to your honour, rtainly be the same to them," answered Jeanie. not know that," replied the Duke; "ilka man his belt his ain gate—you know our old Scotch ?—But you shall not have placed this reliance altogether in vain. Leave these papers with I you shall hear from me to-morrow or next Take care to be at home at Mrs. Glass's, and o come to me at a moment's warning. It unnecessary for you to give Mrs. Glass the to attend you;—and, by the by, you will please ressed just as you are at present."

ad hae putten on a cap, sir," said Jeanie, "but nour kens it isna the fashion of my country fo vomen; and I judged that being sae mony hun- iles frae hame, your Grace's heart wad warm tartan," looking at the corner of her plaid. a judged quite right," said the Duke. "I know value of the snood; and MacCallummore's ill be as cold as death can make it, when it warm to the tartan. Now, go away, and out of the way when I send."

e replied,—"There is little fear of that, sir, for little heart to go to see sights amang this wil- of black houses. But if I might say to your s honour, that if ye ever condescend to speak ane that is of greater degree than yoursell, maybe it is nae civil in me to say sae, just if uld think there can be nae sic odds between them, as between poor Jeanie Deans from eonard's and the Duke of Argyle; and so din- happit back or cast down wi' the first rough ."

m not apt," said the Duke, laughing, "to mind answers much—Do not you hope too much that I have promised. I will do my best, but s the hearts of kings in his own hand."

ie curtsied reverently and withdrew, attended Duke's gentleman, to her hackney-coach, with ct which her appearance did not demand, but was perhaps paid to the length of the interview which his master had honoured her.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

———Ascend,
While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene! Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape.—THOMSON.

s her kind and officious, but somewhat gos- friend, Mrs. Glass, Jeanie underwent a very close catechism on their road to the Strand, where the Thistle of the good lady flourished in full glory, and, with its legend of *Nemo me impune*, distin- guished a shop then well known to all Scottish folk of high and low degree.

"And were you sure aye to say *your Grace* to him?" said the good old lady; "for ane should make a dis- tinction between MacCallummore and the bits o' southern bodies that they ca' lords here—there are as mony o' them, Jeanie, as would gar ane think they maun cost but little fash in the making—some of them I wadna trust wi' six pennies-worth of black rappee—some of them I wadna gie mysell the trouble to put up a happnyworth in brown paper for.—But I hope you showed your breeding to the Duke of Argyle, for what sort of folk would he think your friends in Lon- don, if you had been lording him, and him a Duke?"

"He didna seem muckle to mind," said Jeanie; "he kend that I was landward bred."

"Weel, weel," answered the good lady. "His Grace kens me weel; so I am the less anxious about it. I never fill his snuff-box but he says, 'How d'ye do, good Mrs. Glass?—How are all our friends in the North?' or it maybe—'Have ye heard from the North lately?' And you may be sure, I make my best curtsy, and answer, 'My Lord Duke, I hope your Grace's noble Duchess, and your Grace's young ladies, are well; and I hope the snuff continues to give your Grace satisfaction.' And then ye will see the people in the shop begin to look about them; and if there's a Scotchman, as there may be three or half-a-dozen, aff go the hats, and mony a look after him, and 'there goes the Prince of Scotland, God bless him!' But ye have not told me yet the very words he said t'ye."

Jeanie had no intention to be quite so communi- cative. She had, as the reader may have observed, some of the caution and shrewdness, as well as of the simplicity, of her country. She answered gene- rally, that the Duke had received her very compas- sionately, and had promised to interest himself in her sister's affair, and to let her hear from him in the course of the next day, or the day after. She did not choose to make any mention of his having desired her to be in readiness to attend him, far less of his hint, that she should not bring her landlady. So that honest Mrs. Glass was obliged to remain satis- fied with the general intelligence above mentioned, after having done all she could to extract more.

It may easily be conceived, that, on the next day, Jeanie declined all invitations and inducements, whe- ther of exercise or curiosity, to walk abroad, and con- tinued to inhale the close, and somewhat professional atmosphere of Mrs. Glass's small parlour. The latter flavour it owed to a certain cupboard, containing, among other articles, a few canisters of real Havan- nah, which, whether from respect to the manufacture, or out of a reverent fear of the exciseman, Mrs. Glass did not care to trust in the open shop below, and which communicated to the room a scent, that, how- ever fragrant to the nostrils of the connoisseur, was not very agreeable to those of Jeanie.

"Dear sirs," she said to herself, "I wonder how my cousin's silk manty, and her gowd watch, or ony thing in the world, can be worth sitting sneezing all her life in this little stifling room, and might walk on green braes if she liked."

Mrs. Glass was equally surprised at her cousin's reluctance to stir abroad, and her indifference to the fine sights of London. "It would always help to pass away the time," she said, "to have something to look at, though ane *was* in distress." But Jeanie was unpersuadable.

The day after her interview with the Duke was spent in that "hope delayed, which maketh the heart sick." Minutes glided after minutes—hours fled after hours—it became too late to have any reasonable ex pectation of hearing from the Duke that day; yet the hope which she disowned, she could not altogether relinquish, and her heart throbbed, and her ears tin gled, with every casual sound in the shop below. It was in vain. The day wore away in the anxiety of protracted and fruitless expectation.

The next morning commenced in the same man- ner. But before noon, a well-dressed gentleman

entered Mrs. Glass's shop, and requested to see a young woman from Scotland.

"That will be my cousin Jeanie Deans, Mr. Archibald," said Mrs. Glass, with a curtsy of recognizance. "Have you any message for her from his grace the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Archibald? I will carry it to her in a moment."

"I believe I must give her the trouble of stepping down, Mrs. Glass."

"Jeanie—Jeanie Deans!" said Mrs. Glass, screaming at the bottom of the little staircase, which ascended from the corner of the shop to the higher regions. "Jeanie—Jeanie Deans, I say! come down stairs instantly; here is the Duke of Argyle's groom of the chambers desires to see you directly." This was announced in a voice so loud, as to make all who chanced to be within hearing aware of the important communication.

It may easily be supposed, that Jeanie did not tarry long in adjusting herself to attend the summons, yet her feet almost failed her as she came down stairs.

"I must ask the favour of your company a little way," said Archibald, with civility.

"I am quite ready, sir," said Jeanie.

"Is my cousin going out, Mr. Archibald? then I will hae to go wi' her, no doubt.—James Rasper—Look to the shop, James.—Mr. Archibald," pushing a jar towards him, "you take his Grace's mixture, I think. Please to fill your box, for old acquaintance sake, while I get on my things."

Mr. Archibald transposed a modest parcel of snuff from the jar to his own mull, but said he was obliged to decline the pleasure of Mrs. Glass's company, as his message was particularly to the young person.

"Particularly to the young person?" said Mrs. Glass; "is not that uncommon, Mr. Archibald? But his Grace is the best judge; and you are a steady person, Mr. Archibald. It is not every one that comes from a great man's house I would trust my cousin with.—But, Jeanie, you must not go through the streets with Mr. Archibald with your tartan what d'ye call it there upon your shoulders, as if you had come up with a drove of Highland cattle. Wait till I bring down my silk cloak. Why we'll have the mob after you!"

"I have a hackney-coach in waiting, madam," said Mr. Archibald, interrupting the officious old lady, from whom Jeanie might otherwise have found it difficult to escape, "and, I believe, I must not allow her time for any change of dress."

So s ying, he hurried Jeanie into the coach, while she internally praised and wondered at the easy manner in which he shifted off Mrs. Glass's officious offers and inquiries, without mentioning his master's orders, or going into any explanation whatever.

On entering the coach, Mr. Archibald seated himself in the front seat, opposite to our heroine, and they drove on in silence. After they had proceeded nearly half an hour, without a word on either side, it occurred to Jeanie, that the distance and time did not correspond with that which had been occupied by her journey on the former occasion, to and from the residence of the Duke of Argyle. At length she could not help asking her taciturn companion, "Whilk way they were going?"

"My Lord Duke will inform you himself, madam," answered Archibald, with the same solemn courtesy which marked his whole demeanour. Almost as he spoke, the hackney-coach drew up, and the coachman dismounted and opened the door. Archibald got out, and assisted Jeanie to get down. She found herself in a large turnpike road, without the bounds of London, upon the other side of which road was drawn up a plain chariot and four horses, the panels without arms, and the servants without liveries.

"You have been punctual, I see, Jeanie," said the Duke of Argyle, as Archibald opened the carriage door "You must be my companion for the rest of the way Archibald will remain here with the hackney-coach till your return."

Ere Jeanie could make answer, she found herself, to her no small astonishment, seated by the side of a *duke, in a carriage* which rolled forward at a rapid *yet smooth rate, very different* in both particulars from the lumbering, jolting vehicle which s just left; and which, lumbering and jolting as conveyed to one who had seldom been in a before, a certain feeling of dignity and impor

"Young woman," said the Duke, "after tl as attentively on your sister's case as is in my I continue to be impressed with the belief th injustice may be done by the execution of h tence. So are one or two liberal and intellige yers of both countries whom I have spoken Nay, pray hear me out before you thank me. already told you my personal conviction is consequence, unless I could impress the san others. Now I have done for you, what I certainly not have done to serve any purpos own I have asked an audience of a lady wl terest with the king is deservedly very high. been allowed me, and I am desirous that you see her ' .d speak for yourself. You have no o to be at ashed; tell your story simply as you me."

"I am much obliged to your Grace," said Jea membering Mrs. Glass's charge; "and I am su I have had the courage to speak to your Grace, Effie's cause, I have less reason to be sham in speaking to a leddy. But, sir, I would like what to ca' her, whether your grace, or your l or your leddyship, as we say to lairds and le Scotland, and I will take care to mind it; fo leddies are full mair particular than gentleme their titles of honour."

"You have no occasion to call her any th Madam. Just say what you think is likely t the best impression—look at me from time to if I put my hand to my cravat so," (showing motion,) "you will stop; but I shall only when you say any thing that is not likely to

"But, sir, your Grace," said Jeanie, "if it ower muckle trouble, wad it no be better to what I should say, and I could get it by heart

"No, Jeanie, that would not have the san —that would be like reading a sermon, you which we good presbyterians think has less than when spoken without book," replied th "Just speak as plainly and boldly to this lady did to me the day before yesterday; and if y gain her consent, I'll wad ye a plack, as we sa north, that you get the pardon from the king.

As he spoke he took a pamphlet from his and began to read. Jeanie had good sense a which constitute betwixt them that which i natural good breeding. She interpreted the manœuvre as a hint that she was to ask r questions, and she remained silent accordingl

The carriage rolled rapidly onwards throug meadows, ornamented with splendid old oa catching occasionally a glance of the majesti of a broad and placid river. After passi .g th pleasant village, the equipage stopped on a co ing eminence, where the beauty of English la was displayed in its utmost luxuriance. E Duke alighted, and desired Jeanie to follo They paused for a moment on the brow of a hill on the u rivalled landscape which it presented. sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting p tories of massive and tufted groves, was te na numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to unrestrained and unbounded through the rich p The Thames, here turreted with villas, and th landed with forests, moved on slowly and p like the mighty monarch of the scene, to w its other beauties were but accessories, and bor bosom an hundred barks and skiffs, whose wh and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to th

The Duke of Argyle was, of course, famili this scene; but to a man of taste it must be new. Yet, as he paused and looked on this ble landscape, with the feeling of delight must give to the bosom of every admirer of his thoughts naturally reverted to his ow grand, and scarce less beautiful, domains of I —"This is a fine scene," he said to his con curious, perhaps, to draw out her sentiment have nothing like it in Scotland."

t's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have : breed o' cattle here," replied Jeanie; "but I just as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur's , and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a' thae kle trees."

e Duke smiled at a reply equally professional national, and made a signal for the carriage to ain where it was. Then adopting an unfrequent oot-path, he conducted Jeanie, through several plicated mazes, to a postern-door in a high brick . It was shut; but as the Duke tapped slightly , a person in waiting within, after reconnoitering gh a small iron grate contrived for the purpose, ck'd the door, and admitted them. They entered it was immediately closed and fastened behind them. This was all done quickly, the door so ntly closing, and the person who opened it so enly disappearing, that Jeanie could not even a glimpse of his exterior.

ey found themselves at the extremity of a deep narrow alley, carpeted with the most verdant close-shaven turf, which felt like velvet under feet, and screened from the sun by the branches e lofty elms which united over the path, and d it to resemble, in the solemn obscurity of the which they admitted, as well as from the range lumnar stems, and intricate union of their arched ches, one of the narrow side aisles in an ancient ic cathedral.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

———I beseech you—
se tears beseech you, and these chaste hands woo you,
t never yet were heaved but to things holy—
ngs like yourself—You are a God above us;
e a God, then, full of saving mercy!—*The Bloody Brother.*

COURAGED as she was by the courteous manners r noble countryman, it was not without a feelf something like terror that Jeanie felt herself lace apparently so lonely, with a man of such rank. That she should have been permitted to on the Duke in his own house, and have been received to a private interview, was in itself an mmon and distinguished event in the annals of so simple as hers; but to find herself his trag companion in a journey, and then suddenly left alone with him in so secluded a situation, omething in it of awful mystery. A romantic ne might have suspected and dreaded the power r own charms; but Jeanie was too wise to let a silly thought intrude on her mind. Still, howshe had a most eager desire to know where she was, and to whom she was to be presented.

e remarked that the Duke's dress, though still as indicated rank and fashion, (for it was not ustom of men of quality at that time to dress selves like their own coachmen or grooms,) was rtheless plainer than that in which she had seen upon a former occasion, and was divested, in cular, of all those badges of external decoration h intimated superior consequence. In short, he ttired as plainly as any gentleman of fashion appear in the streets of London in a morning; this circumstance helped to shake an opinion ich Jeanie began to entertain, that, perhaps, he ould she should plead her cause in the presence ourself. "But, surely," said she to herself, e wad hae putten on his braw star and garter, an had thought o' coming before the face of Majesty d after a', this is mair like a gentleman's policy s a royal palace."

here was some sense in Jeanie's reasoning; yet was not sufficiently mistress either of the cirstances of etiquette, or the particular relations h existed betwixt the government and the Duke gyle, to form an accurate judgment. The Duke, e have said, was at this time in open opposition he administration of Sir Robert Walpole, and understood to be out of favour with the royal y, to whom he had rendered such important But it was a maxim of Queen Caroline, to herself towards her political friends with such as if there was a possibility of their one day being her enemies, and towards political opponents with the same degree of circumspection, as if they might again become friendly to her measures. Since Margaret of Anjou, no queen-consort had exercised such weight in the political affairs of England, and the personal address which she displayed on many occasions, had no small share in reclaiming from their political heresy many of those determined tories, who, after the reign of the Stewarts had been extinguished in the person of Queen Anne, were disposed rather to transfer their allegiance to her brother the Chevalier de St. George, than to acquiesce in the settlement of the crown on the Hanover family. Her husband, whose most shining quality was courage in the field of battle, and who endured the office of King of England, without ever being able to acquire English habits, or any familiarity with English dispositions, found the utmost assistance from the address of his partner; and while he jealously affected to do every thing according to his own will and pleasure, was in secret prudent enough to take and follow the advice of his more adroit consort. He intrusted to her the delicate office of determining the various degrees of favour necessary to attach the wavering, or to confirm such as were already friendly, or to regain those whose good-will had been lost.

With all the winning address of an elegant, and, according to the times, an accomplished woman, Queen Caroline possessed the masculine soul of the other sex. She was proud by nature, and even her policy could not always temper her expressions of displeasure, although few were more ready at repairing any false step of this kind, when her prudence came up to the aid of her passions. She loved the real possession of power, rather than the show of it, and whatever she did herself that was either wise or popular, she always desired that the king should have the full credit as well as the advantage of the measure, conscious that, by adding to his respectability, she was most likely to maintain her own. And so desirous was she to comply with all his tastes, that, when threatened with the gout, she had repeatedly had recourse to checking the fit, by the use of the cold bath, thereby endangering her life, that she might be able to attend the king in his walks.

It was a very consistent part of Queen Caroline's character, to keep up many private correspondences with those to whom in public she seemed unfavourable, or who, for various reasons, stood ill with the court. By this means she kept in her hands the thread of many a political intrigue, and, without pledging herself to any thing, could often prevent discontent from becoming hatred, and opposition from exaggerating itself into rebellion. If by any accident her correspondence with such persons chanced to be observed or discovered, which she took all possible pains to prevent, it was represented as a mere intercourse of society, having no reference to politics; an answer with which even the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was compelled to remain satisfied, when he discovered that the Queen had given a private audience to Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, his most formidable and most inveterate enemy.

In thus maintaining occasional intercourse with several persons who seemed most alienated from the crown, it may readily be supposed, that Queen Caroline had taken care not to break entirely with the Duke of Argyle. His high birth, his great talents, the estimation in which he was held in his own country, the great services which he had rendered the house of Brunswick in 1715, placed him high in that rank of persons who were not to be rashly neglected. He had, almost by his single and unassisted talents, stopped the irruption of the banded force of all the Highland chiefs; there was little doubt, that, with the slightest encouragement, he could put them all in motion, and renew the civil war; and it was well known that the most flattering overtures had been transmitted to the Duke from the court of St. Germains. The character and temper of Scotland were still little known, and it was considered as a volcano, which might, indeed, slumber for a series of years, but was still liable, at a moment the least expected

to break out into a wasteful eruption. It was, therefore, of the highest importance to retain some hold over so important a personage as the Duke of Argyle, and Caroline preserved the power of doing so by means of a lady, with whom, as wife of George II., she might have been supposed to be on less intimate terms.

It was not the least instance of the Queen's address, that she had contrived that one of her principal attendants, Lady Suffolk, should unite in her own person the two apparently inconsistent characters, of her husband's mistress, and her own very obsequious and complaisant confidant. By this dexterous management the Queen secured her power against the danger which might most have threatened it—the thwarting influence of an ambitious rival; and if she submitted to the mortification of being obliged to connive at her husband's infidelity, she was at least guarded against what she might think its most dangerous effects, and was besides at liberty, now and then, to bestow a few civil insults upon "her good Howard," whom, however, in general, she treated with great decorum.* Lady Suffolk lay under strong obligations to the Duke of Argyle, for reasons which may be collected from Horace Walpole's Reminiscences of that reign, and through her means the Duke had some occasional correspondence with Queen Caroline, much interrupted, however, since the part he had taken in the debate concerning the Porteous mob, an affair which the Queen, though somewhat unreasonably, was disposed to resent, rather as an intended and premeditated insolence to her own person and authority, than as a sudden ebullition of popular vengeance. Still, however, the communication remained open betwixt them, though it had been of late disused on both sides. These remarks will be found necessary to understand the scene which is about to be presented to the reader.

From the narrow alley which they had traversed, the Duke turned into one of the same character, but broader and still longer. Here, for the first time since they had entered these gardens, Jeanie saw persons approaching them.

They were two ladies; one of whom walked a little behind the other, yet not so much as to prevent her from hearing and replying to whatever observation was addressed to her by the lady who walked foremost, and that without her having the trouble to turn her person. As they advanced very slowly, Jeanie had time to study their features and appearance. The Duke also slackened his pace, as if to give her time to collect herself, and repeatedly desired her not to be afraid. The lady who seemed the principal person had remarkably good features, though somewhat injured by the small pox, that venomous scourge, which each village Esculapius (thanks to Jenner) can now tame as easily as their tutelary deity subdued the Python. The lady's eyes were brilliant, her teeth good, and her countenance formed to express at will either majesty or courtesy. Her form, though rather *embonpoint*, was nevertheless graceful; and the elasticity and firmness of her step gave no room to suspect, what was actually the case, that she suffered occasionally from a disorder the most unfavourable to pedestrian exercise. Her dress was rather rich than gay, and her manner commanding and noble.

Her companion was of lower stature, with light-brown hair and expressive blue eyes. Her features, without being absolutely regular, were perhaps more pleasing than if they had been critically handsome. A melancholy, for at least a pensive expression, for which her lot gave too much cause, predominated when she was silent, but gave way to a pleasing and good-humoured smile when she spoke to any one.

When they were within twelve or fifteen yards of these ladies, the Duke made a sign that Jeanie should stand still, and stepping forward himself, with the grace which was natural to him, made a profound obeisance, which was formally, yet in a dignified manner, returned by the personage whom he approached.

"I hope," she said, with an affable and condescending smile, "that I see so great a stranger at

* See Horace Walpole's Reminiscences.

court, as the Duke of Argyle has been of la
good health as his friends there and elsewh
wish him to enjoy."

The Duke replied, "That he had been
well;" and added, "that the necessity of a
to the public business before the House, as
the time occupied by a late journey to Scotl
rendered him less assiduous in paying his du
levee and drawing-room than he could have

"When your Grace *can* find time for a du
volous," replied the Queen, "you are aware
title to be well received. I hope my readiness
ply with the wish which you expressed yest
Lady Suffolk, is a sufficient proof that on
royal family, at least, has not forgotten an
important services, in resenting something v
sembles recent neglect." This was said ap
with great good-humour, and in a tone w
pressed a desire of conciliation.

The Duke replied, "That he would accoun
the most unfortunate of men, if he could be
capable of neglecting his duty, in modes and
stances when it was expected, and would h
agreeable. He was deeply gratified by th
which her Majesty was now doing to him
ly; and he trusted she would soon perceiv
was in a matter essential to his Majesty's
that he had the boldness to give her this tro

"You cannot oblige me more, my Lord D
plied the Queen, "than by giving me the a
of your lights and experience on any poi
King's service. Your Grace is aware, th
only be the medium through which the matt
jected to His Majesty's superior wisdom; b
a suit which respects your Grace personall
lose no support by being preferred through n

"It is no suit of mine, madam," replied t
"nor have I any to prefer for myself perso
though I feel in full force my obligation to
jesty. It is a business which concerns his
as a lover of justice and of mercy, and wh
convinced, may be highly useful in concil
unfortunate irritation which at present
among his Majesty's good subjects in Scotl

There were two parts of this speech dis
to Caroline. In the first place, it removed
tering notion she had adopted, that Argyle
to use her personal intercession in making
with the administration, and recovering th
ments of which he had been deprived; and
was displeased that he should talk of the di
in Scotland as irritations to be conciliate
than suppressed.

Under the influence of these feelings, she
hastily, "That his Majesty has good subject
land, my Lord Duke, he is bound to thank
the laws—that he has subjects in Scotland
he may thank God and his sword."

The Duke, though a courtier, coloured sli
the Queen, instantly sensible of her erro
without displaying the least change of cou
and as if the words had been an original
the sentence—"And the swords of those rea
men who are friends to the House of Br
particularly that of his Grace of Argyle."

"My sword, madam," replied the Duke, '
of my fathers, has been always at the con
my lawful king, and of my native country—
is impossible to separate their real rights and
But the present is a matter of more private
and respects the person of an obscure indivi

"What is the affair, my Lord?" said th
"Let us find out what we are talking abou
should misconstrue and misunderstand eac

"The matter, madam," answered the
Argyle, "regards the fate of an unfortuna
woman in Scotland, now lying under se
death, for a crime of which I think it highly
that she is innocent. And my humble p
your Majesty is, to obtain your powerful int
with the King for a pardon."

It was now the Queen's turn to colour, an
so over cheek and brow—neck and bosc
paused a moment, as if unwilling to trust

with the first expression of her displeasure; and on assuming an air of dignity and an austere regard of protection, she at length replied, "My Lord Duke, I will not ask your motives for addressing to me a request which circumstances have rendered such an extraordinary one. Your road to the King's closet, as a peer and a privy-councillor, entitled to request an audience, was open, without giving me the pain of this discussion. *I*, at least, have had enough of Scotch pardons."

The Duke was prepared for this burst of indignation, and he was not shaken by it. He did not attempt a reply while the Queen was in the first heat of displeasure, but remained in the same firm, yet respectful posture, which he had assumed during the interview. The Queen, trained from her situation to self-command, instantly perceived the advantage she might give against herself by yielding to passion; and added, in the same condescending and affable tone in which she had opened the interview, "You must allow me some of the privileges of the sex, my Lord; and do not judge uncharitably of me, though I am a little moved at the recollection of the gross insult and outrage done in your capital city to the royal authority, at the very time when it was vested in my unworthy person. Your Grace cannot be surprised that I should both have felt it at the time, and recollected it now."

"It is certainly a matter not speedily to be forgotten," answered the Duke. "My own poor thoughts of it have been long before your Majesty, and I must have expressed myself very ill if I did not convey my detestation of the murder which was committed under such extraordinary circumstances. I might, indeed, be so unfortunate as to differ with his Majesty's advisers on the degree in which it was either just or politic to punish the innocent instead of the guilty. But I trust your Majesty will permit me to be silent on a topic in which my sentiments have not the good fortune to coincide with those of more able men."

"We will not prosecute a topic on which we may probably differ," said the Queen. "One word, however, I may say in private—You know our good Lady Suffolk is a little deaf—the Duke of Argyle, when disposed to renew his acquaintance with his master and mistress, will hardly find many topics on which we should disagree."

"Let me hope," said the Duke, bowing profoundly to so flattering an intimation, "that I shall not be so unfortunate as to have found one on the present occasion."

"I must first impose on your Grace the duty of confession," said the Queen, "before I grant you absolution. What is your particular interest in this young woman? She does not seem" (and she scanned Jeanie, as she said this, with the eye of a connoisseur) "much qualified to alarm my friend the Duchess's jealousy."

"I think your Majesty," replied the Duke, smiling in his turn, "will allow my taste may be a pledge for me on that score."

"Then, though she has not much the air *d'une grande dame*, I suppose she is some thirtieth cousin in the terrible chapter of Scottish genealogy?"

"No, madam," said the Duke; "but I wish some of my nearer relations had half her worth, honesty, and affection."

"Her name must be Campbell, at least?" said Queen Caroline.

"No, madam; her name is not quite so distinguished, if I may be permitted to say so," answered the Duke.

"Ah! but she comes from Inverary or Argyleshire?" said the sovereign.

"She has never been further north in her life than Edinburgh, madam."

"Then my conjectures are all ended," said the Queen, "and your Grace must yourself take the trouble to explain the affair of your protegée."

With that precision and easy brevity which is only acquired by habitually conversing in the higher ranks of society, and which is the diametrical opposite of that protracted style of disquisition,

"Which squires call potter, and which men call prose,"

the Duke explained the singular law under which Effie Deans had received sentence of death, and detailed the affectionate exertions which Jeanie had made in behalf of a sister, for whose sake she was willing to sacrifice all but truth and conscience.

Queen Caroline listened with attention; she was rather fond, it must be remembered, of an argument, and soon found matter in what the Duke told her for raising difficulties to his request.

"It appears to me, my Lord," she replied, "that this is a severe law. But still it is adopted upon good grounds, I am bound to suppose, as the law of the country, and the girl has been convicted under it. The very presumptions which the law construes into a positive proof of guilt, exist in her case; and all that your Grace has said concerning the possibility of her innocence may be a very good argument for annulling the Act of Parliament, but cannot, while it stands good, be admitted in favour of any individual convicted upon the statute."

The Duke saw and avoided the snare; for he was conscious, that, by replying to the argument, he must have been inevitably led to a discussion, in the course of which the Queen was likely to be hardened in her own opinion, until she became obliged, out of mere respect to consistency, to let the criminal suffer. "If your Majesty," he said, "would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman herself, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart, more able than I am, to combat the doubts suggested by your understanding."

The Queen seemed to acquiesce, and the Duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained watching countenances, which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and eke besought "her Leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature," in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

"Stand up, young woman," said the Queen, but in a kind tone, "and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your countryfolk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours?"

"If your Leddyship pleases," answered Jeanie, "there are mony places beside Scotland, where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood."

It must be observed, that the disputes between George the Second, and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character first at Jeanie, and then at the Duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the Duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, My unlucky protegée has, with this luckless answer, shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.

Lady Suffolk, good-humouredly, and skilfully, interposed in this awkward crisis. "You should tell this lady," she said to Jeanie, "the particular causes which render this crime common in your country."

"Some thinks it's the Kirk-Session—that is—it's the—it's the cutty-stool, if your Leddyship pleases," said Jeanie looking down and curtsying.

"The what?" said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

"That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your Leddyship," answered Jeanie, "for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command." Here she raised her eyes to the Duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreat-

ing friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself; there goes another shot—and she has hit with both barrels right and left!

Indeed the Duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her Majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a Queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of "her good Suffolk." She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, "the Scotch are a rigidly moral people." Then again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked, how she travelled up from Scotland.

"Upon my foot mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What, all that immense way upon foot?—How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five and twenty miles and a bittock."

"And what?" said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

"And about five miles more," replied the Duke.

"I thought I was a good walker," said the Queen, "but this shames me sadly."

"May your Leddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs!" said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the Duke; it's the first thing she has said to the purpose.

"And I didna just a'thegether walk the hail way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other casements," said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the Duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

"With all these accommodations," answered the Queen, "you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and I fear to little purpose; since if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite."

She will sink herself now outright, thought the Duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay under ground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

"She was confident," she said, "that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature."

"His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance," said the Queen; "but, I suppose, my Lord Duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared."

"No, madam," said the Duke; "but I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then, I am sure, punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance."

"Well, my Lord," said her Majesty, "all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favour to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious? but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognised? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?"

"No, madam," answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

"But I suppose," continued the Queen, "if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?"

"I would pray to be directed and guided wh the line of duty, madam," answered Jeanie.

"Yes, and take that which suited your owi nations," replied her Majesty.

"If it like you, madam," said Jeanie, "I wo gaen to the end of the earth to save the life o. Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his con but I might lawfully doubt how far I am calle to be the avenger of his blood, though it may t the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead an to his place, and they that have slain him m swer for their ain act. But my sister—my pui Effie, still lives, though her days and hours ar bered!—She still lives, and a word of the mouth might restore her to a broken-heart man, that never, in his daily and nightly e forgot to pray that his Majesty might be bless a long and a prosperous reign, and that his and the throne of his posterity, might be esta in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kend was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a su creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some com on our misery!—Save an honest house from nour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselve we think on other people's sufferings. Our he waxed light within us then, and we are for ri our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battle when the hour of trouble comes to the mind o body—and seldom may it visit your Leddyshi when the hour of death comes, that comes t and low—lang and late may it be yours—O, m dy, then it isna what we hae dune for ourse what we hae dune for others, that we think o pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae int to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter hour, come when it may, than if a word of your could hang the haill Porteous mob at the ta tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, features glowing and quivering with emoti pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to th of Argyle. "Young woman," she continued, a ing herself to Jeanie, "*I* cannot grant a pa your sister—but you shall not want my warm cession with his Majesty. Take this housewif she continued, putting a small embroidered case into Jeanie's hands; "do not open it n at your leisure you will find something in it will remind you that you have had an intervie Queen Caroline."

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirme ped on her knees, and would have expanded in gratitude; but the Duke, who was upon lest she should say more or less than just e touched his chin once more.

"Our business is, I think, ended for the p my Lord Duke," said the Queen, "and, I t your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to se Grace more frequently, both at Richmond James's.—Come, Lady Suffolk, we must w Grace good morning."

They exchanged their parting reverences, Duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and co her back through the avenue, which she tro the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

So soon as I can win the offended King,
I will be known your advocate. —*Cymbeline.*

The Duke of Argyle led the way in silenc small postern by which they had been admitt Richmond Park, so long the favourite resid Queen Caroline. It was opened by the sam seen janitor, and they found themselves beyo precincts of the royal demesne. Still not a w spoken on either side. The Duke probably wi

illow his rustic protegée time to recruit her faculties, lazzled and sunk with colloquy sublime; and betwixt what she had guessed, had heard, and had seen, Jeanie Deans's mind was too much agitated to per-nit her to ask any questions.

They found the carriage of the Duke in the place where they had left it; and when they resumed their places, soon began to advance rapidly on their return o town.

"I think, Jeanie," said the Duke, breaking silence, "you have every reason to congratulate yourself on the issue of your interview with her Majesty."

"And that leddy was the Queen hersell?" said eanie; "I misdoubted it when I saw that your honour didna put on your hat—And yet I can hardly elieve it, even when I heard her speak it hersell."

"It was certainly Queen Caroline," replied the Duke. "Have you no curiosity to see what is in the ttle pocket-book?"

"Do you think the pardon will be in it, sir?" said eanie, with the eager animation of hope.

"Why, no," replied the Duke; "that is unlikely. They seldom carry these things about them, unless hey were likely to be wanted; and, besides, her Majesty told you it was the King, not she, who was to rant it."

"That is true too," said Jeanie; "but I am so onfused in my mind—But does your honour think here is a certainty of Effie's pardon then?" continued she, still holding in her hand the unopened ocket-book.

"Why, kings are kittle cattle to shoe behind, as we say in the north," replied the Duke; "but his wife knows his trim, and I have not the least doubt hat the matter is quite certain."

"O God be praised! God be praised!" ejaculated eanie; "and may the gude leddy never want the eart's ease she has gien me at this moment—And God bless you too, my Lord! without your help I ad ne'er hae won near her."

The Duke let her dwell upon this subject for a considerable time, curious, perhaps, to see how long the elings of gratitude would continue to supersede hose of curiosity. But so feeble was the latter feelng in Jeanie's mind, that his Grace, with whom, erhaps, it was for the time a little stronger, was bliged once more to bring forward the subject of the ueen's present. It was opened accordingly. In e inside of the case were the usual assortment of lk and needles, with scissors, tweezers, &c.; and the pocket was a bank-bill for fifty pounds.

The Duke had no sooner informed Jeanie of the alue of this last document, for she was unaccusmed to see notes for such sums, than she expressed er regret at the mistake which had taken place. "For the hussy itsell," she said, "was a very valuable ing for a keepsake, with the Queen's name written the inside with her ain hand doubtless—*Caroline*—plain as could be, and a crown drawn aboon it."

She therefore tendered the bill to the Duke, reesting him to find some mode of returning it to the yal owner.

"No, no, Jeanie," said the Duke, "there is no mistke in the case. Her Majesty knows you have been put great expense, and she wishes to make it up to you."

"I am sure she is even ower gude," said Jeanie, and it glads me muckle that I can pay back Dumedikes his siller, without distressing my father, host man."

"Dumbiedikes? What, a freeholder of Mid-Loian, is he not?" said his Grace, whose occasional sidence in that county made him acquainted with ost of the heritors, as landed persons are termed in otland—"He has a house not far from Dalkeith, ears a black wig and a laced hat?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jeanie, who had her reasons r being brief in her answers upon this topic.

"Ah! my old friend Dumbie!" said the Duke; "I ve thrice seen him fou, and only once heard the und of his voice—Is he a cousin of yours, Jeanie?"

"No, sir,—my Lord."

"Then he must be a well-wisher, I suspect?"

"Ye—yes,—my Lord," answered Jeanie, blushing, d with hesitation.

"Aha! then, if the Laird starts, I suppose my friend Butler must be in some danger?"

"O no, sir," answered Jeanie much more readily, but at the same time blushing much more deeply.

"Well, Jeanie," said the Duke, "you are a girl may be safely trusted with your own matters, and I shall inquire no further about them. But as to this same pardon, I must see to get it passed through the proper forms; and I have a friend in office who will, for auld lang syne, do me so much favour. And then, Jeanie, as I shall have occasion to send an express down to Scotland, who will travel with it safer and more swiftly than you can do, I will take care to hav it put into the proper channel; meanwhile, you may write to your friends, by post, of your good success."

"And does your Honour think," said Jeanie, "that will do as weel as if I were to take my tap in my lap, and slip my ways hame again on my ain errand?"

"Much better, certainly," said the Duke. "You know the roads are not very safe for a single woman to travel."

Jeanie internally acquiesced in this observation.

"And I have a plan for you besides. One of the Duchess's attendants, and one of mine—your acquaintance Archibald—are going down to Inverary in a light calash, with four horses I have bought, and there is room enough in the carriage for you to go with them as far as Glasgow, where Archibald will find means of sending you safely to Edinburgh—And in the way, I beg you will teach the woman as much as you can of the mystery of cheese-making, for she is to have a charge in the dairy, and I dare swear you are as tidy about your milk-pail as about your dress."

"Does your honour like cheese?" said Jeanie, with a gleam of conscious delight as she asked the question.

"Like it?" said the Duke, whose good-nature anticipated what was to follow,—"cakes and cheese are a dinner for an emperor, let alone a Highlandman."

"Because," said Jeanie, with modest confidence, and great and evident self-gratulation, "we have been thought so particular in making cheese, that some folk think it as gude as the real Dunlop; and if your Honour's Grace wad but accept a stane or twa, blithe, and fain, and proud it wad make us! But maybe ye may like the ewe-milk, that is, the Buckholmside* cheese better; or maybe the gaitmilk, as ye come frae the Highlands—and I canna pretend just to the same skeel o' them; but my cousin Jean, that lives at Lockermachus in Lammermuir, I could speak to her, and"——

"Quite unnecessary," said the Duke; "the Dunlop is the very cheese of which I am so fond, and I will take it as the greatest favour you can do me to send one to Caroline-Park. But remember, be on honour with it, Jeanie, and make it all yourself, for I am a real good judge."

"I am not feared," said Jeanie, confidently, "that I may please your Honour; for I am sure you look as if you could hardly find fault wi' ony body that did their best; and weel is it my part, I trow, to do mine."

This discourse introduced a topic upon which the two travellers, though so different in rank and education, found each a good deal to say. The Duke, besides his other patriotic qualities, was a distinguished agriculturist, and proud of his knowledge in that department. He entertained Jeanie with his observations on the different breeds of cattle in Scotland, and their capacity for the dairy, and received so much information from her practical experience in return, that he promised her a couple of Devonshire cows in reward for the lesson. In short, his mind was so transported back to his rural employments and amusements, that he sighed when his carriage stopped opposite to the old hackney-coach, which Archibald had kept in attendance at the place where they had left it. While the coachman again bridled his lean cattle, which had been indulged with a bite of

* The hilly pastures of Buckholm, which the author now surveys,

"Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,"

are famed for producing the best ewe-milk cheese in the south of Scotland.

musty hay, the Duke cautioned Jeanie not to be too communicative to her landlady concerning what had passed. "There is," he said, "no use of speaking of matters till they are actually settled; and you may refer the good lady to Archibald, if she presses you hard with questions. She is his old acquaintance, and he knows how to manage with her."

He then took a cordial farewell of Jeanie, and told her to be ready in the ensuing week to return to Scotland—saw her safely established in her hackney-coach, and rolled off in his own carriage, humming a stanza of the ballad which he is said to have composed:

> "At the sight of Dunbarton once again,
> I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain,
> With my claymore hanging down to my heel,
> To whang at the bannocks of barley meal."

Perhaps one ought to be actually a Scotchman to conceive how ardently, under all distinctions of rank and situation, they feel their mutual connexion with each other as natives of the same country. There are, I believe, more associations common to the inhabitants of a rude and wild, than of a well-cultivated and fertile country; their ancestors have more seldom changed their place of residence; their mutual recollection of remarkable objects is more accurate; the high and the low are more interested in each other's welfare; the feelings of kindred and relationship are more widely extended, and, in a word, the bonds of patriotic affection, always honourable even when a little too exclusively strained, have more influence on men's feelings and actions.

The rumbling hackney-coach which tumbled over the (then) execrable London pavement, at a rate very different from that which had conveyed the ducal carriage to Richmond, at length deposited Jeanie Deans and her attendant at the national sign of the Thistle. Mrs. Glass, who had been in long and anxious expectation, now rushed, full of eager curiosity and open-mouthed interrogation, upon our heroine, who was positively unable to sustain the overwhelming cataract of her questions, which burst forth with the sublimity of a grand gardyloo:—"Had she seen the Duke, God bless him—the Duchess—the young ladies?—Had she seen the King, God bless him—the Queen—the Prince of Wales—the Princess—or any of the rest of the royal family?—Had she got her sister's pardon?—Was it out and out—or was it only a commutation of punishment?—How far had she gone—where had she driven to—whom had she seen—what had been said—what had kept her so long?"

Such were the various questions huddled upon each other by a curiosity so eager, that it could hardly wait for its own gratification. Jeanie would have been more than sufficiently embarrassed by this overbearing tide of interrogations, had not Archibald, who had probably received from his master a hint to that purpose, advanced to her rescue. "Mrs. Glass," said Archibald, "his Grace desired me particularly to say, that he would take it as a great favour if you would ask the young woman no questions, as he wishes to explain to you more distinctly than she can do how her affairs stand, and consult you on some matters which she cannot altogether so well explain. The Duke will call at the Thistle to-morrow or next day for that purpose."

"His Grace is very condescending," said Mrs. Glass, her zeal for inquiry slaked for the present by the dexterous administration of this sugar-plum—"his Grace is sensible that I am in a manner accountable for the conduct of my young kinswoman, and no doubt his Grace is the best judge how far he should intrust her or me with the management of her affairs."

"His Grace is quite sensible of that," answered Archibald, with national gravity, "and will certainly trust what he has to say to the most discreet of the two; and therefore, Mrs. Glass, his Grace relies you will speak nothing to Mrs. Jean Deans, either of her own affairs or her sister's, until he sees you himself. He desired me to assure you, in the mean while, that all was going on as well as your kindness could wish, Mrs. Glass."

"His Grace is very kind—very considerate, certainly Mr. Archibald—his Grace's commands shall be obeyed, and—— But you have had a far drive, Mr. Archibald, as I guess, by the time of your absence, and I guess" (with an engaging smile) "you winna be the waur o' a glass of the right Rosa Solis."

"I thank you, Mrs. Glass," said the great man's great man, "but I am under the necessity of returning to my Lord directly." And making his adieus civilly to both cousins, he left the shop of the Lady of the Thistle.

"I am glad your affairs have prospered so well, Jeanie, my love," said Mrs. Glass; "though, indeed, there was little fear of them so soon as the Duke of Argyle was so condescending as to take them into hand. I will ask you no questions about them, because his Grace, who is most considerate and prudent in such matters, intends to tell me, all that you ken yoursell, dear, and doubtless a great deal more; so that any thing that may lie heavily on your mind may be imparted to me in the meantime, as you see it is his Grace's pleasure that I should be made acquainted with the whole matter forthwith, and whether you or he tells it, will make no difference in the world, ye ken. If I ken what he is going to say beforehand, I will be much more ready to give my advice, and whether you or he tell me about it, cannot much signify after a', my dear. So you may just say whatever you like, only mind I ask you no questions about it."

Jeanie was a little embarrassed. She thought that the communication she had to make was perhaps the only means she might have in her power to gratify her friendly and hospitable kinswoman. But her prudence instantly suggested that her secret interview with Queen Caroline, which seemed to pass under a certain sort of mystery, was not a proper subject for the gossip of a woman like Mrs. Glass, of whose heart she had a much better opinion than of her prudence. She, therefore, answered in general, that the Duke had had the extraordinary kindness to make very particular inquiries into her sister's bad affair, and that he thought he had found the means of putting it a' straight again, but that he proposed to tell all that he thought about the matter to Mrs. Glass herself.

This did not quite satisfy the penetrating mistress of the Thistle. Searching as her own small rappee, she, in spite of her promise, urged Jeanie with still further questions. "Had she been a' that time at Argyle-house? Was the Duke with her the whole time? and had she seen the Duchess? and had she seen the young ladies—and specially Lady Caroline Campbell?" To these questions Jeanie gave the general reply, that she knew so little of the town that she could not tell exactly where she had been; that she had not seen the Duchess to her knowledge; that she had seen two ladies, one of whom, she understood, bore the name of Caroline; and more, she said, she could not tell about the matter.

"It would be the Duke's eldest daughter, Lady Caroline Campbell—there is no doubt of that," said Mrs. Glass; "but doubtless, I shall know more particularly through his Grace.—And so, as the cloth is laid in the little parlour above stairs, and it is past three o'clock, for I have been waiting this hour for you, and I have had a snack myself; and, as they used to say in Scotland in my time—I do not ken if the word be used now—there is ill-talking between a full body and a fasting."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

> Heaven first sent letters to some wretch's aid—
> Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.—POPE.

By dint of unwonted labour with the pen, Jeanie Deans contrived to indite, and give to the charge of the postman on the ensuing day, no less than three letters, an exertion altogether strange to her habits, insomuch so, that, if milk had been plenty, she would rather have made thrice as many Dunlop cheeses. The first of them was very brief. It was addressed to George Staunton, Esq. at the Rectory, Willingham, by Grantham; the address being part of the information which she had extracted from the com

ive peasant who rode before her to Stamford.
i these words:—

"[...]R,

[...]revent farder mischieves, whereof there hath [...]ugh, comes these: Sir, I have my sister's from the Queen's Majesty, whereof I do not [...]ou will be glad, having had to say naut of whereof you know the purport. So, sir, I your better welfare in bodie and soul, and will please the fisycian to visit you in His [...]e. Alwaies, sir, I pray you will never come [...] see my sister, whereof there has been too And so, wishing you no evil, but even your [...]d, that you may be turned from your iniquity, [...]suld ye die?) I rest your humble servant to [...]d, *Ye ken wha.*"

[...]ext letter was to her father. It is too long [...]er for insertion, so we only give a few ex-[...] It commenced —

"*[D]earest and truly honoured Father,*

[...]s comes with my duty to inform you, that it [...]sed God to redeem that captivitie of my poor [...]n respect the Queen's blessed Majesty, for [...]e are ever bound to pray, hath redeemed her [...]m the slayer, granting the ransom of her, [...] ane pardon or reprieve. And I spoke with [...]ern face to face, and yet live; for she is [...]ckle differing from other grand leddies, that she has a stately presence, and een [...] blue huntin' hawk's, whilk gaed throu' and [...]me like a Hieland durk—And all this good [...]way under the Great Giver, to whom all are [...]truments, wrought forth for us by the Duk[...] [...]le, wha is ane native true-hearted Scotsman, [...]t pridefu', like other folk we ken of—and [...] skeely enow in bestial, whereof he has pro-[...] gie me twa Devonshire kye, of which he is [...]red, although I do still haud by the real hawkit [...] breed—and I have promised him a cheese; [...]ad wuss ye, if Gowans, the brockit cow, has that she suld suck her fill of milk, as I am [...] understand he has none of that breed, and is [...]rnfu', but will take a thing frae a puir body, [...]nay lighten their heart of the loading of debt [...]y awe him. Also his Honour the Duke will [...]ne of our Dunlop cheeses, and it sall be my [...] better was ever yearned in Lowden."—[Here [...]some observations respecting the breed of [...]nd the produce of the dairy, which it is our [...]n to forward to the Board of Agriculture.]—[...]theless, those are but matters of the after-[...]in respect of the great good which Providence [...]ed us with—and, in especial, poor Effie's life. [...]my dear father, since it hath pleased God to [...]ful to her, let her not want your free pardon [...]rill make her meet to be ane vessel of grace, [...]o a comfort to your ain graie hairs. Dear [...]will ye let the Laird ken that we have had [...]strangely raised up to us, and that the talent [...]e lent me will be thankfully repaid. I hae [...]it to the fore; and the rest of it is not knotted [...]ne purse or napkin, but in ane wee bit paper, [...]s fashion heir, whilk I am assured is gude for [...]er. And, dear father, through Mr. Butler's I hae gude friendship with the Duke, for their [...]a kindness between their forbears in the auld [...]ome time bye-past. And Mrs. Glass has been [...]e my very mother. She has a braw house [...]ad lives bien and warm, wi' twa servant lasses, [...]an and a callant in the shop. And she is to [...]ou doun a pound of her hie-dried, and some [...]baka, and we maun think of some propine for [...]ce her kindness hath been great. And the [...] to send the pardon doun by an express mes-[...] in respect that I canna travel sae fast; and I [...]ome doun wi' twa of his Honour's servants—John Archibald, a decent elderly gentleman, [...]s he has seen you lang syne, when ye were [...]beasts in the west frae the Laird of Aughter-[...]is—but maybe ye winna mind him—ony way, [...]civil man—and Mrs. Dolly Dutton, that is to [...]-maid at Inverara; and they bring me on as [...]lasgo', whilk will make it nae pinch to win [...] I desire of all things. May the Giver of all good things keep ye in your outgauns and incomings, whereof devoutly prayeth your loving dauter,

"Jean Deans."

The third letter was to Butler, and its tenor as follows:

"Master Butler.

"Sir,—It will be pleasure to you to ken, that all I came for is, thanks be to God, weel dune and to the gude end, and that your forbear's letter was right welcome to the Duke of Argile, and that he wrote your name down with a keelivine pen in a leathern book, whereby it seems like he will do for you, either wi' a scule or a kirk; he has enow of baith, as I am assured. And I have seen the Queen, which gave me a hussy-case out of her own hand. She had not her crown and skeptre, but they are laid by for her, like the bairns' best claise, to be worn when she needs them. And they are keepit in a tour, whilk is not like the tour of Libberton, nor yet Craigmillar, but mair like to the castell of Edinburgh, if the buildings were taen and set down in the midst of the Nor'-Loch. Also the Queen was very bounteous, giving me a paper worth fiftie pounds, as I am assured, to pay my expenses here and back agen. Sae, Master Butler, as we were aye neebours' bairns, forby ony thing else that may hae been spoken between us, I trust you winna skrimp yoursell for what is needfu' for your health, since it signifies not muckle whilk o' us has the siller, if the other wants it. And mind this is no meant to haud ye to ony thing whilk ye wad rather forget, if ye suld get a charge of a kirk or a scule, as above said. Only I hope it will be a scule, and not a kirk, because of these difficulties anent aiths and patronages, whilk might gang ill doun wi' my honest father. Only if ye could compass a harmonious call frae the parish of Skreegh-me-dead, as ye anes had hope of, I trow it wad please him weel; since I hae heard him say, that the root of the matter was mair deeply hafted in that wild muirland parish than in the Canongate of Edinburgh. I wish I had whaten books ye wanted, Mr. Butler, for they hae haill houses of them here, and they are obliged to set sum out in the street, whilk are sald cheap, doubtless, to get them out of the weather. It is a muckle place, and I hae seen sae muckle of it, that my poor head turns round. And ye ken langsyne I am nae great pen-woman - and it is near eleven o'clock o' the night. I am cumming down in good company, and safe—and I had troubles in gaun up, whilk makes me blither of travelling wi' kend folk. My cousin, Mrs. Glass, has a braw house here, but a' thing is sae poisoned wi' snuff, that I am like to be scomfished whiles. But what signifies these things, in comparison of the great deliverance whilk has been vouchsafed to my father's house, in whilk you, as our auld and dear well-wisher, will, I dont not, rejoice and be exceedingly glad. And I am, dear Mr. Butler, your sincere well-wisher in temporal and eternal things, "J. D."

After these labours of an unwonted kind, Jeanie retired to her bed, yet scarce could sleep a few minutes together, so often was she awakened by the heart-stirring consciousness of her sister's safety, and so powerfully urged to deposit her burden of joy, where she had before laid her doubts and sorrows, in the warm and sincere exercises of devotion.

All the next, and all the succeeding day, Mrs. Glass fidgeted about her shop in the agony of expectation, like a pea (to use a vulgar simile which her profession renders appropriate) upon one of her own tobacco-pipes. With the third morning came the expected coach, with four servants clustered behind on the foot-board, in dark-brown and yellow liveries; the Duke in person, with laced coat, gold-headed cane, star and garter, all, as the story-book says, very grand.

He inquired for his little countrywoman of Mrs. Glass, but without requesting to see her, probably because he was unwilling to give an appearance of personal intercourse betwixt them, which scandal might have misinterpreted. "The Queen," he said to Mrs. Glass, "had taken the case of her kinswoman into her gracious consideration, and being specially moved by the affectionate and resolute character of the elder sister, had condescended to use her

powerful intercession with his Majesty, in consequence of which a pardon had been despatched to Scotland to Effie Deans, on condition of her banishing herself forth of Scotland for fourteen years. The King's Advocate had insisted," he said, "upon this qualification of the pardon, having pointed out to his Majesty's ministers, that, within the course of only seven years, twenty-one instances of child-murder had occurred in Scotland."

"Weary on him!" said Mrs. Glass, "what for needed he to have telled that of his ain country, and to the English folk abune a'? I used aye to think the Advocate a douce decent man, but it is an ill bird—begging your Grace's pardon for speaking of such a course by-word. And then what is the poor lassie to do in a foreign land?—Why, wae's me, it's just sending her to play the same pranks ower again, out of sight or guidance of her friends."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the Duke, "that need not be anticipated. Why, she may come up to London, or she may go over to America, and marry well for all that is come and gone."

"In troth, and so she may, as your Grace is pleased to intimate," replied Mrs. Glass; "and now I think upon it, there is my old correspondent in Virginia, Ephraim Buckskin, that has supplied the Thistle this forty years with tobacco, and it is not a little that serves our turn, and he has been writing to me this ten years to send him out a wife. The carle is not above sixty, and hale and hearty, and well to pass in the world, and a line from my hand would settle the matter, and Effie Dean's misfortune (forby that there is no special occasion to speak about it) would be thought little of there."

"Is she a pretty girl?" said the Duke; "her sister does not get beyond a good comely sonsy lass."

"Oh, far prettier is Effie than Jeanie," said Mrs. Glass; "though it is long since I saw her mysell, by I hear of the Deanses by all my Lowden friends when they come—your Grace kens we Scotch are clannish bodies."

"So much the better for us," said the Duke, "and the worse for those who meddle with us, as your good old-fashioned Scots sign says, Mrs. Glass.—And now I hope you will approve of the measures I have taken for restoring your kinswoman to her friends." These he detailed at length, and Mrs. Glass gave her unqualified approbation, with a smile and a curtsy at every sentence. "And now, Mrs. Glass, you must tell Jeanie, I hope she will not forget my cheese when she gets down to Scotland. Archibald has my orders to arrange all her expenses."

"Begging your Grace's humble pardon," said Mrs. Glass, "it's a pity to trouble yourself about them: the Deanses are wealthy people in their way, and the lass has money in her pocket."

"That's all very true," said the Duke; "but you know, where MacCallummore travels he pays all; it is our Highland privilege to take from all what *we* want, and to give to all what *they* want."

"Your Grace's better at giving than taking," said Mrs. Glass.

"To show you the contrary," said the Duke, "I will fill my box out of this canister without paying you a bawbee;" and again desiring to be remembered to Jeanie, with his good wishes for her safe journey, he departed, leaving Mrs. Glass uplifted in heart and in countenance, the proudest and happiest of tobacco and snuff dealers.

Reflectively, his Grace's good-humour and affability had a favourable effect upon Jeanie's situation. Her kinswoman, though civil and kind to her, had acquired too much of London breeding to be perfectly satisfied with her cousin's rustic and national dress, and was, besides, something scandalized at the cause of her journey to London. Mrs. Glass might, therefore, have been less sedulous in her attentions towards Jeanie, but for the interest which the foremost of the Scottish nobles (for such, in all men's estimation, was the Duke of Argyle) seemed to take in her fate. Now, however, as a kinswoman whose virtues and domestic affections had attracted the notice and approbation of royalty itself, Jeanie stood to her relative in a light very different and much more favourable, and was not only treated with ki[...] but with actual observance and respect.

It depended upon herself alone to have m[...] many visits, and seen as many sights, as lay [...] Mrs. Glass's power to compass. But, excepti[...] she dined abroad with one or two "far-awa[...] folk," and that she paid the same respect, [...] Glass's strong urgency, to Mrs. Deputy Dabb[...] of the Worshipful Mr. Deputy Dabby, of Far[...] Without, she did not avail herself of the oppo[...] As Mrs. Dabby was the second lady of gre[...] whom Jeanie had seen in London, she used [...] times afterwards to draw a parallel betwixt [...] the Queen, in which she observed, that "Mrs. [...] was dressed twice as grand, and was twice [...] and spoke twice as loud, and twice as muckle, [...] Queen did, but she hadna the same gos-hawk [...] that makes the skin creep, and the knee ben[...] though she had very kindly gifted her with a [...] sugar and twa punds of tea, yet she hadna a[...] ther the sweet look that the Queen had wh[...] put the needle-book into her hand."

Jeanie might have enjoyed the sights and n[...] of this great city more, had it not been for th[...] fication added to her sister's pardon, which [...] grieved her affectionate disposition. On this s[...] however, her mind was somewhat relieved by [...] which she received in return of post, in ans[...] that which she had written to her father. W[...] affectionate blessing, it brought his full appro[...] of the step which she had taken, as one insp[...] the immediate dictates of Heaven, and whi[...] had been thrust upon in order that she might [...] the means of safety to a perishing household.

"If ever a deliverance was dear and precious [...] said the letter, "is a dear and precious delive[...] and if life saved can be made more sweet a[...] voury, it is when it cometh by the hands o[...] whom we hold in the ties of affection. And [...] let your heart be disquieted within you, that t[...] tim, who is rescued from the horns of the [...] whereuntil she was fast bound by the chains [...] man law, is now to be driven beyond the bo[...] our land. Scotland is a blessed land to tho[...] love the ordinances of Christianity, and it is [...] land to look upon, and dear to them who hav[...] in it a' their days; and weel said that judicious [...] tian, worthy John Livingstone, a sailor in B[...] stounness, as the famous Patrick Walker re[...] his words, that howbeit he thought Scotland [...] Gehennah of wickedness when he was at hom[...] when he was abroad, he accounted it ane pa[...] for the evils of Scotland he found everywhe[...] the good of Scotland he found nowhere. But [...] to hold in remembrance that Scotland, thoug[...] our native land, and the land of our fathers, [...] like Goshen, in Egypt, on whilk the sun of th[...] vens and of the gospel shineth allenarly, and [...] the rest of the world in utter darkness. The[...] and also because this increase of profit at Sai[...] nard's Crags may be a cauld waff of wind b[...] from the frozen land of earthly self, where neve[...] of grace took root or grew, and because my co[...] make me take something ower muckle a grip [...] gear of the warld in mine arms, I receive this [...] sation anent Effie as a call to depart out of [...] as righteous Abraham of old, and leave my f[...] kindred and my mother's house, and the ash[...] mould of them who have gone to sleep before m[...] which wait to be mingled with these auld crazed [...] of mine own. And my heart is lightened to d[...] when I call to mind the decay of active and [...] religion in this land, and survey the height a[...] depth, the length and the breadth, of national [...] tions, and how the love of many is waxing luk[...] and cold; and I am strengthened in this res[...] to change my domicile likewise, as I hear that [...] farms are to be set at an easy mail in Northu[...] land, where there are many precious souls th[...] of our true, though suffering persuasion. A[...] part of the kye or stock as I judge it fit to kee[...] be driven thither without incommodity—say [...] Wooler, or that gate, keeping aye a shouther [...] hills—and the rest may be sauld to gude pro[...]

ge, if we had grace weel to use and guide ts of the warld. The Laird has been a true our unhappy occasions, and I have paid him : siller for Effie's misfortune, whereof Mr. Tovit returned him no balance, as the Laird l expect he wad hae done. But law licks up : common folk say. I have had the siller to ut of sax-purses. Mr. Saddletree advised to Laird of Lounsbeck a charge on his band isand merks. But I hae nae broo' of charges, .t awfu' morning that a tout of a horn, at the Edinburgh, blew half the faithfu' ministers and out of their pulpits. However, I sall adjudication, whilk Mr. Saddletree says istead of the auld apprisings, and will not l-won gear with the like of him if it may be As for the Queen, and the credit that she ie to a poor man's daughter, and the mercy grace ye found with her, I can only pray for -being here and hereafter, for the establish- her house now and for ever, upon the throne kingdoms. I doubt not but what you told esty, that I was the same David Deans of here was a sport at the Revolution when I legither the heads of twa false prophets, these us Graces the prelates, as they stood on the et, after being expelled from the Convention- mt. The Duke of Argyle is a noble and true- nobleman, who pleads the cause of the poor, se who have none to help them; verily his re- iall not be lacking unto him.—I have been of many things, but not of that whilk lies mine heart. I have seen the misguided she will be at freedom the morn, on enacted that she shall leave Scotland in four weeks. d is in an evil frame,—casting her eye back- Egypt, I doubt, as if the bitter waters of the ss were harder to endure than the brick fur- r the side of which there were savoury flesh- need not bid you make haste down, for you epting always my Great Master, my only in these straits. I charge you to withdraw : from the delusion of that Vanity-fair in ere a sojourner, and not to go to their wor- ilk is an ill-mumbled mass, as it was weel by James the Sext, though he afterwards, unhappy son, strove to bring it ower back y into his native kingdom, wherethrough e have been cut off as foam upon the water, l be as wanderers among the nations—see iecies of Hosea, ninth and seventeenth, and , tenth and seventh. But us and our house, r with the same prophet: 'Let us return to , for he hath torn, and he will heal us—He tten, and he will bind us up.' "

ceeded to say, that he approved of her pro- ode of returning by Glasgow, and entered iry minute particulars not necessary to be A single line in the letter, but not the least y read by the party to whom it was addressed, l, that "Reuben Butler had been as a son to us sorrows." As David Deans scarce ever ed Butler before, without some gibe, more or st, either at his carnal gifts and learning, or andfather's heresy, Jeanie drew a good omen such qualifying clause being added to this respecting him.

r's hope resembles the bean in the nursery it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly, he course of a few hours the giant Imagina- ds a castle on the top, and by and by comes ntment with the "curtal axe," and hews th the plant and the superstructure. Jeanie's ough not the most powerful of her faculties, ly enough to transport her to a wild farm in iberland, well stocked with milk-cows, yeald nd sheep; a meeting-house hard by, frequent- rious presbyterians, who had united in a ous call to Reuben Butler to be their spiritual Effie restored, not to gayety, but to cheerful- least;—their father, with his gray hairs d down, and spectacles on his nose;—her- the maiden snood exchanged for a matron's ll arranged in a pew *in the said meeting-house*, listening to words of devotion, rendered sweet- er and more powerful by the affectionate ties which combined them with the preacher. She cherished such visions from day to day, until her residence in London began to become insupportable and tedious to her; and it was with no ordinary satisfaction that she received a summons from Argyle-house, requiring her in two days to be prepared to join their north- ward party.

CHAPTER XL.

> One was a female, who had grievous ill
> Wrought in revenge, and she enjoy'd it still;
> Sullen she was, and threatening: in her eye
> Glared the stern triumph that she dared to die.—CRABBE.

THE summons of preparation arrived after Jeanie Deans had resided in the metropolis about three weeks

On the morning appointed she took a grateful fare- well of Mrs. Glass, as that good woman's attention to her particularly required placed herself and her moveable goods, which purchases and presents had greatly increased, in a hackney-coach, and joined her travelling companions in the housekeeper's apartment at Argyle-house. While the carriage was getting ready, the was informed that the Duke wished to speak with her; and being ushered into a splendid sa- loon, she was surprised to find that he wished to pre- sent her to his lady and daughters.

"I bring you my little countrywoman, Duchess," these were the words of the introduction. "With an army of young fellows, as gallant and steady as she is, and a good cause, I would not fear two to one."

"Ah, papa!" said a lively young lady, about twelve years old, "remember you were full one to two at Sheriff-muir, and yet," (singing the well-known bal- lad)—

> " 'Some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
> And some say that nane wan at a', man;
> But of ae thing I'm sure, that on Sheriff-muir
> A battle there was that I saw, man.' "

"What. little Mary turned Tory on my hands?— This will be fine news for our countrywoman to carry down to Scotland!"

"We may all turn Tories for the thanks we have got for remaining Whigs," said the second young lady.

"Well, hold your peace, you discontented mon- keys, and go dress your babies; and as for the Bob of Dumblane,

> 'If it wasna weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit
> If it wasna weel bobbit, we'll bobb it again.' "

"Papa's wit is running low," said Lady Mary; "the poor gentleman is repeating himself—he sang that on the field of battle, when he was told the High- landers had cut his left wing to pieces with their claymores."

A pull by the hair was the repartee to this sally.

"Ah! brave Highlanders and bright claymores," said the Duke, "well do I wish them, 'for a' the ill they've done me yet,' as the song goes.--But come, madcaps, say a civil word to your countrywoman—I wish ye had half her canny hamely sense; I think you may be as leal and true-hearted."

The Duchess advanced, and, in few words, in which there was as much kindness as civility, assured Jeanie of the respect which she had for a character so affectionate, and yet so firm, and added, "When you get home, you will perhaps hear from me."

"And from me." "And from me." "And from me, Jeanie," added the young ladies one after the other, "for you are a credit to the land we love so well."

Jeanie, overpowered with these unexpected com- pliments, and not aware that the Duke's investiga- tion had made him acquainted with her behaviour on her sister's trial, could only answer by blushing, and curtsying round and round, and uttering at intervals, "Mony thanks! mony thanks!"

"Jeanie," said the Duke, "you must have *doch an' dorroch*, or you will be unable to travel."

There was a salver with cake and wine on the table. He took up a glass, drank "to all true hearts that lo'ed Scotland," and offered a glass to his guest.

Jeanie, however, declined it, saying, "that she had never tasted wine in her life."

"How comes that, Jeanie?" said the Duke,—"wine maketh glad the heart, you know."

"Ay, sir, but my father is like Jonadab the son of Rechab, who charged his children that they should drink no wine."

"I thought your father would have had more sense," said the Duke, "unless, indeed, he prefers brandy. But, however, Jeanie, if you will not drink, you must eat, to save the character of my house."

He thrust upon her a large piece of cake, nor would he permit her to break off a fragment, and lay the rest on the salver. "Put it in your pouch, Jeanie," said he; "you will be glad of it before you see St. Giles's steeple. I wish to Heaven I were to see it as soon as you! and so my best service to all my friends at and about Auld Reekie, and a blithe journey to you."

And, mixing the frankness of a soldier with his natural affability, he shook hands with his protegée, and committed her to the charge of Archibald, satisfied that he had provided sufficiently for her being attended to by his domestics, from the unusual attention with which he had himself treated her.

Accordingly, in the course of her journey, she found both her companions disposed to pay her every possible civility, so that her return, in point of comfort and safety, formed a strong contrast to her journey to London.

Her heart also was disburdened of the weight of grief, shame, apprehension, and fear, which had loaded her before her interview with the Queen at Richmond. But the human mind is so strangely capricious, that, when freed from the pressure of real misery, it becomes open and sensitive to the apprehension of ideal calamities. She was now much disturbed in mind, that she had heard nothing from Reuben Butler, to whom the operation of writing was so much more familiar than it was to herself.

"It would have cost him sae little fash," she said to herself; "for I hae seen his pen gang as fast ower the paper, as ever it did ower the water when it was in the gray goose's wing. Wae's me! maybe he may be badly—but then my father wad likely hae said something about it—Or maybe he may hae taen the rue, and kensna how to let me wot of his change of mind. He needna be at muckle fash about it,"—she went on, drawing herself up, though the tear of honest pride and injured affection gathered in her eye, as she entertained the suspicion,—"Jeanie Deans is no' the lass to pu' him by the sleeve, or put him in mind of what he wishes to forget. I shall wish him weel and happy a' the same; and if he has the luck to get a kirk in our country, I sall gang and hear him just the very same, to show that I bear nae malice." And as she imagined the scene, the tear stole over her eye.

In these melancholy reveries, Jeanie had full time to indulge herself; for her travelling companions, servants in a distinguished and fashionable family, had, of course, many topics of conversation, in which it was absolutely impossible she could have either pleasure or portion. She had, therefore, abundant leisure for reflection, and even for self-tormenting, during the several days which, indulging the young horses the Duke was sending down to the North with sufficient ease and short stages, they occupied in reaching the neighbourhood of Carlisle.

In approaching the vicinity of that ancient city, they discerned a considerable crowd upon an eminence at a little distance from the high road, and learned from some passengers who were gathering towards that busy scene from the southward, that the cause of the concourse was, the laudable public desire "to see a domned Scotch witch and thief get half of her due upo' Haribee-broo' yonder, for she was only to be hanged; she should hae been boorned aloive, an' cheap on't."

"Dear Mr. Archibald," said the dame of the dairy elect, "I never seed a woman hanged in a' my life, and only four men, as made a goodly spectacle."

Mr. Archibald, however, was a Scotchman, and promised himself no exuberant pleasure in seeing his countrywoman undergo "the terrible behests of law. Moreover, he was a man of sense and delicacy in his way, and the late circumstances of Jeanie's family, with the cause of her expedition tc were not unknown to him; so that he drily, it was impossible to stop, as he mu: at Carlisle on some business of the Duke' accordingly bid the postilions get on.

The road at that time passed at about a a mile's distance from the eminence, calle or Harabee-brow, which, though it is very in size and height, is nevertheless seen fr distance around, owing to the flatness of tl through which the Eden flows. Here ma law, and border-rider of both kingdoms, ha in the wind during the wars, and scarce l truces, between the two countries. Upon in latter days, other executions had taken ; as little ceremony as compassion; for the provinces remained long unsettled, and e time of which we write, were ruder than tl centre of England.

The postilions drove on, wheeling, as t road led them, round the verge of the risi Yet still the eyes of Mrs. Dolly Dutton, w the head and substantial person to whu longed, were all turned towards the scene could discern plainly the outline of the ga relieved against the clear sky, the dark sha by the persons of the executioner and th upon the light rounds of the tall aerial la one of the objects, launched into the air, ga vocal signs of mortal agony, though appea distance not larger than a spider depend extremity of his invisible thread, while the form descended from its elevated situatic gained with all speed an undistinguished pl the crowd. This termination of the tr drew forth of course a squall from Mrs. D Jeanie, with instinctive curiosity, turned l the same direction.

The sight of a female culprit in the act c ing the fatal punishment from which h sister had been so recently rescued, was too perhaps for her nerves, but for her mind ar She turned her head to the other side of th with a sensation of sickness, of loathing, a: ing. Her female companion overwhelme questions, with proffers of assistance, wit that the carriage might be stopped—tha might be fetched—that drops might be gi burnt feathers and assafœtida, fair water, horn, might be procured, all at once, and w instant's delay. Archibald, more calm ar rate, only desired the carriage to push for it was not till they had got beyond sight c spectacle, that, seeing the deadly paleness countenance, he stopped the carriage, an out himself, went in search of the most o most easily procured of Mrs. Dutton's phai —a draught, namely, of fair water.

While Archibald was absent on this go piece of service, damning the ditches whic nothing but mud, and thinking upon the bubbling springlets of his own mountai tendants on the execution began to pass t ary vehicle in their way back to Carlisle.

From their half-heard and half-underst Jeanie, whose attention was involuntarily them, as that of children is by ghost stori they know the pain with which they will remember them, Jeanie, I say, could disce present victim of the law had died *gam* termed by those unfortunates; that is, sa less, and impenitent, neither fearing God i ing man.

"A sture woife, and a dour," said one peasant, as he clattered by in his woode with a noise like the trampling of a dray-l

"She has gone to ho master, with ho' her mouth," said another; "Shame th should be harried wi' Scotch witches a bitches this gate—but I say hang and drov

"Aye, aye, Gaffer Tramp, take awa yea awa low—hang the witch, and there wi scathe amang us; mine owsen hae be this towmont"

nd mine bairns hae been crining too, mon," replied his neighbour.

ence wi' your fule tongues, ye churls," said [the old] woman, who hobbled past them, as they stood [talking] near the carriage; "this was nae witch, but [a bloo]dy fingered thief and murderess."

"[Ay]? was it e'en sae, Dame Hinchup?" said one [in a civil] tone, and stepping out of his place to let [the old] woman pass along the foot-path—"Nay, you [kno]w best, sure—but at ony rate, we hae but tint a [witch] for her, and that's a thing better lost than found."

[The] old woman passed on without making any [answe]r.

"[Ay], ay, neighbour," said Gaffer Tramp, "seest [thou] how one witch will speak for t'other—Scots or [Engli]sh, the same to them."

[His] companion shook his head, and replied in the [same] subdued tone, "Ay, ay, when a Sark-foot wife [gets o]n her broomstick, the dames of Allonby are [ready] to mount, just as sure as the by-word gangs o' [the hi]lls,

> If Skiddaw hath a cap,
> Criffel wots full weel of that."

"[B]ut," continued Gaffer Tramp, "thinkest thou [the d]aughter o' yon hangit body isna as rank a witch [as she]?"

"[I] kenna clearly," returned the fellow, "but the [folk] are speaking o' swimming her i' the Eden." [And] they passed on their several roads, after wishing [each] other good morning.

[Ju]st as the clowns left the place, and as Mr. Archibald returned with some fair water, a crowd of boys [and] girls, and some of the lower rabble of more mature [age], came up from the place of execution, grouping [them]selves with many a yell of delight around a tall [fem]ale fantastically dressed, who was dancing, leaping, and bounding in the midst of them. A horrible [reco]llection pressed on Jeanie as she looked on this [unf]ortunate creature; and the reminiscence was mutual, for by a sudden exertion of great strength and [agi]lity, Madge Wildfire broke out of the noisy circle [of t]ormenters who surrounded her, and clinging fast [to t]he door of the calash, uttered, in a sound betwixt [lau]ghter and screaming, "Eh, d'ye ken, Jeanie Deans, [the]y hae hangit our mother?" Then suddenly changing her tone to that of the most piteous entreaty, she [ad]ded, "O gar them let me gang to cut her down!—[let] me but cut her down!—she is my mother, if she [wa]s waur than the deil, and she'll be nae mair kenspeckle than half-hangit Maggie Dickson, that cried [sau]t mony a day after she had been hangit; her [voi]ce was roupit and hoarse, and her neck was a wee [ag]ee, or ye wad hae kend nae odds on her frae ony [oth]er saut-wife."

Mr. Archibald, embarrassed by the mad woman's [cl]inging to the carriage, and detaining around them [he]r noisy and mischievous attendants, was all this [wh]ile looking out for a constable or beadle, to whom [he] might commit the unfortunate creature. But seeing no such person of authority, he endeavoured to [loo]sen her hold from the carriage, that they might [esc]ape from her by driving on. This, however, could [hard]ly be achieved without some degree of violence; [Mad]ge held fast, and renewed her frantic entreaties [to] be permitted to cut down her mother. "It was [bu]t a tippenny tow lost," she said, "and what was that to a woman's life?" There came up, however, a parcel of savage looking fellows, butchers and graziers chiefly, among whose cattle there had been of [lat]e a very general and fatal distemper, which their [wis]dom imputed to witchcraft. They laid violent [ha]nds on Madge, and tore her from the carriage, exclaiming—"What, doest stop folk o' king's highway? Hast no done mischief enow already, wi' thy [cant]ers and thy witcherings?"

"Oh Jeanie Deans—Jeanie Deans!" exclaimed the [poo]r maniac, "save my mother, and I will take ye to [the] Interpreter's house again,—and I will teach ye a' [my] bonny sangs,—and I will tell ye what came o' [the—]" The rest of her entreaties were drowned in [the] shouts of the rabble.

"Save her, for God's sake!—save her from those [peo]ple!" exclaimed Jeanie to Archibald.

"She is mad, but quite innocent; she is mad, gentlemen," said Archibald; "do not use her ill, take her before the Mayor."

"Ay, ay, we'se hae care enow on her," answered one of the fellows; "gang thou thy gate, man, and mind thine own matters."

"He's a Scot by his tongue," said another; "and an he will come out o' his whirligig there, I'se gie him his tartan plaid fu' o' broken banes."

It was clear nothing could be done to rescue Madge; and Archibald, who was a man of humanity, could only bid the postilions hurry on to Carlisle, that he might obtain some assistance to the unfortunate woman. As they drove off, they heard the hoarse roar with which the mob preface acts of riot or cruelty, yet even above that deep and dire note, they could discern the screams of the unfortunate victim. They were soon out of hearing of the cries, but had no sooner entered the streets of Carlisle, than Archibald, at Jeanie's earnest and urgent entreaty, went to a magistrate, to state the cruelty which was likely to be exercised on this unhappy creature.

In about an hour and a half he returned, and reported to Jeanie, that the magistrate had very readily gone in person, with some assistants, to the rescue of the unfortunate woman, and that he had himself accompanied him; that when they came to the muddy pool, in which the mob were ducking her, according to their favourite mode of punishment, the magistrate succeeded in rescuing her from their hands, but in a state of insensibility, owing to the cruel treatment which she had received. He added, that he had seen her carried to the work-house, and understood that she had been brought to herself, and was expected to do well.

This last averment was a slight alteration in point of fact, for Madge Wildfire was not expected to survive the treatment she had received; but Jeanie seemed so much agitated, that Mr. Archibald did not think it prudent to tell her the worst at once. Indeed, she appeared so fluttered and disordered by this alarming accident, that, although it had been their intention to proceed to Longtown that evening, her companions judged it most advisable to pass the night at Carlisle.

This was particularly agreeable to Jeanie, who resolved, if possible, to procure an interview with Madge Wildfire. Connecting some of her wild flights with the narrative of George Staunton, she was unwilling to omit the opportunity of extracting from her, if possible, some information concerning the fate of that unfortunate infant which had cost her sister so dear. Her acquaintance with the disordered state of poor Madge's mind did not permit her to cherish much hope that she could acquire from her any useful intelligence; but then, since Madge's mother had suffered her deserts, and was silent for ever, it was her only chance of obtaining any kind of information, and she was loath to lose the opportunity.

She coloured her wish to Mr. Archibald by saying, that she had seen Madge formerly, and wished to know, as a matter of humanity, how she was attended to under her present misfortunes. That complaisant person immediately went to the workhouse, or hospital, in which he had seen the sufferer lodged, and brought back for reply, that the medical attendants positively forbade her seeing any one. When the application for admittance was repeated next day, Mr. Archibald was informed that she had been very quiet and composed, insomuch that the clergyman, who acted as chaplain to the establishment, thought it expedient to read prayers beside her bed, but that her wandering fit of mind had returned soon after his departure; however, her countrywoman might see her if she chose it. She was not expected to live above an hour or two.

Jeanie had no sooner received this information, than she hastened to the hospital, her companions attending her. They found the dying person in a large ward, where there were ten beds, of which the patient's was the only one occupied.

Madge was singing when they entered—singing her own wild snatches of songs and obsolete airs, with a voice no longer overstrained by false spirits, but softened, saddened, and subdued by bodily ex-

haustion. She was still insane, but was no longer able to express her wandering ideas in the wild notes of her former state of exalted imagination. There was death in the plaintive tones of her voice, which yet, in this moderated and melancholy mood, had something of the lulling sound with which a mother sings her infant asleep. As Jeanie entered, she heard first the air, and then a part of the chorus and words, of what had been, perhaps, the song of a jolly harvest-home:

"Our work is over—over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

"The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home."

Jeanie advanced to the bed-side when the strain was finished, and addressed Madge by her name. But it produced no symptoms of recollection. On the contrary, the patient like one provoked by interruption, changed her posture, and called out, with an impatient tone, "Nurse—nurse, turn my face to the wa', that I may never answer to that name ony mair, and never see mair of a wicked world."

The attendant on the hospital arranged her in her bed as she desired, with her face to the wall, and her back to the light. So soon as she was quiet in this new position, she began again to sing in the same low and modulated strains, as if she was recovering the state of abstraction which the interruption of her visitants had disturbed. The strain, however, was different, and rather resembled the music of the Methodist hymns, though the measure of the song was similar to that of the former:—

"When the fight of grace is fought,—
When the marriage vest is wrought,—
When Faith hath chased cold Doubt away,
And Hope but sickens at delay,—
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere,
Doff thy robes of sin and clay;
Christian, rise, and come away."

The strain was solemn and affecting, sustained as it was by the pathetic warble of a voice which had naturally been a fine one, and which weakness, if it diminished its power, had improved in softness. Archibald, though a follower of the court, and a pococurante by profession, was confused, if not affected; the dairymaid blubbered; and Jeanie felt the tears rise spontaneously to her eyes. Even the nurse, accustomed to all modes in which the spirit can pass, seemed considerably moved.

The patient was evidently growing weaker, as was intimated by an apparent difficulty of breathing, which seized her from time to time, and by the utterance of low listless moans, intimating that nature was succumbing in the last conflict. But the spirit of melody, which must originally have so strongly possessed this unfortunate young woman, seemed at every interval of ease, to triumph over her pain and weakness. And it was remarkable, that there could always be traced in her songs something appropriate, though perhaps only obliquely or collaterally so, to her present situation. Her next seemed to be the fragment of some old ballad:

"Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow;
But thine shall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true love! to morrow.

"And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow;
For he for whom I die to day,
Shall die for me to-morrow."

Again she changed the tune to one wilder, less monotonous, and less regular. But of the words only a fragment or two could be collected by those who listened to the singular scene.

"Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"'Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?'—
'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.'
* * *

"'Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?'—
'The gray headed sexton,
That delves the grave duly.'
* * *

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'"

Her voice died away with the last note fell into a slumber, from which the expe tendant assured them, that she never woul all, or only in the death agony.

The nurse's prophecy proved true. The niac parted with existence, without again sound of any kind. But our travellers did n this catastrophe. They left the hospital Jeanie had satisfied herself that no elucida sister's misfortune's was to be hoped fron person.*

* In taking leave of the poor maniac, the aut observe, that the first conception of the character, wards greatly altered, was taken from that of a pe herself, and called by others, Feckless Fannie (we Fannie,) who always travelled with a small flock o following account, furnished by the persevering Mr. Train, contains probably all that can now be k history, though many, among whom is the author, her having heard of Feckless Fannie, in the days o

"My leisure hours," says Mr. Train, "for some ti been mostly spent in searching for particulars re maniac called Feckless Fannie, who travelled over and England, between the years 1767 and 1775, an tory is altogether so like a romance, that I have be sible pains to collect every particular that can be f to her in Galloway, or in Ayrshire.

"When Feckless Fannie appeared in Ayrshire, time, in the summer of 1769, she attracted much being attended by twelve or thirteen sheep, wh endued with faculties so much superior to the ord animals of the same species, as to excite universal a She had for each a different name, to which it an called by its mistress, and would likewise obey in prising manner any command she thought proper to travelling, she always walked in front of her flo followed her closely behind. When she lay dowr the fields, for she would never enter into a house, disputed who should lie next to her, by which me kept warm, while she lay in the midst of them; w tempted to rise from the ground, an old ram, who Charlie, always claimed the sole right of assisting h any that stood in his way aside, until he arrived rig mistress; he then bowed his head nearly to the gro might lay her hands on his horns, which were ve then lifted her gently from the ground by raising she chanced to leave her flock feeding, as soon a vered she was gone, they all began to bleat most p would continue to do so till she returned; they wo tify their joy by rubbing their sides against her p frisking about.

"Feckless Fannie was not, like most other de tures, fond of fine dress; on her head she wore an hat, over her shoulders an old plaid, and carried a hand a shepherd's crook; with any of these artic riably declared she would not part for any conside ever. When she was interrogated why she set so m things seemingly so insignificant, she would someti history of her misfortune, which was briefly as fol

"'I am the only daughter of a wealthy squire in England, but I loved my father's shepherd, and th my ruin: for my father, fearing his family would by such an alliance, in a passion mortally woun with a shot from a pistol. I arrived just in time t last blessing of the dying man, and to close his ey He bequeathed me his little all, but I only accepte to be my sole companions through life, and this ha and this crook, all of which I will carry until I des grave.'

"This is the substance of a ballad, eighty four li I copied down lately from the recitation of an ol this place, who says she has seen it in print, with a title-page, representing Fannie with her sheep be h this ballad is said to have been written by Lowe, th Mary's Dream, I am surprised that it has not beer Cromek, in his Remains of Nithsdale and Gallowa he perhaps thought it unworthy of a place in his c there is very little merit in the composition; wh room prevents me from transcribing at present. Bu you had never seen it, I would take an early op doing so.

"After having made the tour of Galloway in 176 was wandering in the neighbourhood of Moffat, o Edinburgh, where, I am informed, she was likewise old Charlie, her favourite ram, chanced to break yard, which the proprietor observing, let loose a hunted the poor sheep to death. This was a sad it seemed to renew all the pangs which she formerl death of her lover. She would not part from the sa friend for several days, and it was with much diffic

CHAPTER XLI.

> Wilt thou go on with me?
> The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
> And I know well the ocean paths . . . .
> Thou wilt go on with me! — *Thalaba.*

THE fatigue and agitation of these various scenes had agitated Jeanie so much, notwithstanding her robust strength of constitution, that Archibald judged it necessary that she should have a day's repose at the village of Longtown. It was in vain that Jeanie herself protested against any delay. The Duke of Argyle's man of confidence was of course consequential; and as he had been bred to the medical profession in his youth, (at least he used this expression to describe his having, thirty years before, pounded for six months in the mortar of old Mungo Mangleman, the surgeon at Greenock,) he was obstinate whenever a matter of health was in question.

In this case he discovered febrile symptoms, and having once made a happy application of that learned phrase to Jeanie's case, all further resistance became in vain; and she was glad to acquiesce, and even to go to bed, and drink water-gruel, in order that she might possess her soul in quiet, and without interruption.

Mr. Archibald was equally attentive in another particular. He observed that the execution of the old woman, and the miserable fate of her daughter, seemed to have had a more powerful effect upon Jeanie's mind, than the usual feelings of humanity might naturally have been expected to occasion. Yet she was obviously a strong-minded, sensible young woman, and in no respect subject to nervous affections; and therefore Archibald, being ignorant of any special connexion between his master's protegée and these unfortunate persons, excepting that she had seen Madge formerly in Scotland, naturally imputed the strong impression these events had made upon her, to her associating them with the unhappy circumstances in which her sister had so lately stood. He became anxious, therefore, to prevent any thing occurring which might recall these associations to Jeanie's mind.

Archibald had speedily an opportunity of exercising this precaution. A pedler brought to Long-town that evening, amongst other wares, a large broadside sheet, giving an account of the "Last Speech and Execution of Margaret Murdockson, and of the barbarous Murder of her Daughter, Magdalene or Madge Murdockson, called Madge Wildfire; and of her pious Conversation with his Reverence Archdeacon Fleming;" which authentic publication had apparently taken place on the day they left Carlisle, and being an article of a nature peculiarly acceptable to such country-folk as were within hearing of the transaction, the itinerant bibliopolist had forthwith added them to his stock in trade. He found a merchant sooner than he expected; for Archibald, much applauding his own prudence, purchased the whole lot for two shillings and ninepence; and the pedler, delighted with the profit of such a wholesale transaction, instantly returned to Carlisle to supply himself with more.

The considerate Mr. Archibald was about to commit his whole purchase to the flames, but it was rescued by the yet more considerate dairy-damsel, who said, very prudently, it was a pity to waste so much paper, which might crepe hair, pin up bonnets, and serve many other useful purposes; and who promised to put the parcel into her own trunk, and keep it carefully out of the sight of Mrs. Jeanie Deans: "Though, by the bye, she had no great notion of folk being so very nice. Mrs. Deans might have had enough to think about the gallows all this time to endure a sight of it, without all this to do about it."

Archibald reminded the dame of the dairy of the Duke's very particular charge, that they should be attentive and civil to Jeanie; as also that they were to part company soon, and consequently would not be doomed to observing any one's health or temper during the rest of the journey. With which answer Mrs. Dolly Dutton was obliged to hold herself satisfied.

On the morning they resumed their journey, and prosecuted it successfully, travelling through Dumfries-shire, and part of Lanarkshire, until they arrived at the small town of Rutherglen, within about four miles of Glasgow. Here an express brought letters to Archibald from the principal agent of the Duke of Argyle in Edinburgh.

He said nothing of their contents that evening, but when they were seated in the carriage the next day, the faithful squire informed Jeanie, that he had received directions from the Duke's factor, to whom his Grace had recommended him to carry her, if she had no objection, for a stage or two beyond Glasgow. Some temporary causes of discontent had occasioned tumults in that city and the neighbourhood, which would render it unadvisable for Mrs. Jeanie Deans to travel alone and unprotected betwixt that city and Edinburgh; whereas, by going forward a little further, they would meet one of his Grace's subfactors, who was coming down from the Highlands to Edinburgh with his wife, and under whose charge she might journey with comfort and in safety.

Jeanie remonstrated against this arrangement.—"She had been lang," she said, "frae hame—her father and her sister behoved to be very anxious to see her—there were other friends she had that werena weel in health. She was willing to pay for man and horse at Glasgow, and surely naebody wad meddle wi' sae harmless and feckless a creature as she was. She was muckle obliged by the offer; but never hunted deer langed for its resting-place as I do to find myself at St. Leonard's."

The groom of the chambers exchanged a look with his female companion, which seemed so full of meaning, that Jeanie screamed aloud—"O Mr. Archibald—Mrs. Dutton, if ye ken of ony thing that

would not allow him to be buried; but, still wishing to pay a tribute to his memory, she covered his grave with moss, and fenced it round with osiers, and annually returned to the same spot, and pulled the weeds from the grave and repaired the fence. This is altogether like a romance; but I believe it is really true that she did so. The grave of Charlie is still held sacred even by the schoolboys of the present day in that quarter. It is now, perhaps, the only instance of the law of Kenneth being attended to, which says, 'The grave where anie that is slaine lieth buried, leave untilled for seven years. Repute every grave holie, so as thou be well advised, that in no wise with thy feet thou tread upon it.'

"Though the storms of winter, as well as in the milder seasons of the year, she continued her wandering course, nor could she be prevented from doing so, either by entreaty or promise of reward. The late Dr. Fullarton of Rosemount, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, being well acquainted with her father when in England, endeavoured, in a severe season, by every means in his power, to detain her at Rosemount for a few days until the weather should become more mild; but when she found herself rested a little, and saw her sheep fed, she raised her crook, which was the signal she always gave for the sheep to follow her, and off they all marched together.

"But the hour of poor Fannie's dissolution was now at hand, and she seemed anxious to arrive at the spot where she was to terminate her mortal career. She proceeded to Glasgow, and, while passing through that city, a crowd of idle boys, attracted by her singular appearance, together with the novelty of seeing so many sheep obeying her command, began to torment her with their pranks, till she became *so irritated that she pelted them with bricks and stones, which they returned in such a manner*, that she was actually stoned to death between Glasgow and Anderston.

"To the real history of this singular individual, credulity has attached several superstitious appendages. It is said, that the farmer who was the cause of Charlie's death, shortly afterwards drowned himself in a peat-hag; and that the hand, with which a butcher in Kilmarnock struck one of the other sheep, became powerless, and withered to the very bone. In the summer of 1769, when she was passing by New Cumnock, a young man, whose name was William Forsyth, son of a farmer in the same parish, plagued her so much that she wished he might never see the morn; upon which he went home and hanged himself in his father's barn. And I doubt not many such stories may yet be remembered in other parts where she had been."

So far Mr. Train. The author can only add to this narrative that Feckless Fannie and her little flock were well known in the pastoral districts.

In attempting to introduce such a character into fiction, the author felt the risk of encountering a comparison with the Maria of Sterne; and, besides, the mechanism of the story would have been as much retarded by Feckless Fannie's flock, as the night-march of Don Quixote was delayed by Sancho's tale of the sheep that were ferried over the river.

The author has only to add, that notwithstanding the preciseness of his friend Mr Train's statement, there may be some hopes that the outrage on Feckless Fannie and her little flock was not carried to extremity. There is no mention of any trial on account of it, which, had it occurred in the manner stated, would have certainly taken place; and the author has understood that it was on the Border she was last seen, about the skirts of the Cheviot hills, but without her little flock.

has happened at St. Leonard's, for God's sake—for pity's sake, tell me, and dinna keep me in suspense!"

"I really know nothing, Mrs. Deans," said the groom of the chamber.

"And I—I—I am sure, I knows as little," said the dame of the dairy, while some communication seemed to tremble on her lips, which, at the glance of Archibald's eye, she appeared to swallow down, and compressed her lips thereafter into a state of extreme and vigilant firmness, as if she had been afraid of its bolting out before she was aware.

Jeanie saw that there was to be something concealed from her, and it was only the repeated assurances of Archibald that her father, her sister—all her friends were, as far as he knew, well and happy, that at all pacified her alarm. From such respectable people as those with whom she travelled she could apprehend no harm, and yet her distress was so obvious, that Archibald, as a last resource, pulled out, and put into her hand a slip of paper, on which these words were written:—

"JEANIE DEANS—You will do me a favour by going with Archibald and my female domestic a day's journey beyond Glasgow, and asking them no questions, which will greatly oblige your friend,

"ARGYLE & GREENWICH."

Although this laconic epistle, from a nobleman to whom she was bound by such inestimable obligations, silenced all Jeanie's objections to the proposed route, it rather added to than diminished the eagerness of her curiosity. The proceeding to Glasgow seemed now no longer to be an object with her fellow-travellers. On the contrary, they kept the left-hand side of the river Clyde, and travelled through a thousand beautiful and changing views down the side of that noble stream, till, ceasing to hold its inland character, it began to assume that of a navigable river.

"You are not for gaun intill Glasgow then?" said Jeanie, as she observed that the drivers made no motion for inclining their horses' heads towards the ancient bridge, which was then the only mode of access to St. Mungo's capital.

"No," replied Archibald; "there is some popular commotion, and as our Duke is in opposition to the court, perhaps we might be too well received; or they might take it in their heads to remember that the Captain of Carrick came down upon them with his Highlandmen in the time of Shawfield's mob in 1725, and then we would be too ill received.* And, at any rate, it is best for us, and for me in particular, who may be supposed to possess his Grace's mind upon many particulars, to leave the good people of the Gorbals to act according to their own imaginations, without either provoking or encouraging them by my presence."

To reasoning of such tone and consequence Jeanie had nothing to reply, although it seemed to her to contain fully as much self-importance as truth.

The carriage meantime rolled on; the river expanded itself, and gradually assumed the dignity of an estuary, or arm of the sea. The influence of the advancing and retiring tides became more and more evident, and in the beautiful words of him of the laurel wreath, the river waxed

> "A broader and a broader stream.
>
> * * *
>
> The Cormorant stands upon its shoals,
> His black and dripping wings
> Half open'd to the wind."

"Which way lies Inverary?" said Jeanie, gazing on the dusky ocean of Highland hills, which now, piled above each other, and intersected by many a lake, stretched away on the opposite side of the river to the northward. "Is yon high castle the Duke's hoose?"

"That's Mrs. Deans?—Lud help thee," replied Archibald, "that's the old Castle of Dunbarton, the strongest place in Europe, be the other what it may. Sir William Wallace was governor of it in the old wars with the English, and his Grace is governor just now. It is always intrusted to the best man in Scotland."

"And does the Duke live on that high rock, then?" demanded Jeanie.

"No, no, he has his deputy-governor, who commands in his absence; he lives in the white house you see at the bottom of the rock—His Grace does not reside there himself."

"I think not, indeed," said the dairy-woman, upon whose mind the road, since they had left Dumfries, had made no very favourable impression; "for if he did, he might go whistle for a dairy-woman, an he were the only duke in England. I did not leave my place and my friends to come down to see cows starve to death upon hills as they be at that pig-stye of Elfin-foot, as you call it, Mr. Archibald, or to be perched up on the top of a rock, like a squirrel in his cage, hung out of a three pair of stairs window."

Inwardly chuckling that these symptoms of recalcitration had not taken place until the fair malecontent was, as he mentally termed it, under his thumb, Archibald coolly replied, "that the hills were none of his making, nor did he know how to mend them; but as to lodging, they would soon be in a house of the Duke's in a very pleasant island called Roseneath, where they went to wait for shipping to take them to Inverary, and would meet the company with whom Jeanie was to return to Edinburgh."

"An island?" said Jeanie, who, in the course of her various and adventurous travels, had never quitted terra firma, "then I am doubting we maun gang in ane of these boats; they look unco sma', and the waves are something rough, and"—

"Mr. Archibald," said Mrs. Dutton, "I will not consent to it; I was never engaged to leave the country, and I desire you will bid the boys drive round the other way to the Duke's house."

"There is a safe pinnace belonging to his Grace, ma'am, close by," replied Archibald, "and you need be under no apprehensions whatsoever."

"But I *am* under apprehensions," said the damsel; "and I insist upon going round by land, Mr. Archibald, were it ten miles about."

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you, madam, as Roseneath happens to be an island."

"If it were ten islands," said the incensed dame, "that's no reason why I should be drowned in going over the seas to it."

"No reason why you should be drowned, certainly ma'am," answered the unmoved groom of the chambers, "but an admirable good one why you cannot proceed to it by land." And, fixed his master's mandates to perform, he pointed with his hand, and the drivers, turning off the high-road, proceeded towards a small hamlet of fishing huts, where a shallop, somewhat more gaily decorated than any which they had yet seen, having a flag which displayed a boar's head, crested with a ducal coronet, waited with two or three seamen, and as many Highlanders.

The carriage stopped, and the men began to unyoke their horses, while Mr. Archibald gravely superintended the removal of the baggage from the carriage to the little vessel. "Has the Caroline been long arrived?" said Archibald to one of the seamen.

"She has been here in five days from Liverpool, and she's lying down at Greenock," answered the fellow.

"Let the horses and carriage go down to Greenock then," said Archibald, "and be embarked there for Inverary when I send notice—they may stand in my cousin's, Duncan Archibald the stabler's.—Ladies," he added, "I hope you will get yourselves ready, we must not lose the tide."

"Mrs. Deans," said the Cowslip of Inverary, "you may do as you please—but I will sit here all night, rather than go into that there painted egg-shell.—Fellow—fellow!" (this was addressed to a Highlander who was lifting a travelling trunk) "that trunk is *mine*, and that there band-box, and that pillion mail, and those seven bundles, and the paper bag; and if you venture to touch one of them, it shall be at your peril."

* In 1725, there was a great riot in Glasgow on account of the malt-tax. Among the troops brought in to restore order, was one of the independent companies of Highlanders levied in Argyleshire, and distinguished, in a lampoon of the period, as "Campbell of Carrick and his Highland thieves." It was called *Shawfield's Mob*, because much of the popular violence was *directed against Daniel Campbell, Esq. of Shawfield, M. P., Provost of the town.*

The Celt kept his eye fixed on the speaker, then turned his head towards Archibald, and receiving no countervailing signal, he shouldered the portmanteau, and without further notice of the distressed damsel, or paying any attention to remonstrances, which probably he did not understand, and would certainly have equally disregarded whether he understood them or not, moved off with Mrs. Dutton's wearables, and deposited the trunk containing them safely in the boat.

The baggage being stowed in safety, Mr. Archibald handed Jeanie out of the carriage, and, not without some tremor on her part, she was transported through the surf and placed in the boat. He then offered the same civility to his fellow-servant, but she was resolute in her refusal to quit the carriage, in which she now remained in solitary state, threatening all concerned or unconcerned with actions for wages and board-wages, damages and expenses, and numbering on her fingers the gowns and other habiliments, from which she seemed in the act of being separated for ever. Mr. Archibald did not give himself the trouble of making many remonstrances, which, indeed, seemed only to aggravate the damsel's indignation, but spoke two or three words to the Highlanders in Gaelic; and the wily mountaineers, approaching the carriage cautiously, and without giving the slightest intimation of their intention, at once seized the recusant so effectually fast that she could neither resist nor struggle, and hoisting her on their shoulders in nearly an horizontal posture, rushed down with her to the beach, and through the surf, and, with no other inconvenience than ruffling her garments a little, deposited her in the boat; but in a state of surprise, mortification, and terror, at her sudden transportation, which rendered her absolutely mute for two or three minutes. The men jumped in themselves; one tall fellow remained till he had pushed off the boat, and then tumbled in upon his companions. They took their oars and began to pull from the shore, then spread their sail, and drove merrily across the frith.

"You Scotch villain!" said the infuriated damsel to Archibald, "how dare you use a person like me in this way?"

"Madam," said Archibald, with infinite composure, "it's high time you should know you are in the Duke's country, and that there is not one of these fellows but would throw you out of the boat as readily as into it, if such were his Grace's pleasure."

"Then the Lord have mercy on me!" said Mrs. Dutton. "If I had had any on myself, I would never have engaged with you."

"It's something of the latest to think of that now, Mrs. Dutton," said Archibald; "but I assure you, you will find the Highlands have their pleasures. You will have a dozen of cow-milkers under your own authority at Inverary, and you may throw any of them into the lake, if you have a mind, for the Duke's head people are almost as great as himself."

"This is a strange business, to be sure, Mr. Archibald," said the lady; "but I suppose I must make the best on't.—Are you sure the boat will not sink? it leans terribly to one side, in my poor mind."

"Fear nothing," said Mr. Archibald, taking a most important pinch of snuff; "this same ferry on Clyde knows us very well, or we know it, which is all the same; no fear of any of our people meeting with any accident. We should have crossed from the opposite shore, but for the disturbances at Glasgow, which made it improper for his Grace's people to pass through the city."

"Are you not afeard, Mrs. Deans," said the dairy-vestal, addressing Jeanie, who sat, not in the most comfortable state of mind, by the side of Archibald, who himself managed the helm;—"Are you not afeard of these wild men with their naked knees, and of this nut-shell of a thing, that seems bobbing up and down like a skimming-dish in a milk-pail?"

"No—no—madam," answered Jeanie, with some hesitation, "I am not feared; for I hae seen Hielandmen before, though I never was sae near them; and for the danger of the deep waters, I trust there is a Providence by sea as well as by land."

"Well," said Mrs. Dutton, "it is a beautiful thing to have learned to write and read, for one can always say such fine words whatever should befall them."

Archibald, rejoicing in the impression which his vigorous measures had made upon the intractable dairymaid, now applied himself, as a sensible and good-natured man, to secure by fair means the ascendency which he had obtained by some wholesome violence; and he succeeded so well in representing to her the idle nature of her fears, and the impossibility of leaving her upon the beach, enthroned in an empty carriage, that the good understanding of the party was completely revived ere they landed at Roseneath.

CHAPTER XLII.

> Did Fortune guide,
> Or rather Destiny, our bark, to which
> We could appoint no port, to this best place? —FLETCHER.

THE islands in the Frith of Clyde, which the daily passage of so many smoke-pennoned steam-boats now renders so easily accessible, were, in our fathers times, secluded spots, frequented by no travellers, and few visitants of any kind. They are of exquisite, yet varied beauty. Arran, a mountainous region, or Alpine island, abounds with the grandest and most romantic scenery. Bute is of a softer and more woodland character. The Cumrays, as if to exhibit a contrast to both, are green, level, and bare, forming the links of a sort of natural bar, which is drawn along the mouth of the Frith, leaving large intervals, however, of ocean. Roseneath, a smaller isle, lies much higher up the Frith, and towards its western shore, near the opening of the lake called the Gare-Loch, and not far from Loch Long and Loch Seant, or the Holy-Loch, which wind from the mountains of the Western Highlands to join the estuary of the Clyde.

In these isles the severe frost winds, which tyrannize over the vegetable creation during a Scottish spring, are comparatively little felt; nor, excepting the gigantic strength of Arran, are they much exposed to the Atlantic storms, lying land-locked and protected to the westward by the shores of Ayrshire. Accordingly, the weeping-willow, the weeping-birch, and other trees of early and pendulous shoots, flourish in these favoured recesses in a degree unknown in our eastern districts; and the air is also said to possess that mildness which is favourable to consumptive cases.

The picturesque beauty of the island of Roseneath, in particular, had such recommendations, that the Earls and Dukes of Argyle, from an early period, made it their occasional residence, and had their temporary accommodation in a fishing or hunting-lodge, which succeeding improvements have since transformed into a palace. It was in its original simplicity, when the little bark, which we left traversing the Frith at the end of last chapter, approached the shores of the isle.

When they touched the landing-place, which was partly shrouded by some old low but wide-spreading oak-trees, intermixed with hazel-bushes, two or three figures were seen as if awaiting their arrival. To these Jeanie paid little attention, so that it was with a shock of surprise almost electrical, that, upon being carried by the rowers out of the boat to the shore, she was received in the arms of her father!

It was too wonderful to be believed—too much like a happy dream to have the stable feeling of reality—She extricated herself from his close and affectionate embrace, and held him at arm's length, to satisfy her mind that it was no illusion. But the form was indisputable—Douce David Deans himself, in his best light-blue Sunday's coat, with broad metal-buttons, and waistcoat and breeches of the same, his strong gramashes or leggins of thick gray cloth—the very copper buckles—the broad Lowland blue bonnet, thrown back as he lifted his eyes to Heaven in speechless gratitude—the gray locks that straggled from beneath it down his weather-beaten "haffets"—the bald and furrowed forehead—the clear blue eye, that, undimmed by years, gleamed bright and pale from under its shaggy gray pent-house—the features, usually

so stern and stoical, now melted into the unwonted expression of rapturous joy, affection, and gratitude—were all those of David Deans; and so happily did they assort together, that, should I ever again see my friends Wilkie or Allan, I will try to borrow or steal from them a sketch of this very scene.

"Jeanie—my ain Jeanie—my best—my maist dutiful bairn—the Lord of Israel be thy father, for I am hardly worthy of thee! Thou hast redeemed our captivity—brought back the honour of our house—Bless thee, my bairn, with mercies promised and purchased!—But He *has* blessed thee, in the good of which He has made thee the instrument."

These words broke from him not without tears, though David was of no melting mood. Archibald had, with delicate attention, withdrawn the spectators from the interview, so that the wood and setting sun alone were witnesses of the expansion of their feelings.

"And Effie?—and Effie, dear father?" was an eager interjectional question which Jeanie repeatedly threw in among her expressions of joyful thankfulness.

"Ye will hear—ye will hear," said David hastily, and ever and anon renewed his grateful acknowledgments to Heaven for sending Jeanie safe down from the land of prelatic deadness and schismatic heresy: and had delivered her from the dangers of the way, and the lions that were in the path.

"And Effie?" repeated her affectionate sister again and again. "And—and"—(fain would she have said Butler, but she modified the direct inquiry) "and Mr. and Mrs. Saddletree—and Dumbiedikes—and a' friends?"

"A' weel—a' weel, praise to His name!"

"And—and Mr. Butler—he wasna weel when I gaed awa?"

"He is quite mended—quite weel," replied her father.

"Thank God—but O, dear father, Effie?—Effie?"

"You will never see her mair, my bairn," answered Deans in a solemn tone—"You are the ae and only leaf left now on the auld tree—heal be your portion!"

"She is dead!—She is slain!—It has come ower late!" exclaimed Jeanie, wringing her hands.

"No, Jeanie," returned Deans, in the same grave melancholy tone. "She lives in the flesh, and is at freedom from earthly restraint, if she were as much alive in faith, and as free from the bonds of Satan."

"The Lord protect us!" said Jeanie.—"Can the unhappy bairn hae left you for that villain?"

"It is ower truly spoken," said Deans—"She has left her auld father, that has wept and prayed for her—She has left her sister, that travailed and toiled for her like a mother—She has left the bones of her mother, and the land of her people, and she is ower the march wi' that son of Belial—She has made a moonlight flitting of it." He paused, for a feeling betwixt sorrow and strong resentment choked his utterance.

"And wi' that man?—that fearfu' man?" said Jeanie. "And she has left us to gang aff wi' him?—O Effie, Effie, wha could hae thought it, after sic a deliverance as you had been gifted wi'!"

"She went out from us, my bairn, because she was not of us," replied David. "She is a withered branch will never bear fruit of grace—a scape-goat gone forth into the wilderness of the world, to carry wi' her, as I trust, the sins of our little congregation. The peace of the warld gang wi' her, and a better peace when she has the grace to turn to it! If she is of His elected, His ain hour will come. What would her mother have said, that famous and memorable matron, Rebecca M'Naught, whose memory is like a flower of sweet savour in Newbattle, and a pot of frankincense in Lugton? But be it sae—let her part—let her gang her gate—let her bite on her ain bridle—The Lord kens his time—She was the bairn of prayers, and may not prove an utter castaway. But never, Jeanie—never more let her name be spoken between you and me—She hath passed from us like the brook which vanisheth when the summer waxeth warm, as patient Job saith—let her pass, and be forgotten."

There was a melancholy pause which followed these expressions. Jeanie would fain hav[e asked] more circumstances relating to her sister's de[parture,] but the tone of her father's prohibition was [absolute.] She was about to mention her interview wi[th Stauton] at his father's rectory; but, on hastily [running] over the particulars in her memory, she thou[ght] on the whole, they were more likely to aggrav[ate than] diminish his distress of mind. She turned, t[herefore,] the discourse from this painful subject, reso[lving to] suspend further inquiry until she should s[ee Butler,] from whom she expected to learn the part[iculars of] her sister's elopement.

But when was she to see Butler? was a [question] she could not forbear asking herself, espec[ially as] her father, as if eager to escape from the s[ubject of] his youngest daughter, pointed to the oppos[ite shore] of Dunbartonshire, and asking Jeanie "if i[t wasna] a pleasant abode?" declared to her his int[ention of] removing his earthly tabernacle to that coun[try, in which] respect he was solicited by his Grace the [Duke of] Argyle, as one well skilled in country labou[r, and a' that] that appertained to flocks and herds, to sup[erintend] a store-farm, whilk his Grace had taen into [his ain] hand for the improvement of stock."

Jeanie's heart sunk within her at this dec[laration.] "She allowed it was a goodly and pleasant [place, and] sloped bonnily to the western sun; and she d[oubtedna] that the pasture might be very gude, for [the grass] looked green, for as drouthy as the weather h[ad been.] But it was far frae hame, and she thought sh[e would be] often thinking on the bonny spots of turf, s[ae fu' of] gowans and yellow king-cups, amang the C[rags at] St. Leonard's."

"Dinna speak on't, Jeanie," said her fa[ther; "I] wish never to hear it named mair—that is, [after the] rouping is ower, and the bills paid. But I br[ought a'] the beasts ower-by that I thought ye wad [like best.] There is Gowans, and there's your ain broc[kit cow,] and the wee hawkit ane, that ye ca'd—I ne[edna tell] ye how ye ca'd it—but I couldna bid them [sell the] petted creature, though the sight o't may so[metimes] gie us a sair heart—it's no the poor dumb c[reature's] fault—And ane or twa beasts mair I hae rese[rved, and] I caused them to be driven before the othe[r beasts,] that men might say, as when the son of [Jesse re-]turned from battle, 'This is David's spoil.'"

Upon more particular inquiry, Jeanie fo[und new] occasion to admire the active beneficence [of her] friend the Duke of Argyle. While establish[ing a sort] of experimental farm on the skirts of his [immense] Highland estates, he had been somewhat at [a loss to] find a proper person in whom to vest the ch[arge of it.] The conversation his Grace had upon coun[try mat-]ters with Jeanie Deans during their return fr[om Rich-]mond, had impressed him with a belief that t[he father,] whose experience and success she so frequen[tly quot-]ed, must be exactly the sort of person whom [he want-]ed. When the condition annexed to Effie's [pardon] rendered it highly probable that David Dea[ns would] choose to change his place of residence, [the idea] again occurred to the Duke more strongly, a[s he] was an enthusiast equally in agriculture and [bene-]volence, he imagined he was serving the p[urposes of] both, when he wrote to the gentleman in E[dinburgh] intrusted with his affairs, to inquire into th[e charac-]ter of David Deans, cowfeeder, and so fort[h, at St.] Leonard's Crags; and if he found him su[ch as he] had been represented, to engage him withe[ut delay,] and on the most liberal terms, to superin[tend his] fancy-farm in Dunbartonshire.

The proposal was made to old David by [the gen-]tleman so commissioned, on the second day [after his] daughter's pardon had reached Edinburgh. [His reso-]lution to leave St. Leonard's had been already [formed;] the honour of an express invitation from the [Duke of] Argyle to superintend a department where [so much] skill and diligence was required, was in [itself ex-]tremely flattering; and the more so, becaus[e honest] David, who was not without an excellent o[pinion of] his own talents, persuaded himself that, by [accepting] this charge, he would in some sort repay the [great fa-]vour he had received at the hands of th[e Argyle] family. The appointments, including the [right of] sufficient grazing for a small stock of his o[wn, ...]

amply liberal; and David's keen eye saw that the situation was convenient for trafficking to advantage in Highland cattle. There was risk of "her'ship"* from the neighbouring mountains, indeed, but the awful name of the Duke of Argyle would be a great security, and a trifle of *black-mail* would, David was aware, assure his safety.

Still, however, there were two points on which he haggled. The first was the character of the clergyman with whose worship he was to join; and on this delicate point he received, as we will presently show the reader, perfect satisfaction. The next obstacle was the condition of his youngest daughter, obliged as she was to leave Scotland for so many years.

The gentleman of the law smiled, and said, "There was no occasion to interpret that clause very strictly—that if the young woman left Scotland for a few months, or even weeks, and came to her father's new residence by sea from the western side of England, nobody would know of her arrival, or at least nobody who had either the right or inclination to give her disturbance. The extensive heritable jurisdictions of his Grace excluded the interference of other magistrates with those living on his estates, and they who were in immediate dependance on him would receive orders to give the young woman no disturbance. Living on the verge of the Highlands, she might, indeed, be said to be out of Scotland, that is, beyond the bounds of ordinary law and civilization."

Old Deans was not quite satisfied with this reasoning; but the elopement of Effie, which took place on the third night after her liberation, rendered his residence at St. Leonard's so detestable to him, that he closed at once with the proposal which had been made him, and entered with pleasure into the idea of surprising Jeanie, as had been proposed by the Duke, to render the change of residence more striking to her. The Duke had apprised Archibald of these circumstances, with orders to act according to the instructions he should receive from Edinburgh, and by which accordingly he was directed to bring Jeanie to Roseneath.

The father and daughter communicated these matters to each other, now stopping, now walking slowly towards the Lodge, which showed itself among the trees, at about half a mile's distance from the little bay in which they had landed.

As they approached the house, David Deans informed his daughter, with somewhat like a grim smile, which was the utmost advance he ever made towards a mirthful expression of visage, that "there was baith a worshipful gentleman, and ane reverend gentleman, residing therein. The worshipful gentleman was his honour the Laird of Knocktarlitie, who was bailie of the Lordship under the Duke of Argyle, ane Hieland gentleman, tarr'd wi' the same stick," David doubted, "as mony of them, namely, a hasty and choleric temper, and a neglect of the higher things that belong to salvation, and also a gripping unto the things of this world, without muckle distinction of property; but, however, ane gude hospitable gentleman, with whom it would be a part of wisdom to live on a gude understanding (for Hieland-men were hasty, ower hasty.) As for the reverend person of whom he had spoken, he was candidate by favour of the Duke of Argyle (for David would not for the universe have called him presentee) for the kirk of the parish in which their farm was situated, and he was likely to be highly acceptable unto the Christian souls of the parish, who were hungering for spiritual manna, having been fed but upon sour Hieland sowens by Mr. Duncan MacDonought, the last minister, who began the morning duly, Sunday and Saturday, with a mutchkin of usquebaugh. But I need say the less about the present lad," said David, again grimly grimacing, "as I think ye may hae seen him afore; and here he is come to meet us."

She had indeed seen him before, for it was no other than Reuben Butler himself.

* Her'ship, a Scottish word which may be said to be now obsolete; because, fortunately, the practice of "plundering by armed force," which is its meaning, does not require to be commonly spoken of.

CHAPTER XLIII.

No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face;
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
Elegy on Mrs. Anne Killigrew.

This second surprise had been accomplished for Jeanie Deans by the rod of the same benevolent enchanter, whose power had transplanted her father from the Crags of St. Leonard's to the banks of the Gare Loch. The Duke of Argyle was not a person to forget the hereditary debt of gratitude, which had been bequeathed to him by his grandfather, in favour of the grandson of old Bible Butler. He had internally resolved to provide for Reuben Butler in this kirk of Knocktarlitie, of which the incumbent had just departed this life. Accordingly, his agent received the necessary instructions for that purpose, under the qualifying condition always, that the learning and character of Mr. Butler should be found proper for the charge. Upon inquiry, these were found as highly satisfactory as had been reported in the case of David Deans himself.

By this preferment, the Duke of Argyle more essentially benefited his friend and protegée, Jeanie, than he himself was aware of, since he contributed to remove objections in her father's mind to the match, which he had no idea had been in existence.

We have already noticed that Deans had something of a prejudice against Butler, which was, perhaps, in some degree owing to his possessing a sort of consciousness, that the poor usher looked with eyes of affection upon his eldest daughter. This, in David's eyes, was a sin of presumption, even although it should not be followed by any overt act, or actual proposal. But the lively interest which Butler had displayed in his distresses, since Jeanie set forth on her London expedition, and which, therefore, he ascribed to personal respect for himself individually, had greatly softened the feelings of irritability with which David had sometimes regarded him. And, while he was in this good disposition towards Butler, another incident took place which had great influence on the old man's mind.

So soon as the shock of Effie's second elopement was over, it was Deans's early care to collect and refund to the Laird of Dumbiedikes the money which he had lent for Effie's trial, and for Jeanie's travelling expenses. The Laird, the pony, the cocked hat, and the tobacco-pipe, had not been seen at St. Leonard's Crags for many a day; so that, in order to pay this debt, David was under the necessity of repairing in person to the mansion of Dumbiedikes.

He found it in a state of unexpected bustle. There were workmen pulling down some of the old hangings, and replacing them with others, altering, repairing, scrubbing, painting, and white-washing. There was no knowing the old house, which had been so long the mansion of sloth and silence. The Laird himself seemed in some confusion, and his reception, though kind, lacked something of the reverential cordiality with which he used to greet David Deans. There was a change also, David did not very well know of what nature, about the exterior of this landed proprietor—an improvement in the shape of his garments, a spruceness in the air with which they were put on, that were both novelties. Even the old hat looked smarter; the cock had been newly pointed, the lace had been refreshed, and instead of slouching backward or forward on the Laird's head, as it happened to be thrown on, it was adjusted with a knowing inclination over one eye.

David Deans opened his business, and told down the cash. Dumbiedikes steadily inclined his ear to the one, and counted the other with great accuracy, interrupting David, while he was talking of the redemption of the captivity of Judah, to ask him whether he did not think one or two of the guineas looked rather light. When he was satisfied on this point, had pocketed his money, and had signed a receipt, he addressed David with some little hesitation.—"Jeanie wad be writing ye something, gudeman?"

"About the siller?" replied Davie—"Nae doubt she did."

"And did she say nae mair about me?" asked the Laird.

"Nae mair but kind and Christian wishes—what said she hae said?" replied David, fully expecting that the Laird's long courtship (if his dangling after Jeanie deserves so active a name) was now coming to a point. And so indeed it was, but not to that point which he wished or expected.

"Aweel, she kens her ain mind best, gudeman. I hae made a clean house o' Jenny Balchristie and her niece. They were a bad pack—steal'd meat and mault, and loot the carters magg the coals. I'm to be married the morn, and kirkit on Sunday."

Whatever David felt, he was too proud and too steady-minded to show any unpleasant surprise in his countenance and manner.

"I wuss ye happy, sir, through Him that gies happiness—marriage is an honourable state."

"And I am wedding into an honourable house, David—the Laird of Lickpelf's youngest daughter—she sits next us in the kirk, and that's the way I came to think on't."

There was no more to be said, but again to wish the laird joy, to taste a cup of his liquor, and to walk back again to St. Leonard's, musing on the mutability of human affairs and human resolutions. The expectation that one day or other Jeanie would be Lady Dumbiedikes, had, in spite of himself, kept a more absolute possession of David's mind than he himself was aware of. At least, it had hitherto seemed an union at all times within his daughter's reach, whenever she might choose to give her silent lover any degree of encouragement, and now it was vanished for ever. David returned, therefore, in no very gracious humour for so good a man. He was angry with Jeanie for not having encouraged the Laird—he was angry with the Laird for requiring encouragement—and he was angry with himself for being angry at all on the occasion.

On his return he found the gentleman who managed the Duke of Argyle's affairs was desirous of seeing him, with a view to completing the arrangement between them. Thus, after a brief repose, he was obliged to set off anew for Edinburgh, so that old May Hettly declared, "That a' this was to end with the master just walking himself aff his feet."

When the business respecting the farm had been talked over and arranged, the professional gentleman acquainted David Deans, in answer to his inquiries concerning the state of public worship, that it was the pleasure of the Duke to put an excellent young clergyman, called Reuben Butler, into the parish, which was to be his future residence.

"Reuben Butler!" exclaimed David,—"Reuben Butler the usher at Libberton?"

"The very same," said the Duke's commissioner; "his Grace has heard an excellent character of him, and has some hereditary obligations to him besides—few ministers will be so comfortable as I am directed to make Mr. Butler."

"Obligations?—The Duke?—Obligations to Reuben Butler—Reuben Butler a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland!" exclaimed David, in interminable astonishment, for somehow he had been led by the bad success which Butler had hitherto met with in all his undertakings, to consider him as one of those stepsons of Fortune, whom she treats with unceasing rigour, and ends with disinheriting altogether.

There is, perhaps, no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend, as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others. When assured of the reality of Butler's change of prospects, David expressed his great satisfaction at his success in life, which, he observed, was entirely owing to himself (David.) "I advised his puir grandmother, who was but a silly woman, to breed him up to the ministry; and I prophesied that, with a blessing on his endeavours, he would become a polished shaft in the temple. He may be something ower proud o' his carnal learning, but a gude lad, and has the root of the matter—as ministers gang now, where ye'll find ane better, ye'll find ten waur, than Reuben Butler."

He took leave of the man of business, and walked homeward, forgetting his weariness in the various speculations to which this wonderful piece of
gence gave rise. Honest David had now, li
great men, to go to work to reconcile his spe
principles with existing circumstances; and li
great men, when they set seriously about that
was tolerably successful.

"Ought Reuben Butler in conscience to a
this preferment in the Kirk of Scotland, s
David at present thought that establishment
the Erastian encroachments of the civil p
This was the leading question, and he cons
carefully. "The Kirk of Scotland was shor
beams, and deprived of its full artillery and
of authority; but still it contained zealous an
fying pastors, attentive congregations, and,
her spots and blemishes, the like of this Kirk
where else to be seen upon earth."

David's doubts had been too many and too
to permit him ever unequivocally to unite
with any of the dissenters, who, upon var
counts, absolutely seceded from the national
He had often joined in communion with suc
established clergy as approached nearest to
Presbyterian model and principles of 1640.
though there were many things to be amende
system, yet he remembered that he, David De
himself ever been a humble pleader for the
cause in a legal way, but without rushing int
hand excesses, divisions, and separations.
an enemy to separation, he might join the rig
of fellowship with a minister of the Kirk of S
in its present model. *Ergo*, Reuben Butle
take possession of the parish of Knocktarlitie
forfeiting his friendship or favour—Q. E. D
secondly, came the trying point of lay-pat
which David Deans had ever maintained
coming in by the window, and over the
cheating and starving the souls of a whole
for the purpose of clothing the back and fil
belly of the incumbent.

This presentation, therefore, from the Duk
gyle, whatever was the worth and high c
of that nobleman, was a limb of the brazen
a portion of the evil thing, and with no kind
sistency could David bend his mind to favou
transaction. But if the parishioners the
joined in a general call to Reuben Butler to
pastor, it did not seem quite so evident that
istence of this unhappy presentation was a
for his refusing them the comforts of his d
If the presbytery admitted him to the kirk,
rather of that act of patronage than of the
call of the congregation, that might be the
and David allowed it was a heavy one. But
ben Butler accepted of the care as tendered t
those whom he was called to teach, and v
expressed themselves desirous to learn, Dav
considering and reconsidering the matter
through the great virtue of IF, to be of opini
he might safely so act in that matter.

There remained a third stumbling-block—t
to government exacted from the established
men, in which they acknowledge an Erast
and parliament, and homologate the incor
Union between England and Scotland,
which the latter kingdom had become part
tion of the former, wherein Prelacy, the
Popery, had made fast her throne, and elev
horns of her mitre. These were symptoms
tion which had often made David cry ou
bowels—my bowels!—I am pained at the very
And he remembered that a godly Bow-head
had been carried out of the Tolbooth Chu
swoon, beyond the reach of brandy and bu
thers, merely on hearing these fearful word
enacted by the Lords *spiritual* and tempor
nounced from a Scottish pulpit, in the proem
Porteous Proclamation. These oaths were
fore, a deep compliance and dire abominatio
and a snare, and a danger and a defection.
shibboleth was not always exacted. Minis
respect to their own tender consciences, and
their brethren; and it was not till a later period
reins of discipline were taken up tight by the

lies and Presbyteries. The peace-making came again to David's assistance. *If* an ent was not called upon to make such com-s, and *if* he got a right entry into the church t intrusion, and by orderly appointment, why, e whole, David Deans came to be of opinion, e said incumbent might lawfully enjoy the nity and temporality of the cure of souls at tarbie, with stipend, manse, glebe, and all its appertaining.

best and most upright-minded men are so y influenced by existing circumstances, that d be somewhat cruel to inquire too nearly ight paternal affection gave to these ingenious f reasoning. Let David Deans's situation be red. He was just deprived of one daughter; eldest, to whom he owed so much, was cut he sudden resolution of Dumbiedikes, from hope which David had entertained, that she one day be mistress of that fair lordship. ile this disappointment was bearing heavy on its, Butler comes before his imagination—no he half-starved thread-bare usher, but fat and ld fair, the beneficed minister of Knocktar-oved by his congregation,—exemplary in his owerful in his doctrine,—doing the duty of the never Highland minister did it before,—turn-ners as a colley dog turns sheep,—a favourite Duke of Argyle, and drawing a stipend of hundred punds Scots, and four chalders of

Here was a match, making up, in David's n a tenfold degree, the disappointment in the Dumbiedikes, in so far as the Goodman of onara's held a powerful minister in much admiration than a mere landed proprietor. ot occur to him, as an additional reason in of the match, that Jeanie might herself have oice in the matter; for the idea of consulting ngs never once entered into the honest man's ny more than the possibility that her inclina-ght perhaps differ from his own.

sult of his meditations was, that he was called take the management of the whole affair into hand, and give, if it should be found possi-out sinful compliance, or backsliding, or de-of any kind, a worthy pastor to the kirk of arbie. Accordingly, by the intervention of st dealer in butter-milk who dwelt in Lib-David summoned to his presence Reuben Even from his worthy messenger he was to conceal certain swelling emotions of dig-somuch, that, when the carter had communi-s message to the usher, he added, that "Cer-he Gudeman of St. Leonard's had some grand tell him, for he was as uplifted as a midden-on pattens."

it may readily be conceived, immediately the summons. His was a plain character, in worth and good sense and simplicity were the l ingredients; but love, on this occasion, a certain degree of address. He had re-n intimation of the favour designed him by e of Argyle, with what feelings those only ceive, who have experienced a sudden pros-being raised to independence and respect, ary and toil. He resolved, however, that an should retain all the consequences of be-his own opinion, the first to communicate portant intelligence. At the same time, he termined that in the expected conference he ermit David Deans to expatiate at length upon posal, in all its bearings, without irritating her by interruption or contradiction. This was the most prudent he could have adopted; although there were many doubts which eans could himself clear up to his own satis-yet he might have been by no means disposed t the solution of any other person; and to im in an argument would have been certain m him at once and for ever in the opinion utler chanced to impugn.

ceived his friend with an appearance of im-gravity, which real misfortune had long d him to lay aside, and which belonged to ll.

those days of awful authority in which he predominated over Widow Butler, and dictated the mode of cultivating the crofts at Beersheba. He made known to Reuben with great prolixity the prospect of his changing his present residence for the charge of the Duke of Argyle's stock-farm in Dumbartonshire, and enumerated the various advantages of the situation with obvious self-congratulation; but assured the patient hearer, that nothing had so much moved him to acceptance, as the sense that, by his skill in bestial, he could render the most important services to his Grace the Duke of Argyle, to whom, "in the late unhappy circumstance," (here a tear dimmed the sparkle of pride in the old man's eye,) "he had been sae muckle obliged."

"To put a rude Hieland man into sic a charge," he continued, "what could be expected but that he suld be sic a chiefest herdsman, as wicked Doeg the Edomite: whereas, while this gray head is to the fore not a clute o' them but sall be as weel cared for as if they were the fatted kine of Pharaoh—And now, Reuben, lad, seeing we maun remove our tent to a strange country, ye will be casting a dolefu' look after us, and thinking with whom ye are to hold counsel anent your government in thae slippery and backsliding times; and nae doubt remembering, that the auld man, David Deans, was made the instrument to bring you out of the mire of schism and heresy, wherein your father's house delighted to wallow; aften also, nae doubt, when ye are pressed wi' ensnaring trials and tentations and heart-plagues, you, that are like a recruit that is marching for the first time to the took of drum, will miss the auld, bauld, and experienced veteran soldier that has felt the brunt of mony a foul day, and heard the bullets whistle as aften as he has hairs left on his auld pow."

It is very possible that Butler might internally be of opinion that the reflection on his ancestor's peculiar tenets might have been spared or that he might be presumptuous enough even to think, that, at his years and with his own lights, he might be able to hold his course without the pilotage of honest David. But he only replied, by expressing his regret, that any thing should separate him from an ancient, tried, and affectionate friend.

"But how can it be helped, man?" said David, twisting his features into a sort of smile—"How can we help it?—I trow ye canna tell me that—Ye maun leave that to ither folk—to the Duke of Argyle and me, Reuben. It's a gude thing to hae friends in this warld—how muckle better to hae an interest beyond it!"

And David whose piety, though not always quite rational, was as sincere as it was habitual and fervent, looked reverentially upward, and paused. Mr. Butler intimated the pleasure with which he would receive his friend's advice on a subject so important, and David resumed.

"What think ye now, Reuben, of a kirk—a regular kirk under the present establishment?—Were sic offered to ye, wad ye be free to accept it, and under whilk provisions?—I am speaking but by way of query."

Butler replied, "That if such a prospect were held out to him, he would probably first consult whether he was likely to be useful to the parish he should be called to; and if there appeared a fair prospect of his proving so, his friend must be aware, that, in every other point of view, it would be highly advantageous for him."

"Right, Reuben, very right, lad," answered the monitor, "your ain conscience is the first thing to be satisfied—for how sall he teach others that has himsell sae ill learned the Scriptures, as to grip for the lucre of foul earthly preferment, sic as gear and manse, money and victual, that which is not his in a spiritual sense—or wha makes his kirk a stalking-horse, from behind which he may tak aim at his stipend? But I look for better things of you—and specially ye maun be minded not to act altogether on your ain judgment, for therethrough comes sair mistakes, backslidings, and defections, on the left and on the right. If there were sic a day of trial put to you, Reuben, you, who are a young lad, although ye

may be ye are gifted wi' the carnal tongues, and those whilk were spoken at Rome, whilk is now the seat of scarlet abomination, and by the Greeks, to whom the gospel was as foolishness, yet nae-the-less ye may be entreated by your weel-wisher to take the counsel of those prudent and resolved and weather-withstanding professors, wha hae kend what it was to lurk on banks and in mosses, in bogs and in caverns, and to risk the peril of the head rather than renunce the honesty of the heart."

Butler replied, "That certainly, possessing such a friend as he hoped and trusted he had in the goodman himself, who had seen so many changes in the preceding century, he should be much to blame if he did not avail himself of his experience and friendly counsel."

"Eneugh said—eneugh said, Reuben," said David Deans, with internal exultation; "and say that ye were in the predicament whereof I hae spoken, of a surety I would deem it my duty to gang to the root o' the matter, and lay bare to you the ulcers and imposthumes, and the sores and the leprosies, of this our time, crying aloud and sparing not."

David Deans was now in his element. He commenced his examination of the doctrines and belief of the Christian Church with the very Culdees, from whom he passed to John Knox,—from John Knox to the recusants in James the Sixth's time,—Bruce, Black, Blair, Livingstone,—from them to the brief, and at length triumphant period of the presbyterian church's splendour, until it was overrun by the English independents. Then followed the dismal times of prelacy, the indulgences, seven in number, with all their shades and bearings, until he arrived at the reign of King James the Second, in which he himself had been, in his own mind, neither an obscure actor nor an obscure sufferer. Then was Butler doomed to hear the most detailed and annotated edition of what he had so often heard before—David Deans's confinement, namely, in the iron cage in the Canongate Tolbooth, and the cause thereof.

We should be very unjust to our friend David Deans, if we should "pretermit," to use his own expression, a narrative which he held essential to his fame. A drunken trooper of the Royal Guards, Francis Gordon by name, had chased five or six of the skulking Whigs, among whom was our friend David; and after he had compelled them to stand, and was in the act of brawling with them, one of their number fired a pocket-pistol, and shot him dead. David used to sneer and shake his head when any one asked him whether *he* had been the instrument of removing this wicked persecutor from the face of the earth. In fact, the merit of the deed lay between him and his friend, Patrick Walker, the pedler, whose works he was so fond of quoting. Neither of them cared directly to claim the merit of silencing Mr. Francis Gordon of the Life-Guards, there being some wild cousins of his about Edinburgh, who might have been even yet addicted to revenge, but yet neither of them chose to disown or yield to the other the merit of this active defence of their religious rites. David said, that if he had fired a pistol then, it was what he never did after or before. And as for Mr. Patrick Walker, he has left it upon record, that his great surprise was, that so small a pistol could kill so big a man. These are the words of that venerable biographer, whose trade had not taught him by experience, that an inch was as good as an ell. "He" (Francis Gordon) "got a shot in his head out of a pocket-pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy than killing such a furious, mad, brisk man, which notwithstanding killed him dead!"*

Upon the extensive foundation which th
of the kirk afforded, during its shortlived tri
long tribulation, David, with length of bre
narrative, which would have astounded ar
a lover of his daughter, proceeded to lay dow
rules for guiding the conscience of his fri
aspirant to serve in the ministry. Upon th
the good man went through such a variety o
casuistical problems, supposed so many extr
made the distinctions so critical and nice b
right-hand and the left-hand—betwixt c
and defection holding back and steppin
slipping and stumbling—snares and erro
length, after having limited the path of t
mathematical line, he was brought to the
mission, that each man's conscience, aft
gained a certain view of the difficult navigat
he was to encounter, would be the best gu
pilotage. He stated the examples and argu
and against the acceptance of a kirk on th
revolution model, with much more impa
Butler than he had been able to place them
own view. And he concluded, that his you
ought to think upon these things, and be
the voice of his own conscience, whether
take such an awful trust as the charge of so
out doing injury to his own internal con
what is right or wrong.

When David had finished his very long
which was only interrupted by monosyllab
the more, on the part of Butler, the orat
was greatly astonished to find that the c
at which he very naturally wished to arriv
much less decisively attained than when h
gued the case in his own mind.

In this particular, David's current of thi
speaking only illustrated the very importar
neral proposition, concerning the excellen
publicity of debate. For, under the influen
partial feeling, it is certain, that most men
easily reconcile themselves to any favourite

* This exploit seems to have been one in which Patrick Walker prided himself not a little; and there is reason to fear, that that excellent person would have highly resented the attempt to associate another with him, in the slaughter of a King's Life-Guardsman. Indeed, he would have had the more right to be offended at losing any share of the glory, since the party against Gordon was already three to one, besides having the advantage of fire arms. The manner in which he vindicates his claim to the exploit, without committing himself by a direct statement of it, is not a little amusing. It is as follows:—

"I shall give a brief and true account of that man's death, which I did not design to do while I was upon the stage. I resolve, indeed, (*if it be the Lord's will*,) to leave a more full
account of that and many other remarkable steps of
dispensations towards me through my life. It wa
monly said, that Francis Gordon was a volunteer o
edness of principles, and could not stay with the tro
still raging and ranging to catch hiding suffer
Meldrum and Airly's troops, lying at Lanark upon t
of March, 1682, Mr. Gordon and another wicked com
their two servants and four horses, came to Kile
miles from Lanark, searching for William Caigow
under hiding.

"Mr. Gordon, rambling through the town, offered t
women. At night, they came a mile further to the
to Robert Muir's, he being also under hiding. Gor
rade and the two servants went to bed, but he could
roaring all night for women. When day came, he
his sword in his hand, and came to Moss-platt, and
men (who had been in the fields all night) seeing him
and he pursued. James Wilson, Thomas Young, a
having been in a meeting all night, were lying d
morning. We were alarmed thinking there were
than one; he pursued hard, and overtook us. Thom
said, 'Sir, what do ye pursue us for?' he said, 'he w
send us to hell.' James Wilson said, 'that shall not
will defend ourselves.' He said, 'that either he or we
to it now.' He run his sword furiously throw Jame
coat. James fired upon him, but missed him. All t
cried, Damn his soul! He got a shot in his head out o
pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy than killing such
mad, brisk man, which, notwithstanding, killed
The foresaid William Caigow and Robert Muir ca
We searched him for papers, and found a long scrol
ers' names, either to kill or take. I tore it all in p
had also some Popish books and bones of money, w
ler, which a poor man took off the ground; all whi
in his pocket again. Thus, he was four miles fro
and near a mile from his comrade, seeking his own
got it. And for as much as we have been condemne
I could never see how any one could condemn us tha
self-defence, which the laws both of God and natur
every creature. For my own part, my heart never
for this. When I saw his blood run, I wished that all
of the Lord's stated and avowed enemies in Scotlan
in his veins. Having such a clear call and opportun
have rejoiced to have seen it all gone out with a gus
many times wondered at the greater part of the indu
warm ministers and professors in that time, who r
noise of murder, when one of these enemies had been
in our own defence, than of twenty of us being mu
them. None of these men present was challenged f
myself. Thomas Young thereafter suffered at Mu
was not challenged for this; Robert Muir was banish
Wilson outlived the persecution. William Caigow a
Canongate Tolbooth, in the beginning of 1685. Mr
is misinformed; who says, that he suffered unto deat

in agitating it in their own mind, than when compelled to expose its merits to a third party, when the necessity of seeming impartial procures for the opposite arguments a much more fair statement than that which he affords it in tacit meditation. Having finished what he had to say, David thought himself obliged to be more explicit in point of fact, and to explain that this was no hypothetical case, but one which (by his own influence and that of the Duke of Argyle) Reuben Butler would soon be called to decide.

It was even with something like apprehension that David Deans heard Butler announce, in return to this communication, that he would take that night to consider on what he had said with such kind intentions, and return him an answer the next morning. The feelings of the father mastered David on this occasion. He pressed Butler to spend the evening with him—He produced, most unusual at his meals, one, nay, two bottles of aged strong ale.—He spoke of his daughter—of her merits—her housewifery—her thrift—her affection. He led Butler so decidedly up to a declaration of his feelings towards Jeanie, that, before night-fall, it was distinctly understood she was to be the bride of Reuben Butler; and if they thought it indelicate to abridge the period of deliberation which Reuben had stipulated, it seemed to be sufficiently understood betwixt them, that there was a strong probability of his becoming minister of Knocktarlitie, providing the congregation were as willing to accept of him, as the Duke to grant him the presentation. The matter of the oaths, they agreed, it was time enough to dispute about, whenever the shibboleth should be tendered.

Many arrangements were adopted that evening, which were afterwards ripened by correspondence with the Duke of Argyle's man of business, who intrusted Deans and Butler with the benevolent wish of his principal, that they should all meet with Jeanie, on her return from England, at the Duke's hunting-lodge in Roseneath.

This retrospect, so far as the placid loves of Jeanie Deans and Reuben Butler are concerned, forms a sufficient explanation of the preceding narrative up to their meeting on the island as already mentioned.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"I come," he said, "my love, my life,
And—nature's dearest name—my wife:
Thy father's house and friends resign,
My home, my friends, my sire, are thine."—LOGAN.

The meeting of Jeanie and Butler, under circumstances promising to crown an affection so long delayed, was rather affecting from its simple sincerity than from its uncommon vehemence of feeling. David Deans, whose practice was sometimes a little different from his theory, appalled them at first, by giving them the opinion of sundry of the suffering preachers and champions of his younger days, that marriage, though honourable by the laws of Scripture, was yet a state over-rashly coveted by professors, and specially by young ministers, whose desire, he said, was at whiles so inordinate for kirks, stipends, and wives, which had frequently occasioned over-ready compliance with the general defections of the times. He endeavoured to make them aware also, that hasty wedlock had been the bane of many a savoury professor—that the unbelieving wife had too often reversed the text, and perverted the believing husband—that when the famous Donald Cargill, being then hiding in Lee-Wood, in Lanarkshire, it being killing-time, did, upon importunity, marry Robert Marshal of Starry Shaw, he had thus expressed himself: "What hath induced Robert to marry this woman? her ill will overcome his good—he will not keep the way long—his thriving days are done." To the sad accomplishment of which prophecy David said he was himself a living witness, for Robert Marshal, having fallen into foul compliances with the enemy, went home, and heard the curates, and declined into other steps of defection, and became lightly esteemed. Indeed, he observed, that the great upholders of the standard, Cargill, Peden, Cameron, and Renwick, had less delight in tying the bonds of matrimony than in any other piece of their ministerial work; and although they would neither dissuade the parties, nor refuse their office, they considered the being called to it as an evidence of indifference, on the part of those between whom it was solemnized, to the many grievous things of the day. Notwithstanding, however, that marriage was a snare unto many, David was of opinion (as, indeed, he had showed in his practice) that it was in itself honourable, especially if times were such that honest men could be secure against being shot, hanged, or banished, and had ane competent livelihood to maintain themselves and those that might come after them. "And, therefore," as he concluded something abruptly, addressing Jeanie and Butler, who, with faces as high-coloured as crimson, had been listening to his lengthened argument for and against the holy state of matrimony, "I will leave ye to your ain cracks."

As their private conversation, however interesting to themselves, might probably be very little so to the reader, so far as it respected their present feelings and future prospects, we shall pass it over, and only mention the information which Jeanie received from Butler concerning her sister's elopement, which contained many particulars that she had been unable to extract from her father.

Jeanie learned, therefore, that, for three days after her pardon had arrived, Effie had been the inmate of her father's house at St. Leonard's—that the interviews betwixt David and his erring child, which had taken place before she was liberated from prison, had been touching in the extreme; but Butler could not suppress his opinion, that, when he was freed from the apprehension of losing her in a manner so horrible, her father had tightened the bands of discipline, so as, in some degree, to gall the feelings and aggravate the irritability of a spirit naturally impatient and petulant, and now doubly so from the sense of merited disgrace.

On the third night, Effie disappeared from St. Leonard's, leaving no intimation whatever of the route she had taken. Butler, however, set out in pursuit of her, and with much trouble traced her towards a little landing-place, formed by a small brook which enters the sea betwixt Musselburgh and Edinburgh. This place, which has been since made into a small harbour, surrounded by many villas and lodging-houses, is now termed Portobello. At this time it was surrounded by a waste common, covered with furze, and unfrequented, save by fishing-boats, and now and then a smuggling lugger. A vessel of this description had been hovering in the Frith at the time of Effie's elopement, and as Butler ascertained, a boat had come ashore in the evening on which the fugitive had disappeared, and had carried on board a female. As the vessel made sail immediately, and landed no part of their cargo, there seemed little doubt that they were accomplices of the notorious Robertson, and that the vessel had only come into the Frith to carry off his paramour.

This was made clear by a letter which Butler himself soon afterwards received by post, signed E. D., but without bearing any date of place or time. It was miserably ill written and spelt; sea-sickness having apparently aided the derangement of Effie's very irregular orthography and mode of expression. In this epistle, however, as in all that that unfortunate girl said or did, there was something to praise as well as to blame. She said in her letter, "That she could not endure that her father and her sister should go into banishment, or be partakers of her shame—that if her burden was a heavy one, it was of her own binding, and she had the more right to bear it alone—that in future they could not be a comfort to her, or she to them, since every look and word of her father put her in mind of her transgression, and was like to drive her mad—that she had nearly lost her judgment during the three days she was at St. Leonard's—her father meant weel by her, and all men, but he did not know the dreadful pain he gave her in casting up her sins. If Jeanie had been at hame, it might hae dune better—Jeanie was ane, like the angels in heaven, that rather weep for sinners, than reckon their transgressions. But she should never see Jeanie

ony mair, and that was the thought that gave her the sairest heart of a' that had come and gane yet. On her bended knees would she pray for Jeanie, night and day, baith for what she had done, and what she had scorned to do, in her behalf; for what a thought would it have been to her at that moment o' time, if that upright creature had made a fault to save her! She desired her father would give Jeanie a' the gear—her ain (*i. e.* Effie's) mother's and a'—She had made a deed, giving up her right, and it was in Mr. Novit's hand. Warld's gear was henceforward the least of her care, nor was it likely to be muckle her mister—She hoped this would make it easy for her sister to settle;" and immediately after this expression, she wished Butler himself all good things in return for his kindness to her. "For hersell," she said, "she kend her lot would be a waesome ane, but it was of her own framing, sae she desired the less pity. But, for her friends' satisfaction, she wished them to know that she was gaun nae ill gate—that they who had done her maist wrang were now willing to do her what justice was in their power; and she would, in some warldly respects, be far better off than she deserved. But she desired her family to remain satisfied with this assurance, and give themselves no trouble in making further enquiries after her."

To David Deans and to Butler this letter gave very little comfort; for what was to be expected from this unfortunate girl's uniting her fate to that of a character so notorious as Robertson, who they readily guessed was alluded to in the last sentence, excepting that she should become the partner and victim of his future crimes. Jeanie, who knew George Staunton's character and real rank, saw her sister's situation under a ray of better hope. She augured well of the haste he had shown to reclaim his interest in Effie, and she trusted he had made her his wife. If so, it seemed improbable that, with his expected fortune, and high connexions, he should again resume the life of criminal adventure which he had led, especially since, as matters stood, his life depended upon his keeping his own secret, which could only be done by an entire change of his habits, and particularly by avoiding all those who had known the heir of Willingham under the character of the audacious, criminal, and condemned Robertson.

She thought it most likely that the couple would go abroad for a few years, and not return to England until the affair of Porteous was totally forgotten. Jeanie, therefore, saw more hopes for her sister than Butler or her father had been able to perceive; but she was not at liberty to impart the comfort which she felt in believing that she would be secure from the pressure of poverty, and in little risk of being seduced into the paths of guilt. She could not have explained this without making public what it was essentially necessary for Effie's chance of comfort to conceal, the identity, namely, of George Staunton and George Robertson. After all, it was dreadful to think that Effie had united herself to a man condemned for felony, and liable to trial for murder, whatever might be his rank in life, and the degree of his repentance. Besides, it was melancholy to reflect, that, she herself being in possession of the whole dreadful secret, it was most probable he would, out of regard to his own feelings, and fear for his safety, never again permit her to see poor Effie. After perusing and re-perusing her sister's valedictory letter, she gave ease to her feelings in a flood of tears, which Butler in vain endeavoured to check by every soothing attention in his power. She was obliged, however, at length to look up and wipe her eyes, for her father, thinking he had allowed the lovers time enough for conference, was now advancing towards them from the Lodge, accompanied by the Captain of Knockdunder, or, as his friends called him for brevity's sake, Duncan Knock, a title which some youthful exploits had rendered peculiarly appropriate.

This Duncan of Knockdunder was a person of first-rate importance in the island of Roseneath, and the continental parishes of Knocktarlitie, Kilmun, and so forth; nay, his influence extended as far as Cowal, where, however, it was obscured by that of another factor. The Tower of Knockdunder still occupies, with its remains, a cliff overhai Holy Loch. Duncan swore it had been a tle; if so, it was one of the smallest, the sp only forming a square of sixteen feet, an therefore a ridiculous proportion to the th the walls, which was ten feet at least. S was, however, it had long given the title o equivalent to that of Chatellain, to the an Duncan, who were retainers of the house and held a hereditary jurisdiction under the extent indeed, but which had great cons their own eyes, and was usually administe vigour somewhat beyond the law.

The present representative of that anci was a stout short man about fifty, whose was to unite in his own person the dress of lands and Lowlands, wearing on his head a wig, surmounted by a fierce cocked-hat, de ed with gold lace, while the rest of his dres of the plaid and philabeg. Duncan superi district which was partly Highland, partly and therefore might be supposed to combin tional habits, in order to show his impartia jan or Tyrian. The incongruity, howev whimsical and ludicrous effect, as it mad and body look as if belonging to different i or, as some one said who had seen the ex the insurgent prisoners in 1715, it seemed Jacobite enchanter, having recalled the s life, had clapped, in his haste, an Engl shu on a Highlander's body. To finish the p bearing of the gracious Duncan was brief, consequential, and the upward turn of his per-coloured nose indicated that he was addicted to wrath and usquebaugh.

When this dignitary had advanced up to to Jeanie, "I take the freedom, Mr. Dean in a very consequential manner, "to s daughter, whilk I presume this young la kiss every pretty girl that comes to Rosene tue of my office." Having made this gall he took out his quid, saluted Jeanie wit smack, and bade her welcome to Argyle Then addressing Butler, he said, "Ye m ower and meet the carle ministers yonder for they will want to do your job, and syr with usquebaugh doubtless—they seldom wark in this kintra."

"And the Laird,"—said David Deans, Butler in further explanation,—

"The Captain, man," interrupted Dunc winna ken wha ye are speaking aboot, un shentlemens their proper title."

"The Captain, then," said David, "assu the call is unanimous on the part of the pa —a real harmonious call, Reuben."

"I pelieve," said Duncan, "it was as h as could pe expected, when the tae half o' were clavering Sassenach, and the t'oth Gaelic, like sea-maws and clack-geese befo Ane wad hae needed the gift of tongues t ceesely what they said—but I pelieve the it was, 'Long live MacCallummore and K der!'—and as to its being a unanimous c be glad to ken fat business the carles ha ony thing or ony body but what the Duke likes?"

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Butler, "if any rishioners have any scruples, which some pen in the mind of sincere professors, I happy of an opportunity of trying to remo

"Never fash your peard about it, man," Duncan Knock.—"Leave it a' to me.—Sc ane o' them has been bred up to scruple ony they're bidden to do. And if sic a thing s as ye speak o', ye sall see the sincere as ye ca' him, towed at the stern of my few furlongs. I'll try if the water of the winna wash off scruples as weel as tam!"——

The rest of Duncan's threat was lost in gurgling sort of sound, which he made in and which menaced recusants with no ge of conversion. David Deans would cer

...tle in defence of the right of the Christian ...tion to be consulted in the choice of their ...tor, which, in his estimation, was one of the ...and most inalienable of their privileges; but ...again engaged in close conversation with ...and, with more interest than he was in use to ...affairs foreign alike to his occupation and to ...ous tenets, was inquiring into the particulars ...ocean journey. This was, perhaps, fortunate ...new-formed friendship betwixt him and the ...of Knockdunder, which rested, in David's ...n, upon the proofs he had given of his skill ...ing stock; but, in reality, upon the special ...transmitted to Duncan from the Duke and his ...behave with the utmost attention to Deans ...amily.

...ow, sirs," said Duncan in a commanding ...a to pray ye a' to come in to your supper, ...is Mr. Archibald halt famished, and a Saxon ...hat looks as if her een were fleeing out o' ...wi' fear and wonder, as if she had never seen ...man at a pleading before."

...euben Butler," said David, "will doubtless ...antly to retire, that he may prepare his mind ...ercise of to-morrow, that his work may suit ...and be an offering of a sweet savour in the ...the reverend presbytery."

...ut, man, it's but little ye ken about them," ...d the Captain. "Tell a ane o' them wad ...avour of the hot venison pasty which I ...arning his squab nose up in the air) " a' the ...the Lodge, for a' that Mr. Putler, or you ...say to them."

...groaned; but judging he had to do with ...s he said, did not think it worth his while ...ttle. They followed the Captain to the ...l arranged themselves with great ceremony ...well-loaded supper-table. The only other ...ce of the evening worthy to be recorded is, ...pronounced the blessing; that Knockdun... ...t too long, and David Deans censured it as ...from which the charitable reader may con... ...s exactly the proper length.

CHAPTER XLV.

> ...w turn the Psalms of David ower,
> ...nd lilt wi' holy clangor;
> ...double verse come gie us four,
> ...nd skirl up the Bangor.—BURNS.

...t was the important day, when, according ...ms and ritual of the Scottish Kirk, Reuben ...s to be ordained minister of Knocktarlitie by ...ytery of ——. And so eager were the whole ...it all, excepting Mrs. Dutton, the destined ...f Inverary, were stirring at an early hour. ...ost, whose appetite was as quick and keen ...per, was not long in summoning them to a ...d breakfast, where there were at least a ...different preparations of milk, plenty of cold ...res of boiled and roasted eggs, a huge cag ...half a firkin of herrings boiled and broiled, ...salt, and tea and coffee for them that liked, ...as their landlord assured them, with a nod ...nk, pointing, at the same time, to a little ...hich seemed dodging under the lee of the ...at them little beside the fetching ashore.

...contraband trade permitted here so openly?" ...ler. "I should think it very unfavourable to ...le's morals ?"

...Duke, Mr. Putler, has gien nae orders con... ...he putting of it down," said the magistrate, ...ed to think that he had said all that was ne... ...o justify his connivance.

...was a man of prudence, and aware that real ...only be obtained by remonstrance when re... ...ice is well-timed; so for the present he said ...more on the subject.

...breakfast was half over, in flounced Mrs. ...fine as a blue sacque and cherry-coloured ...ould make her.

...morrow to you, madam," said the master ...mies; "I trust your early rising will not ...

The dame apologized to Captain Knockunder, as she was pleased to term their entertainer; "but, as we say in Cheshire," she added, "I was like the Mayor of Altringham, who lies in bed while his breeches are mending, for the girl did not bring up the right bundle to my room, till she had brought up all the others by mistake one after t'other.—Well, I suppose we are all for church to-day, as I understand. Pray may I be so bold as to ask, if it is the fashion for your North-country gentlemen to go to church in your petticoats, Captain Knockunder?"

"Captain of Knockdunder, madam, if you please, for I knock under to no man; and in respect of my garb, I shall go to church as I am, at your service, madam; for if I were to lie in bed like your Mayor What d'ye-callum, till my preeches were mended, I might be there all my life, seeing I never had a pair of them on my person but twice in my life, which I am pound to remember, it peing when the Duke brought his Duchess here, when her Grace pehoved to be pleasured; so I e'en porrowed the minister's trews for the twa days his Grace was pleased to stay—but I will put myself under sic confinement again for no man on earth, or woman either, but her Grace being always excepted, as in duty bound."

The mistress of the milking-pail stared, but, making no answer to this round declaration, immediately proceeded to show, that the alarm of the preceding evening had in no degree injured her appetite.

When the meal was finished, the Captain proposed to them to take boat, in order that Mistress Jeanie might see her new place of residence, and that he himself might inquire whether the necessary preparations had been made there, and at the Manse, for receiving the future inmates of these mansions.

The morning was delightful, and the huge mountain-shadows slept upon the mirror'd wave of the Frith, almost as little disturbed as if it had been an inland lake. Even Mrs. Dutton's fears no longer annoyed her. She had been informed by Archibald, that there was to be some sort of junketting after the sermon, and that was what she loved dearly; and as for the water, it was so still that it would look quite like a pleasuring on the Thames.

The whole party being embarked, therefore, in a large boat, which the captain called his coach and six, and attended by a smaller one termed his gig, the gallant Duncan steered straight upon the little tower of the old-fashioned church of Knocktarlitie, and the exertions of six stout rowers sped them rapidly on their voyage. As they neared the land, the hills appeared to recede from them, and a little valley, formed by the descent of a small river from the mountains, evolved itself as it were upon their approach. The style of the country on each side was simply pastoral, and resembled, in appearance and character, the description of a forgotten Scottish poet, which runs nearly thus :—

> "The water gently down a level slid,
> With little din, but couthy what it made;
> On ilka side the trees grew thick and lang,
> And wi' the wild birds' notes were a' in sang;
> On either side, a full bow shot and mair,
> The green was even, gowany, and fair;
> With easy slope on every hand the braes
> To the hills' feet with scattered bushes raise;
> With goats and sheep aboon, and kye below,
> The bonny banks all in a swarm did go."*

They landed in this Highland Arcadia, at the mouth of the small stream which watered the delightful and peaceable valley. Inhabitants of several descriptions came to pay their respects to the Captain of Knockdunder, a homage which he was very peremptory in exacting, and to see the new settlers. Some of these were men after David Deans's own heart, elders of the kirk-session, zealous professors, from the Lennox, Lanarkshire, and Ayrshire, to whom the preceding Duke of Argyle had given *rooms* in this corner of his estate, because they had suffered for joining his father, the unfortunate Earl, during his ill-fated attempt in 1686. These were cakes of the right leaven for David regaling himself with; and, had it not been for this circumstance, he has been heard to say, "that the Captain of Knockdunder would have

* Ross's Fortunate Shepherdess. Edit. 1778, p. 23.

swore him out of the country in twenty-four hours, sae awsome it was to ony thinking soul to hear his imprecations, upon the slightest temptation that crossed his humour."

Besides these, there were a wilder set of parishioners, mountaineers from the upper glen and adjacent hill, who spoke Gaelic, went about armed, and wore the Highland dress. But the strict commands of the Duke had established such good order in this part of his territories, that the Gael and Saxons lived upon the best possible terms of good neighbourhood.

They first visited the Manse, as the parsonage is termed in Scotland. It was old, but in good repair, and stood snugly embosomed in a grove of sycamore, with a well-stocked garden in front, bounded by the small river, which was partly visible from the windows, partly concealed by the bushes, trees, and bounding hedge. Within, the house looked less comfortable than it might have been, for it had been neglected by the late incumbent; but workmen had been labouring under the directions of the Captain of Knockdunder, and at the expense of the Duke of Argyle, to put it into some order. The old "plenishing" had been removed, and neat, but plain household furniture had been sent down by the Duke in a brig of his own called the Caroline, and was now ready to be placed in order in the apartments.

The gracious Duncan, finding matters were at a stand among the workmen, summoned before him the delinquents, and impressed all who heard him with a sense of his authority, by the penalties with which he threatened them for their delay. Mulcting them in half their charge, he assured them, would be the least of it; for, if they were to neglect his pleasure and the Duke's, "he would be tamn'd if he paid them the t'other half either, and they might seek law for it where they could get it." The work-people humbled themselves before the offended dignitary, and spake him soft and fair; and at length, upon Mr. Butler recalling to his mind that it was the ordination-day, and that the workmen were probably thinking of going to church, Knockdunder agreed to forgive them, out of respect to their new minister.

"But an I catch them neglecking my duty again, Mr. Putler, the teil pe in me if the kirk shall be an excuse; for what has the like o' them rapparees to do at the kirk ony day put Sundays, or then either, if the Duke and I has the necessitous uses for them?"

It may be guessed with what feelings of quiet satisfaction and delight Butler looked forward to spending his days, honoured and useful as he trusted to be, in this sequestered valley, and how often an intelligent glance was exchanged betwixt him and Jeanie, whose good-humoured face looked positively handsome, from the expression of modesty, and, at the same time, of satisfaction, which she wore when visiting the apartments of which she was soon to call herself mistress. She was left at liberty to give more open indulgence to her feelings of delight and admiration, when, leaving the Manse, the company proceeded to examine the destined habitation of David Deans.

Jeanie found with pleasure that it was not above a musket-shot from the Manse; for it had been a bar to her happiness to think she might be obliged to reside at a distance from her father, and she was aware that there were strong objections to his actually living in the same house with Butler. But this brief distance was the very thing which she could have wished.

The farm-house was on the plan of an improved cottage, and contrived with great regard to convenience; an excellent little garden, an orchard, and a set of offices complete, according to the best ideas of the time, combined to render it a most desirable habitation for the practical farmer, and far superior to the hovel at Woodend, and the small house at Saint Leonard's Crags. The situation was considerably higher than that of the Manse, and fronted to the west. The windows commanded an enchanting view of the little vale over which the mansion seemed to preside, the windings of the stream, and the Frith, with its associated lakes and roma The hills of Dunbartonshire, once poss fierce clan of MacFarlanes, formed a cre the valley, and far to the right were see and more gigantic mountains of Argyles seaward view of the shattered and thu peaks of Arran.

But to Jeanie, whose taste for the pi she had any by nature, had never been cultivated, the sight of the faithful old as she opened the door to receive them i toy, Sunday's russet-gown, and blue smoothed down before her, was wort varied landscape. The raptures of the creature at seeing Jeanie were equal to she hastened to assure her, "that baith and the beasts had been as weel seen possibly could contrive." Separating h rest of the company, May then hurri mistress to the offices, that she might compliments she expected for her care Jeanie rejoiced, in the simplicity of her her charge once more; and the mute our heroine, Gowans, and the others, a her presence by lowing, turning round and decent brows when they heard her "Pruh, my leddy—pruh, my woman," rious indications, known only to thos studied the habits of the milky mothers, sible pleasure as she approached to care their turn.

"The very brute beasts are glad to se said May; "but nae wonder, Jeanie, for kind to beast and body. And I maun le *mistress* now, Jeanie, since ye hae been non, and seen the Duke, and the King braw folk. But wha kens," added the o ly, "what I'll hae to ca' ye forby mistre thinking it wunna lang be Deans."

"Ca' me your ain Jeanie, May, and never gang wrang."

In the cow-house which they examine one animal which Jeanie looked at till th ed from her eyes. May, who had wate a sympathizing expression, immediately an under tone, "The gudeman aye sort himsell, and is kinder to it than ony beas and I noticed he was that way e'en wher griest, and had maist cause to be angr a parent's heart's a queer thing!—Mony has had for that puir lassie—I am thinking mair for her than for yoursell, hinny; t he plead for you but just to wish you th deserve? And when I sleepit ayont the we came first here, he was often earr and I could hear him come ower and ow 'Effie—puir blinded misguided thing!' 'Effie! Effie!'—If that puir wandering into the sheepfauld in the Shepherd's ain be an unco wonder, for I wot she has be prayers. O, if the puir prodigal wad blithely as the goodman wad kill the f though Brockie's calf will no be fit for three weeks yet."

And then, with the discursive talent o her description, she got once more afloa count of domestic affairs, and left this affecting topic.

Having looked at every thing in the of dairy, and expressed her satisfaction wi ner in which matters had been manage sence, Jeanie rejoined the rest of the part surveying the interior of the house, all e vid Deans and Butler, who had gone church to meet the kirk-session and th of the presbytery, and arrange matters of the day.

In the interior of the cottage all was and suitable to the exterior. It had bee built and furnished by the Duke, as a ret vourite domestic of the higher class, who enjoy it, and had been dead only a few that every thing was in excellent taste der. But in Jeanie's bedroom was a

l greatly excited Mrs. Dutton's curiosity, for sure that the direction, "For Mrs. Jean t Auchingower, parish of Knocktarlitie," riting of Mrs. Semple, the Duchess's own May Hettly produced the key in a sealed ich bare the same address, and attached to as a label, intimating that the trunk and ts were "a token of remembrance to Jeanie om her friends the Duchess of Argyle and ladies." The trunk, hastily opened, as the l not doubt, was found to be full of wearing the best quality, suited to Jeanie's rank in to most of the articles the names of the donors were attached, as if to make Jeanie ot only of the general, but of the individual e had excited in the noble family. To name s articles by their appropriate names, would empt things unattempted yet in prose or sales, that the old-fashioned terms of manques, kissing-strings, and so forth, would t little information even to the milliners of t day. I shall deposit, however, an accuentory of the contents of the trunk with friend, Miss Martha Buskbody, who has should the public curiosity seem interested ect to supply me with a professional glossommentary. Suffice it to say, that the uch as became the donors, and was suited ation of the receiver; that every thing was e and appropriate, and nothing forgotten onged to the wardrobe of a young person s situation in life, the destined bride of a reclergyman.

After article was displayed, commented upimired, to the wonder of May, who declarldna think the Queen had mair or better id somewhat to the envy of the northern This unamiable, but not very unnatural, of mind, broke forth in sundry unfounded to the disparagement of the articles, as e severally exhibited. But it assumed a ct character, when, at the bottom of all, l a dress of white silk, very plainly made, f white silk, and French silk to boot, with nned to it, bearing, that it was a present Duke of Argyle to his travelling companion, m on the day when she should change her

utton could forbear no longer, but whiso Mr. Archibald's ear, that it was a clever e a Scotchwoman: "She supposed all her d she had half a dozen, might have been without any one sending her a present of a ndkerchief."

ithout your making any exertion to save s. Dolly," answered Archibald drily.—"But prised we do not hear the bell yet," said he, at his watch.

a deil, Mr. Archibald," answered the Cap-Knockdunder, "wad ye hae them ring the e I am ready to gang to kirk?—I wad gar d eat the bell-rope, if he took ony sic freet if ye want to hear the bell, I will just yell on the knowe-head, and it will begin rthwith."

ingly, so soon as they sallied out, and that -laced hat of the Captain was seen rising er above the dewy verge of the rising he clash (for it was rather a clash than a the bell was heard from the old moss-grown d the clapper continued to thump its crackall the while they advanced towards the ncan exhorting them to take their own time, any sport wad be till he came."*

Accordingly the bell only changed to the final and impatient chime when they crossed the stile; and "rang in," that is, concluded its mistuned summons, when they had entered the Duke's seat, in the little kirk, where the whole party arranged themselves, with Duncan at their head, excepting David Deans, who already occupied a seat among the elders.

The business of the day, with a particular detail of which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader, was gone through according to the established form, and the sermon pronounced upon the occasion had the good fortune to please even the critical David Deans, though it was only an hour and a quarter long, which David termed a short allowance of spiritual provender.

The preacher, who was a divine that held many of David's opinions, privately apologized for his brevity by saying, "That he observed the Captain was ganting grievously, and that if he had detained him longer, there was no knowing how long he might be in paying the next term's victual stipend."

David groaned to find that such carnal motives could have influence upon the mind of a powerful preacher. He had, indeed, been scandalized by another circumstance during the service.

So soon as the congregation were seated after prayers, and the clergyman had read his text, the gracious Duncan, after rummaging the leathern purse which hung in front of his petticoat, produced a short tobacco-pipe made of iron, and observed, almost aloud, "I hae forgotten my spleuchan—Lachlan, gang down to the Clachan, and bring me up a pennyworth of twist." Six arms, the nearest within reach, presented with an obedient start, as many tobacco-pouches to the man of office. He made choice of one with a nod of acknowledgment, filled his pipe, lighted it with the assistance of his pistol-flint, and smoked with infinite composure during the whole time of the sermon. When the discourse was finished, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in his sporran, returned the tobacco-pouch or spleuchan to its owner, and joined in the prayer with decency and attention.

At the end of the service, when Butler had been admitted minister of the kirk of Knocktarlitie, with all its spiritual immunities and privileges, David, who had frowned, groaned, and murmured at Knockdunder's irreverent demeanour, communicated his plain thoughts of the matter to Isaac Meiklehose, one of the elders, with whom a reverential aspect and huge grizzle wig had especially disposed him to seek fraternization. "It didna become a wild Indian," David said, "much less a Christian, and a gentleman, to sit in the kirk puffing tobacco-reek, as if he were in a change-house."

Meiklehose shook his head, and allowed it was "far frae beseeming—But what will ye say? The Captain's a queer hand, and to speak to him about that or ony thing else that crosses the maggot, wad be to set the kiln a-low. He keeps a high hand ower the country, and we couldna deal wi' the Hielandmen without his protection, sin' a' the keys o' the kintray hings at his belt; and he's no an ill body in the main, and maistry, ye ken, maws the meadows doun."

"That may be very true, neighbour," said David; "but Reuben Butler isna the man I take him to be, if he disna learn the Captain to fuff his pipe some other gate than in God's house, or the quarter be ower."

"Fair and softly gangs far," said Meiklehose; "and if a fule may gie a wise man a counsel, I wad hae him think twice or he mells wi' Knockdunder—He suld hae a lang-shankit spune that wad sup kail wi' the deil. But they are a' away to their dinner to the

* ... service in Scotland. In the old days of Scotland ...ns of property (unless they happened to be non...) as regular as their inferiors in attendance on paro...ip, there was a kind of etiquette, in waiting till the acknowledged great man of the parish should make ...ce. This ceremonial was so sacred in the eyes of ...dle in the Isle of Bute, that the kirk bell being out ... is said to have mounted the steeple every Sunday, with his voice the successive summonses which its ...etal used to send forth. The first part of this imi...ary was simply the repetition of the words *Bell bell*, ... or three times, in a *manner as much resembling the* sound as throat of flesh could imitate throat of iron. *Bellum! bellum!* was sounded forth in a more urgent manner; but he never sent forth the third and conclusive peal, the varied tone of which is called in Scotland the *ringing-in*, until the two principal heritors of the parish approached, when the chime ran thus:—

Bellum Bellallum,
Bernera and Knockdow's coming!
Bellum Bellellum,
Bernera and Knockdow's coming!

Thereby intimating, that service was instantly to proceed.

change-house, and if we dinna mend our pace, we'll come short at meal-time."

David accompanied his friend without answer; but began to feel from experience, that the glen of Knocktarlitie, like the rest of the world, was haunted by its own special subjects of regret and discontent. His mind was so much occupied by considering the best means of converting Duncan of Knock to a sense of reverent decency during public worship, that he altogether forgot to inquire, whether Butler was called upon to subscribe the oaths to government.

Some have insinuated, that his neglect on this head was, in some degree, intentional; but I think this explanation inconsistent with the simplicity of my friend David's character. Neither have I ever been able, by the most minute enquiries, to know whether the *formula*, at which he so much scrupled, had been exacted from Butler, aye or no. The books of the kirk-session might have thrown some light on this matter; but unfortunately they were destroyed in the year 1746, by one Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, at the instance, it was said, or at least by the connivance, of the gracious Duncan of Knock, who had a desire to obliterate the recorded foibles of a certain Kate Finlayson.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Now butt and ben the change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup commentators, -
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint stoup clatters.
Wi' thick and thrang, and loud and lang,—
Wi' logic and wi' scripture,
They raise a din that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture,
O' wrath that day.—BURNS.

A PLENTIFUL entertainment, at the Duke of Argyle's cost, regaled the reverend gentlemen who had assisted at the ordination of Reuben Butler, and almost all the respectable part of the parish. The feast was, indeed, such as the country itself furnished; for plenty of all the requisites for "a rough and round" dinner were always at Duncan of Knock's command. There was the beef and mutton on the braes, the fresh and salt-water fish in the lochs, the brooks, and frith; game of every kind, from the deer to the leveret, were to be had for the killing, in the Duke's forests, moors, heaths, and mosses; and for liquor, home-brewed ale flowed as freely as water; brandy and usquebaugh both were had in those happy times without duty; even white wine and claret were got for nothing, since the Duke's extensive rights of admiralty gave him a title to all the wine in cask which is drifted ashore on the western coast and isles of Scotland, when shipping have suffered by severe weather. In short as Duncan boasted, the entertainment did not cost Mac Callummore a plack out of his sporran, and was nevertheless not only liberal, but overflowing.

The Duke's health was solemnized in a *bona fide* bumper, and David Deans himself added perhaps the first huzza that his lungs had ever uttered, to swell the shout with which the pledge was received. Nay, so exalted in heart was he upon this memorable occasion, and so much disposed to be indulgent, that he expressed no dissatisfaction when three bagpipers struck up, "The Campbells are coming." The health of the reverend minister of Knocktarlitie was received with similar honours; and there was a roar of laughter, when one of his brethren slyly subjoined the addition of, "A good wife to our brother, to keep the Manse in order." On this occasion David Deans was delivered of his first-born joke; and apparently the parturition was accompanied with many throes, for sorely did he twist about his physiognomy, and much did he stumble in his speech, before he could express his idea. "That the lad being now wedded to his spiritual bride, it was hard to threaten him with ane temporal spouse in the same day." He then laughed a hoarse and brief laugh, and was suddenly grave and silent, as if abashed at his own vivacious effort.

After another toast or two, Jeanie, Mrs. Dolly, and such of the female natives as had honoured the feast with their presence, retired to David's new dwelling
at Auchingower, and left the gentlemen t
tions.

The feast proceeded with great glee. '
sation, where Duncan had it under his di
not indeed always strictly canonical, but I
escaped any risk of being scandalized, l
with one of his neighbours in a recapitul
sufferings of Ayrshire and Lanarkshire,
was called the invasion of the Highlanc
prudent Mr. Meiklehose cautioning them
time to lower their voices, for that "Dunc
father had been at that onslaught, and b
muckle gude plenishing, and that Dun
unlikely to hae been there himself, :
kend."

Meanwhile, as the mirth grew fast and
graver members of the party began to es
as they could. David Deans accomplishe
and Butler anxiously watched an oppor
low him. Knockdunder, however, desir
of knowing what stuff was in the new n
no intention to part with him so easily, I
pinned to his side, watching him sedulous
obliging violence filling his glass to the b
as he could seize an opportunity of d
length, as the evening was wearing late,
brother chanced to ask Mr. Archibald
might hope to see the Duke, *tam carum*
would venture to term him, at the Lo
neath. Duncan of Knock, whose ideas
what conglomerated, and who, it may
was no great scholar, catching up so
sound of the words, conceived the speake
ing a parallel between the Duke and
Gorme of Sleat; and being of opinion th
parison was odious, snorted thrice, and p
self to be in a passion.

To the explanation of the venerable di
tain answered, "I heard the word Gorm
with my ain ears. D'ye think I do not
from Latin?"

"Apparently not, sir;"—so the clergy
ed in his turn, and taking a pinch of sn
with great coolness.

The copper nose of the gracious Dun
came heated like the bull of Phalaris, a
Archibald mediated betwixt the offended
the attention of the company was enga
dispute, Butler took an opportunity to
treat.

He found the females at Auchingower.
for the breaking up of the convivial part
a part of the arrangement, that although
was to remain at Auchingower, and Bu
night to take possession of the Manse, y
whom complete accommodations were
vided in her father's house, was to retur
two to the Lodge at Roseneath, and t
been held in readiness accordingly. T
therefore, for Knockdunder's return,
came, and they still waited in vain. A
Archibald, who, as a man of decorum, h
not to exceed in his conviviality, mad
ance, and advised the females strongly
the island under his escort; observing, t
humour in which he had left the Capt
great chance whether he budged out o
house that night, and it was absolutely
he would not be very fit company for lad
was at their disposal, he said, and th
pleasant twilight for a party on the wat

Jeanie, who had considerable confide
bald's prudence, immediately acquiesce
posal; but Mrs. Dolly positively objecte
boat. If the big boat could be gotten,
set out, otherwise she would sleep on th
than stir a step. Reasoning with Doll
the question, and Archibald did not think
so pressing as to require compulsion.
it was not using the Captain very polit
him of his coach and six; "but as it
dies' service," he gallantly said, "he
much freedom—besides, the gig would s
tain's purpose better, as it could come o

le; the large boat should, therefore, be at ly's service."

[illegible] walked to the beach accordingly, accompa-[illegible] [illegible]ther. It was some time before the boatmen assembled, and ere they were well embarked, [illegible] to depart, the pale moon was come over and flinging a trembling reflection on the [illegible] glittering waves. But so soft and pleasant night, that Butler, in bidding farewell to [illegible] no apprehension for their safety; and, what [illegible] extraordinary, Mrs. Dolly felt no alarm [illegible]. The air was soft, and came over the wave with something of summer fragrance. [illegible] of headlands, and capes, and bays, [illegible], with the broad blue expanse of mountains, [illegible] visible in the moonlight; while every dash [illegible] made the waters glance and sparkle with [illegible] phenomenon called the sea-fire.

[illegible] circumstance filled Jeanie with wonder, [illegible] to amuse the mind of her companion, until [illegible] reached the little bay, which seemed to [illegible] dark and wooded arms into the sea as if to [illegible].

[illegible] landing-place was at a quarter of a mile's [illegible] from the Lodge, and although the tide did [illegible] of the large boat coming quite close to the [illegible] stones which served as a pier, Jeanie, [illegible] bold and active, easily sprung ashore; [illegible] Dolly positively refusing to commit herself [illegible] risk, the complaisant Mr. Archibald or-[illegible] boat round to a more regular landing-place [illegible] considerable distance along the shore. He then [illegible] to land himself, that he might, in the mean-[illegible] accompany Jeanie to the Lodge. But as there [illegible] mistaking the woodland lane, which led from [illegible] the shore, and as the moonlight showed her the white chimneys rising out of the wood [illegible] embosomed the building, Jeanie declined this [illegible] with thanks, and requested him to proceed [illegible] Mrs. Dolly, who, being "in a country where the [illegible] were strange to her, had mair need of counte-[illegible].

[illegible] indeed, was a fortunate circumstance, and [illegible] even be said to save poor Cowslip's life, if it [illegible], as she herself used solemnly to aver, that [illegible] must positively have expired for fear, if she had [illegible] alone in the boat with six wild Highlanders.

[illegible] night was so exquisitely beautiful, that Jeanie, [illegible] of immediately directing her course towards [illegible] Lodge, stood looking after the boat as it again put [illegible] the side, and rowed out into the little bay, the [illegible] figures of her companions growing less and less [illegible] as they diminished in the distance, and the [illegible] melancholy boat song of the rowers, com-[illegible] the ear with softened and sweeter sound, until [illegible] rounded the headland, and was lost to her [illegible] attention.

Jeanie remained in the same posture looking on the sea. It would, she was aware, be some [illegible] her companions could reach the Lodge, as [illegible] distance by the more convenient landing-place [illegible] considerably greater than from the point where [illegible] and she was not sorry to have an opportu-[illegible] spend the interval by herself.

[illegible] wonderful change which a few weeks had [illegible] in her situation, from shame and grief, and [illegible] despair, to honour, joy, and a fair prospect of [illegible] happiness, passed before her eyes with a sensa-[illegible] which brought the tears into them. Yet they [illegible] at the same time from another source. As [illegible] happiness is never perfect, and as well-con-[illegible] minds are never more sensible of the dis-[illegible] of those whom they love, than when their [illegible] situation forms a contrast with them, Jeanie's [illegible] regrets turned to the fate of her poor sis-[illegible] the child of so many hopes—the fondled nursling [illegible] many years—now an exile, and, what was [illegible] dependant on the will of a man, of whose ha-[illegible] had every reason to entertain the worst opi-[illegible] who, even in his strongest paroxysms of [illegible], had appear d too much a stranger to the [illegible] of real penitence.

[illegible] her thoughts were occupied with these me-lancholy reflections, a shadowy figure seemed to detach itself from the copsewood on her right hand. Jeanie started, and the stories of apparitions and wraiths, seen by solitary travellers in wild situations, at such times, and in such an hour, suddenly came full upon her imagination. The figure glided on, and as it came betwixt her and the moon, she was aware that it had the appearance of a woman. A soft voice twice repeated, "Jeanie—Jeanie!" Was it indeed—could it be the voice of her sister?—Was she still among the living, or had the grave given up its tenant? Ere she could state these questions to her own mind, Effie, alive, and in the body, had clasped her in her arms, and was straining her to her bosom, and devouring her with kisses. "I have wandered here," she said, "like a ghaist, to see you, and nae wonder you take me for ane—I thought but to see you gang by, or to hear the sound of your voice; but to speak to yoursell again, Jeanie, was mair than I deserved, and mair than I durst pray for."

"O, Effie! how came ye here alone, and at this hour, and on the wild sea-beach?—Are you sure it's your ain living sell?"

There was something of Effie's former humour in her practically answering the question by a gentle pinch, more beseeming the fingers of a fairy than of a ghost. And again the sisters embraced, and laughed, and wept by turns.

"But ye maun gang up wi' me to the Lodge, Effie," said Jeanie, "and tell me a' your story—I hae gude folk there that will make ye welcome for my sake."

"Na, na, Jeanie," replied her sister sorrowfully,—"ye hae forgotten what I am—a banished outlawed creature, scarce escaped the gallows by your being the baldest and the best sister that ever lived—I'll gae near nane o' your grand friends, even if there was nae danger to me."

"There is nae danger—there shall be nae danger," said Jeanie eagerly. "O, Effie, dinna be wilfu'—be guided for anes—we will be sae happy a' thegither!"

"I have a' the happiness I deserve on this side of the grave, now that I hae seen you," answered Effie; "and whether there were danger to mysell or no, naebody shall ever say that I come with my cheat-the-gallows face to shame my sister amang her grand friends."

"I hae nae grand friends," said Jeanie; "nae friends but what are friends of yours—Reuben Butler and my father.—O, unhappy lassie, dinna be dour, and turn your back on your happiness again! We wunna see another acquaintance—Come hame to us, your ain dearest friends—it's better sheltering under an auld hedge than under a new-planted wood."

"It's in vain speaking, Jeanie—I maun drink as I hae brewed—I am married, and I maun follow my husband for better for worse."

"Married, Effie!" exclaimed Jeanie—"Misfortunate creature! and to that awfu'———"

"Hush, hush," said Effie, clapping one hand on her mouth, and pointing to the thicket with the other, "he is yonder."

She said this in a tone which showed that her husband had found means to inspire her with awe, as well as affection. At this moment a man issued from the wood.

It was young Staunton. Even by the imperfect light of the moon, Jeanie could observe that he was handsomely dressed, and had the air of a person of rank.

"Effie," he said, "our time is wellnigh spent—the skiff will be aground in the creek, and I dare not stay longer.—I hope your sister will allow me to salute her?" But Jeanie shrunk back from him with a feeling of internal abhorrence. "Well," he said, "it does not much signify; if you keep up the feeling of ill-will, at least you do not act upon it, and I thank you for your respect to my secret, when a word (which in your place I would have spoken at once) would have cost me my life. People say, you should keep from the wife of your bosom the secret that concerns your neck—my wife and her sister both know mine, and I shall not sleep a wink the less sound."

"But are you really married to my sister, sir," asked Jeanie, in great doubt and anxiety; for the haughty

careless tone in which he spoke seemed to justify her worst apprehensions.

"I really am legally married, and by my own name," replied Staunton, more gravely.

"And your father—and your friends?"—

"And my father and my friends must just reconcile themselves to that which is done and cannot be undone," replied Staunton. "However, it is my intention, in order to break off dangerous connexions, and to let my friends come to their temper, to conceal my marriage for the present, and stay abroad for some years. So that you will not hear of us for some time, if ever you hear of us again at all. It would be dangerous, you must be aware, to keep up the correspondence; for all would guess that the husband of Effie was the—what shall I call mysell?—the slayer of Porteous."

Hard-hearted light man! thought Jeanie—to what a character she has intrusted her happiness!—She has sown the wind, and maun reap the whirlwind.

"Dinna think ill o' him," said Effie, breaking away from her husband, and leading Jeanie a step or two out of hearing,—"dinna think *very* ill o' him—he's gude to me, Jeanie—as gude as I deserve—And he is determined to gie up his bad courses—Sae, after a', dinna greet for Effie; she is better off than she has wrought for.—But you—O you!—how can you be happy eneugh!—never till ye get to Heaven, where a' body is as gude as yoursell.—Jeanie, if I live and thrive, ye shall hear of me—if not, just forget that sic a creature ever lived to vex ye—fare ye weel—fare—fare ye weel!"

She tore herself from her sister's arms—rejoined her husband—they plunged into the copsewood, and she saw them no more. The whole scene had the effect of a vision, and she could almost have believed it such, but that very soon after they quitted her, she heard the sound of oars, and a skiff was seen on the Frith, pulling swiftly towards the small smuggling sloop which lay in the offing. It was on board of such a vessel that Effie had embarked at Portobello, and Jeanie had no doubt that the same conveyance was destined, as Staunton had hinted, to transport them to a foreign country.

Although it was impossible to determine whether this interview, while it was passing, gave more pain or pleasure to Jeanie Deans, yet the ultimate impression which remained on her mind was decidedly favourable. Effie was married—made, according to the common phrase, an honest woman—that was one main point; it seemed also as if her husband were about to abandon the path of gross vice, in which he had run so long and so desperately—that was another;—for his final and effectual conversion, he did not want understanding, and God knew his own hour.

Such were the thoughts with which Jeanie endeavoured to console her anxiety respecting her sister's future fortune. On her arrival at the Lodge, she found Archibald in some anxiety at her stay, and about to walk out in quest of her. A headach served as an apology for retiring to rest, in order to conceal her visible agitation of mind from her companions.

By this secession also, she escaped another scene of a different sort. For, as if there were danger in all gigs, whether by sea or land, that of Knockdunder had been run down by another boat, an accident owing chiefly to the drunkenness of the captain, his crew, and passengers. Knockdunder, and two or three guests, whom he was bringing along with him to finish the conviviality of the evening at the Lodge, got a sound ducking; but being rescued by the crew of the boat which endangered them, there was no ultimate loss, excepting that of the Captain's laced hat, which, greatly to the satisfaction of the Highland part of the district, as well as to the improvement of the conformity of his own personal appearance, he replaced by a smart Highland bonnet next day. Many were the vehement threats of vengeance which, on the succeeding morning, the gracious Duncan threw out against the boat which had upset him; but as neither she, nor the small smuggling vessel to *which she* belonged, was any longer to be seen in the *Frith, he was compelled to sit down* with the affront.
This was the more hard, he said, as he was as
the mischief was done on purpose, these scour
having lurked about after they had landed every
of brandy, and every bag of tea they had on b
and he understood the coxswain had been on s
making particular inquiries concerning the time
his boat was to cross over, and to return, a
forth.

"But the neist time they meet me on the F
said Duncan, with great majesty, "I will teac
moonlight rapscallions and vagabonds to keep
ain side of the road, and be tamn'd to them!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?—Shakspe

Within a reasonable time after Butler was s
and comfortably settled in his living, and Jeanie
taken up her abode at Auchingower with her fa
—the precise extent of which interval we re
each reader to settle according to his own sen
what is decent and proper upon the occasion,—
after due proclamation of bans, and all other for
ties, the long wooing of this worthy pair was e
by their union in the holy bands of matrimony.
this occasion, David Deans stoutly withstood
iniquities of pipes, fiddles, and promiscuous dan
to the great wrath of the Captain of Knockdu
who said, if he "had guessed it was to be sic a ta
Quakers' meeting, he wad hae seen them peyon
cairn before he wad hae darkened their doors."

And so much rancour remained on the spiri
the gracious Duncan upon this occasion, that va
"picqueerings," as David called them, took
upon the same and similar topics; and it was or
consequence of an accidental visit of the Duke t
Lodge at Roseneath, that they were put a sto
But upon that occasion his Grace showed such
ticular respect to Mr. and Mrs. Butler, and
favour even to old David, that Knockdunder h
prudent to change his course towards the latter.
in future, used to express himself among fri
concerning the minister and his wife, as "very we
decent folk, just a little over strict in their noti
put it was pest for thae plack cattle to err on the
side." And respecting David, he allowed that
was an excellent judge of nowte and sheep, a
sensible eneugh carle, an it werena for his ta
Cameronian nonsense, whilk it is not worth wh
a shentleman to knock out of an auld silly
either by force of reason, or otherwise." So tha
avoiding topics of dispute, the personages of ou
lived in great good habits with the gracious Du
only that he still grieved David's soul, and set a
lous example to the congregation, by somet
bringing his pipe to the church during a cold wi
day, and almost always sleeping during serm
the summer-time.

Mrs. Butler, whom we must no longer, if we
help it, term by the familiar name of Jeanie, br
into the married state the same firm mind and
tionate disposition,—the same natural and ho
good sense, and spirit of useful exertion,—in a
all the domestic good qualities of which she had
proof during her maiden life. She did not i
rival Butler in learning; but then no woman
devoutly venerated the extent of her husband's
dition. She did not pretend to understand hi
positions of divinity; but no minister of the Presb
had his humble dinner so well arranged, his cl
and linen in equal good order, his fireside so n
swept, his parlour so clean, and his books so
dusted.

If he talked to Jeanie of what she did not u
stand,—and (for the man was mortal, and had
a schoolmaster) he sometimes did harangue
scholarly and wisely than was necessary,—sh
tened in placid silence; and whenever the
referred to common life, and was such as came
the grasp of a strong natural understanding
views were more forcible, and her observations
acute, than his own. In acquired politeness of

...n it happened that she mingled a little in ...rs. Butler was, of course, judged deficient. ...she had that obvious wish to oblige, and ...and natural good-breeding depending on ...e and good-humour, which, joined to a con... degree of archness and liveliness of manner, ...her behaviour acceptable to all with whom ...alled upon to associate. Notwithstanding ...attention to all domestic affairs, she always ...the clean well-dressed mistress of the house, ...sordid household drudge. When compli...n this occasion by Duncan Knock, who ...that he thought the fairies must help her, ...house was always clean, and nobody ever ...body sweeping it," she modestly replied, ...uch might be dune by timing ane's turns." ...replied, "He heartily wished she could ...t art to the huzzies at the Lodge, for he ...ver discover that the house was washed at ...now and then by breaking his shins over ...Cot tamn the jauds!"

...er matters there is not occasion to speak ...t may easily be believed that the Duke's ...as carefully made, and so graciously ac...hat the offering became annual. Remem...nd acknowledgments of past favours were ...rs. Bickerton and Mrs. Glass, and an ami...ercourse maintained from time to time with ...respectable and benevolent persons.

...specially necessary to mention, that, in the ...five years, Mrs. Butler had three children, ...and a girl, all stout healthy babes of grace, ...d, blue-eyed, and strong-limbed. The boys ...ned David and Reuben, an order of nomen...hich was much to the satisfaction of the old ...he Covenant, and the girl, by her mother's ...esire, was christened Euphemia, rather con...the wish both of her father and husband, ...ertheless loved Mrs. Butler too well, and ...much indebted to her for their hours of hap...o withstand any request which she made ...estness, and as a gratification to herself. ...some feeling, I know not of what kind, the ...never distinguished by the name of Effie, ...he abbreviation of Femie, which in Scotland ...ommonly applied to persons called Euphemia.

...state of quiet and unostentatious enjoyment, ...re, besides the ordinary rubs and ruffles ...sturb even the most uniform life, two things ...rticularly chequered Mrs. Butler's happiness. ...t these," she said to our informer, "her ...have been but too happy; and perhaps," ...d, "she had need of some crosses in this ...remind her that there was a better to come ..."

...t of these related to certain polemical skir...etwixt her father and her husband, which ...anding the mutual respect and affection ...rtained for each other, and their great love ...notwithstanding also their general agree...trictness, and even severity, of presbyterian ...—often threatened unpleasant weather be...em. David Deans, as our readers must be ...as sufficiently opinionative and intractable, ...ng prevailed on himself to become a member ...session under the established church, he ...y obliged to evince, that, in so doing, he had ...romised any whit of his former professions, ...practice or principle. Now, Mr. Butler, ...credit to his father-in-law's motives, was ...of opinion that it were better to drop out ...y points of division and separation, and to ...manner most likely to attract and unite all ...ho were serious in religion. Moreover, he ...leased, as a man and a scholar, to be always ...o by his unlettered father-in-law; and as a ...n, he did not think it fit to seem for ever under ...b of an elder of his own kirk-session. A ...honest thought carried his opposition now ...a little further than it would otherwise have ...My brethren," he said, "will suppose I am ...and conciliating the old man for the sake ...cession, if I defer and give way to him on ...casion; and, besides, *there are many on* which I neither can nor will conscientiously yield to his notions. I cannot be persecuting old women for witches, or ferreting out matter of scandal among the young ones, which might otherwise have remained concealed."

From this difference of opinion it happened, that, in many cases of nicety, such as in owning certain defections, and failing to testify against certain backslidings of the time, in not always severely tracing forth little matters of scandal and *fama clamosa*, which David called a loosening of the reins of discipline, and in failing to demand clear testimonies in other points of controversy which had, as it were, drifted to leeward with the change of times, Butler incurred the censure of his father-in-law; and sometimes the disputes betwixt them became eager and almost unfriendly. In all such cases Mrs. Butler was a mediating spirit, who endeavoured, by the alkaline smoothness of her own disposition, to neutralize the acidity of theological controversy. To the complaints of both she lent an unprejudiced and attentive ear, and sought always rather to excuse than absolutely to defend the other party.

She reminded her father that Butler had not "his experience of the auld and wrestling times, when folk were gifted wi' a far look into eternity, to make up for the oppressions whilk they suffered here below in time. She freely allowed that many devout ministers and professors in times past had enjoyed downright revelation, like the blessed Peden, and Lundie, and Cameron, and Renwick, and John Caird, the tinkler, wha entered into the secrets, and Elizabeth Melvil, Lady Culross, wha prayed in her bed, surrounded by a great many Christians in a large room, in whilk it was placed on purpose, and that for three hour's time, with wonderful assistance; and Lady Robertland, whilk got six sure outgates of grace, and mony other in times past; and of a specialty, Mr. John Scrimgeour, minister of Kinghorn, who, having a beloved child sick to death of the crewels, was free to expostulate with his Maker with such impatience of displeasure, and complaining so bitterly, that at length it was said unto him, that he was heard for this time, but that he was requested to use no such boldness in time coming; so that, when he returned, he found the child sitting up in the bed hale and fair, with all its wounds closed, and supping its parritch, whilk babe he had left at the time of death. But though these things might be true in these needful times, she contended that those ministers who had not seen such vouchsafed and especial mercies, were to seek their rule in the records of ancient times; and therefore Reuben was carefu' both to search the Scriptures and the books written by wise and good men of old; and sometimes in this way it wad happen that twa precious saints might pu' sundry wise, like twa cows riving at the same hay-band."

To this David used to reply, with a sigh, "Ah, hinny, thou kenn'st little o't; but that saam John Scrimgeour, that blew open the gates of heaven as an it had been wi' a sax-pund cannon-ball, used devoutly to wish that most part of books were burnt, except the Bible. Reuben's a gude lad and a kind—I have aye allowed that; but as to his not allowing inquiry anent the scandal of Margery Kittlesides and Rory MacRand, under pretence that they have southered sin wi' marriage, it's clear agane the Christian discipline o' the kirk. And then there's Aily MacClure of Deepheugh, that practices her abominations, spaeing folk's fortunes wi' egg-shells, and mutton-banes, and dreams and divinations, whilk is a scandal to ony Christian land to suffer sic a wretch to live; and I'll uphaud that, in a' judicatures, civil or ecclesiastical."

"I daresay ye are very right, father," was the general style of Jeanie's answer; "but ye maun come down to the Manse to your dinner the day. The bits o' bairns, puir things, are wearying to see their luckie-dad; and Reuben never sleeps weel, nor I neither, when you and he hae had ony bit outcast."

"Nae outcast, Jeanie; God forbid I suld cast out wi' thee, or aught that is dear to thee!" And he put on his Sunday's coat, and came to the Manse accordingly.

With her husband, Mrs. Butler had a more direct conciliatory process. Reuben had the utmost respect for the old man's motives, and affection for his person, as well as gratitude for his early friendship. So that, upon any such occasion of accidental irritation, it was only necessary to remind him with delicacy of his father-in-law's age, of his scanty education, strong prejudices, and family distresses. The least of these considerations always inclined Butler to measures of conciliation, in so far as he could accede to them without compromising principle; and thus our simple and unpretending heroine had the merit of those peace-makers, to whom it is pronounced as a benediction, that they shall inherit the earth.

The second crook in Mrs. Butler's lot, to use the language of her father, was the distressing circumstance, that she had never heard of her sister's safety, or of the circumstances in which she found herself, though betwixt four and five years had elapsed since they had parted on the beach of the island of Roseneath. Frequent intercourse was not to be expected or to be desired, perhaps, in their relative situations; but Effie had promised, that, if she lived and prospered, her sister should hear from her. She must then be no more, or sunk into some abyss of misery, since she had never redeemed her pledge. Her silence seemed strange and portentous, and wrung from Jeanie, who could never forget the early years of their intimacy, the most painful anticipation concerning her fate. At length, however, the veil was drawn aside.

One day, as the Captain of Knockdunder had called in at the Manse, on his return from some business in the Highland part of the parish, and had been accommodated according to his special request, with a mixture of milk, brandy, honey, and water, which he said Mrs. Butler compounded "petter than ever a woman in Scotland,"—for, in all innocent matters, she studied the taste of every one around her. He said to Butler, "Py the py, minister, I have a letter here either for your canny pody of a wife or you, which I got when I was last at Glasco; the postage comes to fourpence, which you may either pay me forthwith, or give me toobie or quits in a hit at packcammon."

The playing at backgammon and draughts had been a frequent amusement of Mr. Whackbairn, Butler's principal, when at Libberton school. The minister, therefore, still piqued himself on his skill at both games, and occasionally practised them, as strictly canonical, although David Deans, whose notions of every kind were more rigorous, used to shake his head, and groan grievously, when he espied the tables lying in the parlour, or the children playing with the dice-boxes or backgammon men. Indeed, Mrs. Butler was sometimes chidden for removing these implements of pastime into some closet or corner out of sight. "Let them be where they are, Jeanie," would Butler say upon such occasions; "I am not conscious of following this, or any other trifling relaxation, to the interruption of my more serious studies, and still more serious duties. I will not, therefore, have it supposed that I am indulging by stealth, and against my conscience, in an amusement which, using it so little as I do, I may well practise openly, and without any check of mind—*Nil conscire sibi*, Jeanie, that is my motto; which signifies, my love, the honest and open confidence which a man ought to entertain when he is acting openly, and without any sense of doing wrong."

Such being Butler's humour, he accepted the Captain's defiance to a two-penny hit at backgammon, and handed the letter to his wife, observing, the postmark was York, but, if it came from her friend Mrs. Bickerton, she had considerably improved her handwriting, which was uncommon at her years.

Leaving the gentlemen to their game, Mrs. Butler went to order something for supper, for Captain Duncan had proposed kindly to stay the night with them, and then carelessly broke open her letter. It was not from Mrs. Bickerton, and, after glancing over the first few lines, she soon found it necessary to retire into her own bedroom, to read the document at leisure.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Happy thou art! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot;
Thy happy state I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.—Lady C— C—l.

The letter, which Mrs. Butler, when ret
her own apartment, perused with anxious
was certainly from Effie, although it had i
signature than the letter E.; and although
thography, style, and penmanship, were
superior not only to any thing which Effie c
duce, who, though a lively girl, had been a r
bly careless scholar, but even to her more co
sister's own powers of composition and ex
The manuscript was a fair Italian hand,
something stiff and constrained: the spelling
diction that of a person who had been accus
read good composition, and mix in good soci

The tenor of the letter was as follows:

"My dearest Sister,

"At many risks I venture to write to you, t
you that I am still alive, and, as to worldly s
that I rank higher than I could expect or m
wealth and distinction, and an honourabl
could make a woman happy, I have them
you, Jeanie, whom the world might think p
beneath me in all these respects, are far hap
I am. I have had means of hearing of your
my dearest Jeanie, from time to time—I
should have broken my heart otherwise.
learned with great pleasure of your increasin
We have not been worthy of such a blessi
infants have been successively removed, and
now childless—God's will be done! But, if
a child, it would perhaps divert him from the
thoughts which make him terrible to him
others. Yet do not let me frighten you, Je
continues to be kind, and I am far better of
deserve. You will wonder at my better sche
but when I was abroad, I had the best teach
I worked hard because my progress pleased I
is kind, Jeanie, only he has much to distre
especially when he looks backward. When
backward myself, I have always a ray of c
it is in the generous conduct of a sister, who
me not when I was forsaken by every one
have had your reward. You live happy in th
and love of all who know you, and I drag
life of a miserable impostor, indebted for the
of regard I receive to a tissue of deceit and lies
the slightest accident may unravel. He has p
me to his friends, since the estate opened to
the daughter of a Scotchman of rank, bani
account of the Viscount of Dundee's wars—
our Fr's old friend Clavers, you know—and
I was educated in a Scotch convent: indeed
in such a place long enough to enable me to
the character. But when a countryman app
me, and begins to talk, as they all do, of the
families engaged in Dundee's affair, and t
enquiries into my connexions, and when I
eye bent on mine with such an expression of
my terror brings me to the very risk of de
Good-nature and politeness have hitherto sa
as they prevented people from pressing on :
distressing questions. But how long—O ho
will this be the case! And if I bring this
on him, he will hate me—he will kill me, for a
as he loves me; he is as jealous of his family
now, as ever he was careless about it. I ha
in England four months, and have often the
writing to you; and yet, such are the dang
might arise from an intercepted letter, that
hitherto forborne. But now I am obliged to
risk. Last week I saw your great friend, t
A. He came to my box, and sate by me; an
thing in the play put him in mind of you—C
Heaven! he told over your whole London jo
all who were in the box, but particularly
wretched creature who was the occasion c
If he had known—if he could have conceivec
whom he was sitting, and to whom the st
told!—I suffered with courage, like an India
stake, while they are rending his fibres and

his eyes, and while he smiles applause at each well-imagined contrivance of his torturers. It was too much for me at last, Jeanie—I fainted; and my agony was imputed partly to the heat of the place, and partly to my extreme sensibility; and, hypocrite all over, I encouraged both opinions—any thing but discovery! Luckily he was not there. But the incident has led to more alarms. I am obliged to meet your great man often; and he seldom sees me without talking of E. D. and J. D., and R. B. and D. D., as persons in whom my amiable sensibility is interested. My amiable sensibility!!!—And then the cruel tone of light indifference with which persons in the fashionable world speak together on the most affecting subjects! To hear my guilt, my folly, my agony, the foibles and weaknesses of my friends—even your heroic exertions, Jeanie, spoken of in the drolling style which is the present tone in fashionable life—Scarce all that I formerly endured is equal to this state of irritation—then it was blows and stabs—now it is pricking to death with needles and pins.—He—I mean the D.—goes down next month to spend the shooting-season in Scotland—he says, he makes a point of always dining one day at the Manse—be on your guard, and do not betray yourself, should he mention me—Yourself, alas! *you* have nothing to betray—nothing to fear; you, the pure, the virtuous, the heroine of unstained faith, unblemished purity, what can you have to fear from the world or its proudest minions? It is E. whose life is once more in your hands—it is E. whom you are to save from being plucked of her borrowed plumes, discovered, branded, and trodden down, first by him, perhaps, who has raised her to this dizzy pinnacle!—The enclosure will reach you twice a-year—do not refuse it—it is out of my own allowance, and may be twice as much when you want it. With you it may do good—with me it never can.

"Write to me soon, Jeanie, or I shall remain in the agonizing apprehension that this has fallen into wrong hands—Address simply to L. S. under cover, to the Reverend George Whiterose, in the Minster-Close, York. He thinks I correspond with some of my noble Jacobite relations who are in Scotland. How high-church and jacobitical zeal would burn in his cheeks, if he knew he was the agent, not of Euphemia Setoun, of the honourable house of Winton, but of E. D., daughter of a Cameronian cow-feeder!—Jeanie, I can laugh yet sometimes—but God protect you from such mirth.—My father—I mean your father, would say it was like the idle crackling of thorns; but the thorns keep their poignancy, they remain unconsumed.—Farewell, my dearest Jeanie—Do not show this even to Mr. Butler, much less to any one else—I have every respect for him, but his principles are over strict, and my case will not endure severe handling.—I rest your affectionate sister, E."

In this long letter there was much to surprise as well as to distress Mrs. Butler. That Effie—her sister Effie, should be mingling freely in society, and apparently on not unequal terms, with the Duke of Argyle, sounded like something so extraordinary, that she even doubted if she read truly. Nor was it less marvellous, that, in the space of four years, her education should have made such progress. Jeanie's humility readily allowed that Effie had always, when she chose it, been smarter at her book than she herself was, but then she was very idle, and, upon the whole, had made much less proficiency. Love, or fear, or necessity, however, had proved an able schoolmistress, and completely supplied all her deficiences.

What Jeanie least liked in the tone of the letter was a smothered degree of egotism. "We should have heard little about her," said Jeanie to herself, "but that she was feared the Duke might come to learn wha she was, and a' about her puir friends here; but Effie, puir thing, aye looks her ain way, and folk that do that think mair o' themselves than of their neighbours.—I am no clear about keeping her siller," she added, taking up a 50*l.* note which had fallen out of the paper to the floor. "We hae eneugh, and it looks unco like theftboot, or hush-money, as they ca' it; she might hae been sure that I wad say naething wad harm her, for a' the gowd in Lunnon. And I maun tell the minister about it. I dinna see that she suld be sae feared for her ain bonny bargain o' a gudeman, and that I shouldna reverence Mr. Butler just as much; and sae I'll e'en tell him, when that tippling body the Captain has ta'en boat in the morning.—But I wonder at my ain state of mind," she added, turning back, after she had made a step or two to the door to join the gentlemen; "surely I am no sic a fule as to be angry that Effie's a braw lady, while I am only a minister's wife?—and yet I am as petted as a bairn, when I should bless God, that has redeemed her from shame, and poverty, and guilt, as ower likely she might hae been plunged into."

Sitting down upon a stool at the foot of the bed, she folded her arms upon her bosom, saying within herself, "From this place will I not rise till I am in a better frame of mind;" and so placed, by dint of tearing the veil from the motives of her little temporary spleen against her sister, she compelled herself to be ashamed of them, and to view as blessings the advantages of her sister's lot, while its embarrassments were the necessary consequences of errors long since committed. And thus she fairly vanquished the feeling of pique which she naturally enough entertained, at seeing Effie, so long the object of her care and her pity, soar suddenly so high above her in life, as to reckon amongst the chief objects of her apprehension the risk of their relationship being discovered.

When this unwonted burst of *amour propre* was thoroughly subdued, she walked down to the little parlour where the gentlemen were finishing their game, and heard from the Captain a confirmation of the news intimated in her letter, that the Duke of Argyle was shortly expected at Roseneath.

"He'll find plenty of moor-fowls and plack-cock on the moors of Auchingower, and he'll pe nae doubt for taking a late dinner, and a ped at the Manse, as he has done pefore now."

"He has a gude right, Captain," said Jeanie.

"Teil ane petter to ony ped in the kintra," answered the Captain. "And ye had petter tell your father, puir body, to get his beasts a' in order, and put his tamn'd Cameronian nonsense out o' his head for twa or three days, if he can pe so opliging; for fan I speak to him apout prute pestial, he answers me out o' the Piple, which is not using a shentleman weel, unless it be a person of your cloth, Mr. Putler."

No one understood better than Jeanie the merit of the soft answer, which turneth away wrath; and she only smiled, and hoped that his Grace would find every thing that was under her father's care to his entire satisfaction.

But the Captain, who had lost the whole postage of the letter at backgammon, was in the pouting mood not unusual to losers, and which, says the proverb, must be allowed to them.

"And, Master Putler, though you know I never meddle with the things of your kirk-sessions, yet I must pe allowed to say that I will not pe pleased to allow Ailie MacClure of Deepheugh to be poonished as a witch, in respect she only spaes fortunes, and does not lame, or plind, or pedevil any persons, or coup cadgers' carts, or ony sort of mischief; put only tells people good fortunes, as anent our poats killing so many seals and doug-fishes, whilk is very pleasant to hear."

"The woman," said Butler, "is, I believe, no witch, but a cheat; and it is only on that head that she is summoned to the kirk-session, to cause her to desist in future from practising her impostures upon ignorant persons."

"I do not know," replied the gracious Duncan, "what her practices or her postures are, but I pelieve that if the poys take hould on her to duck her in the Clachan purn, it will be a very sorry practice—and I pelieve, moreover, that if I come in thirdsman among you at the kirk-sessions, you will be all in a tamn'd pad posture indeed."

Without noticing this threat, Mr. Butler replied, "That he had not attended to the risk of ill usage which the poor woman might undergo at the hands of the rabble, and that he would give her the necessary admonition in private, instead of bringing her before the assembled session."

"This," Duncan said, "was speaking like a reasonable shentleman;" and so the evening passed peaceably off.

Next morning, after the Captain had swallowed his morning draught of Athole brose, and departed in his coach and six, Mrs. Butler anew deliberated upon communicating to her husband her sister's letter. But she was deterred by the recollection, that, in doing so, she would unveil to him the whole of a dreadful secret, of which, perhaps, his public character might render him an unfit depositary. Butler already had reason to believe that Effie had eloped with that same Robertson who had been a leader in the Porteous mob, and who lay under sentence of death for the robbery at Kirkaldy. But he did not know his identity with George Staunton, a man of birth and fortune, who had now apparently re-assumed his natural rank in society. Jeanie had respected Staunton's own confession as sacred, and upon reflection she considered the letter of her sister as equally so, and resolved to mention the contents to no one.

On re-perusing the letter, she could not help observing the staggering and unsatisfactory condition of those who have risen to distinction by undue paths, and the outworks and bulwarks of fiction and falsehood, by which they are under the necessity of surrounding and defending their precarious advantages. But she was not called upon, she thought, to unveil her sister's original history—it would restore no right to any one, for she was usurping none—it would only destroy her happiness, and degrade her in the public estimation. Had she been wise, Jeanie thought she would have chosen seclusion and privacy, in place of public life and gayety; but the power of choice might not be hers. The money, she thought, could not be returned without her seeming haughty and unkind. She resolved, therefore, upon re-considering this point, to employ it as occasion should serve, either in educating her children better than her own means could compass, or for their future portion. Her sister had enough, was strongly bound to assist Jeanie by any means in her power, and the arrangement was so natural and proper, that it ought not to be declined out of fastidious or romantic delicacy. Jeanie accordingly wrote to her sister, acknowledging her letter, and requesting to hear from her as often as she could. In entering into her own little details of news, chiefly respecting domestic affairs, she experienced a singular vacillation of ideas; for sometimes she apologized for mentioning things unworthy the notice of a lady of rank, and then recollected that every thing which concerned her should be interesting to Effie. Her letter, under the cover of Mr. Whiterose, she committed to the post-office at Glasgow, by the intervention of a parishioner who had business at that city.

The next week brought the Duke to Roseneath, and shortly afterwards he intimated his intention of sporting in their neighborhood, and taking his bed at the Manse; an honour which he had once or twice done to its inmates on former occasions.

Effie proved to be perfectly right in her anticipations. The Duke had hardly set himself down at Mrs. Butler's right hand, and taken upon himself the task of carving the excellent "barn-door chucky," which had been selected as the high dish upon this honourable occasion, before he began to speak of Lady Staunton of Willingham, in Lincolnshire, and the great noise which her wit and beauty made in London. For much of this Jeanie was, in some measure, prepared—but Effie's wit! that would never have entered into her imagination, being ignorant how exactly raillery in the higher rank resembles flippancy among their inferiors.

"She has been the ruling belle—the blazing star—the universal toast of the winter," said the Duke; "and is really the most beautiful creature that was seen at court upon the birth-day."

The birth-day! and at court!—Jeanie was annihilated, remembering well her own presentation, all its extraordinary circumstances, and particularly the cause of it.

"I mention this lady particularly to you, Mrs. Butler," said the Duke, "because she has something in the sound of her voice, and cast of her countenance, that reminded me of you—not when you look so pale though—you have over-fatigued yoursel—you must pledge me in a glass of wine."

She did so, and Butler observed, "It was dangerous flattery in his Grace to tell a poor minister's wife that she was like a court-beauty."

"Oho! Mr. Butler," said the Duke, "I find you are growing jealous; but it's rather too late in the day, for you know how long I have admired your wife. But seriously, there is betwixt them one of those inexplicable likenesses which we see in countenances, that do not otherwise resemble each other."

"The perilous part of the compliment has flown off," thought Mr. Butler.

His wife, feeling the awkwardness of silence, forced herself to say, "That, perhaps, the lady might be her countrywoman, and the language might make some resemblance."

"You are quite right," replied the Duke. "She is a Scotchwoman, and speaks with a Scotch accent, and now and then a provincial word drops out so prettily, that it is quite Doric, Mr. Butler."

"I should have thought," said the clergyman, "that would have sounded vulgar in the great city."

"Not at all," replied the Duke; "you must suppose it is not the broad coarse Scotch that is spoken in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, or in the Gorbals. This lady has been very little in Scotland, in fact—She was educated in a convent abroad, and speaks that pure court-Scotch, which was common in my younger days; but it is so generally disused now, that it sounds like a different dialect, entirely distinct from our modern *patois*."

Notwithstanding her anxiety, Jeanie could not help admiring within herself, how the most correct judges of life and manners can be imposed on by their own preconceptions, while the Duke proceeded thus: "She is of the unfortunate house of Winton, I believe; but, being bred abroad, she had missed the opportunity of learning her own pedigree, and was obliged to me for informing her, that she must certainly come of the Setons of Windygoul. I wish you could have seen how prettily she blushed at her own ignorance. Amidst her noble and elegant manners, there is now and then a little touch of bashfulness and conventual rusticity, if I may call it so, that makes her quite enchanting. You see at once the rose that had bloomed untouched amid the chaste precincts of the cloister, Mr. Butler."

True to the hint, Mr. Butler failed not to start with his

"Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis," &c.

while his wife could hardly persuade herself that all this was spoken of Effie Deans, and by so competent a judge as the Duke of Argyle; and had she been acquainted with Catullus, would have thought the fortunes of her sister had reversed the whole passage.

She was, however, determined to obtain some indemnification for the anxious feelings of the moment, by gaining all the intelligence she could; and therefore ventured to make some inquiry about the husband of the lady his Grace admired so much.

"He is very rich," replied the Duke; "of an ancient family, and has good manners; but he is far from being such a general favourite as his wife. Some people say he can be very pleasant—I never saw him so; but should rather judge him reserved, and gloomy, and capricious. He was very wild in his youth, they say, and has bad health; yet he is a good-looking man—enough—a great friend of your Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, Mr. Butler."

"Then he is the friend of a very worthy and honourable nobleman," said Butler.

"Does he admire his lady as much as other people do?" said Jeanie, in a low voice.

"Who—Sir George? They say he is very fond of her," said the Duke; "but I observe she trembles a little when he fixes his eye on her, and that is no good sign—But it is strange how I am haunted by this resemblance of yours to Lady Staunton, in look and tone of voice. One would almost swear you were sisters."

Jeanie's distress became uncontrollable, and be-

...tainment. The Duke of Argyle was much ... good-natured ... to his having ... called to her remembrance her family ... He was too well-bred to attempt to ...; but hastened to change the subject, and ... points of dispute which had occurred ... Deans of Knock and the minister, acknow... that his worthy substitute was sometimes a ... as well as too energetic, in his ...

... admitted his general merits; but said, ... to the worthy gentle... ... to Mutabinus Asinus.

"Mutabinus —
Non 'sole utens in joco atque vino.'"

... discourse being thus turned on parish-busi... nothing further occurred that can interest the r.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd by an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. —Macbeth.

...ng this period, but under the most strict pre...ons against discovery, the sisters corresponded ...sionally, exchanging letters about twice every ... Those of Lady Staunton spoke of her hus...'s health and spirits as being deplorably uncer... her own seemed also to be sinking, and one of ...opics on which she most frequently dwelt was ... want of family. Sir George Staunton, always ... had taken some aversion at the next heir, ... he suspected of having irritated his friends ... him during his absence; and he declared, he ... bequeath Willingham and all its lands to an ... ere that fetch-and-carry tell-tale should in... an acre of it.

...ad he but a child," said the unfortunate wife, ...ad that luckless infant survived, it would be ... motive for living and for exertion. But Hea... is denied us a blessing which we have not de...

... complaints, in varied form, but turning fre... on the same topic, filled the letters which ... from the spacious but melancholy halls of ...ghan, to the quiet and happy parsonage at ...ardie. Years meanwhile rolled on amid ... restless repinings. John, Duke of Argyle and ...wich, died in the year 1743, universally lament... by none more than by the Butlers, to whom ...evolence had been so distinguished. He was ...ded by his brother Duke Archibald, with ... they had not the same intimacy; but who ...ued the protection which his brother had ex... towards them. This, indeed, became more ...ary than ever; for, after the breaking out and ...ession of the rebellion in 1745, the peace of the ...y, adjacent to the Highlands, was considerably ...sed. Marauders, or men that had been driven ... desperate mode of life, quartered themselves ... fastnesses nearest to the Lowlands, which ... their scene of plunder; and there is scarce a ... the romantic and now peaceable Highlands of ..., Stirling, and Dunbartonshire, where one or ... not take up their residence.

...prime pest of the parish of Knocktarlitie was ... Donacha dhu na Dunaigh, or Black Dun... Mischief, whom we have already casu... mentioned. This fellow had been originally a ... or caird, many of whom stroll about these ...; but when all police was disorganized by the ...ar, he threw up his profession, and from half ... became whole robber; and being generally at ... of three or four active young fellows, and ... himself artful, bold, and well acquainted with the ..., he plied his new profession with emolument ...self, and infinite plague to the country.

... were convinced that Duncan of Knock could ...ut down his namesake Donacha any morning ... a mind; for there were in the parish a set of young men, who had joined Argyle's banner in the war under his old friend, and behaved very well upon several occasions. And as for their leader, as no one doubted his courage, it was generally supposed that Donacha had found out the mode of conciliating his favour, a thing not very uncommon in that age and country. This was the more readily believed, as David Deans's cattle (being the property of the Duke) were left untouched, when the minister's cows were carried off by the thieves. Another attempt was made to renew the same act of rapine, and the cattle were in the act of being driven off, when Butler, laying his profession aside in a case of such necessity, put himself at the head of some of his neighbours, and rescued the creagh, an exploit at which Deans attended in person, notwithstanding his extreme old age, mounted on a Highland pony, and girded with an old broadsword, likening himself (for he failed not to arrogate the whole merit of the expedition) to David, the son of Jesse, when he recovered the spoil of Ziklag from the Amalekites. This spirited behaviour had so far a good effect, that Donacha dhu na Dunaigh kept his distance for some time to come; and, though his distant exploits were frequently spoken of, he did not exercise any depredations in that part of the country. He continued to flourish, and to be heard of occasionally, until the year 1751, when, if the fear of the second David had kept him in check, fate released him from that restraint, for the venerable patriarch of St. Leonard's was that year gathered to his fathers.

David Deans died full of years and of honour. He is believed, for the exact time of his birth is not known, to have lived upwards of ninety years; for he used to speak of events as falling under his own knowledge, which happened about the time of the battle of Bothwell-bridge. It was said that he even bore arms there; for once, when a drunken Jacobite laird wished for a Bothwell-Brigg whig, that "he might stow the lugs out of his head," David informed him with a peculiar austerity of countenance, that, if he liked to try such a prank, there was one at his elbow; and it required the interference of Butler to preserve the peace.

He expired in the arms of his beloved daughter, thankful for all the blessings which Providence had vouchsafed to him while in this valley of strife and toil—and thankful also for the trials he had been visited with; having found them, he said, needful to mortify that spiritual pride and confidence in his own gifts, which was the side on which the wily Enemy did most sorely beset him. He prayed in the most affecting manner for Jeanie, her husband, and her family, and that her affectionate duty to the puir auld man might purchase her length of days here, and happiness hereafter; then, in a pathetic petition, too well understood by those who knew his family circumstances, he besought the Shepherd of souls, while gathering his flock, not to forget the little one that had strayed from the fold, and even then might be in the hands of the ravening wolf.—He prayed for the national Jerusalem, that peace might be in her land, and prosperity in her palaces—for the welfare of the honourable House of Argyle, and for the conversion of Duncan of Knockdunder. After this he was silent, being exhausted, nor did he again utter any thing distinctly. He was heard, indeed, to mutter something about national defections, right-hand extremes, and left-hand fallings-off; but, as May Hettly observed, his head was carried at the time; and it is probable that these expressions occurred to him merely out of general habit, and that he died in the full spirit of charity with all men. About an hour afterwards he slept in the Lord.

Notwithstanding her father's advanced age, his death was a severe shock to Mrs. Butler. Much of her time had been dedicated to attending to his health and his wishes, and she felt as if part of her business in the world was ended, when the good old man was no more. His wealth, which came nearly to fifteen hundred pounds, in disposable capital, served to raise the fortunes of the family at the Manse. How to dispose of this sum for the best advantage of his family, was matter of anxious consideration to Butler.

"If we put it on heritable bond, we shall maybe

lose the interest; for there's that bond over Lounsbeck's land, your father could neither get principal nor interest for it. If we bring it into the funds, we shall maybe lose the principal and all, as many did in the South Sea scheme. The little estate of Craigsture is in the market—it lies within two miles of the Manse, and Knock says his Grace has no thought to buy it. But they ask 2500*l*., and they may, for it is worth the money; and were I to borrow the balance, the creditor might call it up suddenly, or in case of my death my family might be distressed."

"And so, if we had mair siller, we might buy that bonny pasture-ground, where the grass comes so early?" asked Jeanie.

"Certainly, my dear; and Knockdunder, who is a good judge, is strongly advising me to it.—To be sure it is his nephew that is selling it."

"Aweel, Reuben," said Jeanie, "ye maun just look up a text in Scripture, as ye did when ye wanted siller before—just look up a text in the Bible."

"Ah, Jeanie," said Butler, laughing and pressing her hand at the same time, "the best people in these times can only work miracles once."

"We will see," said Jeanie composedly; and going to the closet in which she kept her honey, her sugar, her pots of jelley, her vials of the more ordinary medicines, and which served her, in short, as a sort of store-room, she jangled vials and gallipots, till, from out the darkest nook, well flanked by a triple row of bottles and jars, which she was under the necessity of displacing, she brought a cracked brown cann, with a piece of leather tied over the top. Its contents seemed to be written papers, thrust in disorder into this uncommon *secrétaire*. But from among these Jeanie brought an old clasped Bible, which had been David Dean's companion in his earlier wanderings, and which he had given to his daughter when the failure of his eyes had compelled him to use one of a larger print. This she gave to Butler, who had been looking at her motions with some surprise, and desired him to see what that book could do for him.—He opened the clasps, and to his astonishment a parcel of 50*l*. bank-notes dropped out from betwixt the leaves, where they had been separately lodged, and fluttered upon the floor. "I dinna think to hae tauld you o' my wealth, Reuben," said his wife, smiling at his surprise, "till on my deathbed, or maybe on some family pinch; but it wad be better laid out on yon bonny grass-holms, than lying useless here in this auld pigg."

"How on earth came ye by that siller, Jeanie?—Why, here is more than a thousand pounds," said Butler, lifting up and counting the notes.

"If it were ten thousand, it's a' honestly come by," said Jeanie; "and troth I kenna how muckle there is o't, but it's a' there that ever I got.—And as for how I came by it, Reuben—it's weel come by, and honestly, as I said before—And it's mair folk's secret than mine, or ye wad hae kend about it lang syne; and as for ony thing else, I am not free to answer mair questions about it, and ye maun just ask me nane."

"Answer me but one," said Butler. "Is it all freely and indisputably your own property, to dispose of it as you think fit?—Is it possible no one has a claim in so large a sum except you?"

"It *was* mine, free to dispose of it as I like," answered Jeanie; "and I have disposed of it already, for now it is yours, Reuben—You are Bible Butler now, as weel as your forbear, that my puir father had sic an ill will at. Only, if ye like, I wad wish Femie to get a gude share o't when we are gane."

"Certainly, it shall be as you choose—But who on earth ever pitched on such a hiding-place for temporal treasures?"

"That is just ane o' my auld-fashioned gates, as you ca' them, Reuben. I thought if Donacha Dhu was to make an outbreak upon us, the Bible was the last thing in the house he wad meddle wi'—but an ony mair siller should drap in, as it is not unlikely, I shall e'en pay it ower to you, and ye may lay it out your ain way."

"And I positively must not ask you how you have come by all this money?" said the clergyman.

"Indeed, Reuben, you must not; for if you were asking me very sair I wad maybe tell you, and then I am sure I would go wrong."

"But tell me," said Butler, "is it any thing that distresses your own mind?"

"There is baith weal and wo come aye wi' warld's gear, Reuben; but ye maun ask me naething mair—This siller binds me to naething, and can never be speered back again."

"Surely," said Mr. Butler, when he had again counted over the money, as if to assure himself that the notes were real, "there was never a man in the world had a wife like mine—a blessing seems to follow her."

"Never," said Jeanie, "since the enchanted princess in the bairns' fairy tale, that kamed gold nobles out o' the tae side of her haffit locks, and Dutch dollars out o' the tother. But gang away now, minister, and put by the siller, and dinna keep the notes wampishing in your hand that gate, or I shall wish them in the brown pigg again, for fear we get a black cast about them—we're ower near the hills in these times to be thought to hae siller in the house. And, besides, ye maun gree wi' Knockdunder, that has the selling o' the lands; and dinna you be simple and let him ken o' this windfa', but keep him to the very lowest penny, as if ye had to borrow siller to make the price up."

In the last admonition Jeanie showed distinctly, that, although she did not understand how to secure the money which came into her hands otherwise than by saving and hoarding it, yet she had some part of her father David's shrewdness, even upon worldly subjects. And Reuben Butler was a prudent man, and went and did even as his wife had advised him.

The news quickly went abroad into the parish that the minister had bought Craigsture; and some wished him joy, and some "were sorry it had gane out o' the auld name." However, his clerical brethren, understanding that he was under the necessity of going to Edinburgh about the ensuing Whitsunday, to get together David Deans's cash to make up the purchase-money of his new acquisition, took the opportunity to name him their delegate to the General Assembly, or Convocation of the Scottish Church, which takes place usually in the latter end of the month of May.

CHAPTER L.

> But who is this? what thing of sea or land—
> Female of sex it seems—
> That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
> Comes this way sailing?—Milton.

Not long after the incident of the Bible and the bank notes, Fortune showed that she could surprise Mrs. Butler as well as her husband. The minister, in order to accomplish the various pieces of business which his unwonted visit to Edinburgh rendered necessary, had been under the necessity of setting out from home in the latter end of the month of February, concluding justly, that he would find the space betwixt his departure and the term of Whitsunday (24th May) short enough for the purpose of bringing forward those various debtors of old David Deans, out of whose purses a considerable part of the price of his new purchase was to be made good.

Jeanie was thus in the unwonted situation of inhabiting a lonely house, and she felt yet more solitary from the death of the good old man, who used to divide her cares with her husband. Her children were her principal resource, and to them she paid constant attention.

It happened, a day or two after Butler's departure, that, while she was engaged in some domestic duties, she heard a dispute among the young folk, which, being maintained with obstinacy, appeared to call for her interference. All came to their natural umpire with their complaints. Femie, not yet ten years old, charged Davie and Reubie with an attempt to take away her book by force; and David and Reuben replied the elder, "That it was not a book for Femie to read," and Reuben, "That it was about a bad woman."

re did you get the book, ye little hempie?" s. Butler. "How dare ye touch papa's books e is away?"

he little lady, holding fast a sheet of crumper, declared, "It was nane o' papa's books. ly Hettly had taken it off the muckle cheese ame from Inverara;" for, as was very natuposes, a friendly intercourse, with interchange al civilities, was kept up from time to time Mrs. Dolly Dutton, now Mrs. MacCorkinl her former friends.

e took the subject of contention out of the hand, to satisfy herself of the propriety of es; but how much was she struck when she on the title of the broadside-sheet, "The Last Confession, and Dying Words of Margaret aw, or Murdockson, executed on Harabeer Carlisle, the — day of ——, 1737." It was one of those papers which Archibald had at Longtown, when he monopolized the peddo k, which Dolly had thrust into her trunk saker economy. One or two copies i. eelos, mained in her repositories at Inverary till she to need them in packing a cheese which, ty superior production, was sent, by the way challenge, to the dairy at Knocktarlitie.

itle of this paper, so strangely fallen into the ads from which, in well-meant respect to her ey had been so long detained, was of itself ntly startling; but the narrative itself was so ting, that Jeanie, shaking herself loose from dren, ran up stairs to her own apartment, and the door, to peruse it without interruption.

narrative, which appeared to have been drawn at least corrected, by the clergyman who d this unhappy woman, stated the crime for she suffered to have been "her active part in rocious robbery and murder, committed near es since near Haltwhistle, for which the noFrank Levitt was committed for trial at Lanssizes. It was supposed the evidence of the lice, Thomas Tuck, commonly called Tyburn pon which the woman had been convicted, weigh equally heavy against him; although ere inclined to think it was Tuck himself who uck the fatal blow, according to the dying nt of Meg Murdockson."

a circumstantial account of the crime for he suffered, there was a brief sketch of Marlife. It was stated, that she was a Scotchby birth, and married a soldier in the man regiment—that she long followed the nd had doubtless acquired in fields of battle, ilar scenes, that ferocity and love of plunder ch she had been afterwards distinguished—husband, having obtained his discharge, bervant to a beneficed clergyman of high situad character in Lincolnshire, and that she the confidence and esteem of that honourgly. She had lost this many years after her 's death, it was stated, in consequence of g at the irregularities of her daughter with of the family, added to the suspicious circumattending the birth of a child, which was suspected to have met with foul play, in preserve, if possible, the girl's reputation. n she had led a wandering life both in Engd Scotland, under colour sometimes of telling , sometimes of driving a trade in smuggled but, in fact, receiving stolen goods, and occaactively joining in the exploits by which they tained. Many of her crimes she had boasted conviction, and there was one circumstance ch she seemed to feel a mixture of joy and al compunction. When she was residing in urbs of Edinburgh during the preceding sumgirl, who had been seduced by one of her cons, was intrusted to her charge, and in her delivered of a male infant. Her daughter, mind was in a state of derangement ever since d lost her own child, according to the crimicount, carried off the poor girl's infant, taking er own, of the reality of whose death she at uld not be persuaded.

Margaret Murdockson stated, that she, for some time, believed her daughter had actually destroyed the infant in her mad fits, and that she gave the father to understand so, but afterwards learned that a female stroller had got it from her. She showed some compunction at having separated mother and child, especially as the mother had nearly suffered death, being condemned, on the Scotch law, for the supposed murder of her infant. When it was asked what possible interest she could have had in exposing the unfortunate girl to suffer for a crime she had not committed, she asked, if they thought she was going to put her own daughter into trouble to save another? She did not know what the Scotch law would have done to her for carrying the child away. This answer was by no means satisfactory to the clergyman, and he discovered, by close examination, that she had a deep and revengeful hatred against the young person whom she had thus injured. But the paper intimated, that, whatever besides she had communicated upon this subject, was confided by her in private to the worthy and reverend Archdeacon who had bestowed such particular pains in affording her spiritual assistance. The broadside went on to intimate, that, after her execution, of which the particulars were given, her daughter, the insane person mentioned more than once, and who was generally known by the name of Madge Wildfire, had been very ill used by the populace, under the belief that she was a sorceress, and an accomplice in her mother's crimes, and had been with difficulty rescued by the prompt interference of the police.

Such, (for we omit moral reflections, and all that may seem unnecessary to the explanation of our story,) was the tenor of the broadside. To Mrs. Butler it contained intelligence of the highest importance, since it seemed to afford the most unequivocal proof of her sister's innocence respecting the crime for which she had so nearly suffered. It is true, neither she, nor her husband, nor even her father, had ever believed her capable of touching her infant with an unkind hand when in possession of her reason; but there was a darkness on the subject, and what might have happened in a moment of insanity was dreadful to think upon. Besides, whatever was their own conviction, they had no means of establishing Effie's innocence to the world, which, according to the tenor of this fugitive publication, was now at length completely manifested by the dying confession of the person chiefly interested in concealing it.

After thanking God for a discovery so dear to her feelings, Mrs. Butler began to consider what use she should make of it. To have shown it to her husband would have been her first impulse; but, besides that he was absent from home, and the matter too delicate to be the subject of correspondence by an indifferent penwoman, Mrs. Butler recollected that he was not possessed of the information necessary to form a judgment upon the occasion; and that, adhering to the rule which she had considered as most advisable, she had best transmit the information immediately to her sister, and leave her to adjust with her husband the mode in which they should avail themselves of it. Accordingly, she dispatched a special messenger to Glasgow, with a packet, enclosing the Confession of Margaret Murdockson, addressed, as usual, under cover, to Mr. Whiterose of York. She expected, with anxiety, an answer, but none arrived in the usual course of post, and she was left to imagine how many various causes might account for Lady Staunton's silence. She began to be half sorry that she had parted with the printed paper, both for fear of its having fallen into bad hands, and from the desire of regaining the document, which might be essential to establish her sister's innocence. She was even doubting whether she had not better commit the whole matter to her husband's consideration, when other incidents occurred to divert her purpose.

Jeanie (she is a favourite, and we beg her pardon for still using the familiar title) had walked down to the sea-side with her children one morning after breakfast, when the boys, whose sight was more discriminating than hers, exclaimed that "the Captain's coach and six was coming right for the shore.

with ladies in it." Jeanie instinctively bent her eyes on the approaching boat, and became soon sensible that there were two females in the stern, seated beside the gracious Duncan, who acted as pilot. It was a point of politeness to walk towards the landing-place, in order to receive them, especially as she saw that the Captain of Knockdunder was upon honour and ceremony. His piper was in the bow of the boat, sending forth music, of which one half sounded the better that the other was drowned by the waves and the breeze. Moreover, he himself had his brigadier wig newly frizzed, his bonnet (he had abjured the cocked hat) decorated with Saint George's red cross, his uniform mounted as a captain of militia, the Duke's flag with the boar's head displayed—all intimated parade and gala.

As Mrs. Butler approached the landing-place, she observed the Captain hand the ladies ashore with marks of great attention, and the parties advanced towards her, the Captain a few steps before the two ladies, of whom the taller and elder leaned on the shoulder of the other, who seemed to be an attendant or servant.

As they met, Duncan, in his best, most important, and deepest tone of Highland civility, "pegged leave to introduce to Mrs. Putler, Lady—eh—eh—I hae forgotten your leddyship's name!"

"Never mind my name, sir," said the lady; "I trust Mrs. Butler will be at no loss. The Duke's letter"——And, as she observed Mrs. Butler look confused, she said again to Duncan something sharply, "Did you not send the letter last night, sir?"

"In troth and I didna, and I crave your leddyship's pardon; but you see, matam, I thought it would do as weel to-tay, pecause Mrs. Putler is never taen out o' sorts—never—and the coach was out fishing—and the gig was gane to Greenock for a cag of prandy—and——Put here's his Grace's letter."

"Give it me, sir," said the lady, taking it out of his hand; "since you have not found it convenient to do me the favour to send it before me, I will deliver it myself."

Mrs. Butler looked with great attention and a certain dubious feeling of deep interest, on the lady, who thus expressed herself with authority over the man of authority, and to whose mandates he seemed to submit, resigning the letter with a "Just as your leddyship is pleased to order it."

The lady was rather above the middle size, beautifully made, though something *embonpoint*, with a hand and arm exquisitely formed. Her manner was easy, dignified, and commanding, and seemed to evince high birth and the habits of elevated society. She wore a travelling dress—a gray beaver hat, and a veil of Flanders lace. Two footmen, in rich liveries, who got out of the barge, and lifted out a trunk and portmanteau, appeared to belong to her suite.

"As you did not receive the letter, madam, which should have served for my introduction—for I presume you are Mrs. Butler—I will not present it to you till you are so good as to admit me into your house without it."

"To pe sure, matam," said Knockdunder, "ye canna doubt Mrs. Putler will do that.—Mrs. Putler, this is Lady -Lady—these tamn'd Southern names rin out o' my head like a stane trowling down hill —put I pelieve she is a Scottish woman porn—the mair our credit—and I presume her leddyship is of the house of——"

"The Duke of Argyle knows my family very well, sir," said the lady, in a tone which seemed designed to silence Duncan, or, at any rate, which had that effect completely.

There was something about the whole of this stranger's address, and tone, and manner, which acted upon Jeanie's feelings like the illusions of a dream, that teaze us with a puzzling approach to reality. Something there was of her sister in the gait and manner of the stranger, as well as in the sound of her voice, and something also, when lifting her veil, she showed features, to which, changed as they were in expression and complexion, she *could not but attach many* remembrances.

The stranger was turned of thirty certai
so well were her personal charms assist
power of dress, and arrangement of ornam
she might well have passed for one-and
And her behaviour was so steady and so c
that, as often as Mrs. Butler perceived an
point of resemblance to her unfortunate
often the sustained self-command and al so
posure of the stranger destroyed the ideas w
gan to arise in her imagination. She led
silently towards the Manse, lost in a con
reflections, and trusting the letter with w
was to be there intrusted, would afford her
tory explanation of what was a most puz
embarrassing scene.

The lady maintained in the meanwhile
ners of a stranger of rank. She admired th
points of view like one who has studied na
the best representations of art. At length
notice of the children.

"These are two fine young mountaineers
madam, I presume?"

Jeanie replied in the affirmative. The
sighed, and sighed once more as they were
to her by name.

"Come here, Femie," said Mrs. Butler, "
your head up."

"What is your daughter's name, madam
the lady.

"Euphemia, madam," answered Mrs. Bu

"I thought the ordinary Scottish contract
name had been Effie," replied the stranger,
which went to Jeanie's heart; for in that si
there was more of her sister—more of h
ideas—than in all the reminiscences which
heart had anticipated, or the features and m
the stranger had suggested.

When they reached the Manse, the lady g
Butler the letter which she had taken out of t
of Knockdunder; and as she gave it she pr
hand, adding aloud, "Perhaps madam, you
the goodness to get me a little milk."

"And me a drap of the grey-peard, if yo
Mrs. Putler," added Duncan.

Mrs. Butler withdrew; but, deputing to M
ly and to David the supply of the stranger
she hastened into her own room to read t
The envelope was addressed in the Duke of
hand, and requested Mrs. Butler's attent
civility to a lady of rank, a particular frie
late brother, Lady Staunton of Willingha
being recommended to drink goat's whey by t
cians, was to honour the Lodge at Roseni
her residence, while her husband made a s
in Scotland. But within the same cover, w
been given to Lady Staunton unsealed, w
ter from that lady, intended to prepare her
meeting her, and which, but for the Captain
gence, she ought to have received on the p
evening. It stated that the news in Jeanie's
ter had been so interesting to her husband
was determined to inquire further into the c
made at Carlisle, and the fate of that poor
and that, as he had been in some degree s
she had, by the most earnest entreaties,
rather than obtained his permission, under
of observing the most strict incognito, to
week or two with her sister, or in her neighb
while he was prosecuting researches, to which
it appeared to her very vainly) he seemed
some hopes of success.

There was a postscript, desiring that Jean
trust to Lady S. the management of their int
and be content with assenting to what sh
propose. After reading, and again reading t
Mrs. Butler hurried down stairs, divided be
fear of betraying her secret, and the desire
herself upon her sister's neck. Effie rec
with a glance at once affectionate and ca
and immediately proceeded to speak.

"I have been telling Mr. ——, Capta
this gentleman, Mrs. Butler, that if you coul
modate me with an apartment in your hou
place for Ellis to sleep, and for the two men,

ter than the Lodge, which his Grace y placed at my ... I am advised ... as near where the boats ... as possi-

... assuring my Leddy, Mrs. Putler," ... "that though it canna be discommodit ... any of his Grace's visitors or ... yet ... better stay at the Lodge; and for the ... can be ... there, ... that they suld wait on her Leddyship, than ... of them."

... derange the goats for me," said ... on; "I am certain the milk must ... here." And this she said with ... one whose slightest intimation of hu- ... argument.

r hastened to intimate, that her house, ... was heartily at the disposal of Lady ... but the Captain continued to remon-

..." he said, "had written" - ... all that with his Grace" - ... were the things had been sent down

... necessary might be sent over to the ... she would beg the favour of Mrs. Putler ... apartment, and of the Captain to have ... sent over from Roseneath."

... off poor Duncan, who departed, ... secret soul. "Cot tamn her English ... she takes possession of the minis- ... as if it were her ain—and speaks to ... as if they were pounden servants, an pe ... !—And there's the deer that was shot ... will send it ower to the Manse, whilk ... seeing I hae prought worthy Mrs. ... Knockdunder." And with these kind in- ... went to the shore to give his orders ac-

... time, the meeting of the sisters was as ... it was extraordinary, and each evinced ... the way proper to her character. Jeanie ... overcome by wonder, and even by awe, ... were deep, stunning, and almost ... Effie, on the other hand, wept, laugh- ... screamed, and clapped her hands for joy, ... of five minutes, giving way at once, ... reserve, to a natural excessive vivacity ... which no one, however, knew better how ... the rules of artificial breeding.

... had passed like a moment in their ... mutual affection, Lady Staunton ob- ... walking with impatient steps be- ... "That trone some Highland fool has ... our hands," she said. "I will pray ... us with his absence."

... !" said Mrs. Butler in a tone of ... affront the Captain."

... said Lady Staunton; "nobody is ever ... I do or say, my dear. However, I ... since you think it proper."

... was accordingly graciously requested ... to remain to dinner. During ... studious and painful complaisance ... of rank was happily contrasted by ... of civil familiarity in which he indul- ... against his will.

... been able to persuade Mrs. Butler," ... to the Captain, during the after- ... had left the parlour, "to let me talk of ... up ... for storming her house, and ... in the way I have done."

... madam," said the Captain, "it wad ill ... Putler, wha is a very decent pody, to ... charge to a lady wha comes from my ... Grace's, which is the same thing. And, ... garrisons, in the year forty-five, I was ... garrison of twenty of my lads in the ... ar-Garry, whilk had near been unhap-

... pardon, sir—But I wish I could think ... of indemnifying this good lady."

... of indemnifying at all—no trouble for ... at all—So, peing *in the house of Inver-* Garry, and the people about it being uncanny, I doubted the warst, and" —

"Do you happen to know, sir," said Lady Staunton, "if any of these two lads, these young Butlers, I mean, show any turn for the army?"

"Could not say, indeed, my leddy," replied Knockdunder. "So, I knowing the people to pe unchancy, and I not to lippen to, and hearing a pibroch in the wood, I pegan to pid my lads look to their flints, and then" —

"For," said Lady Staunton, with the most ruthless disregard to the narrative, which she mangled by these interruptions, "if that should be the case, it should cost Sir George but the asking a pair of colours for one of them at the War-office, since we have always supported government, and never had occasion to trouble ministers."

"And if you please, my leddy," said Duncan, who began to find some savour in this proposal, "as I hae a praw weel-grown lad of a nevoy, ca'd Duncan MacGilligan, that is as pig as paith the Putler pairns putten thegither, Sir George could ask a pair for him at the same time, and it wad pe put ae asking for a'."

Lady Staunton only answered this hint with a well bred stare, which gave no sort of encouragement.

Jeanie, who now returned, was lost in amazement at the wonderful difference betwixt the helpless and despairing girl, whom she had seen stretched on a flock-bed in a dungeon, expecting a violent and disgraceful death, and last as a forlorn exile upon the midnight beach, with the elegant, well bred, beautiful woman before her. The features, now that her sister's veil was laid aside, did not appear so extremely different, as the whole manner, expression, look, and bearing. In outside show, Lady Staunton seemed completely a creature too soft and fair for sorrow to have touched; so much accustomed to have all her whims complied with by those around her, that she seemed to expect she should even be saved the trouble of forming them; and so totally unacquainted with contradiction, that she did not even use the tone of self-will, since to breathe a wish was to have it fulfilled. She made no ceremony of ridding herself of Duncan as soon as the evening approached; but complimented him out of the house under pretext of fatigue, with the utmost *nonchalance*.

When they were alone, her sister could not help expressing her wonder at the self-possession with which Lady Staunton sustained her part.

"I dare say you are surprised at it," said Lady Staunton composedly; "for you, my dear Jeanie, have been truth itself from your cradle upwards; but you must remember that I am a liar of fifteen year's standing, and therefore must by this time be used to my character."

In fact, during the feverish tumult of feelings excited during the two or three first days, Mrs. Butler thought her sister's manner was completely contradictory of the desponding tone which pervaded her correspondence. She was moved to tears, indeed, by the sight of her father's grave, marked by a modest stone, recording his piety and integrity; but lighter impressions and associations had also power over her. She amused herself with visiting the dairy, in which she had so long been assistant, and was so near discovering herself to May Hettly, by betraying her acquaintance with the celebrated receipt for Dunlop cheese, that she compared herself to Bedreddin Hassan, whom the vizier, his father-in-law, discovered by his superlative skill in composing cream tarts with pepper in them. But when the novelty of such avocations ceased to amuse her, she showed to her sister but too plainly, that the gaudy colouring with which she veiled her unhappiness afforded as little real comfort, as the gay uniform of the soldier when it is drawn over his mortal wound. There were moods and moments, in which her despondence seemed to exceed even that which she herself had described in her letters, and which too well convinced Mrs. Butler how little her sister's lot, which in appearance was so brilliant, was in reality to be envied.

There was one source, however, from which Lady Staunton derived a pure degree of pleasure. Gifted in every particular with a higher degree of imagination than her sister, she was an admirer of the beauties of nature, a taste which compensates many evils to those who happen to enjoy it. Here her character of a fine lady stopped short, where she ought to have

"Scream'd at ilk cleugh, and screech'd at ilka bow,
As loud as she had seen the worrie-cow."

On the contrary, with the two boys for her guides, she undertook long and fatiguing walks among the neighbouring mountains, to visit glens, lakes, waterfalls, or whatever scenes of natural wonder or beauty lay concealed among their recesses. It is Wordsworth, I think, who, talking of an old man under difficulties, remarks, with a singular attention to nature,

"—— whether it was care that spurred him,
God only knows; but to the very last,
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale."

In the same manner, languid, listless, and unhappy, within doors, at times even indicating something which approached near to contempt of the homely accommodations of her sister's house, although she instantly endeavoured, by a thousand kindnesses, to atone for such ebullitions of spleen, Lady Staunton appeared to feel interest and energy while in the open air, and traversing the mountain landscapes in society with the two boys, whose ears she delighted with stories of what she had seen in other countries, and what she had to show them at Willingham Manor. And they, on the other hand, exerted themselves in doing the honours of Dunbartonshire to the lady who seemed so kind, insomuch that there was scarce a glen in the neighbouring hills to which they did not introduce her.

Upon one of these excursions, while Reuben was otherwise employed, David alone acted as Lady Staunton's guide, and promised to show her a cascade in the hills, grander and higher than any they had yet visited. It was a walk of five long miles, and over rough ground, varied, however, and cheered, by mountain views, and peeps now of the Frith and its islands, now of distant lakes, now of rocks and precipices. The scene itself, too, when they reached it, amply rewarded the labour of the walk. A single shoot carried a considerable stream over the face of a black rock, which contrasted strongly in colour with the white foam of the cascade, and, at the depth of about twenty feet, another rock intercepted the view of the bottom of the fall. The water, wheeling out far beneath, swept round the crag, which thus bounded their view, and tumbled down the rocky glen in a torrent of foam. Those who love nature always desire to penetrate into its utmost recesses, and Lady Staunton asked David whether there was not some mode of gaining a view of the abyss at the foot of the fall. He said that he knew a station on a shelf on the further side of the intercepting rock, from which the whole waterfall was visible, but that the road to it was steep and slippery and dangerous. Bent, however, on gratifying her curiosity, she desired him to lead the way; and accordingly he did so over crag and stone, anxiously pointing out to her the resting-places where she ought to step, for their mode of advancing soon ceased to be walking, and became scrambling.

In this manner, clinging like sea-birds to the face of the rock, they were enabled at length to turn round it, and came full in front of the fall, which here had a most tremendous aspect, boiling, roaring, and thundering with unceasing din, into a black caldron, a hundred feet at least below them, which resembled the crater of a volcano. The noise, the dashing of the waters, which gave an unsteady appearance to all around them, the trembling even of the huge crag on which they stood, the precariousness of their footing, for there was scarce room for them to stand on the shelf of rock which they had thus attained, had so powerful an effect on the senses and imagination of Lady Staunton, that she called out to David she was falling, and would in fact have dropped from the crag had he not caught hold of her. The boy was bold and stout of his age—still he was but fourteen years old, and as his assistance gave no confidence to Lady Staunton, she felt her situation become really perilous. The chance was, that, in the appalling novelty of the circumstances, he might have caught the infection of her panic, in which case it is likely that both must have perished. She now screamed with terror, though without hope of calling any one to her assistance. To her amazement, the scream was answered by a whistle from above, of a tone so clear and shrill, that it was heard even amid the noise of the waterfall.

In this moment of terror and perplexity, a human face, black, and having grizzled hair hanging down over the forehead and cheeks, and mixing with mustaches and a beard of the same colour, and as much matted and tangled, looked down on them from a broken part of the rock above.

"It is The Enemy!" said the boy, who had very nearly become incapable of supporting Lady Staunton.

"No, no," she exclaimed, inaccessible to supernatural terrors, and restored to the presence of mind of which she had been deprived by the danger of her situation, "It is a man—For God's sake, my friend, help us!"

The face glared at them, but made no answer; in a second or two afterwards, another, that of a young lad, appeared beside the first, equally swart and begrimed, but having tangled black hair, descending in elf locks, which gave an air of wildness and ferocity to the whole expression of the countenance. Lady Staunton repeated her entreaties, clinging to the rock with more energy, as she found that, from the superstitious terror of her guide, he became incapable of supporting her. Her words were probably drowned in the roar of the falling stream, for, though she observed the lips of the younger being whom she supplicated move as he spoke in reply, not a word reached her ear.

A moment afterwards it appeared he had not mistaken the nature of her supplication, which, indeed, was easy to be understood from her situation and gestures. The younger apparition disappeared, and immediately after lowered a ladder of twisted osiers, about eight feet in length, and made signs to David to hold it fast while the lady ascended. Despair gives courage, and finding herself in this fearful predicament, Lady Staunton did not hesitate to risk the ascent by the precarious means which this accommodation afforded; and, carefully assisted by the person who had thus providentially come to her aid, she reached the summit in safety. She did not, however, even look around her until she saw her nephew lightly and actively follow her example, although there was now no one to hold the ladder fast. When she saw him safe she looked round, and could not help shuddering at the place and company in which she found herself.

They were on a sort of platform of rock, surrounded on every side by precipices, or overhanging cliffs, and which it would have been scarce possible for any research to have discovered, as it did not seem to be commanded by any accessible position. It was partly covered by a huge fragment of stone, which, having fallen from the cliffs above, had been intercepted by others in its descent, and jammed so as to serve for a sloping roof to the further part of the broad shelf or platform on which they stood. A quantity of withered moss and leaves, strewed beneath this rude and wretched shelter, showed the lairs,—they could not be termed the beds,—of those who dwelt in this eyry, for it deserved no other name. Of these, two were before Lady Staunton. One, the same who had afforded such timely assistance, stood upright before them, a tall, lathy, young savage; his dress a tattered plaid and philabeg, no shoes, no stockings, no hat or bonnet, the place of the last being supplied by his hair, twisted and matted like the *glibbe* of the ancient wild Irish, and, like their's, forming a natural thickset, stout enough to bear the cut of a sword. Yet the eyes of the lad were

arkling; his gesture free and noble, like ivages. He took little notice of David gazed with wonder on Lady Staunton, ferent probably in dress, and superior in ly thing he had ever beheld. The old face they had first seen, remained re- the same posture as when he had first l on them, only his face was turned n as he lay and looked up with a lazy pathy, which belied the general expres- ak and rugged features. He seemed a n, but was scarce better clad than the e had on a loose Lowland great-coat, artan trews or pantaloons.

looked singularly wild and unpropitious. brow of the incumbent rock was a , on which there was a still working, s, pincers, hammers, a moveable anvil, mith's tools; three guns, with two or and barrels, were disposed against the under shelter of the superincumbent and two swords, and a Lochaber-axe, around the fire, of which the red glare blaze on the precipitous foam and mist le. The lad, when he had satisfied his staring at Lady Staunton, fetched an and a horn cup, into which he poured apparently hot from the still, and offered sively to the lady and to the boy. Both d the young savage quaffed off the which could not amount to less than three sses. He then fetched another ladder ner of the cavern, and it could be termed it against the transverse rock, which roof, and made signs for the lady to as- e he held it fast below. She did so, and f on the top of a broad rock, near the chasm into which the brook precipitates could see the crest of the torrent flung the rock, like the mane of a wild horse, having any view of the lower platform she had ascended.

s not suffered to mount so easily; the ort or love of mischief, shook the ladder as he ascended, and seemed to enjoy the ung Butler, so that, when they had both ey looked on each other with no friendly er, however, spoke. The young caird, gipsy, with a good deal of attention, as- Staunton up a very perilous ascent ad still to encounter, and they were fol- avid Butler, until all three stood clear ne on the side of a mountain, whose overed with heather and sheets of loose narrow was the chasm out of which d, that, unless when they were on the he eye passed to the other side without he existence of a rent so fearful, and s seen of the cataract, though its deep was still heard.

inton, freed from the danger of rock and ow a new subject of anxiety. Her two outed each other with angry counte- nance, though younger by two years at least, shorter, was a stout, well-set, and very

the black-coat's son of Knocktarlitie." ng caird; "if you come here again, I'll own the him like a foot-ball."

ye are very short to be sae lang," re- Butler undauntedly, and measuring his height with an undaunted eye; "I am are a gillie of Black Donacha; if you the glen we'll shoot you like a wild

ay tell your father," said the lad, "that the timber is the last he shall see—we ends for the mischief he has done to us." he will live to see mony summers, and do nair," answered David.

ht have passed, but Lady Staunton step- a them with her purse in her hand, and, a guinea, of which it contained several, gh the net work, as well as some silver ate end, offered it to the caird.

"The white siller, lady—the white siller," said the young savage, to whom the value of gold was proba- bly unknown.

Lady Staunton poured what silver she had into his hand, and the juvenile savage snatched it greedi- ly, and made a sort of half inclination of acknow- ledgment and adieu.

"Let us make haste now, Lady Staunton," said David, "for there will be little peace wi' them since they hae seen your purse."

They hurried on as fast as they could; but they had not descended the hill a hundred yards or two before they heard a halloo behind them, and looking back, saw both the old man and the young one pursu- ing them with great speed, the former with a gun on his shoulder. Very fortunately, at this moment a sportsman, a gamekeeper of the Duke, who was en- gaged in stalking deer, appeared on the face of the hill. The bandits stopped on seeing him, and Lady Staunton hastened to put herself under his protec- tion. He readily gave them his escort home, and it required his athletic form and loaded rifle to restore to the lady her usual confidence and courage.

Donald listened with much gravity to the account of their adventure; and answered with great com- posure to David's repeated inquiries, whether he could have suspected that the cairds had been lurking there,—"Inteed, Master Tavie, I might hae had some guess that they were there, or thereabout, though maybe I had nane. But I am aften on the hill; and they are like wasps—they sting only them that fashes them; sae, for my part, I make a point not to see them, unless I were ordered out on the precess errand by MacCallummore or Knockdun- der, whilk is a clean different case."

They reached the Manse late; and Lady Staunton, who had suffered much both from fright and fatigue, never again permitted her love of the picturesque to carry her so far among the mountains without a stronger escort than David, though she acknow- ledged he had won the stand of colours by the intre- pidity he had displayed, so soon as assured he had to do with an earthly antagonist. "I couldna maybe hae made muckle o' a bargain wi' yon lang callant," said David, when thus complimented on his valour; "but when ye deal wi' thae folk, it's tyne heart tyne a'."

CHAPTER LI.

—— What see you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance? —*Henry the Fifth.*

We are under the necessity of returning to Edin- burgh, where the General Assembly was now sitting. It is well known, that some Scottish nobleman is usually deputed as High Commissioner, to represent the person of the King in this convocation; that he has allowances for the purpose of maintaining a cer- tain outward show and solemnity, and supporting the hospitality of the representative of Majesty. Who- ever is distinguished by rank, or office, in or near the capital, usually attend the morning levees of the Lord Commissioner, and walk with him in procession to the place where the Assembly meets.

The nobleman who held this office chanced to be particularly connected with Sir George Staunton, and it was in his train that he ventured to tread the High Street of Edinburgh for the first time since the fatal night of Porteous's execution. Walking at the right hand of the representative of sovereignty, covered with lace and embroidery, and with all the paraphernalia of wealth and rank, the handsome though wasted form of the English stranger attracted all eyes. Who could have recognised in a form so aristocratic the plebeian convict, that, disguised in the rags of Madge Wildfire, had led the formidable rioters to their destined re- venge! There was no possibility that this could hap- pen, even if any of his ancient acquaintances, a race of men whose lives are so brief, had happened to sur- vive the span commonly allotted to evil-doers. Be- sides, the whole affair had long fallen asleep, with the angry passions in which it originated. Nothing is more certain than that persons known to have had

a share in that formidable riot, and to have fled from Scotland on that account, had made money abroad, returned to enjoy it in their native country, and lived and died undisturbed by the law.* The forbearance of the magistrate was in these instances wise, certainly, and just; for what good impression could be made on the public mind by punishment, when the memory of the offence was obliterated, and all that was remembered was the recent inoffensive, or perhaps exemplary, conduct of the offender?

Sir George Staunton might, therefore, tread the scene of his former audacious exploits, free from the apprehension of the law, or even of discovery or suspicion. But with what feelings his heart that day throbbed, must be left to those of the reader to imagine. It was an object of no common interest which had brought him to encounter so many painful remembrances.

In consequence of Jeanie's letter to Lady Staunton, transmitting the confession, he had visited the town of Carlisle, and had found Archdeacon Fleming still alive, by whom that confession had been received. This reverend gentleman, whose character stood deservedly very high, he so far admitted into his confidence, as to own himself the father of the unfortunate infant, which had been spirited away by Madge Wildfire, representing the intrigue as a matter of juvenile extravagance on his own part, for which he was now anxious to atone, by tracing, if possible, what had become of the child. After some recollection of the circumstances, the clergyman was able to call to memory, that the unhappy woman had written a letter to George Staunton, Esq. younger, Rectory, Willingham, by Grantham; that he had forwarded it to the address accordingly, and that it had been returned, with a note from the reverend Mr. Staunton, Rector of Willingham, saying he knew no such person as him to whom the letter was addressed. As this had happened just at the time when George had, for the last time, absconded from his father's house to carry off Effie, he was at no loss to account for the cause of the resentment, under the influence of which his father had disowned him. This was another instance in which his ungovernable temper had occasioned his misfortune; had he remained at Willingham but a few days longer, he would have received Margaret Murdockson's letter, in which was exactly described the person and haunts of the woman, Annaple Bailzou, to whom she had parted with the infant. It appeared that Meg Murdockson had been induced to make this confession, less from any feelings of contrition, than from the desire of obtaining, through George Staunton or his father's means, protection and support for her daughter Madge. Her letter to George Staunton said, "That while the writer lived, her daughter would have needed nought from any body, and that she would never have meddled in these affairs, except to pay back the ill that George had done to her and hers. But she was to die, and her daughter would be destitute, and without reason to guide her. She had lived in the world long enough to know that people did nothing for nothing;—so she had told George Staunton all he could wish to know about his wean, in hopes he would not see the demented young creature he had ruined perish for want. As for her motives for not telling them sooner, she had a long account to reckon for in the next world, and she would reckon for that too."

The clergyman said, that Meg had died in the same desperate state of mind, occasionally expressing some regret about the child which was lost, but oftener sorrow that the mother had not been hanged—her mind at once a chaos of guilt, rage, and apprehension for her daughter's future safety; that instinctive feeling of parental anxiety which she had in common with the she-wolf and lioness, being the last shade of kindly affection that occupied a breast equally savage.

The melancholy catastrophe of Madge Wildfire was occasioned by her taking the confusion of her mother's execution, as affording an opportunity of leaving the workhouse to which the clergyman had sent her, and presenting herself to the mob in their fury, to perish in the way we have already seen. When Dr. Fleming found the convict's letter was returned fr Lincolnshire, he wrote to a friend in Edinburgh, inquire into the fate of the unfortunate girl wh child had been stolen, and was informed by his c respondent, that she had been pardoned, and that, w all her family, she had retired to some distant par Scotland, or left the kingdom entirely. And here matter rested, until, at Sir George Staunton's ap cation, the clergyman looked out and produced M garet Murdockson's returned letter, and the other m moranda which he had kept concerning the affair.

Whatever might be Sir George Staunton's feelin in ripping up this miserable history, and listening the tragical fate of the unhappy girl whom he h ruined, he had so much of his ancient wilfulness disposition left, as to shut his eyes on every thi save the prospect which seemed to open itself of covering his son. It was true, it would be diffic to produce him, without telling much more of the h tory of his birth, and the misfortunes of his paren than it was prudent to make known. But let h once be found, and, being found, let him but pro worthy of his father's protection, and many wa might be fallen upon to avoid such risk. Sir Geo Staunton was at liberty to adopt him as his heir he pleased, without communicating the secret of birth; or an act of parliament might be obtained, claring him legitimate, and allowing him the name arms of his father. He was, indeed, already a leg mate child according to the law of Scotland, by subsequent marriage of his parents. Wilful in eve thing, Sir George's sole desire now was to see t son, even should his recovery bring with it a new ries of misfortunes, as dreadful as those which follo ed on his being lost.

But where was the youth who might eventua be called to the honours and estates of this anci family? On what heath was he wandering, shrouded by what mean disguise? Did he gain precarious bread by some petty trade, by menial by violence, or by theft? These were questions which Sir George's anxious investigations could tain no light. Many remembered that Annaple B zou wandered through the country as a beggar fortune-teller, or spae-wife—some remembered she had been seen with an infant in 1737 or 1738, for more than ten years she had not travelled t district; and that she had been heard to say she w going to a distant part of Scotland, of which coun she was a native. To Scotland, therefore, came George Staunton, having parted with his lady Glasgow; and his arrival at Edinburgh happening coincide with the sitting of the General Assembly the Kirk, his acquaintance with the nobleman who he the office of Lord High Commissioner forced hi more into public than suited either his views or inc nations.

At the public table of this nobleman, Sir Georg Staunton was placed next to a clergyman of respect able appearance, and well-bred, though plain demean our, whose name he discovered to be Butler. It ha been no part of Sir George's plan to take his bro ther-in-law into his confidence, and he had rejoiced ex ceedingly in the assurances he received from his wif that Mrs. Butler, the very soul of integrity and ho nour, had never suffered the account he had given himself at Willingham Rectory to transpire, even her husband. But he was not sorry to have an op portunity to converse with so near a connexion, wit out being known to him, and to form a judgment his character and understanding. He saw muc and heard more, to raise Butler very high in his op nion. He found he was generally respected by tho of his own profession, as well as by the laity wh had seats in the Assembly. He had made sever public appearances in the Assembly, distinguished b good sense, candour, and ability; and he was follow ed and admired as a sound, and, at the same tim an eloquent preacher.

This was all very satisfactory to Sir George Stau ton's pride, which had revolted at the idea of h wife's sister being obscurely married. He now b gan, on the contrary, to think the connexion so muc better than he expected, that, if it should be neces

* See Arnot's Criminal Trials, 4to. ed. p. 233.

knowledge it, in consequence of the recovery on, it would sound well enough that Lady n had a sister, who, in the decayed state of ly, had married a Scottish clergyman, high in ion of his countrymen, and a leader in the

s with these feelings, that, when the Lord ommissioner's company broke up, Sir George n, under pretence of prolonging some in- concerning the constitution of the church of d, requested Butler to go home to his lodgings awnmarket, and drink a cup of coffee. But- ed to wait upon him, providing Sir George ermit him, in passing, to call at a friend's here he resided, and make his apology for ing to partake her tea. They proceeded up h Street, entered the Krames, and passed the box, placed to remind those at liberty of the s of the poor prisoners. Sir George paused e instant, and next day a 20l. note was found receptacle for public charity.

he came up to Butler again, he found him s eyes fixed on the entrance of the Tolbooth, arently in deep thought.

it seems a very strong door," said Sir George, of saying something.

so, sir," said Butler, turning off and begin- walk forward, "but it was my misfortune at e to see it prove greatly too weak."

his moment, looking at his companion, he him whether he felt himself ill? and Sir George on admitted, that he had been so foolish as to which sometimes disagreed with him. With ficiousness, that would not be gainsaid, and ere 'd find out where he was going, Butler hurried rge into the friend's house, near to the prison, h he himself had lived since he came to town, ndeed, no other than that of our old friend e Saddletree, in which Lady Staunton had a short noviciate as a shop-maid. This recol- rushed on her husband's mind, and the blush e which it excited overpowered the sensation which had produced his former paleness. Good addletree, however, bustled about to receive English baronet as the friend of Mr. Butler, uested an elderly female in a black gown to in a way which seemed to imply a wish, that ld clear the way for her betters. In the mean- nderstanding the state of the case, she ran to e cordial waters, sovereign, of course, in all f faintishness whatsoever. During her ab- her visiter, the female in black, made some s out of the room, and might have left it alto- without particular observation, had she not d at the threshold, so near Sir George Staun- t he, in point of civility, raised her and assisted he door.

Porteous is turned very doited now, puir bo- d Mrs. Saddletree, as she returned with her her hand—" She is no sae auld, but she got ack-cast wi' the slaughter o' her husband—Ye e trouble about that job, Mr. Butler.—I think, Sir George, "ye had better drink out the s, for to my een ye look waur than when ye ."

ndeed, he grew as pale as a corpse, on recol- who it was that his arm had so lately support- widow whom he had so large a share in ma- a.

s prescribed job that case of Porteous now," Saddletree, who was confined to his chair by —"clean prescribed and out of date."

m not clear of that, neighbour," said Plum- "for I have heard them say twenty years rin, and this is but the fifty-ane—Porteous's s in thretty-seven."

ll no teach me law, I think, neighbour—me four gaun pleas, and might hae had fourteen, dna been the gudewife? I tell ye if the fore- f the Porteous mob were standing there hat gentleman stands, the King's Advocate meddle wi' him—it fa's under the negative pre- ."

d your din, carles," said Mrs. Saddletree, "and let the gentleman sit down and get a dish of comfort- able tea."

But Sir George had quite enough of their conversa- tion; and Butler, at his request, made an apology to Mrs. Saddletree, and accompanied him to his lodgings. Here they found another guest waiting Sir George Staunton's return. This was no other than our rea- der's old acquaintance Ratcliffe.

This man had exercised the office of turnkey with so much vigilance, acuteness, and fidelity, that he gradually rose to be governor, or captain of the Tol- booth. And it is yet remembered in tradition, that young men, who rather sought amusing, than select society in their merry-meetings, used sometimes to request Ratcliffe's company, in order that he might regale them with legends of his extraordinary feats in the way of robbery and escape.* But he lived and died without resuming his original vocation, other- wise than in his narratives over a bottle.

Under these circumstances, he had been recom- mended to Sir George Staunton by a man of the law in Edinburgh, as a person likely to answer any ques- tions he might have to ask about Annaple Bailzou, who, according to the colour which Sir George Staun- ton gave to his cause of inquiry, was supposed to have stolen a child in the west of England, belong- ing to a family in which he was interested. The gentleman had not mentioned his name, but only his official title; so that Sir George Staunton, when told that the captain of the Tolbooth was waiting for him in his parlour, had no idea of meeting his former acquaintance, Jem Ratcliffe.

This, therefore, was another new and most un- pleasant surprise, for he had no difficulty in recol- lecting this man's remarkable features. The change, however, from George Robertson to Sir George Staun- ton, baffled even the penetration of Ratcliffe, and he bowed very low to the baronet and his guest, hoping Mr. Butler would excuse his recollecting that he was an old acquaintance.

"And once rendered my wife a piece of great ser- vice," said Mr. Butler, "for which she sent you a token of grateful acknowledgment, which I hope came safe and was welcome."

"Deil a doubt on't," said Ratcliffe, with a know- ing nod; "but ye are muckle changed for the better since I saw ye, Maister Butler."

"So much so, that I wonder you knew me."

"Aha, then!—Deil a face I see I ever forget," said Ratcliffe; while Sir George Staunton, tied to the stake, and incapable of escaping, internally cursed the accuracy of his memory. "And yet, sometimes," continued Ratcliffe, "the sharpest hand will be ta'en in. There is a face in this very room, if I might pre- sume to be sae bauld that if I didna ken the honour- able person it belangs to—I might think it had some cast of an auld acquaintance."

"I should not be much flattered," answered the Baronet sternly, and roused by the risk in which he saw himself placed, "if it is to me you mean to ap- ply that compliment."

"By no manner of means, sir," said Ratcliffe, bow- ing very low; "I am come to receive your honour's commands, and not to trouble your honour wi' my poor observations."

"Well, sir," said Sir George, "I am told you under- stand police matters—So do I.—To convince you of which, here are ten guineas of retaining fee—I make them fifty when you can find me certain notice of a person, living or dead, whom you will find described in that paper. I shall leave town presently—you may send your written answer to me to the care of Mr. ——," (naming his highly respectable agent,) "or of his Grace the Lord High Commissioner." Rat- cliffe bowed and withdrew.

"I have angered the proud peat now," he said to himself, "by finding out a likeness—But if George

* There seems an anachronism in the history of this person. Ratcliffe, among other escapes from justice, was released by the Porteous mob when under sentence of death; and he was again under the same predicament when the Highlanders made a similar jail-delivery in 1745. He was too sincere a whig to embrace liberation at the hands of the Jacobites, and in reward was made one of the keepers of the Tolbooth. So at least runs a constant tradition.

Robertson's father had lived within a mile of his n other, d--n *me* if I should not know what to think, for as high as he carries his head."

When he was left alone with Butler, Sir George Staunton ordered tea and coffee, which were brought by his valet, and then, after considering with himself for a minute, asked his guest whether he had lately heard from his wife and family. Butler, with some surprise at the question, replied, "that he had received no letter for some time; his wife was a poor pen-woman."

"Then," said Sir George Staunton, "I am the first to inform you there has been an invasion of your quiet premises since you left home. My wife, whom the Duke of Argyle had the goodness to permit to use Roseneath Lodge, while she was spending some weeks in your country, has sallied across and taken up her quarters in the Manse, as she says, to be nearer the goats, whose milk she is using; but I believe, in reality, because she prefers Mrs. Butler's company to that of the respectable gentleman who acts as seneschal on the Duke's domains."

Mr. Butler said, "he had often heard the late Duke and the present speak with high respect of Lady Staunton, and was happy if his house could accommodate any friend of theirs - it would be but a very slight acknowledgment of the many favours he owed them."

"That does not make Lady Staunton and myself the less obliged to your hospitality, sir," said Sir George. "May I inquire if you think of returning home soon?"

"In the course of two days," Mr. Butler answered, "his duty in the Assembly would be ended; and the other matters he had in town being all finished, he was desirous of returning to Dunbartonshire as soon as he could; but he was under the necessity of transporting a considerable sum in bills and money with him, and therefore wished to travel in company with one or two of his brethren of the clergy."

"My escort will be more safe," said Sir George Staunton, "and I think of setting off to-morrow or next day. If you will give me the pleasure of your company, I will undertake to deliver you and your charge safe at the Manse, provided you will admit me along with you."

Mr. Butler gratefully accepted of this proposal; the appointment was made accordingly, and by dispatches with one of Sir George's servants, who was sent forward for the purpose, the inhabitants of the manse of Knocktarlitie were made acquainted with the intended journey; and the news rung through the whole vicinity, "that the minister was coming back wi' a braw English gentleman, and a' the siller that was to pay for the estate of Craigsture."

This sudden resolution of going to Knocktarlitie had been adopted by Sir George Staunton in consequence of the incidents of the evening. In spite of his present consequence, he felt he had presumed too far in venturing so near the scene of his former audacious acts of violence, and he knew too well, from past experience, the acuteness of a man like Ratcliffe, again to encounter him. The next two days he kept his lodgings, under pretence of indisposition, and took leave, by writing, of his noble friend, the High Commissioner, alleging the opportunity of Mr. Butler's company as the reason for leaving Edinburgh sooner than he had proposed. He had a long conference with his agent on the subject of Annaple Bailzou: and the professional gentleman, who was the agent also of the Argyle family, had directions to collect all the information which Ratcliffe or others might be able to obtain concerning the fate of that woman and the unfortunate child, and, so soon as any thing transpired which had the least appearance of being important, that he should send an express with it instantly to Knocktarlitie. These instructions were backed with a deposit of money, and a request that no expense might be spared; so that Sir George Staunton had little reason to apprehend negligence on the part of the persons intrusted with the commission.

The journey, which the brothers made in company, was attended with more pleasure, even to Sir
George Staunton, than he had ventured t
His heart lightened in spite of himself when
sight of Edinburgh; and the easy, sensible c
tion of Butler, was well calculated to with
thoughts from painful reflections. He even
think whether there could be much difficul
moving his wife's connexions to the rectory
lingham; it was only on his part procuring s
better preferment for the present incumbent
Butler's, that he should take orders accordin
English church, to which he could not co
possibility of his making objection, and the
them residing under his wing. No doubt, t
pain in seeing Mrs. Butler, acquainted, as he k
to be, with the full truth of his evil history -
her silence, though he had no reason to cen
her indiscretion hitherto, was still more al sol
sured. It would keep his lady, also, both
temper, and in more subjection; for she wa
times troublesome to him, by insisting on r
in town when he desired to retire to the cou
leging the total want of society at Will
"Madam, your sister is there," would be the
a sufficient answer to this ready argument.

He sounded Butler on this subject, asking
would think of an English living of twelve
pounds yearly, with the burden of affording
pany now and then to a neighbour whose he
not strong, or his spirits equal. "He might n
said, "occasionally, a very learned and acc
gentleman, who was in orders as a Catholi
but he hoped that would be no insurmountal
tion to a man of his liberality of sentiment.
he said, "would Mr. Butler think of as an a
the offer should be made to him?"

"Simply that I could not accept of it,"
Butler. "I have no mind to enter into the va
bates between the churches; but I was bred
mine own, have received her ordination, am
of the truth of her doctrines, and will die u
banner I have enlisted to."

"What may be the value of your preferme
Sir George Staunton, "unless I am asking
creet question."

"Probably one hundred a-year, one year w
ther, besides my glebe and pasture-ground."

"And, you scruple to exchange that for tw
dred a-year, without alleging any damning
of doctrine betwixt the two churches of Eng
Scotland?"

"On that, sir, I have reserved my judgmen
may be much good, and there are certainl
means in both, but every man must act acc
his own lights. I hope I have done, and a
course of doing, my Master's work in this I
parish; and it would ill become me, for th
lucre, to leave my sheep in the wilderness.
in the temporal view which you have taken of
ter, Sir George, this hundred pounds a-yea
pend hath fed and clothed us, and left us no
wish for; my father-in-law's succession, a
circumstances, have added a small estate
twice as much more, and how we are to dis
I do not know—So I leave it to you, sir, to
were wise, not having the wish or oppor
spending three hundred a-year, to covet the p
of four times that sum."

"This is philosophy," said Sir George;
heard of it, but I never saw it be
"It is common sense," replied Butler, "w
cords with philosophy and religion more f
than pedants or zealots are apt to own it."

Sir George turned the subject, and did not
sume it. Although they travelled in Sir
chariot, he seemed so much fatigued with the
that it was necessary for him to remain for a
small town called Mid-Calder, which was t
stage from Edinburgh. Glasgow occupied
day, so slow were their motions.

They travelled on to Dunbarton, where
resolved to leave the equipage, and to hire
take them to the shores near the Manse, as t
Loch lay betwixt them and that point, beside
possibility of travelling in that district with w

..s. Sir George's valet, a man of trust, accompa- them, as also a footman; the grooms were left i the carriage. Just as this arrangement was pleted, which was about four o'clock in the after- n, an express arrived from Sir George's agent in nburgh, with a packet, which he opened and read a great attention, appearing much interested and ated by the contents. The packet had been dis- ched very soon after their leaving Edinburgh, but messenger had missed the travellers by passing ugh Mid-Calder in the night, and overshot his er- l by getting to Roseneath before them. He was on his return, after having waited more than -and-twenty hours. Sir George Staunton instant- rote back an answer, and, rewarding the messen- iberally, desired him not to sleep till he placed it s agent's hands.

length they embarked in the boat, which had ed for them some time. During their voyage, h was slow, for they were obliged to row the le way, and often against the tide, Sir George unton's inquiries ran chiefly on the subject of the iland banditti who had infested that country since year 1745. Butler informed him, that many of i were not native Highlanders, but gipsies, tink- and other men of desperate fortunes, who had n advantage of the confusion introduced by the war, the general discontent of the mountaineers, the unsettled state of police, to practise their plun- ng trade with more audacity. Sir George next ured into their lives, their habits, whether the vio- es which they committed were not sometimes ted for by acts of generosity, and whether they did possess the virtues, as well as the vices, of savage s?

tler answered, that certainly they did sometimes r sparks of generosity, of which even the worst i of malefactors are seldom utterly divested; but their evil propensities were certain and regular iples of action, while any occasional burst of vir- s feeling was only a transient impulse not to be ened upon, and excited probably by some singu- nd unusual concatenation of circumstances. In ssing these inquiries, which Sir George pursued an apparent eagerness that rather surprised But- he latter chanced to mention the name of Dona- Dhu na Dunaigh, with which the reader is already inted. Sir George caught the sound up eagerly, as if it conveyed particular interest to his ear. He the most minute inquiries concerning the man n he mentioned, the number of his gang, and the appearance of those who belonged to it. these points Butler could give little answer. The had a name among the lower class, but his ex- s were considerably exaggerated; he had always r two fellows with him, but never aspired to the nand of above three or four. In short, he knew about him, and the small acquaintance he had, by no means inclined him to desire more.

Nevertheless, I should like to see him some of days."

That would be a dangerous meeting, Sir George, s you mean we are to see him receive his de- s from the law, and then it were a melancholy ."

Use every man according to his deserts, Mr. But- and who shall escape whipping? But I am talking les to you. I will explain them more fully to when I have spoken over the subject with Lady unton.—Pull away, my lads," he added, address- himself to the rowers; "the clouds threaten us a storm."

fact, the dead and heavy closeness of the air, the piles of clouds which assembled in the western on, and glowed like a furnace under the influence e setting sun—that awful stillness in which na- seems to expect the thunder-burst, as a con- ed soldier waits for the platoon-fire which is to h him on the earth, all betokened a speedy storm. broad drops fell from time, to time, and induced tlemen to assume the boat-cloaks; but the rain ceased, and the oppressive heat, so unusual in and in the end of May, inclined them to throw aside. "There is something solemn in this de- lay of the storm," said Sir George; "it seems as if it suspended its peal till it solemnized some important event in the world below."

"Alas!" replied Butler, "what are we, that the laws of nature should correspond in their march with our ephemeral deeds or sufferings? The clouds will burst when surcharged with the electric fluid, whether a goat is falling at that instant from the cliffs of Arran, or a hero expiring on the field of battle he has won."

"The mind delights to deem it otherwise," said Sir George Staunton; "and to dwell on the fate of humanity as on that which is the prime central movement of the mighty machine. We love not to think that we shall mix with the ages that have gone befor us, as these broad black rain-drops mingle with the waste of waters, making a trifling and momentary eddy, and are then lost for ever."

"*For ever!*—we are not—we cannot be lost for ever," said Butler, looking upward; "death is to us change, not consummation; and the commencement of a new existence, corresponding in character to the deeds which we have done in the body."

While they agitated these grave subjects, to which the solemnity of the approaching storm naturally led them, their voyage threatened to be more tedious than they expected, for gusts of wind, which rose and fell with sudden impetuosity, swept the bosom of the Frith, and impeded the efforts of the rowers. They had now only to double a small head-land, in order to get to the proper landing-place in the mouth of the little river; but in the state of the weather, and the boat being heavy, this was like to be a work of time and in the meanwhile they must necessarily be exposed to the storm.

"Could we not land on this side of the head-land," asked Sir George, "and so gain some shelter?"

Butler knew of no landing-place, at least none affording a convenient or even practicable passage up the rocks which surrounded the shore.

"Think again," said Sir George Staunton; "the storm will soon be violent."

"Hout, ay," said one of the boatmen, "there's the Caird's Cove; but we dinna tell the minister about it, and I am no sure if I can steer the boat to it, the bay is sae fu' o' shoals and sunk rocks."

"Try," said Sir George, "and I will give you half a guinea."

The old fellow took the helm, and observed, "that if they could get in, there was a steep path up from the beach, and half an hour's walk from thence to the Manse."

"Are you sure you know the way?" said Butler to the old man.

"I maybe kend it a wee better fifteen years syne, when Dandie Wilson was in the Frith wi' his clean-ganging lugger. I mind Dandie had a wild young Englisher wi' him, that they ca'd———"

"If you chatter so much," said Sir George Staunton, "you will have the boat on the Grindstone—bring that white rock in a line with the steeple."

"By G—," said the veteran staring, "I think your honour kens the bay as well as me.—Your honour's nose has been on the Grindstane ere now, I'm thinking."

As they spoke thus, they approached the little cove, which, concealed behind crags, and defended on every point by shallows and sunken rocks, could scarce be discovered or approached, except by those intimate with the navigation. An old shattered boat was already drawn up on the beach within the cove, close beneath the trees, and with precautions for concealment.

Upon observing this vessel, Butler remarked to his companion, "It is impossible for you to conceive, Sir George, the difficulty I have had with my poor people, in teaching them the guilt and the danger of this contraband trade—yet they have perpetually before their eyes all its dangerous consequences. I do not know any thing that more effectually depraves and ruins their moral and religious principles."

Sir George forced himself to say something in a low voice, about the spirit of adventure natural to youth, and that unquestionably many would become wiser as they grew older.

"Too seldom, sir," replied Butler. "If they have been deeply engaged, and especially if they have mingled in the scenes of violence and blood to which their occupation naturally leads, I have observed, that, sooner or later, they come to an evil end. Experience, as well as Scripture, teaches us, Sir George, that mischief shall hunt the violent man, and that the bloodthirsty man shall not live half his days—But take my arm to help you ashore."

Sir George needed assistance, for he was contrasting in his altered thought the different feelings of mind and frame with which he had formerly frequented the same place. As they landed, a low growl of thunder was heard at a distance.

"That is ominous, Mr. Butler," said Sir George.

"*Intonuit lævum*—it is ominous of good, then," answered Butler, smiling.

The boatmen were ordered to make the best of their way round the head-land to the ordinary landing-place; the two gentlemen, followed by their servant, sought their way by a blind and tangled path, through a close copsewood to the Manse of Knocktarlitie, where their arrival was anxiously expected.

The sisters in vain had expected their husbands' return on the preceding day, which was that appointed by Sir George's letter. The delay of the travellers at Calder had occasioned this breach of appointment. The inhabitants of the Manse began even to doubt whether they would arrive on the present day. Lady Staunton felt this hope of delay as a brief reprieve; for she dreaded the pangs which her husband's pride must undergo at meeting with a sister-in-law, to whom the whole of his unhappy and dishonourable history was too well known. She knew, whatever force or constraint he might put upon his feelings in public, that she herself must be doomed to see them display themselves in full vehemence in secret,—consume his health, destroy his temper, and render him at once an object of dread and compassion. Again and again she cautioned Jeanie to display no tokens of recognition, but to receive him as a perfect stranger,—and again and again Jeanie renewed her promise to comply with her wishes.

Jeanie herself could not fail to bestow an anxious thought on the awkwardness of the approaching meeting; but her conscience was ungalled—and then she was cumbered with many household cares of an unusual nature, which, joined to the anxious wish once more to see Butler, after an absence of unusual length, made her extremely desirous that the travellers should arrive as soon as possible. And—why should I disguise the truth?—ever and anon a thought stole across her mind that her gala dinner had now been postponed for two days; and how few of the dishes, after every art of her simple *cuisine* had been exerted to dress them, could with any credit or propriety appear again upon the third; and what was she to do with the rest?—Upon this last subject she was saved the trouble of further deliberation, by the sudden appearance of the Captain at the head of half-a-dozen stout fellows, dressed and armed in the Highland fashion.

"Goot-morrow morning to ye, Leddy Staunton, and I hope I hae the pleasure to see ye weel—And goot-morrow to you, goot Mrs. Putler—I do peg you will order some victuals and ale and prandy for the lads, for we hae peen out on firth and moor since afore daylight, and a' to no purpose neither—Cot tam!"

So saying, he sate down, pushed back his brigadier wig, and wiped his head with an air of easy importance; totally regardless of the look of well-bred astonishment by which Lady Staunton endeavoured to make him comprehend that he was assuming too great a liberty.

"It is some comfort, when one has had a sair tussell," continued the Captain, addressing Lady Staunton, with an air of gallantry, "that it is in a fair leddy's service, or in the service of a gentleman whilk has a fair leddy, whilk is the same thing, since serving the husband is serving the wife, as Mrs. Putler does very weel know."

"*Really, sir,*" said Lady Staunton, "as you seem *to intend this compliment for me*, I am at a loss to know what interest Sir George or I can h your movements this morning."

"O Cot tam!—this is too cruel, my leddy— was not py special express from his Grace's hc ble agent and commissioner at Edinburgh, warrant conform, that I was to seek for and hend Donacha dhu na Dunaigh, and pring him myself and Sir George Staunton, that he ma his deserts, that is to say, the gallows, whilk doubtless deserved, py peing the means of frigl your leddyship, as weel as for something of l portance."

"Frightening me?" said her ladyship; " never wrote to Sir George about my alarm waterfall."

"Then he must have heard it otherwise; fo else can give him sic an earnest tesire to s rapscallion, that I maun ripe the haill moss muirs in the country for him, as if I were to ge thing for finding him, when the pest o't migl pall through my prains?"

"Can it be really true, that it is on Sir G account that you have been attempting to app this fellow?"

"Py Cot, it is for no other cause that I kno his honour's pleasure; for the creature mig gone on in a decent quiet way for me, sae lan respectit the Duke's pounds—put reason goot be taen, and hangit to poot, if it may pleas honourable shentleman that is the Duke's f Sae I got the express over night, and I cause half a score of pretty lads, and was up in the m pefore the sun, and I garr'd the lads take the and short coats."

"I wonder you did that, Captain," said Mr ler, "when you know the act of parliament i wearing the Highland dress."

"Hout, tout, ne'er fash your thumb, Mrs. The law is put twa-three years auld yet, and i young to hae come our length; and pesides, the lads to climb the praes wi' thae tamn'd br on them? It makes me sick to see them. P how, I thought I kend Donacha's haunts g weel, and I was at the place where he had yestreen; for I saw the leaves the limmers h on, and the ashes of them; by the same toke was a pit greeshoch purning yet. I am thinki got some word out o' the island what was in —I sought every glen and cleuch, as if I ha deer-stalking, but teil a wauff of his coat-tail see—Cot tam!"

"He'll be away down the Frith to Cowal David; and Reuben, who had been out ear morning a-nutting, observed, "That he had boat making for the Caird's Cove;" a plac known to the boys, though their less adven father was ignorant of its existence.

"Py Cot," said Duncan, "then I will stay l longer than to trink this very horn of pran water, for it is very possible they will pe in the Donacha's a clever fellow, and maype thinks to sit next the chimley when the lum reeks thought naebody would look for him sae near I peg your leddyship will excuse my aprupt dep as I will return forthwith, and I will either pri Donacha in life, or else his head, whilk I dare will be as satisfactory. And I hope to pass a pl evening with your leddyship; and I hope t mine revenges on Mr. Putler at packgammon, four pennies whilk he won, for he will pe su home soon, or else he will have a wet journey, it is apout to pe a scud."

Thus saying, with many scrapes and bow apologies for leaving them, which were very received, and reiterated assurances of his spe turn, (of the sincerity whereof Mrs. Butler ente no doubt, so long as her best greybeard of l was upon duty,) Duncan left the Manse, collec followers, and began to scour the close and ent wood which lay between the little glen ar Caird's Cove. David, who was a favourite wi Captain, on account of his spirit and courage the opportunity of escaping, to attend the inv tions of that great man.

CHAPTER LII.

— I did send for thee,
* * * * * *
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair
But—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
First Part of Henry the Sixth.

Duncan and his party had not proceeded very far in the direction of the Caird's Cove before they heard a shot, which was quickly followed by one or two others. "Some tamn'd villains among the roe-deer," said Duncan; "look sharp out, lads."

The clash of swords was next heard, and Duncan and his myrmidons, hastening to the spot, found Butler and Sir George Staunton's servant in the hands of four ruffians. Sir George himself lay stretched on the ground, with his drawn sword in his hand. Duncan, who was as brave as a lion, instantly fired his pistol at the leader of the band, unsheathed his sword, cried out to his men, *Claymore!* and ran his weapon through the body of the fellow whom he had previously wounded, who was no other than Donacha dhu na Dunaigh himself. The other banditti were speedily overpowered, excepting one young lad, who made wonderful resistance for his years, and was at length secured with difficulty.

Butler, so soon as he was liberated from the ruffians, ran to raise Sir George Staunton, but life had wholly left him.

"A creat misfortune," said Duncan; "I think it will pe pest that I go forward to intimate it to the goot leddy.—Tavie, my dear, you hae smelled pouther for the first time this day—take my sword and hack off Donacha's head, whilk will pe coot practice for you against the time you may wish to do the same kindness to a living shentleman—or hould, as your father does not approve, you may leave it alone, as he will be a greater object of satisfaction to Leddy Staunton to see him entire; and I hope she will do me the credit to pelieve that I can afenge a shentleman's bluid fery speedily and well."

Such was the observation of a man too much accustomed to the ancient state of manners in the Highlands, to look upon the issue of such a skirmish as any thing worthy of wonder or emotion.

We will not attempt to describe the very contrary effect which the unexpected disaster produced upon Lady Staunton, when the bloody corpse of her husband was brought to the house, where she expected to meet him alive and well. All was forgotten, but that he was the lover of her youth; and whatever were his faults to the world, that he had towards her exhibited only those that arose from the inequality of spirits and temper, incident to a situation of unparalleled difficulty. In the vivacity of her grief she gave way to all the natural irritability of her temper; shriek followed shriek, and swoon succeeded to swoon. It required all Jeanie's watchful affection to prevent her from making known, in these paroxysms of affliction, much which it was of the highest importance that she should keep secret.

At length silence and exhaustion succeeded to frenzy, and Jeanie stole out to take counsel with her husband, and to exhort him to anticipate the Captain's interference, by taking possession, in Lady Staunton's name, of the private papers of her deceased husband. To the utter astonishment of Butler, she now, for the first time, explained the relation betwixt herself and Lady Staunton, which authorised, nay, demanded, that he should prevent any stranger from being unnecessarily made acquainted with her family affairs. It was in such a crisis that Jeanie's active and undaunted habits of virtuous exertion were most conspicuous. While the Captain's attention was still engaged by a prolonged refreshment, and a very tedious examination, in Gaelic and English, of all the prisoners, and every other witness of the fatal transaction, she had the body of her brother-in-law undressed and properly disposed.—It then appeared, from the crucifix, the beads, and the shirt of hair which he wore next his person, that his sense of guilt had induced him to receive the dogmata of a religion, which pretends, by the maceration of the body, to expiate the crimes of *the soul. In the packet* of papers, which the express had brought to Sir George Staunton from Edinburgh, and which Butler, authorized by his connexion with the deceased, did not scruple to examine, he found new and astonishing intelligence, which gave him reason to thank God he had taken that measure.

Ratcliffe, to whom all sorts of misdeeds and misdoers were familiar, instigated by the promised reward, soon found himself in a condition to trace the infant of these unhappy parents. The woman to whom Meg Murdockson had sold that most unfortunate child, had made it the companion of her wanderings and her beggary, until he was about seven or eight years old, when, as Ratcliffe learned from a companion of hers, then in the Correction-house of Edinburgh, she sold him in her turn to Donacha dhu na Dunaigh. This man, to whom no act of mischief was unknown, was occasionally an agent in a horrible trade then carried on betwixt Scotland and America, for supplying the plantations with servants, by means of *kidnapping*, as it was termed, both men and women, but especially children under age. Here Ratcliffe lost sight of the boy, but had no doubt but Donacha Dhu could give an account of him. The gentleman of the law so often mentioned, dispatched therefore an express, with a letter to Sir George Staunton, and another covering a warrant for apprehension of Donacha, with instructions to the Captain of Knockdunder to exert his utmost energy for that purpose.

Possessed of this information, and with a mind agitated by the most gloomy apprehensions, Butler now joined the Captain, and obtained from him with some difficulty a sight of the examinations. These, with a few questions to the elder of the prisoners, soon confirmed the most dreadful of Butler's anticipations. We give the heads of the information without descending into minute details.

Donacha Dhu had indeed purchased Effie's unhappy child, with the purpose of selling it to the American traders, whom he had been in the habit of supplying with human flesh. But no opportunity occurred for some time; and the boy, who was known by the name of "The Whistler," made some impression on the heart and affections even of this rude savage, perhaps because he saw in him flashes of a spirit as fierce and vindictive as his own. When Donacha struck or threatened him—a very common occurrence—he did not answer with complaints and entreaties like other children, but with oaths and efforts at revenge—he had all the wild merit, too, by which Woggarwolfe's arrow-bearing page won the hard heart of his master:

Like a wild cub, rear'd at the ruffian's feet,
He could say biting jests, bold ditties sing,
And quaff his foaming bumper at the board,
With all the mockery of a little man.*

In short, as Donacha Dhu said, the Whistler was a born imp of Satan, and *therefore* he should never leave him. Accordingly, from his eleventh year forward, he was one of the band, and often engaged in acts of violence. The last of these was more immediately occasioned by the researches which the Whistler's real father made after him whom he had been taught to consider as such. Donacha Dhu's fears had been for some time excited by the strength of the means which began now to be employed against persons of his description. He was sensible he existed only by the precarious indulgence of his namesake, Duncan of Knockdunder, who was used to boast that he could put him down or string him up when he had a mind. He resolved to leave the kingdom by means of one of those sloops which were engaged in the traffic of his old kidnapping friends, and which was about to sail for America; but he was desirous first to strike a bold stroke.

The ruffian's cupidity was excited by the intelligence, that a wealthy Englishman was coming to the Manse—he had neither forgotten the Whistler's report of the gold he had seen in Lady Staunton's purse, nor his old vow of revenge against the minister; and to bring the whole to a point, he conceived the hope of appropriating the money, which, accord-

* Ethwald.

ing to the general report of the country, the minister was to bring from Edinburgh to pay for his new purchase. While he was considering how he might best accomplish his purpose, he received the intelligence from one quarter, that the vessel in which he proposed to sail was to sail immediately from Greenock; from another, that the minister and a rich English lord, with a great many thousand pounds, were expected the next evening at the Manse; and from a third, that he must consult his safety, by leaving his ordinary haunts as soon as possible, for that the Captain had ordered out a party to scour the glens for him at break of day. Donacha laid his plans with promptitude and decision. He embarked with the Whistler and two others of his band, (whom, by the by, he meant to sell to the kidnappers,) and set sail for the Caird's Cove. He intended to lurk till night-fall in the wood adjoining to this place, which he thought was too near the habitation of men to excite the suspicion of Duncan Knock, then break into Butler's peaceful habitation, and flesh at once his appetite for plunder and revenge. When his villany was accomplished, his boat was to convey him to the vessel, which, according to previous agreement with the master, was instantly to set sail.

This desperate design would probably have succeeded, but for the ruffians being discovered in their lurking-place by Sir George Staunton and Butler, in their accidental walk from the Caird's Cove towards the Manse. Finding himself detected, and at the same time observing that the servant carried a casket, or strong-box, Donacha conceived that both his prize and his victims were within his power, and attacked the travellers without hesitation. Shots were fired and swords drawn on both sides; Sir George Staunton offered the bravest resistance, till he fell, as there was too much reason to believe, by the hand of a son, so long sought, and now at length so unhappily met.

While Butler was half stunned with this intelligence, the hoarse voice of Knockdunder added to his consternation.

"I will take the liberty to take down the bell-ropes, Mr. Putler, as I must pe taking order to hang these idle people up to-morrow morning, to teach them more consideration in their doings in future."

Butler entreated him to remember the act abolishing the heritable jurisdictions, and that he ought to send them to Glasgow or Inverary, to be tried by the Circuit. Duncan scorned the proposal.

"The Jurisdiction Act," he said, "had nothing to do put with the rebels, and specially not with Argyle's country; and he would hang the men up all three in one row before coot Leddy Staunton's windows, which would be a creat comfort to her in the morning to see that the coot gentleman, her husband, had been suitably afenged."

And the utmost length that Butler's most earnest entreaties could prevail was, that he would reserve "the twa pig carles for the Circuit, but as for him they ca'd the Fustler, he should try how he could fustle in a swinging tow, for it suldna be said that a shentleman, friend to the Duke, was killed in his country, and his people didna take at least twa lives for ane."

Butler entreated him to spare the victim for his soul's sake. But Knockdunder answered, "that the soul of such a scum had been long the tefil's property, and that, Cot tam! he was determined to gif the tefil his due."

All persuasion was in vain, and Duncan issued his mandate for execution on the succeeding morning. The child of guilt and misery was separated from his companions, strongly pinioned, and committed to a separate room, of which the Captain kept the key.

In the silence of the night, however, Mrs. Butler arose, resolved, if possible, to avert, at least to delay, the fate which hung over her nephew, especially if, upon conversing with him, she should see any hope of his being brought to better temper. She had a master-key that opened every lock in the house; and at midnight, when all was still, she stood before the eyes of the astonished young savage, as, hard bound with cords, he lay, like a sheep designed for slaughter, upon a quantity of the refuse of flax, which filled a corner in the apartment. Amid features sun-burnt, tawny, grimed with dirt, and obscured by his shaggy hair of a rusted black colour, Jeanie tried in vain to trace the likeness of either of his very handsome parents. Yet how could she refuse compassion to a creature so young and so wretched,—so much more wretched than even he himself could be aware of, since the murder he had too probably committed with his own hand, but in which he had at any rate participated, was in fact a parricide. She placed food on a table near him, raised him, and slacked the cords on his arms, so as to permit him to feed himself. He stretched out his hands, still smeared with blood, perhaps that of his father, and he ate voraciously and in silence.

"What is your first name?" said Jeanie, by way of opening the conversation.

"The Whistler."

"But your Christian name by which you were baptized?"

"I never was baptized that I know of—I have no other name than the Whistler."

"Poor unhappy abandoned lad!" said Jeanie. "What would ye do if you could escape from this place, and the death you are to die to-morrow morning?"

"Join wi' Rob Roy, or wi' Sergeant More Cameron," (noted freebooters at that time,) "and revenge Donacha's death on all and sundry."

"O ye unhappy boy," said Jeanie, "do ye ken what will come o' ye when ye die?"

"I shall neither feel cauld nor hunger more," said the youth doggedly.

"To let him be execute in this dreadful state of mind would be to destroy baith body and soul—and to let him gang I dare not—what will be done?—But he is my sister's son—my own nephew—our flesh and blood—and his hands and feet are yerked as tight as cords can be drawn.—Whistler, do the cords hurt you?"

"Very much."

"But, if I were to slacken them, you would harm me?"

"No, I would not—you never harmed me or mine."

There may be good in him yet, thought Jeanie; I will try fair play with him.

She cut his bonds—he stood upright, looked round with a laugh of wild exultation, clapped his hands together, and sprung from the ground, as if in transport on finding himself at liberty. He looked so wild, that Jeanie trembled at what she had done.

"Let me out," said the young savage.

"I wunna, unless you promise"——

"Then I'll make you glad to let us both out."

He seized the lighted candle and threw it among the flax, which was instantly in a flame. Jeanie screamed, and ran out of the room; the prisoner rushed past her, threw open a window in the passage, jumped into the garden, sprung over its enclosure, bounded through the woods like a deer, and gained the sea-shore. Meantime, the fire was extinguished, but the prisoner was sought in vain. As Jeanie kept her own secret, the share she had in his escape was not discovered; but they learned his fate some time afterwards—it was as wild as his life had hitherto been.

The anxious inquiries of Butler at length learned that the youth had gained the ship in which his master, Donacha, had designed to embark. But the avaricious shipmaster, inured by his evil trade to every species of treachery, and disappointed of the rich booty which Donacha had proposed to bring aboard, secured the person of the fugitive, and having transported him to America, sold him as a slave, or indented servant, to a Virginia planter, far up the country. When these tidings reached Butler, he sent over to America a sufficient sum to redeem the lad from slavery, with instructions that measures should be taken for improving his mind, restraining his evil propensities, and encouraging whatever good

ppear in his character. But this aid came The young man had headed a conspiracy his inhuman master was put to death, and fled to the next tribe of wild Indians. He er more heard of; and it may therefore be l that he lived and died after the manner of age people, with whom his previous habits fitted him to associate.

es of the young man's reformation being ed, Mr. and Mrs. Butler thought it could purpose to explain to Lady Staunton a his- ll of horror. She remained their guest more ar, during the greater part of which period was excessive. In the latter months, it as- e appearance of listlessness and low spirits, e monotony of her sister's quiet establish- orded no means of dissipating. Effie, from st youth, was never formed for a quiet low Far different from her sister, she required ation of society to divert her sorrow, or en- r joy. She left the seclusion of Knocktar- tears of sincere affection, and after heaping es with all she could think of that might be in their eyes. But she *did* leave it; and e anguish of the parting was over, her de- vas a relief to both sisters.

mily at the Manse of Knocktarlitie, in their t happiness, heard of the well-dowered and Lady Staunton resuming her place in the ble world. They learned it by more substan- ifs, for David received a commission; and as tary spirit of Bible Butler seemed to have re- him, his good behaviour qualified the envy aundred young Highland cadets, "come of uses," who were astonished at the rapidity promotion. Reuben followed the law, and re slowly, yet surely. Euphemia Butler, ortune, augmented by her aunt's generosity, ed to her own beauty, rendered her no small arried a Highland laird, who never asked the her grandfather, and was loaded on the oc- with presents from Lady Staunton, which r the envy of all the beauties in Dunbarton yle-shires.

blazing nearly ten years in the fashionable and hiding, like many of her compeers, an eart with a gay demeanour;—after declining offers of the most respectable kind for a se- atrimonial engagement, Lady Staunton be- trayed the inward wound by retiring to the Conti- nent, and taking up her abode in the convent where she had received her education. She never took the veil, but lived and died in severe seclusion, and in the practice of the Roman Catholic religion, in all its formal observances, vigils, and austerities.

Jeanie had so much of her father's spirit as to sor- row bitterly for this apostacy, and Butler joined in her regret. "Yet any religion, however imperfect," he said, "was better than cold scepticism, or the hurrying din of dissipation, which fills the ears of worldlings, until they care for none of these things."

Meanwhile, happy in each other, in the prosperity of their family, and the love and honour of all who knew them, this simple pair lived beloved, and died lamented.

Reader—This tale will not be told in vain, if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth, that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

L'Envoy, by Jedediah Cleishbotham.

Thus concludeth the Tale of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," which hath filled more pages than I opined. The Heart of Mid-Lothian is now no more, or rather it is transferred to the extreme side of the city, even as the Sieur Jean Baptiste Poquelin hath it, in his pleasant comedy called *Le Medecin Malgré lui*, where the simulated doctor wittily replieth to a charge, that he had placed the heart on the right side, instead of the left, "*Cela étoit autrefois ainsi, mais nous avons changé tout cela.*" Of which witty speech, if any reader shall demand the purport, I have only to respond, that I teach the French as well as the Classical tongues, at the easy rate of five shillings per quarter, as my advertisements are periodically making known to the public.

END OF THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

THIRD SERIES.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

Ahora bien, dixo el Cura, traedme, señor huésped, aquesos libros, que los quiero ver. Qu *respondió él, y entrando, en su aposento, sacó, dél una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenill dola, halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano.*—Dc Parte I. Capitulo 32.

It is mighty well, said the priest; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind t With all my heart, answered the host; and going to his chamber, he brought out a little old clos a padlock and chain to it, and opening it. he took out three large volumes, and some manus written in a fine character.—JARVIS's *Translation*

INTRODUCTION TO THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

The author, on a former occasion,* declined giving the real source from which he drew the tragic subject of this history, because, though occurring at a distant period, it might possibly be unpleasing to the feelings of the descendants of the parties. But as he finds an account of the circumstances given in the Notes to Law's Memorials,† by his ingenious friend Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., and also indicated in his reprint of the Rev Mr Symson's poems, appended to the Description of Galloway, as the original of the Bride of Lammermoor, the author feels himself now at liberty to tell the tale as he had it from connexions of his own, who lived very near the period, and were closely related to the family of the Bride.

It is well known that the family of Dalrymple, which has produced, within the space of two centuries, as many men of talent, civil and military, and of literary, political, and professional eminence, as any house in Scotland, first rose into distinction in the person of James Dalrymple, one of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived, though the labours of his powerful mind were unhappily exercised on a subject so limited as Scottish Jurisprudence, on which he has composed an admirable work.

He married Margaret, daughter to Ross of Balniel, with whom he obtained a considerable estate. She was an able, politic, and high-minded woman, so successful in what she undertook, that the vulgar, no way partial to her husband or her family, imputed her success to necromancy. According to the popular belief, this Dame Margaret purchased the temporal prosperity of her family from the Master whom she served, under a singular condition, which is thus narrated by the historian of her grandson, the great Earl of Stair. "She lived to a great age, and at her death desired that she might not be put under ground, but that her coffin should be placed upright on one end of it, promising, that while she remained in that situation, the Dalrymples should continue in prosperity. What was the old lady's motive for such a request, or whether she really made such a promise, I cannot take upon me to determine; but it is certain her coffin stands upright in the aisle of the church of Kirkliston, the burial place of the family."‡ The talents of this accomplished race were sufficient to have accounted for the dignities which many members of the family attained, without any supernatural assistance. But their extraordinary prosperity was attended by some equally singular family misfortunes, of which that which befell their eldest daughter was at once unaccountable and melancholy.

Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, and Dame Margaret Ross, had engaged herself without the knowledge of her parents to the Lord Rutherford, who was not acceptable to them either on account of his political principles, or his want of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold together, and pledged their troth in the most solemn manner; and it is said the young lady imprecated dreadful evils on herself should she break her plighted faith. Shortly after, a suitor who was favoured by Lord Stair, and still more so by his lady, paid his addresses to Miss Dalrymple. The young lady refused the proposal, and being pressed on the subject, confessed her secret engagement. Lady Stair, a woman accustomed to universal submission, (for even her husband did not dare to contradict her,) treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry the new suitor, David Dunbar, son and heir to David Dunbar of Baldoon, in Wigtonshire. The first lover, a man of very high spirit, then interfered by letter, and insisted on the right he had acquired by his troth plighted with the young lady. Lady Stair sent him for answer, that her daughter, sensible of her undutiful behaviour in entering into a contract unsanctioned by her parents, had retracted her unlawful vow, and now refused to fulfil her engagement with him.

The lover, in return, declined positively to receive such an answer from any one but his mistress in person; and as she had to deal with a man who was both of a most determined character, and of too high condition to be trifled with, Lady Stair was obliged to consent to an interview between Lord Rutherford and her daughter. But she took care to be present in person, and argued the point with the disappointed and incensed lover with pertinacity equal to his own. She particularly insisted on the Levitical law, which declares, that a woman shall be free of a vow which her parents dissent from. This is the passage of Scripture she founded on:—

"If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond; he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.

"If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth;

"And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her: then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.

"But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth, not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her."—Numbers, xxx, 2, 3, 4, 5.

While the mother insisted on these topics, the lover in vain conjured the daughter to declare her own opinion and feelings. She remained totally overwhelmed, as it seemed,—mute, pale, and motionless as a statue. Only at her mother's command, sternly uttered, she summoned strength enough to restore to her plighted suitor the piece of broken gold which was the emblem of her troth. On this he burst forth into a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with maledictions, and as he left the apartment, turned back to say to his weak, if not fickle mistress, "For you, madam, you will be a world's wonder;" a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is usually implied. He went abroad, and returned not again. If the last Lord Rutherford was the unfortunate party, he must have been the third who bore that title, and who died in 1685.

The marriage betwixt Janet Dalrymple and David Dunbar of Baldoon now went forward, the bride showing no repugnance, but being absolutely passive in every thing her mother commanded or advised. On the day of the marriage, which, as was then usual, was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relations, she was the same—sad, silent, and resigned, as it seemed, to her destiny. A lady, very nearly connected with the family, told the author that she had conversed on the subject with one of the brothers of the bride, a mere lad at the time, who had ridden before his sister to church. He said her hand, which lay on his as she held her arm round his waist, was as cold and damp as marble. But, full of his new dress, and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.

The bridal feast was followed by dancing; the bride and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. It was then the custom, to prevent any coarse pleasantry which old times perhaps admitted, that the key of the nuptial chamber should be intrusted to the brideman. He was called upon, but refused at first to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause. On opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded, and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for: She was found in the corner of the large chimney, having no covering save her shift, and that dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, mopping and mowing, as I heard the expression used; in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were, "Tak up your bonny bridegroom." She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of August, and dying on the 12th of September, 1669.

The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all inquiries respecting the manner in which he had received them. If a lady, he said, asked him any question upon the subject, he would neither answer her nor speak to her again while he lived; if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal affront, and demand satisfaction as having received such. He did not very long survive the dreadful catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse, as he rode between Leith and Holyrood-house, of which he died the next day, 28th March, 1682. Thus a few years removed all the principal actors in this frightful tragedy.

Various reports went abroad on this mysterious affair, many of them very inaccurate, though they could hardly be said to be exaggerated. It was difficult at that time to become acquainted with the history of a Scottish family above the lower rank; and strange things sometimes took place there, into which even the law did not scrupulously inquire.

The credulous Mr. Law says, generally, that the Lord President Stair had a daughter, who "being married, the night she was *bride in*, [that is, bedded bride,] was taken from her bridegroom and *harled* [dragged] through the house, (by spirits, we are given to understand,) and soon afterwards died. Another daughter," he says, "was possessed by an evil spirit."

My friend, Mr. Sharpe, gives another edition of the tale. According to his information, it was the bridegroom who wounded the bride. The marriage, according to this account, had been against her mother's inclination, who had given her consent in these ominous words: "You may marry him, but soon shall you repent it."

I find still another account darkly insinuated in some highly scurrilous and abusive verses, of which I have an original copy. They are docketed as being written "Upon the late Viscount Stair and his family, by Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw. The marginals by William Dunlop, writer in Edinburgh, a son of the Laird of Householl, and nephew to the said Sir William Hamilton." There was a bitter and personal quarrel and rivalry betwixt the author of this libel, a name which it richly deserves, and Lord President Stair; and the lampoon, which is written with much more malice than art, bears the following motto:—

"Stair's neck, mind, wife, sons, grandson, and the rest,
Are wry, false, witch, pests, parricide, possessed."

This malignant satirist, who calls up all the misfortunes of the family, does not forget the fatal bridal of Baldoon. He seems, though his verses are as obscure as unpoetical, to intimate that the violence done to the bridegroom was by the intervention of the foul fiend to whom the young lady had resigned herself, in case she should break her contract with her first lover. His hypothesis is inconsistent with the account given in the note upon Law's Memorials, but easily reconcileable to the family tradition.

* See Introduction to the Chronicles of the Cannongate.

† Law's Memorials, p. 226.

‡ Memoirs of John Earl of Stair, by an Impartial Hand. London, printed for C. Cobbet, p. 7

"In al Stair's offspring we no difference know,
They doe the females as the males bestow:
So he of's daughter's marriage gave the ward,
Like a true vassal, to Glenluce's Laird;
He knew what she did to her suitor plight,
If she her faith to Rutherfurd should slight,
Which, like his own, for greed he broke outright.
Nick did Baldoon's posterior right deride,
And, as first substitute, did seize the bride;
Whate'er he to his mistress did or said,
He threw the bridegroom from the nuptial bed,
Into the chimney did so his rival maul,
His bruised bones ne'er were cured but by the fall."*

One of the marginal notes ascribed to William Dunlop, applies to the above lines. "She had betrothed herself to Lord Rutherford under horrid imprecations, and afterwards married Baldoon, his nevoy, and her mother was the cause of her breach of faith."

The same tragedy is alluded to in the following couplet and note:—

"What train of curses that base brood pursues,
When the young nephew weds old uncle's spouse."

The note on the word *uncle* explains it as meaning "Rutherford, who should have married the Lady Baldoon, was Baldoon's uncle." The poetry of this satire on Lord Stair and his family was, as already noticed, written by Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw, a rival of Lord Stair for the situation of President of the Court of Session; a person much inferior to that great lawyer in talents, and equally ill-treated by the calumny or just satire of his contemporaries, as an unjust and partial judge. Some of the notes are by that curious and laborious antiquary Robert Milne, who, as a virulent Jacobite, willingly lent a hand to blacken the family of Stair.†

Another poet of the period, with a very different purpose, has left an elegy, in which he darkly hints at and bemoans the fate of the ill-starred young person, whose very uncommon calamity Whitelaw, Dunlop, and Milne, thought a fitting subject for buffoonery and ribaldry. This bard of milder mood was Andrew Symson, before the Revolution minister of Kirkinner, in Galloway, and after his expulsion as an Episcopalian, following the humble occupation of a printer in Edinburgh. He furnished the family of Baldoon, with which he appears to have been intimate, with an elegy on the tragic event in their family. In this piece he treats the mournful occasion of the bride's death with mysterious solemnity.

The verses bear this title—"On the unexpected death of the virtuous Lady Mrs. Janet Dalrymple, Lady Baldoon, younger," and afford us the precise dates of the catastrophe, which could not otherwise have been easily ascertained. "Nupta August 12. Domum Ducta August 24. Obiit September 12. Sepult. September 30, 1669." The form of the elegy is a dialogue betwixt a passenger and a domestic servant. The first, recollecting that he had passed that way lately, and seen all around enlivened by the appearances of mirth and festivity, is desirous to know what had changed so gay a scene into mourning. We preserve the reply of the servant as a specimen of Mr. Symson's verses, which are not of the first quality:—

——————"Sir, 'tis truth you've told,
We did enjoy great mirth; but now, ah me!
Our joyful song's turn'd to an elegie.
A virtuous lady, not long since a bride,
Was to a hopeful plant by marriage tied,
And brought home hither. We did all rejoice,
Even for her sake. But presently our voice
Was turn'd to mourning for that little time
That she'd enjoy: She waned in her prime,
For Atropos, with her impartial knife,
Soon cut her thread, and therewithal her life;
And for the time we may it well remember,
It being in unfortunate September;
Where we must leave her till the resurrection,
'Tis then the Saints enjoy their full perfection."‡

Mr. Symson also poured forth his elegiac strains upon the fate of the widowed bridegroom, on which subject, after a long and querulous effusion, the poet arrives at the sound conclusion, that if Baldoon had walked on foot, which it seems was his general custom, he would have escaped perishing by a fall from horseback. As the work in which it occurs is so scarce as almost to be unique, and as it gives us the most full account of one of the actors in this tragic tale which we have rehearsed, we will, at the risk of being tedious, insert some short specimens of Mr. Symson's composition. It is entitled,—

"A Funeral Elegie, occasioned by the sad and much lamented death of that worthily respected, and very much accomplished gentleman, David Dunbar, younger of Baldoon, only son and apparent heir to the right worshipful Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, Knight Baronet. He departed this life on March 28, 1682, having received a bruise by a fall, as he was riding the day preceding betwixt Leith and Holy-Rood-House; and was honourably interred in the Abbey church of Holy-Rood House, on April 4, 1682."

"Men might, and very justly too, conclude
Me guilty of the worst ingratitude,
Should I be silent, or should I forbear
At this sad accident to shed a tear;
A tear! said I? ah! that's a petit thing
A very lean, slight, slender offering,
Too mean, I'me sure, for one, wherewith t'attend
The unexpected funeral of my friend—
A glass of briny tears charged up to th' brim,
Would be too few for me to shed for him."

The poet proceeds to state his intimacy with the and the constancy of the young man's attendance worship, which was regular, and had such effect up three others that were influenced by his example,

"So that my Muse 'gainst Priscian avers,
He, only he, were my parishioners;
Yea, and my only hearers."

He then describes the deceased in person and man which it appears that more accomplishments were c the composition of a fine gentleman in ancient the times:

"His body, though not very large or tall,
Was sprightly, active, yea and strong withal.
His constitution was, if right I've guess'd,
Blood mixt with choler, said to be the best.
In's gesture, converse, speech, discourse, attire,
He practis'd that which wise men still admire,
Commend, and recommend. What's that? you'l a
'Tis this: He ever choos'd the middle way
'Twixt both th' extremes. Amost in ev'ry thing
He did the like, 'tis worth our noticing:
Sparing, yet not a niggard; liberal,
And yet not lavish or a prodigal,
As knowing when to spend and when to spare;
And that's a lesson which not many are
Acquainted with. He bashful was, yet daring
When he saw cause, and yet therein but sparing;
Familiar, yet not common, for he knew
To condescend and keep his distance too.
He us'd, and that most commonly, to go
On foot; I wish that he had still done so.
Th' affairs of court were unto him well known;
And yet mean while he slighted not his own.
He knew full well how to behave at court,
And yet but seldome did thereto resort;
But lov'd the country life, choos'd to inure
Himself to past'rage and agriculture;
Proving, improving, ditching, trenching, draining,
Viewing, reviewing, and by those means gaining;
Planting, transplanting, levelling, erecting
Walls, chambers, houses, terraces; projecting
Now this, now that device, this draught, that meas
That might advance his profit with his pleasure.
Quick in his bargains, honest in commerce,
Just in his dealings, being much averse
From quirks of law, still ready to refer
His cause t' an honest country arbiter.
He was acquainted with cosmography,
Arithmetic, and modern history;
With architecture and such arts as these,
Which I may call specific sciences
Fit for a gentleman; and surely he
That knows them not, at least in some degree,
May brook the title, but he wants the thing,
Is but a shadow scarce worth noticing.
He learned the French, be 't spoken to his praise,
In very little more than fourty days."

Then comes the full burst of wo, in which, inst ing much himself, the poet informs us what the anc have said on such an occasion:

"A heathen poet, at the news, no doubt,
Would have exclaimed, and furiously cry'd out
Against the fates, the destinies and starrs,
What! this the effect of planetarie warrs!
We might have seen him rage and rave, yea wor
'Tis very like we might have heard him curse
The year, the month, the day, the hour, the place
The company, the wager, and the race;
Decry all recreations, with the names
Of Isthmian, Pythian, and Olympick games;
Exclaim against them all both old and new,
Both the Nemæan and the Lethæan too:
Adjudge all persons under highest pain,
Always to walk on foot, and then again
Order all horses to be hough'd, that we
Might never more the like adventure see."

Supposing our readers have had enough of M verses, and finding nothing more in his poem wo scription, we return to the tragic story.

It is needless to point out to the intelligent read witchcraft of the mother consisted only in the as a powerful mind over a weak and melancholy on the harshness with which she exercised her supe case of delicacy, had driven her daughter first to d to frenzy. Accordingly, the author has endeavo plain the tragic tale on this principle. Whatever t Lady Ashton may be supposed to possess to the Dame Margaret Ross, the reader must not suppos was any idea of tracing the portrait of the first Lo Stair in the tricky and mean spirited Sir Willi Lord Stair, whatever might be his moral qualities, ly one of the first statesmen and lawyers of his age

The imaginary castle of Wolf's Crag has been i some lover of locality with that of Fast Castle. is not competent to judge of the resemblance betv and imaginary scene, having never seen Fast Castle the sea. But fortalices of this description are found like ospreys' nests, projecting rocks, or promontor parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, and the posi Castle seems certainly to resemble that of Wolf's C as any other, while its vicinity to the mountain ri mermoor, renders the assimilation a probable one.

We have only to add, that the death of the unfort groom by a fall from horseback has been in the no red to the no less unfortunate lover.

* The fall from his horse, by which he was killed.

† I have compared the satire, which occurs in the first volume of the curious little collection called a Book of Scottish Pasquils, 1827, with that which has a more full text, and more extended notes, and which is in my own possession, by gift of Thomas Thomson, Esq. Register-Depute. In the second Book of Pasquils, p. 72, is a most abusive epitaph on Sir James Hamilton of Whitelaw.

‡ This elegy is reprinted in the appendix to a topographical work by the same author, entitled, "A Large Description of Galloway, by Andrew Symson, Minister of Kirkinner." 8vo. Tait, Edinburgh, 1823. The reverend gentleman's elegies are extremely rare, nor did the author ever see a copy but his own, which is bound up with the Tripatriarchicon, a religious poem from the Biblical History, by the same author.

THE

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

CHAPTER I.

> By cauk and keel to win your bread,
> Wi' whigmaleeries for them wha need,
> Whilk is a gentle trade indeed
> To carry the gaberlunzie on.
> *Old Song.*

Few have been in my secret while I was compiling these narratives, nor is it probable that they will ever become public during the life of their author. Even were that event to happen, I am not ambitious of the honoured distinction, *digito monstrarier*. I confess, that, were it safe to cherish such dreams at all, I should more enjoy the thought of remaining behind the curtain unseen, like the ingenious manager of Punch and his wife Joan, and enjoying the astonishment and conjectures of my audience. Then might I, perchance, hear the productions of the obscure Peter Pattieson praised by the judicious, and admired by the feeling, engrossing the young, and attracting even the old; while the critic traced their fame up to some name of literary celebrity, and the question when, and by whom, these tales were written, filled up the pause of conversation in a hundred circles and coteries. This I may never enjoy during my lifetime; but farther than this, I am certain, my vanity should never induce me to aspire.

I am too stubborn in habits, and too little polished in manners, to envy or aspire to the honours assigned to my literary contemporaries. I could not think a whit more highly of myself, were I even found worthy to "come in place as a lion," for a winter in the great metropolis. I could not rise, turn round, and show all my honours, from the shaggy mane to the tufted tail, roar you an 'twere any nightingale, and so lie down again like a well-behaved beast of show, and all at the cheap and easy rate of a cup of coffee, and a slice of bread and butter as thin as a wafer. And I could ill stomach the fulsome flattery with which the lady of the evening indulges her show-monsters on such occasions, as she crams her parrots with sugar-plums, in order to make them talk before company. I cannot be tempted to "come aloft" for these marks of distinction, and, like imprisoned Sampson, I would rather remain—if such must be the alternative—all my life in the mill-house, grinding for my very bread, than be brought forth to make sport for the Philistine lords and ladies. This proceeds from no dislike, real or affected, to the aristocracy of these realms. But they have their place, and I have mine; and, like the iron and earthen vessels in the old fable, we can scarce come into collision without my being the sufferer in every sense. It may be otherwise with the sheets which I am now writing. These may be opened and laid aside at pleasure; by amusing themselves with the perusal, the great will excite no false hopes; by neglecting or condemning them, they will inflict no pain; and how seldom can they converse with those whose minds have toiled for their delight, without doing either the one or the other.

In the better and wiser tone of feeling, which Ovid only expresses in one line to retract in that which follows, I can address these quires—

> *Parve, nec invideo, sine me, liber, ibis in urbem.*

Nor do I join the regret of the illustrious exile, that he himself could not in person accompany the volume, which he sent forth to the mart of literature, pleasure, and luxury. Were there not a hundred similar instances on record, the fate of my poor friend and school-fellow, Dick Tinto, would be sufficient to warn me against seeking happiness, in the celebrity which attaches itself to a successful cultivator of the fine arts.

Dick Tinto, when he wrote himself artist, was wont to derive his origin from the ancient family of Tinto, of that ilk, in Lanarkshire, and occasionally hinted that he had somewhat derogated from his gentle blood, in using the pencil for his principal means of support. But if Dick's pedigree was correct, some of his ancestors must have suffered a more heavy declension, since the good man his father executed the necessary, and, I trust, the honest, but certainly not very distinguished employment, of tailor in ordinary to the village of Langdirdum in the west. Under his humble roof was Richard born, and to his father's humble trade was Richard, greatly contrary to his inclination, early indentured. Old Mr. Tinto had, however, no reason to congratulate himself upon having compelled the youthful genius of his son to forsake its natural bent. He fared like the schoolboy, who attempts to stop with his finger the spout of a water cistern, while the stream, exasperated at this compression, escapes by a thousand uncalculated spirts, and wets him all over for his pains. Even so fared the senior Tinto, when his hopeful apprentice not only exhausted all the chalk in making sketches upon the shopboard, but even executed several caricatures of his father's best customers, who began loudly to murmur, that it was too hard to have their perons deformed by the vestments of the father, and to be at the same time turned into ridicule by the pencil of the son. This led to discredit and loss of practice, until the old tailor, yielding to destiny, and to the entreaties of his son, permitted him to attempt his fortune in a line for which he was better qualified.

There was about this time, in the village of Langdirdum, a peripatetic brother of the brush, who exercised his vocation *sub Jove frigido*, the object of admiration to all the boys of the village, but especially to Dick Tinto. The age had not yet adopted, amongst other unworthy retrenchments, that illiberal measure of economy, which, supplying by written characters the lack of symbolical representation, closes one open and easily accessible avenue of instruction and emolument against the students of the fine arts. It was not yet permitted to write upon the plastered door-way of an alehouse, or the suspended sign of an inn, "The Old Magpie," or "The Saracen's Head," substituting that cold description for the lively effigies of the plumed chatterer, or the turban'd frown of the terrific soldan. That early and more simple age considered alike the necessities of all ranks, and depicted the symbols of good cheer so as to be obvious to all capacities; well judging, that a man, who could not read a syllable, might nevertheless love a pot of good ale as well as his better-educated neighbours, or even as the parson himself. Acting upon this liberal principle, publicans as yet hung forth the painted emblems of their calling, and sign-painters, if they seldom feasted, did not at least absolutely starve.

To a worthy of this decayed profession, as we have already intimated, Dick Tinto became an assistant; and thus, as is not unusual among heaven-born geniuses in this department of the fine arts, began to paint before he had any notion of drawing.

His talent for observing nature soon induced him to rectify the errors, and soar above the instructions, of his teacher. He particularly shone in painting horses, that being a favourite sign in the Scottish villages; and, in tracing his progress, it is beautiful to observe, how by degrees he learned to shorten the backs, and prolong the legs, of these noble animals, until they came to look less like crocodiles, and more like nags. Detraction, which always pursues merit

with strides proportioned to its advancement, has indeed alleged, that Dick once upon a time painted a horse with five legs instead of four. I might have rested his defence upon the license allowed to that branch of his profession, which, as it permits all sorts of singular and irregular combinations, may be allowed to extend itself so far as to bestow a limb supernumerary on a favourite subject. But the cause of a deceased friend is sacred; and I disdain to bottom it so superficially. I have visited the sign in question, which yet swings exalted in the village of Langdirdum; and I am ready to depone upon oath, that what has been idly mistaken or misrepresented as being the fifth leg of the horse, is, in fact, the tail of that quadruped, and, considered with reference to the posture in which he is delineated, forms a circumstance, introduced and managed with great and successful, though daring art. The nag being represented in a rampant or rearing posture, the tail, which is prolonged till it touches the ground, appears to form a *point d'appui*, and gives the firmness of a tripod to the figure, without which it would be difficult to conceive, placed as the feet are, how the courser could maintain his ground without tumbling backwards. This bold conception has fortunately fallen into the custody of one by whom it is duly valued; for, when Dick, in his more advanced state of proficiency, became dubious of the propriety of so daring a deviation from the established rules of art, and was desirous to execute a picture of the publican himself in exchange for this juvenile production, the courteous offer was declined by his judicious employer, who had observed, it seems, that when his ale failed to do its duty in conciliating his guests, one glance at his sign was sure to put them in good humour.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to trace the steps by which Dick Tinto improved his touch, and corrected, by the rules of art, the luxuriance of a fervid imagination. The scales fell from his eyes on viewing the sketches of a contemporary, the Scottish Teniers, as Wilkie has been deservedly styled. He threw down the brush, took up the crayons, and, amid hunger and toil, and suspense and uncertainty, pursued the path of his profession under better auspices than those of his original master. Still the first rude emanations of his genius (like the nursery rhymes of Pope, could these be recovered) will be dear to the companions of Dick Tinto's youth. There is a tankard and gridiron painted over the door of an obscure change-house in the Back-wynd of Gandercleugh—But I feel I must tear myself from the subject, or dwell on it too long.

Amid his wants and struggles, Dick Tinto had recourse, like his brethren, to levying that tax upon the vanity of mankind which he could not extract from their taste and liberality—in a word, he painted portraits. It was in this more advanced state of proficiency, when Dick had soared above his original line of business, and highly disdained any allusion to it, that, after having been estranged for several years, we again met in the village of Gandercleugh, I holding my present situation, and Dick painting copies of the human face divine at a guinea per head. This was a small premium, yet, in the first burst of business, it more than sufficed for all Dick's moderate wants; so that he occupied an apartment at the Wallace Inn, cracked his jest with impunity even upon mine host himself, and lived in respect and observance with the chambermaid, hostler, and waiter.

Those halcyon days were too serene to last long. When his honour the Laird of Gandercleugh, with his wife and three daughters, the minister, the gauger, mine esteemed patron Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, and some round dozen of the feuars and farmers, had been consigned to immortality by Tinto's brush, custom began to slacken, and it was impossible to wring more than crowns and half-crowns from the hard hands of the peasants, whose ambition led them to Dick's painting-room.

Still, though the horizon was overclouded, no storm for some time ensued. Mine host had Christian faith with a lodger, who had been a good paymaster as long as he had the means. And from a portrait of our landlord himself, grouped with his wife and daughters, in the style of Ruber suddenly appeared in the best parlour, it wa that Dick had found some mode of barteri the necessaries of life.

Nothing, however, is more precarious sources of this nature. It was observed, t became in his turn the whetstone of mine h without venturing either at defence or re that his easel was transferred to a garret which there was scarce space for it to stanc and that he no longer ventured to join tl club, of which he had been once the life In short, Dick Tinto's friends feared tha acted like the animal called the sloth, whic eaten up the last green leaf upon the tree has established itself, ends by tumbling dc the top, and dying of inanition. I venture this to Dick, recommended his transferring cise of his inestimable talent to some oth and forsaking the common which he might have eaten bare.

"There is an obstacle to my change of re said my friend, grasping my hand with solemnity.

"A bill due to my landlord, I am afraid I, with heartfelt sympathy; "if any part of der means can assist in this emergence"—

"No, by the soul of Sir Joshua!" ansv generous youth, "I will never involve a frie consequences of my own misfortune. T mode by which I can regain my liberty; an even through a common sewer, is bette remain in prison."

I did not perfectly understand what r meant. The muse of painting appeared failed him, and what other goddess he cou in his distress, was a mystery to me. W however, without further explanation, and again see him until three days after, wher moned me to partake of the *foy* with which lord proposed to regale him ere his depa Edinburgh.

I found Dick in high spirits, whistling buckled the small knapsack, which cont colours, brushes, pallets, and clean shirt. parted on the best terms with mine host, wa from the cold beef set forth in the low flanked by two mugs of admirable brown s I own my curiosity was excited concer means through which the face of my frien had been so suddenly improved. I did no Dick of dealing with the devil, and by wh means he had extricated himself thus happ at a total loss to conjecture.

He perceived my curiosity, and took n hand. "My friend," he said, "fain would even from you, the degradation to which it necessary to submit, in order to accor honourable retreat from Gandercleugh. I avails attempting to conceal that, which m betray itself even by its superior excellence village—all the parish—all the world—will cover to what poverty has reduced Richaru

A sudden thought here struck me—I had that our landlord wore, on that memorable a pair of bran new velveteens, instead of h thicksets.

"What," said I, drawing my right hand, fore-finger and thumb pressed together, nir my right haunch to my left shoulder, "you descended to resume the paternal arts to v were first bred—long stitches, ha, Dick?"

He repelled this unlucky conjecture with and a pshaw, indicative of indignant conte leading me into another room, showed m against the wall, the majestic head of Si Wallace, grim as when severed from the the orders of the felon Edward.

The painting was executed on boards of s tial thickness, and the top decorated with suspending the honoured effigy upon a sign

"There," he said, "my friend, stands th of Scotland, and my shame—yet not so— shame of those, who, instead of encouragi

r sphere, reduce it to these unbecoming and y extremities."

avoured to smooth the ruffled feelings of my and indignant friend. I reminded him, that t not, like the stag in the fable, to despise the which had extricated him from difficulties, in his talents, as a portrait or landscape painter, I found unavailing. Above all, I praised the n, as well as conception, of his painting, and I him, that far from feeling dishonoured by b a specimen of his talents being exposed to ral view of the public, he ought rather to late himself upon the augmentation of his , to which its public exhibition must necesve rise.

are right, my friend—you are right," replied k, his eye kindling with enthusiasm; "why shun the name of an—an" (he hesitated rase)—"an out-of-doors artist? Hogarth duced himself in that character in one of his ravings—Domenichino, or somebody else, in imes—Moreland in our own, have exercised ents in this manner. And wherefore limit to and higher classes alone the delight which bition of works of art is calculated to inspire lasses? Statues are placed in the open air, uld Painting be more niggardly in displaying ter-pieces than her sister Sculpture? And friend, we must part suddenly; the carpenter g in an hour to put up the—the emblem; and ith all my philosophy, and your consolatory gement to boot, I would rather wish to leave cleugh before that operation commences."

artook of our genial host's parting banquet, corted Dick on his walk to Edinburgh. We bout a mile from the village, just as we heard nt cheer of the boys which accompanied the g of the new symbol of the Wallace-Head. nto mended his pace to get out of hearing— had either early practice or recent philosophy d him to the character of a sign-painter.

nburgh, Dick's talents were discovered and ted, and he received dinners and hints from distinguished judges of the fine arts. But tlemen dispensed their criticism more willin their cash, and Dick thought he needed re than criticism. He therefore sought Lon universal mart of talent, and where, as is general marts of most descriptions, much each commodity is exposed to sale than can purchasers.

who, in serious earnest, was supposed to siderable natural talents for his profession, se vain and sanguine disposition never perim to doubt for a moment of ultimate sucew himself headlong into the crowd which nd struggled for notice and preferment. He others, and was elbowed himself; and by dint of intrepidity, fought his way into tice, painted for the prize at the Institution, ures at the exhibition at Somerset-house, ned the hanging committee. But poor Dick med to lose the field he fought so gallantly. ne arts, there is scarce an alternative betwixt ished success and absolute failure; and as eal and industry were unable to ensure the fell into the distresses, which, in his condiare the natural consequences of the latter ive. He was for a time patronized by one or hose judicious persons who make a virtue of ngular, and of pitching their own opinions those of the world in matters of taste and . But they soon tired of poor Tinto, and down as a load, upon the principle on which child throws away its plaything. Misery, I k him up, and accompanied him to a premave, to which he was carried from an obscure in Swallow-street, where he had been dunned andlady within doors, and watched by bailiffs , until death came to his relief. A corner of ning Post noticed his death, generously addt his manner displayed considerable genius, his style was rather sketchy; and referred to rtisement, which announced that Mr. Varnish, a well-known printseller, had still on hand a very few drawings and paintings by Richard Tinto, Esquire, which those of the nobility and gentry, who might wish to complete their collections of modern art, were invited to visit without delay. So ended Dick Tinto! a lamentable proof of the great truth, that in the fine arts mediocrity is not permitted, and that he who cannot ascend to the very top of the ladder, will do well not to put his foot upon it at all.

The memory of Tinto is dear to me, from the recollection of the many conversations which we have had together, most of them turning upon my present task. He was delighted with my progress, and talked of an ornamented and illustrated edition, with heads, vignettes, and *culs de lampe*, all to be designed by his own patriotic and friendly pencil. He prevailed upon an old sergeant of invalids to sit to him in the character of Bothwell, the life-guard's-man of Charles the Second, and the bell-man of Gandercleugh in that of David Deans. But while he thus proposed to unite his own powers with mine for the illustration of these narratives, he mixed many a dose of salutary criticism with the panegyrics which my composition was at times so fortunate as to call forth.

"Your characters," he said, "my dear Pattieson, make too much use of the *gob-box*; they *patter* too much—(an elegant phraseology, which Dick had learned while painting the scenes of an itinerant company of players)—there is nothing in whole pages but mere chat and dialogue."

"The ancient philosopher," said I in reply, "was wont to say, 'Speak, that I may know thee;' and how is it possible for an author to introduce his *personæ dramatis* to his readers in a more interesting and effectual manner, than by the dialogue in which each is represented as supporting his own appropriate character?"

"It is a false conclusion," said Tinto; "I hate it, Peter, as I hate an unfilled cann. I will grant you, indeed, that speech is a faculty of some value in the intercourse of human affairs, and I will not even insist on the doctrine of that Pythagorean toper, who was of opinion, that over a bottle, speaking spoiled conversation. But I will not allow that a professor of the fine arts has occasion to embody the idea of his scene in language, in order to impress upon the reader its reality and its effect. On the contrary, I will be judged by most of your readers, Peter, should these tales ever become public, whether you have not given us a page of talk for every single idea which two words might have communicated, while the posture, and manner, and incident, accurately drawn, and brought out by appropriate colouring, would have preserved all that was worthy of preservation, and save these everlasting said he's and said she's, with which it has been your pleasure to encumber your pages."

I replied, "that he confounded the operations of the pencil and the pen; that the serene and silent art, as painting has been called by one of our first living poets, necessarily appealed to the eye, because it had not the organs for addressing the ear; whereas poetry, or that species of composition which approached to it, lay under the necessity of doing absolutely the reverse, and addressed itself to the ear, for the purpose of exciting that interest which it could not attain through the medium of the eye."

Dick was not a whit staggered by my argument, which he contended was founded on misrepresentation. "Description," he said, "was to the author of a romance exactly what drawing and tinting were to a painter; words were his colours, and, if properly employed, they could not fail to place the scene, which he wished to conjure up, as effectually before the mind's eye, as the tablet or canvass presents it to the bodily organ. The same rules," he contended, "applied to both, and an exuberance of dialogue, in the former case, was a verbose and laborious mode of composition which went to confound the proper art of fictitious narrative with that of the drama, a widely different species of composition, of which dialogue was the very essence, because all, excepting the language to be made use of, was presented to the eye

by the dresses, and persons, and actions of the performers upon the stage. But as nothing," said Dick, "can be more dull than a long narrative written upon the plan of a drama, so where you have approached most near to that species of composition, by indulging in prolonged scenes of mere conversation, the course of your story has become chill and constrained, and you have lost the power of arresting the attention and exciting the imagination, in which upon other occasions you may be considered as having succeeded tolerably well."

I made my bow in requital of the compliment, which was probably thrown in by way of *placebo*, and expressed myself willing at least to make one trial of a more straight-forward style of composition, in which my actors should do more, and say less, than in my former attempts of this kind. Dick gave me a patronising and approving nod, and observed, that, finding me so docile, he would communicate, for the benefit of my muse, a subject which he had studied with a view to his own art.

"The story," he said, "was, by tradition, affirmed to be truth, although, as upwards of a hundred years had passed away since the events took place, some doubts upon the accuracy of all the particulars might be reasonably entertained."

When Dick Tinto had thus spoken, he rummaged his portfolio for the sketch from which he proposed one day to execute a picture of fourteen feet by eight. The sketch, which was cleverly executed, to use the appropriate phrase, represented an ancient hall, fitted up and furnished in what we now call the taste of Queen Elizabeth's age. The light, admitted from the upper part of a high casement, fell upon a female figure of exquisite beauty, who, in an attitude of speechless terror, appeared to watch the issue of a debate betwixt two other persons. The one was a young man, in the Vandyke dress common to the time of Charles I., who, with an air of indignant pride, testified by the manner in which he raised his head and extended his arm, seemed to be urging a claim of right, rather than of favour, to a lady, whose age, and some resemblance in their features, pointed her out as the mother of the younger female, and who appeared to listen with a mixture of displeasure and impatience.

Tinto produced his sketch with an air of mysterious triumph, and gazed on it as a fond parent looks upon a hopeful child, while he anticipates the future figure he is to make in the world, and the height to which he will raise the honour of his family. He held it at arm's length from me,—he held it closer,—he placed it upon the top of a chest of drawers, closed the lower shutters of the casement, to adjust a downward and favourable light,—fell back to the due distance, dragging me after him,—shaded his face with his hand, as if to exclude all but the favourite object,—and ended by spoiling a child's copy book, which he rolled up so as to serve for the darkened tube of an amateur. I fancy my expressions of enthusiasm had not been in proportion to his own, for he presently exclaimed with vehemence, "Mr. Pattieson, I used to think you had an eye in your head."

I vindicated my claim to the usual allowance of visual organs.

"Yet, on my honour," said Dick, "I would swear you had been born blind, since you have failed at the first glance to discover the subject and meaning of that sketch. I do not mean to praise my own performance, I leave these arts to others; I am sensible of my deficiencies, conscious that my drawing and colouring may be improved by the time I intend to dedicate to the art. But the conception—the expression—the positions—these tell the story to every one who looks at the sketch; and if I can finish the picture without diminution of the original conception, the name of Tinto shall no more be smothered by the mists of envy and intrigue."

I replied, "That I admired the sketch exceedingly; but that to understand its full merit, I felt it absolutely necessary to be informed of the subject."

"That is the very thing I complain of," answered Tinto: "you have accustomed yourself so much to these creeping twilight details of yours, that are become incapable of receiving that instant vivid flash of conviction, which darts on the m from seeing the happy and expressive comb tions of a single scene, and which gathers from position, attitude, and countenance of the mom not only the history of the past lives of the person represented, and the nature of the business on wh they are immediately engaged, but lifts even the of futurity, and affords a shrewd guess at their fu fortunes."

"In that case," replied I, "Painting excels the of the renowned Gines de Passamont, which c meddled with the past and the present; nay, excels that very Nature who affords her subjects I protest to you, Dick, that were I permitted to i into that Elizabeth-chamber, and see the persons have sketched conversing in flesh and blood, I sh not be a jot nearer guessing the nature of their l ness, than I am at this moment while lookin your sketch. Only generally, from the languish look of the young lady, and the care you have ta to present a very handsome leg on the part of gentleman, I presume there is some reference t love affair between them."

"Do you really presume to form such a b conjecture?" said Tinto. "And the indignant nestness with which you see the man urge his —the unresisting and passive despair of the youn female—the stern air of inflexible determination the elder woman, whose looks express at once c sciousness that she is acting wrong, and a firm termination to persist in the course she has ad ed" - -

"If her looks express all this, my dear Tin replied I, interrupting him, "your pencil rivals dramatic art of Mr. Puff in the Critic, who cram a whole complicated sentence into the expres shake of Lord Burleigh's head."

"My good friend, Peter," replied Tinto, "I obs you are perfectly incorrigible; however, I have c passion on your dulness, and am unwilling you sh be deprived of the pleasure of understanding picture, and of gaining, at the same time, a sub for your own pen. You must know then, summer, while I was taking sketches on the coas East Lothian and Berwickshire, I was seduced the mountains of Lammermoor by the accou received of some remains of antiquity in that dist Those with which I was most struck, were the r of an ancient castle in which that Elizabeth-cham as you call it, once existed. I resided for two three days at a farm-house in the neighbourh where the aged goodwife was well acquainted w the history of the castle, and the events which taken place in it. One of these was of a natur interesting and singular, that my attention divided between my wish to draw the old ruins landscape, and to represent, in a history-piece, singular events which have taken place in it. H are my notes of the tale," said poor Dick, handin parcel of loose scraps, partly scratched over with pencil, partly with his pen, where outlines of c catures, sketches of turrets, mills, old gables, dovecots, disputed the ground with his written me randa.

I proceeded, however, to decipher the substanc the manuscript as well as I could, and wove it, the following Tale, in which, following in p though not entirely, my friend Tinto's advic endeavoured to render my narrative rather descrip than dramatic. My favourite propensity, howe has at times overcome me, and my persons, like m other in this talking world, speak now and th great deal more than they act.

CHAPTER II.

Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
Second Part of Henry I

In the gorge of a pass or mountain glen, ascenc from the fertile plains of East Lothian, there stoo

nes an extensive castle, of which only the ıow visible. Its anc'ent proprietors were a ıwerful and warlike barons, who bore the ıe with the castle itself, which was Ravens-'heir line extended to a remote period ty, and they had intermarried with the s, Humes, Swintons, Hays, and other power and distinction in the same coun-r history was frequently involved in that ıd itself, in whose annals their feats are The Castle of Ravenswood, occupying, me measure commanding, a pass betwixt ıire or the Merse, as the south-eastern pro-cotland is termed, and the Lothians, was of e both in times of foreign war and domestic It was frequently besieged with ardour, and with obstinacy, and, of course, its owners onspicuous part in story. But their house evolutions, like all sublunary things; it be-tly declined from its splendour about the the 17th century; and towards the period of ution, the last proprietor of Ravenswood v himself compelled to part with the ancient t, and to remove himself to a lonely and ı tower, which, situated on the bleak shores Saint Abb's Head and the village of Eye-oked out on the lonely and boisterous Ger-ın. A black domain of wild pasture-land d their new residence, and formed the re-heir property.

avenswood, the heir of this ruined family, om bending his mind to his new condition n the civil war of 1689, he had espoused the de, and although he had escaped without ure of life or land, his blood had been at-ıd his title abolished. He was now called enswood only in courtesy.

feited nobleman inherited the pride and tur-hough not the fortune of his house, and, as l the final declension of his family to a par-lividual, he honoured that person with his ın of hatred. This was the very man who become, by purchase, proprietor of Ravens-l the domains of which the heir of the house d dispossessed. He was descended of a ıch less ancient than that of Lord Ravens-l which had only risen to wealth and politi-tance during the great civil wars. He him-been bred to the bar, and had held high the state, maintaining through life the cha-a skilful fisher in the troubled waters of a ıded by factions, and governed by delegated ; and of one who contrived to amass con-sums of money in a country where there little to be gathered, and who equally knew of wealth, and the various means of aug-t, and using it as an engine of increasing his d influence.

ıalified and gifted, he was a dangerous anta-the fierce and imprudent Ravenswood. he had given him good cause for the enmity ch the Baron regarded him, was a point on ın spoke differently. Some said the quarrel rely from the vindictive spirit and envy of venswood, who could not patiently behold though by just and fair purchase, become ietor of the estate and castle of his fore-But the greater part of the public, prone to ıe wealthy in their absence, as to flatter them sence, held a less charitable opinion. They t the Lord Keeper (for to this height Sir Ashton had ascended) had, previous to the chase of the estate of Ravenswood, been l in extensive pecuniary transactions with er proprietor; and, rather intimating what pable, than affirming any thing positively, d which party was likely to have the advan-tating and enforcing the claims arising out omplicated affairs, and more than hinted the es which the cool lawyer and able politician essarily possesses over the hot, fiery, and im-character, whom he had involved in legal pecuniary snares.

ıaracter of the times aggravated these sus-picions. "In those days there was no king in Israel." Since the departure of James VI. to assume the richer and more powerful crown of England, there had ex-isted in Scotland contending parties, formed among the aristocracy, by whom, as their intrigues at the court of St. James's chanced to prevail, the delegated powers of sovereignty were alternately swayed. The evils attending upon this system of government, re-semble those which afflict the tenants of an Irish estate, the property of an absentee. There was no supreme power, claiming and possessing a general interest with the community at large, to whom the oppressed might appeal from subordinate tyranny, either for justice or for mercy. Let a monarch be as indolent, as selfish, as much disposed to arbitrary power as he will, still, in a free country, his own inte-rests are so clearly connected with those of the public at large, and the evil consequences to his own autho-rity are so obvious and imminent when a different course is pursued, that common policy, as well as common feeling, point to the equal distribution of justice, and to the establishment of the throne in righ-teousness. Thus, even sovereigns, remarkable for usurpation and tyranny, have been found rigorous in the administration of justice among their subjects, in cases where their own power and passions were not compromised.

It is very different when the powers of sovereignty are delegated to the head of an aristocratic faction, rivalled and pressed closely in the race of ambition by an adverse leader. His brief and precarious enjoy-ment of power must be employed in rewarding his partisans, in extending his influence, in oppressing and crushing his adversaries. Even Abon Hassan, the most disinterested of all viceroys, forgot not, during his caliphate of one day, to send a *douceur* of one thousand pieces of gold to his own household; and the Scottish vicegerents, raised to power by the strength of their faction, failed not to embrace the same means of rewarding them.

The administration of justice, in particular, was in-fected by the most gross partiality. A case of import-ance scarcely occurred, in which there was not some ground for bias or partiality on the part of the judges, who were so little able to withstand the temptation, that the adage, "Show me the man, and I will show you the law," became as prevalent as it was scanda-lous. One corruption led the way to others still more gross and profligate. The judge who lent his sacred authority in one case to support a friend, and in an-other to crush an enemy, and whose decisions were founded on family connexions, or political relations, could not be supposed inaccessible to direct personal motives; and the purse of the wealthy was too often believed to be thrown into the scale to weigh down the cause of the poor litigant. The subordinate offi-cers of the law affected little scruple concerning bribery. Pieces of plate, and bags of money, were sent in presents to the king's counsel, to influence their conduct, and poured forth, says a contemporary writer, like billets of wood upon their floors, without even the decency of concealment.

In such times, it was not over uncharitable to sup-pose, that the statesman, practised in courts of law, and a powerful member of a triumphant cabal, might find and use means of advantage over his less skilful and less favoured adversary; and if it had been sup-posed that Sir William Ashton's conscience had been too delicate to profit by these advantages, it was believed that his ambition and desire of extendin his wealth and consequence, found as strong a stimu lus in the exhortations of his lady, as the daring ar of Macbeth in the days of yore.

Lady Ashton was of a family more distinguish than that of her lord, an advantage which she did fail to use to the uttermost, in maintaining and tending her husband's influence over others, unless she was greatly belied, her own over him. had been beautiful, and was stately and majest her appearance. Endowed by nature with s powers and violent passions, experience had t her to employ the one, and to conceal, if not to rate, the other. She was a severe and strict ob of the external forms, at least, of devotion

hospitality was splendid, even to ostentation; her address and manners, agreeable to the pattern most valued in Scotland at the period, were grave, dignified, and severely regulated by the rules of etiquette. Her character had always been beyond the breath of slander. And yet, with all these qualities to excite respect, Lady Ashton was seldom mentioned in the terms of love or affection. Interest,—the interest of her family, if not her own,—seemed too obviously the motive of her actions; and where this is the case, the sharp-judging and malignant public are not easily imposed upon by outward show. It was seen and ascertained, that, in her most graceful courtesies and compliments, Lady Ashton no more lost sight of her object than the falcon in his airy wheel turns his quick eyes from his destined quarry; and hence, something of doubt and suspicion qualified the feelings with which her equals received her attentions. With her inferiors these feelings were mingled with fear; an impression useful to her purposes, so far as it enforced ready compliance with her requests, and implicit obedience to her commands, but detrimental, because it cannot exist with affection or regard.

Even her husband, it is said, upon whose fortunes her talents and address had produced such emphatic influence, regarded her with respectful awe rather than confiding attachment; and report said, there were times when he considered his grandeur as dearly purchased at the expense of domestic thraldom. Of this, however, much might be suspected, but little could be accurately known; Lady Ashton regarded the honour of her husband as her own, and was well aware how much that would suffer in the public eye should he appear a vassal to his wife. In all her arguments, his opinion was quoted as infallible; his taste was appealed to, and his sentiments received, with the air of deference which a dutiful wife might seem to owe to a husband of Sir William Ashton's rank and character. But there was something under all this which rung false and hollow; and to those who watched this couple with close, and perhaps malicious scrutiny, it seemed evident, that, in the haughtiness of a firmer character, higher birth, and more decided views of aggrandizement, the lady looked with some contempt on her husband, and that he regarded her with jealous fear, rather than with love or admiration.

Still, however, the leading and favourite interest of Sir William Ashton and his lady were the same, and they failed not to work in concert, although without cordiality, and to testify, in all exterior circumstances, that respect for each other, which they were aware was necessary to secure that of the public.

Their union was crowned with several children, of whom three survived. One, the eldest son, was absent on his travels; the second, a girl of seventeen, and the third, a boy about three years younger, resided with their parents in Edinburgh, during the sessions of the Scottish Parliament and Privy-council, at other times in the old Gothic castle of Ravenswood, to which the Lord Keeper had made large additions in the style of the seventeenth century.

Allan Lord Ravenswood, the late proprietor of that ancient mansion and the large estate annexed to it, continued for some time to wage ineffectual war with his successor concerning various points to which their former transactions had given rise, and which were successively determined in favour of the wealthy and powerful competitor, until death closed the litigation, by summoning Ravenswood to a higher bar. The thread of life, which had been long wasting, gave way during a fit of violent and impotent fury, with which he was assailed on receiving the news of the loss of a cause, founded, perhaps, rather in equity than in law, the last which he had maintained against his powerful antagonist. His son witnessed his dying agonies, and heard the curses which he breathed against his adversary, as if they had conveyed to him a legacy of vengeance. Other circumstances happened to exasperate a passion, which was, and had long been, a prevalent vice in the Scottish disposition.

It was a November morning, and the cliffs which overlooked the ocean were hung with thic mist, when the portals of the ancient ai ous tower, in which Lord Ravenswood h last and troubled years of his life, oper mortal remains might pass forward to more dreary and lonely. The pomp of to which the deceased had, in his latter stranger, was revived as he was about to to the realms of forgetfulness.

Banner after banner, with the various coats of this ancient family and its con lowed each other in mournful processio the low-browed archway of the court principal gentry of the country attended est mourning, and tempered the pace train of horses to the solemn march befi casion. Trumpets, with banners of cra to them, sent forth their long and mela to regulate the movements of the proc immense train of inferior mourners a closed the rear, which had not yet issu castle-gate, when the van had reached where the body was to be deposited.

Contrary to the custom, and even to th time, the body was met by a priest of t Episcopal communion, arrayed in his s prepared to read over the coffin of the d funeral service of the church. Such h desire of Lord Ravenswood in his last il was readily complied with by the tory ge cavaliers, as they affected to style the which faction most of his kinsmen we The presbyterian church-judicatory of considering the ceremony as a bravading their authority, had applied to the Lor the nearest privy-councillor, for a warra its being carried into effect; so that whe man had opened his prayer-book, an o law, supported by some armed men, com to be silent. An insult, which fired the w bly with indignation, was particularly a resented by the only son of the decea popularly called the Master of Ravensw of about twenty years of age. He hand on his sword, and, bidding the son to desist at his peril from further i commanded the clergyman to proceed. attempted to enforce his commission, bu dred swords at once glittered in the air, h himself with protesting against the viol had been offered to him in the execution and stood aloof, a sullen and moody the ceremonial, muttering as one who "You'll rue the day that clogs me wi swer."

The scene was worthy of an artist's pe the very arch of the house of death, the affrighted at the scene, and trembling f safety, hastily and unwillingly rehearsed service of the church, and spoke dust ashes to ashes, over ruined pride and de perity. Around stood the relations of t their countenances more in anger than and their drawn swords which they bran ing a violent contrast with their deep mo its. In the countenance of the young ma sentiment seemed for the moment over the deep agony with which he beheld his almost his only friend, consigned to the ancestry. A relative observed him turn when, all rites being now duly observed, it duty of the chief mourner to lower do charnel vault, where mouldering coffins s tattered velvet and decayed plating, the corpse which was to be their partner in He stepped to the youth and offered his which, by a mute motion, Edgar Ravens ed. Firmly, and without a tear, he perf last duty. The stone was laid on the se door of the aisle was locked, and the you session of its massive key.

As the crowd left the chapel, he paused which led to its Gothic chancel. "Gen friends," he said, " you have this day do

y to the body of your deceased kinsman. ts of due observance, which, in other coun- allowed as the due of the meanest Chris- ild this day have been denied to the body of itive—not certainly sprung of the meanest Scotland had it not been assured to him by rage. Others bury their dead in sorrow and silence and in reverence; our funeral rites ed by the intrusion of bailiffs and ruffians, grief—the grief due to our departed friend—is om our cheeks by the glow of just indigna- t it is well that I know from what quiver s has come forth. It was only he that dug who could have the mean cruelty to disturb mes; and Heaven do as much to me and I requite not to this man and his house and disgrace he has brought on me and

erous part of the assembly applauded this s the spirited expression of just resentment; were cool and judicious regretted that it had red. The fortunes of the heir of Ravens- re too low to brave the farther hostility which gined these open expressions of resentment essarily provoke. Their apprehensions, how- ved groundless, at least in the immediate ices of this affair.

ourners returned to the tower, there, accord- custom but recently abolished in Scotland, se deep healths to the memory of the de- o make the house of sorrow ring with sounds lity and debauch, and to diminish, by the of a large and profuse entertainment, the revenues of the heir of him whose funeral s strangely honoured. It was the custom, ; and on the present occasion it was fully l. The tables swam in wine, the populace n the court-yard, the yeomen in the kitchen tery; and two years' rent of Ravenswood's ng property hardly defrayed the charge of the revel. The wine did its office on all but the f Ravenswood, a title which he still retained, forfeiture had attached to that of his father. ile passing around the cup which he himself taste, soon listened to a thousand exclama- gainst the Lord Keeper, and passionate protes- of attachment to himself, and to the honour house. He listened with dark and sullen brow sions which he considered justly as equally cent with the crimson bubbles on the brink of blet, or at least with the vapours which its m excited in the brains of the revellers around

n the last flask was emptied, they took their with deep protestations—to be forgotten on the g, if, indeed, those who made them should not it necessary for their safety to make a more retraction.

epting their adieus with an air of contempt he could scarce conceal, Ravenswood at beheld his ruinous habitation cleared of this nce of riotous guests, and returned to the s hall, which now appeared doubly lonely he cessation of that clamour to which it had ly echoed. But its space was peopled by s which the imagination of the young heir ed up before him—the tarnished honour and fortunes of his house, the destruction of hopes, and the triumph of that family by they had been ruined. To a mind naturally of y cast, there was ample room for meditation. e musings of young Ravenswood were deep witnessed.

peasant, who shows the ruins of the tower, till crown the beetling cliff and behold the the waves, though no more tenanted save by mew and cormorant, even yet affirms, that on l night the Master of Ravenswood, by the clamations of his despair, evoked some evil nder whose malignant influence the future incidents was woven. Alas! what fiend can more desperate counsels, than those adopted guidance of our own violent and unresisted

CHAPTER III.

Over Gods forebode, then said the King,
That thou shouldst shoot at me.
William Bell, Clim o' the Cleugh, &c.

On the morning after the funeral, the legal officer, whose authority had been found insufficient to effect an interruption of the funeral solemnities of the late Lord Ravenswood, hastened to state before the Keeper the resistance which he had met with in the execution of his office.

The statesman was seated in a spacious library, once a banqueting-room in the old Castle of Ravenswood, as was evident from the armorial insignia still displayed on the carved roof, which was vaulted with Spanish chestnut, and on the stained glass of the casement, through which gleamed a dim yet rich light, on the long rows of shelves, bending under the weight of legal commentators and monkish historians, whose ponderous volumes formed the chief and most valued contents of a Scottish historian of the period. On the massive oaken table and reading-desk, lay a confused mass of letters, petitions, and parchments; to toil amongst which was the pleasure at once and the plague of Sir William Ashton's life. His appearance was grave and even noble, well becoming one who held a high office in the state; and it was not, save after long and intimate conversation with him upon topics of pressing and personal interest, that a stranger could have discovered something vacillating and uncertain in his resolutions; an infirmity of purpose, arising from a cautious and timid disposition, which, as he was conscious of its internal influence on his mind, he was, from pride as well as policy, most anxious to conceal from others.

He listened with great apparent composure to an exaggerated account of the tumult which had taken place at the funeral, of the contempt thrown on his own authority, and that of the church and state; nor did he seem moved even by the faithful report of the insulting and threatening language which had been uttered by young Ravenswood and others, and obviously directed against himself. He heard, also, what the man had been able to collect, in a very distorted and aggravated shape, of the toasts which had been drunk, and the menaces uttered, at the subsequent entertainment. In fine, he made careful notes of all these particulars, and of the names of the persons by whom, in case of need, an accusation, founded upon these violent proceedings, could be witnessed and made good, and dismissed his informer, secure that he was now master of the remaining fortune, and even of the personal liberty, of young Ravenswood.

When the door had closed upon the officer of the law, the Lord Keeper remained for a moment in deep meditation; then, starting from his seat, paced the apartment as one about to take a sudden and energetic resolution. "Young Ravenswood," he muttered, "is now mine—he is my own—he has placed himself in my hand, and he shall bend or break. I have not forgot the determined and dogged obstinacy with which his father fought every point to the last, resisted every effort at compromise, embroiled me in lawsuits, and attempted to assail my character when he could not otherwise impugn my rights. This boy he has left behind him—this Edgar—this hot-headed, hair-brained fool, has wrecked his vessel before she has cleared the harbour. I must see that he gains no advantage of some turning tide which may again float him off. These memoranda, properly stated to the Privy Council, cannot but be construed into an aggravated riot, in which the dignity both of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities stand committed. A heavy fine might be imposed; an order for committing him to Edinburgh or Blackness Castle seems not improper; even a charge of treason might be laid on many of these words and expressions, though God forbid I should prosecute the matter to that extent. No, I will not:—I will not touch his life, even if it should be in my power;—and yet, if he lives till a change of times, what follows?—Restitution—perhaps revenge. I know Athole promised his interest to old Ravenswood, and here is his son already ban

dying and making a faction oy his own contemptible influence. What a ready tool he would be for the use of those who are watching the downfall of our administration!"

While these thoughts were agitating the mind of the wily statesman, and while he was persuading himself that his own interest and safety, as well as those of his friends and party, depended on using the present advantage to the uttermost against young Ravenswood, the Lord Keeper sate down to his desk, and proceeded to draw up, for the information of the Privy Council, an account of the disorderly proceedings which, in contempt of his warrant, had taken place at the funeral of Lord Ravenswood. The names of most of the parties concerned, as well as the fact itself, would, he was well aware, sound odiously in the ears of his colleagues in administration, and most likely instigate them to make an example of young Ravenswood, at least, *in terrorem*.

It was a point of delicacy, however, to select such expressions as might infer the young man's culpability, without seeming directly to urge it, which, on the part of Sir William Ashton, his father's ancient antagonist, could not but appear odious and invidious. While he was in the act of composition, labouring to find words which might indicate Edgar Ravenswood to be the cause of the uproar, without specifically making such a charge, Sir William, in a pause of his task, chanced, in looking upward, to see the crest of the family, (for whose heir he was whetting the arrows, and disposing the toils of the law,) carved upon one of the corbeilles from which the vaulted roof of the apartment sprung. It was a black bull's head, with the legend, "I bide my time;" and the occasion upon which it was adopted mingled itself singularly and impressively with the subject of his present reflections.

It was said by a constant tradition, that a Malisius de Ravenswood had, in the thirteenth century, been deprived of his castle and lands by a powerful usurper, who had for a while enjoyed his spoils in quiet. At length, on the eve of a costly banquet, Ravenswood, who had watched his opportunity, introduced himself into the castle with a small band of faithful retainers. The serving of the expected feast was impatiently looked for by the guests, and clamorously demanded by the temporary master of the castle. Ravenswood, who had assumed the disguise of a sewer upon the occasion, answered, in a stern voice, "I bide my time;" and at the same moment a bull's head, the ancient symbol of death, was placed upon the table. The explosion of the conspiracy took place upon the signal, and the usurper and his followers were put to death. Perhaps there was something in this still known and often repeated story, which came immediately home to the breast and conscience of the Lord Keeper; for, putting from him the paper on which he had begun his report, and carefully locking the memoranda which he had prepared, into a cabinet which stood beside him, he proceeded to walk abroad, as if for the purpose of collecting his ideas, and reflecting farther on the consequences of the step which he was about to take, ere yet they became inevitable.

In passing through a large Gothic anteroom, Sir William Ashton heard the sound of his daughter's lute. Music, when the performers are concealed, affects us with a pleasure mingled with surprise, and reminds us of the natural concert of birds among the leafy bowers. The statesman, though little accustomed to give way to emotions of this natural and simple class, was still a man and a father. He stopped, therefore, and listened, while the silver tones of Lucy Ashton's voice mingled with the accompaniment in an ancient air, to which some one had adapted the following words:—

"Look not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,—
Easy live, and quiet die."

The sounds ceased, and the Keeper entered his daughter's apartment.

The words she had chosen seemed particularly adapted to her character; for Lucy Ashton's exq sitely beautiful, yet somewhat girlish features, w formed to express peace of mind, serenity, a indifference to the tinsel of worldly pleasure. H locks, which were of shadowy gold, divided on brow of exquisite whiteness, like a gleam of brok and pallid sunshine upon a hill of snow. The expre sion of the countenance was in the last degree gent soft, timid, and feminine, and seemed rather to shri from the most casual look of a stranger, than to cou his admiration. Something there was of a Madon cast, perhaps the result of delicate health, and of res dence in a family, where the dispositions of the i mates were fiercer, more active, and energetic, th her own.

Yet her passiveness of disposition was by no mea owing to an indifferent or unfeeling mind. Left t the impulse of her own taste and feelings, Lucy As ton was peculiarly accessible to those of a romant cast. Her secret delight was in the old legenda tales of ardent devotion and unalterable affectio chequered as they so often are with strange adve tures and supernatural horrors. This was her fa voured fairy realm, and here she erected her aeria palaces. But it was only in secret that she labour at this delusive, though delightful architecture. I her retired chamber, or in the woodland bower whic she had chosen for her own, and called after her nam she was in fancy distributing the prizes at the tourn ment, or raining down influence from her eyes on th valiant combatants; or she was wandering in th wilderness with Una, under escort of the generou lion; or she was identifying herself with the simpl yet noble-minded Miranda, in the isle of wonder an enchantment.

But in her exterior relations to things of this worl Lucy willingly received the ruling impulse from thos around her. The alternative was, in general, too i different to her to render resistance desirable, and s willingly found a motive for decision in the opinion her friends, which perhaps she might have sought f in vain in her own choice. Every reader must hav observed in some family of his acquaintance, so individual of a temper soft and yielding, who, mix with stronger and more ardent minds, is borne alo by the will of others, with as little power of oppositi as the flower which is flung into a running strea It usually happens that such a compliant and ea disposition, which resigns itself without murmur the guidance of others, becomes the darling of tho to whose inclinations its own seem to be offered, ungrudging and ready sacrifice.

This was eminently the case with Lucy Ashto Her politic, wary, and worldly father, felt for h an affection, the strength of which sometimes su prised him into an unusual emotion. Her elder bro ther, who trode the path of ambition with a haughti step than his father, had also more of human affe tion. A soldier, and in a dissolute age, he preferre his sister Lucy even to pleasure, and to military pr ferment and distinction. Her younger brother, at a age when trifles chiefly occupied his mind, made h the confident of all his pleasures and anxieties, h success in field-sports, and his quarrels with his tut and instructors. To these details, however trivi Lucy lent patient and not indifferent attention. Th moved and interested Henry, and that was enough secure her ear.

Her mother alone did not feel that distinguish and predominating affection, with which the rest the family cherished Lucy. She regarded what s termed her daughter's want of spirit, as a decid mark, that the more plebeian blood of her father pr dominated in Lucy's veins, and used to call her i derision her Lammermoor Shepherdess. To disli so gentle and inoffensive a being was impossibl but Lady Ashton preferred her eldest son, on who had descended a large portion of her own ambiti and undaunted disposition, to a daughter whose so ness of temper seemed allied to feebleness of min Her eldest son was the more partially beloved by h mother, because, contrary to the usual custom Scottish families of distinction, he had been nam after the head of the house.

bolto," she said, "will support the untarnished
f his maternal house, and elevate and support
is father. Poor Lucy is unfit for courts, or
halls. Some country laird must be her hus-
h enough to supply her with every comfort,
an effort on her own part, so that she may
hing to shed a tear for but the tender appre-
lest he may break his neck in a fox-chase.
not so, however, that our house was raised,
so that it can be fortified and augmented.
d Keeper's dignity is yet new; it must be
if we were used to its weight, worthy of it,
apt to assert and maintain it. Before ancient
es, men bend, from customary and hereditary
; in our presence, they will stand erect, un-
are compelled to prostrate themselves. A
fit for the sheep-fold or the cloister, is ill
to exact respect where it is yielded with re-
; and since Heaven refused us a third boy,
ould have held a character fit to supply his
The hour will be a happy one which disposes
in marriage to some one whose energy is
han her own, or whose ambition is of as low
."

ditated a mother, to whom the qualities of
ren's hearts, as well as the prospect of their
happiness, seemed light in comparison to
k and temporal greatness. But, like many a
f hot and impatient character, she was mis-
estimating the feelings of her daughter, who,
semblance of extreme indifference, nourished
n of those passions which sometimes spring
ne night, like the gourd of the prophet, and
the observer by their unexpected ardour and
. In fact, Lucy's sentiments seemed chill, be-
othing had occurred to interest or awaken
Her life had hitherto flowed on in a uniform
le tenor, and happy for her had not its pre-
oothness of current resembled that of the
s it glides downwards to the waterfall!
Lucy," said her father, entering as her song
ed, "does your musical philosopher teach
ntemn the world before you know it?—that is
mething premature. Or did you but speak ac-
o the fashion of fair maidens, who are always
he pleasures of life in contempt till they are
upon them by the address of some gentle
?"

lushed, disclaimed any inference respecting
choice being drawn from her selection of a
d readily laid aside her instrument at her fa-
quest that she would attend him in his walk.
e and well-wooded park, or rather chase,
along the hill behind the castle, which occu-
we have noticed, a pass ascending from the
emed built in its very gorge to defend the
und which arose behind it in shaggy majes-
this romantic region the father and daughter
d, arm in arm, by a noble avenue overarched
wering elms, beneath which groups of the
er were seen to stray in distant perspective.
aced slowly on, admiring the different points
for which Sir William Ashton, notwithstand-
ature of his usual avocations, had considera-
and feeling, they were overtaken by the
or park-keeper, who, intent on silvan sport,
eeding with his cross-bow over his arm, and
led in leash by his boy, into the interior of
l.

g to shoot us a piece of venison, Norman?"
master, as he returned the woodman's saluta-
.

, your honour, and that I am. Will it please
e the sport?"
," said his lordship, after looking at his
; whose colour fled at the idea of seeing the
, although had her father expressed his wish
should accompany Norman, it was proba-
would not even have hinted her reluctance.
ester shrugged his shoulders. "It was a
ning thing," he said, "when none of the
ame down to see the sport. He hoped Cap-
ho would be soon hame, or he might shut up
entirely; for Mr. Harry was kept sae close
wi' his Latin nonsense, that, though his will was very
gude to be in the wood from morning till night, there
would be a hopeful lad lost, and no making a man of
him. It was not so, he had heard, in Lord Ravens-
wood's time—when a buck was to be killed, man and
mother's son ran to see; and when the deer fell, the
knife was always presented to the knight, and he
never gave less than a dollar for the compliment.
And there was Edgar Ravenswood—Master of Ra-
venswood that is now—when he goes up to the wood
—there hasna been a better hunter since Tristrem's
time—when Sir Edgar hauds out,* down goes the
deer, faith. But we hae lost a' sense of wood-craft
on this side of the hill."

There was much in this harrangue highly displeas-
ing to the Lord Keeper's feelings; he could not help
observing that his menial despised him almost avow-
edly for not possessing that taste for sport which in
those times was deemed the natural and indispensable
attribute of a real gentleman. But the master of the
game is, in all country houses, a man of great import-
ance, and entitled to use considerable freedom of
speech. Sir William, therefore, only smiled and
replied, he had something else to think upon to-day
than killing deer; mean time, taking out his purse, he
gave the ranger a dollar for his encouragement. The
fellow received it as the waiter of a fashionable hotel
receives double his proper fee from the hands of a
country gentleman,—that is, with a smile, in which
pleasure at the gift is mingled with contempt for the
ignorance of the donor. "Your honour is the bad
paymaster," he said, "who pays before it is done.
What would you do were I to miss the buck after you
have paid me my wood-fee?"

"I suppose," said the Keeper, smiling, "you would
hardly guess what I mean were I to tell you of a *con-
dictio indebiti*?"

"Not I, on my saul—I guess it is some law phrase
—but sue a beggar, and—your honour knows what
follows.—Well, but I will be just with you, and if bow
and brach fail not, you shall have a piece of game two
fingers fat on the brisket."

As he was about to go off, his master again called
him, and asked, as if by accident, whether the Master
of Ravenswood was actually so brave a man and so
good a shooter as the world spoke him?

"Brave!—brave enough, I warrant you," answered
Norman; "I was in the wood at Tyninghame, when
there was a sort of gallants hunting with my lord;
on my saul, there was a buck turned to bay made us
all stand back; a stout old Trojan of the first head,
ten-tyned branches, and a brow as broad as e'er a
bullock's. Egad, he dashed at the old lord, and there
would have been inlake among the peerage, if the
Master had not whipt roundly in, and hamstrung him
with his cutlass. He was but sixteen then, bless his
heart?"

"And is he as ready with the gun as with the cou-
teau?" said Sir William.

"He'll strike this silver dollar out from between
my finger and thumb at fourscore yards, and I'll hold
it out for a gold merk; what more would ye have of
eye, hand, lead, and gunpowder?"

"O no more to be wished, certainly," said the Lord
Keeper; "but we keep you from your sport, Norman.
Good morrow, good Norman."

And humming his rustic roundelay, the yeoman
went on his road, the sound of his rough voice gradu-
ally dying away as the distance betwixt them in-
creased:—

> The monk must arise when the matins ring,
> The abbot may sleep to their chime;
> But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,
> 'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.
>
> There's bucks and raes on Billhope braes,
> There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw;
> But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,
> She's fairly worth them a'.

"Has this fellow," said the Lord Keeper, when the
yeoman's song had died on the wind, "ever served
the Ravenswood people, that he seems so much inte-
rested in them? I suppose you know, Lucy, for you
make it a point of conscience to record the special his-
tory of every boor about the castle."

* *Hauds out.* Holds out, i. e. presents his piece.

"I am not quite so faithful a chronicler, my dear father; but I believe that Norman once served here while a boy, and before he went to Lexington, whence you hired him. But if you want to know any thing of the former family, Old Alice is the best authority."

"And what should I have to do with them, pray, Lucy," said her father, "or with their history or accomplishments?"

"Nay, I do not know, sir; only that you were asking questions of Norman about young Ravenswood."

"Pshaw, child!"—replied her father, yet immediately added. "And who is old Alice? I think you know all the old women in the country."

"To be sure I do, or how could I help the old creatures when they are in hard times? And as to old Alice, she is the very empress of old women, and queen of gossips, so far as legendary lore is concerned. She is blind, poor old soul, but when she speaks to you, you would think she has some way of looking into your very heart. I am sure I often cover my face, or turn it away, for it seems as if she saw one change colour, though she has been blind these twenty years. She is worth visiting, were it but to say you have seen a blind and paralytic old woman have so much acuteness of perception, and dignity of manners. I assure you she might be a countess from her language and behaviour.—Come, you must go to see Alice; we are not a quarter of a mile from her cottage."

"All this, my dear," said the Lord Keeper, "is no answer to my question, who this woman is, and what is her connexion with the former proprietor's family?"

"O, it was something of a nourice-ship, I believe; and she remained here, because her two grandsons were engaged in your service. But it was against her will, I fancy; for the poor old creature is always regretting the change of times and of property."

"I am much obliged to her," answered the Lord Keeper. "She and her folk eat my bread and drink my cup, and are lamenting all the while that they are not still under a family which never could do good, either to themselves or any one else!"

"Indeed," replied Lucy, "I am certain you do old Alice injustice. She has nothing mercenary about her, and would not accept a penny in charity, if it were to save her from being starved. She is only talkative, like all old folk, when you put them upon stories of their youth; and she speaks about the Ravenswood people, because she lived under them so many years. But I am sure she is grateful to you, sir, for your protection, and that she would rather speak to you, than to any other person in the whole world beside. Do, sir, come and see old Alice."

And with the freedom of an indulged daughter, she dragged the Lord Keeper in the direction she desired.

CHAPTER IV.

Through tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour, thin and light,
Reeking aloft, uprolled to the sky,
Which cheerful sign did send unto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some living wight.
SPENSER.

LUCY acted as her father's guide, for he was too much engrossed with his political labours, or with society, to be perfectly acquainted with his own extensive domains, and, moreover, was generally an inhabitant of the city of Edinburgh; and she, on the other hand, had, with her mother, resided the whole summer in Ravenswood, and, partly from taste, partly from want of any other amusement, had, by her frequent rambles, learned to know each lane, alley, dingle, or bushy dell,

"And every bosky bourne from side to side."

We have said that the Lord Keeper was not indifferent to the beauties of nature; and we add, in justice to him, that he felt them doubly, when pointed out by the beautiful, simple, and interesting girl, who, hanging on his arm with filial kindness, now called him to admire the size of some ancient oak, and now the unexpected turn, where the path developing its maze from glen or dingle, suddenly reached an eminence commanding an extensive view of the plains beneath them, and then gradually glided away from the prospect to lose itself among rocks and thickets, and guide to scenes of deeper seclusion.

It was when pausing on one of those points of extensive and commanding view, that Lucy told her father they were close by the cottage of her blind protégée; and on turning from the little hill, a path which led around it, worn by the daily steps of the infirm inmate, brought them in sight of the hut, which, embosomed in a deep and obscure dell, seemed to have been, so situated purposely to bear a correspondence with the darkened state of its inhabitant.

The cottage was situated immediately under a tall rock, which in some measure beetled over it, as if threatening to drop some detached fragment from its brow on the frail tenement beneath. The hut itself was constructed of turf and stones, and rudely roofed over with thatch, much of which was in a dilapidated condition. The thin blue smoke rose from it in a light column, and curled upward along the white face of the incumbent rock, giving the scene a tint of exquisite softness. In a small and rude garden, surrounded by straggling elder-bushes, which formed a sort of imperfect hedge, sat near to the bee-hives, by the produce of which she lived, that "woman old," whom Lucy had brought her father hither to visit.

Whatever there had been which was disastrous in her fortune—whatever there was miserable in her dwelling, it was easy to judge, by the first glance, that neither years, poverty, misfortune, nor infirmity, had broken the spirit of this remarkable woman.

She occupied a turf-seat, placed under a weeping birch of unusual magnitude and age, as Judah is represented sitting under her palm-tree, with an air at once of majesty and of dejection. Her figure was tall, commanding, and but little bent by the infirmities of old age. Her dress, though that of a peasant, was uncommonly clean, forming in that particular a strong contrast to most of her rank, and was disposed with an attention to neatness, and even to taste, equally unusual. But it was her expression of countenance which chiefly struck the spectator, and induced most persons to address her with a degree of deference and civility very inconsistent with the miserable state of her dwelling, and which, nevertheless, she received with that easy composure which showed she felt it to be her due. She had once been beautiful, but her beauty had been of a bold and masculine cast, such as does not survive the bloom of youth; yet her features continued to express strong sense, deep reflection, and a character of sober pride, which, as we have already said of her dress, appeared to argue a conscious superiority to those of her own rank. It scarce seemed possible that a face, deprived of the advantage of sight, could have expressed character so strongly; but her eyes, which were almost totally closed, did not, by the display of their sightless orbs, mar the countenance to which they could add nothing. She seemed in a ruminating posture, soothed, perhaps, by the murmurs of the busy tribe around her, to abstraction, though not to slumber.

Lucy undid the latch of the little garden gate, and solicited the old woman's attention. "My father, Alice, is come to see you."

"He is welcome, Miss Ashton, and so are you," said the old woman, turning and inclining her head towards her visiters.

"This is a fine morning for your bee-hives, mother," said the Lord Keeper, who, struck with the outward appearance of Alice, was somewhat curious to know if her conversation would correspond with it.

"I believe so, my lord," she replied; "I feel the air breathe milder than of late."

"You do not," resumed the statesman, "take charge of these bees yourself, mother?—How do you manage them?"

"By delegates, as kings do their subjects," resumed Alice; "and I am fortunate in a prime minister—Here, Babie."

She whistled on a small silver call which hung around her neck, and which at that time was sometimes used to summon domestics, and Babie, a girl of fifteen, made her appearance from the hut, not altogether so cleanly arrayed as she would probably

been had Alice had the use of her eyes, but with a greater air of neatness than was upon the whole to have been expected.

"Babie," said her mistress, "offer some bread and honey to the Lord Keeper and Miss Ashton—they will excuse your awkwardness, if you use cleanliness and despatch."

Babie performed her mistress's command with the grace which was naturally to have been expected, moving to and fro with a lobster-like gesture, her feet and legs tending one way, while her head, turned in a different direction, was fixed in wonder upon the lord, who was more frequently heard of than seen by his tenants and dependents. The bread and honey, however, deposited on a plantain leaf, was offered and accepted in all due courtesy. The Lord Keeper, still retaining the place which he had occupied on the decayed trunk of a fallen tree, looked as if he wished to prolong the interview, but was at a loss how to introduce a suitable subject.

"You have been long a resident on this property?" he said, after a pause.

"It is now nearly sixty years since I first knew Ravenswood," answered the old dame, whose conversation, though perfectly civil and respectful, seemed cautiously limited to the unavoidable and necessary task of replying to Sir William.

"You are not, I should judge by your accent, of this country originally?" said the Lord Keeper, in continuation.

"No; I am by birth an Englishwoman."

"Yet you seem attached to this country as if it were your own."

"It is here," replied the blind woman, "that I have drank the cup of joy and of sorrow which Heaven destined for me. I was here the wife of an upright and affectionate husband for more than twenty years—I was here the mother of six promising children—it was here that God deprived me of all these blessings—it was here they died, and yonder, by you ruined chapel, they lie all buried. I had no country but theirs while they lived—I have none but theirs now they are no more."

"But your house," said the Lord Keeper, looking at it, "is miserably ruinous?"

"Do, my dear father," said Lucy, eagerly, yet bashfully, catching at the hint, "give orders to make it better,—that is, if you think it proper."

"It will last my time, my dear Miss Lucy," said the blind woman; "I would not have my lord give himself the least trouble about it."

"But," said Lucy, "you once had a much better house, and were rich, and now in your old age to live in this hovel!"

"It is as good as I deserve, Miss Lucy; if my heart has not broke with what I have suffered, and seen others suffer, it must have been strong enough, and the rest of this old frame has no right to call itself weaker."

"You have probably witnessed many changes," said the Lord Keeper; "but your experience must have taught you to expect them."

"It has taught me to endure them, my lord," was the reply.

"Yet you knew that they must needs arrive in the course of years?" said the statesman.

"Ay; as I know that the stump, on or beside which you sit, once a tall and lofty tree, must needs one day fall by decay, or by the axe; yet I hoped my eyes might not witness the downfall of the tree which overshadowed my dwelling."

"Do not suppose," said the Lord Keeper, "that you will lose any interest with me, for looking back with regret to the days when another family possessed my estates. You had reason, doubtless, to love them, and I respect your gratitude. I will order some repairs in your cottage, and I hope we shall live to be friends when we know each other better."

"Those of my age," returned the dame, "make no new friends. I thank you for your bounty—it is well intended undoubtedly; but I have all I want, and I cannot accept more at your lordship's hands."

"Well, then," continued the Lord Keeper, "at least allow me to say, that I look upon you as a woman of sense and education beyond your appearance, and that I hope you will continue to reside on this property of mine rent-free for your life."

"I hope I shall," said the old dame, composedly; "I believe that was made an article in the sale of Ravenswood to your lordship, though such a trifling circumstance may have escaped your recollection."

"I remember—I recollect," said his lordship, somewhat confused. "I perceive you are too much attached to your old friends to accept any benefit from their successor."

"Far from it, my lord; I am grateful for the benefits which I decline, and I wish I could pay you for offering them, better than what I am now about to say." The Lord Keeper looked at her in some surprise, but said not a word. "My lord," she continued, in an impressive and solemn tone, "take care what you do; you are on the brink of a precipice."

"Indeed?" said the Lord Keeper, his mind reverting to the political circumstances of the country. "Has any thing come to your knowledge—any plot or conspiracy?"

"No, my lord; those who traffic in such commodities do not call into their counsels the old, blind, and infirm. My warning is of another kind. You have driven matters hard with the house of Ravenswood. Believe a true tale—they are a fierce house, and there is danger in dealing with men when they become desperate."

"Tush," answered the Keeper; "what has been between us has been the work of the law, not my doing; and to the law they must look, if they would impugn my proceedings."

"Ay, but they may think otherwise, and take the law into their own hand, when they fail of other means of redress."

"What mean you?" said the Lord Keeper. "Young Ravenswood would not have recourse to personal violence?"

"God forbid I should say so! I know nothing of the youth but what is honourable and open—honourable and open, said I?—I should have added, free, generous, noble. But he is still a Ravenswood, and may bide his time. Remember the fate of Sir George Lockhart."*

The Lord Keeper started as she called to his recollection a tragedy so deep and so recent. The old woman proceeded: "Chiesley, who did the deed, was a relative of Lord Ravenswood. In the hall of Ravenswood, in my presence, and in that of others, he avowed publicly his determination to do the cruelty which he afterwards committed. I could not keep silence, though to speak it ill became my station. 'You are devising a dreadful crime,' I said, 'for which you must reckon before the judgment-seat.' Never shall I forget his look, as he replied, 'I must reckon then for many things, and will reckon for this also.' Therefore I may well say, beware of pressing a desperate man with the hand of authority. There is blood of Chiesley in the veins of Ravenswood, and one drop of it were enough to fire him in the circumstances in which he is placed—I say, beware of him."

The old dame had, either intentionally or by acci-

* President of the Court of Session. He was pistolled in the High Street of Edinburgh, by John Chiesley of Dalry, in the year 1689. The revenge of this desperate man was stimulated by an opinion that he had sustained injustice in a decreet-arbitral pronounced by the President, assigning an alimentary provision of about L 93 in favour of his wife and children. He is said at first to have designed to shoot the judge while attending upon divine worship, but was diverted by some feeling concerning the sanctity of the place. After the congregation was dismissed, he dogged his victim as far as the head of the close on the south side of the Lawnmarket, in which the President's house was situated, and shot him dead as he was about to enter it. This act was done in the presence of numerous spectators. The assassin made no attempt to fly, but boasted of the deed, saying, "I have taught the President how to do justice." He had at least given him fair warning, as Jack Cade says on a similar occasion. The murderer, after undergoing the torture, by a special act of the Estates of Parliament, was tried before the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as high sheriff, and condemned to be dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, to have his right hand struck off while he yet lived, and, finally, to be hung on the gallows with the pistol wherewith he shot the President tied round his neck. This execution took place on the 3d of April, 1689; and the incident was long remembered as a dreadful instance of what the law books call the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*.

dent, harped aright the fear of the Lord Keeper. The desperate and dark resource of private assassination, so familiar to a Scottish baron in former times, had even in the present age been too frequently resorted to under the pressure of unusual temptation, or where the mind of the actor was prepared for such a crime. Sir William Ashton was aware of this; as also that young Ravenswood had received injuries sufficient to prompt him to that sort of revenge, which becomes a frequent though fearful consequence of the partial administration of justice. He endeavoured to disguise from Alice the nature of the apprehensions which he entertained; but so ineffectually, that a person even of less penetration than nature had endowed her with must necessarily have been aware that the subject lay near his bosom. His voice was changed in its accent as he replied to her, that the Master of Ravenswood was a man of honour; and, were it otherwise, that the fate of Chiesley of Dalry was a sufficient warning to any one who should dare to assume the office of avenger of his own imaginary wrongs. And having hastily uttered these expressions, he rose and left the place without waiting for a reply.

CHAPTER V.

——— Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
SHAKSPEARE.

The Lord Keeper walked for nearly a quarter of a mile in profound silence. His daughter, naturally timid, and bred up in those ideas of filial awe and implicit obedience which were inculcated upon the youth of that period, did not venture to interrupt his meditations.

"Why do you look so pale, Lucy?" said her father, turning suddenly round and breaking silence.

According to the ideas of the time, which did not permit a young woman to offer her sentiments on any subject of importance unless especially required to do so, Lucy was bound to appear ignorant of the meaning of all that had passed betwixt Alice and her father, and imputed the emotion he had observed to the fear of the wild cattle which grazed in that part of the extensive chase through which they were now walking.

Of these animals, the descendants of the savage herds which anciently roamed free in the Caledonian forests, it was formerly a point of state to preserve a few in the parks of the Scottish nobility. Specimens continued within the memory of man to be kept at least at three houses of distinction, namely, Hamilton, Drumlanrick, and Cumbernauld. They had degenerated from the ancient race in size and strength, if we are to judge from the accounts of old chronicles, and from the formidable remains frequently discovered in bogs and morasses when drained and laid open. The bull had lost the shaggy honours of his mane, and the race was small and light made, in colour a dingy white, or rather a pale yellow, with black horns and hoofs. They retained, however, in some measure, the ferocity of their ancestry, could not be domesticated on account of their antipathy to the human race, and were often dangerous if approached unguardedly, or wantonly disturbed. It was this last reason which has occasioned their being extirpated at the places we have mentioned, where probably they would otherwise have been retained as appropriate inhabitants of a Scottish woodland, and fit tenants for a baronial forest. A few, if I mistake not, are still preserved at Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville.

It was to her finding herself in the vicinity of a group of three or four of these animals, that Lucy thought proper to impute those signs of fear, which had arisen in her countenance for a different reason. For she had been familiarized with the appearance of the wild cattle, during her walks in the chase; and it was not then, as it may be now, a necessary part of a young lady's demeanour, to indulge in causeless tremors of the nerves. On the present occasion, however, she speedily found cause for real terror.

Lucy had scarcely replied to her father in the words we have mentioned, and he was just about to rebuke her supposed timidity, when a bull, stimulated either by the scarlet colour of Miss Ashton's mantle, or by one of those fits of capricious ferocity to which their dispositions are liable, detached himself suddenly from the group which was feeding at the upper extremity of a grassy glade, that seemed to lose itself among the crossing and entangled boughs. The animal approached the intruders on his pasture ground, at first slowly, pawing the ground with his hoof, bellowing from time to time, and tearing up the sand with his horns, as if to lash himself up to rage and violence.

The Lord Keeper, who observed the animal's demeanour, was aware that he was about to become mischievous, and, drawing his daughter's arm under his own, began to walk fast along the avenue, in hopes to get out of his sight and his reach. This was the most injudicious course he could have adopted, for, encouraged by the appearance of flight, the bull began to pursue them at full speed. Assailed by a danger so eminent, firmer courage than that of the Lord Keeper might have given way. But paternal tenderness, "love strong as death," sustained him. He continued to support and drag onward his daughter, until, her fears altogether depriving her of the power of flight, she sunk down by his side; and when he could no longer assist her to escape, he turned round and placed himself betwixt her and the raging animal, which advancing in full career, its brutal fury enhanced by the rapidity of the pursuit, was now within a few yards of them. The Lord Keeper had no weapons; his age and gravity dispensed even with the usual appendage of a walking sword,—could such appendage have availed him any thing.

It seemed inevitable that the father or daughter, or both, should have fallen victims to the impending danger, when a shot from the neighbouring thicket arrested the progress of the animal. He was so truly struck between the junction of the spine with the skull, that the wound, which in any other part of his body might scarce have impeded his career, proved instantly fatal. Stumbling forward with a hideous bellow, the progressive force of his previous motion, rather than any operation of his limbs, carried him up to within three yards of the astonished Lord Keeper, where he rolled on the ground, his limbs darkened with the black death-sweat, and quivering with the last convulsions of musular motion.

Lucy lay senseless on the ground, insensible of the wonderful deliverance which she had experienced. Her father was almost equally stupified, so rapid and unexpected had been the transition from the horrid death which seemed inevitable, to perfect security. He gazed on the animal, terrible even in death, with a species of mute and confused astonishment, which did not permit him distinctly to understand what had taken place; and so inaccurate was his consciousness of what had passed, that he might have supposed that the bull had been arrested in its career by a thunderbolt, had he not observed among the branches of the thicket the figure of a man, with a short gun or musquetoon in his hand.

This instantly recalled him to a sense of their situation—a glance at his daughter reminded him of the necessity of procuring her assistance. He called to the man, whom he concluded to be one of his foresters, to give immediate attention to Miss Ashton, while he himself hastened to call assistance. The huntsman approached them accordingly, and the Lord Keeper saw he was a stranger, but was too much agitated to make any farther remarks. In a few hurried words, he directed the shooter, as stronger and more active than himself, to carry the young lady to a neighbouring fountain, while he went back to Alice's hut to procure more aid.

The man to whose timely interference they had been so much indebted, did not seem inclined to leave his good work half finished. He raised Lucy from the ground in his arms, and conveying her through the glades of the forest by paths with which he seemed well acquainted, stopped not until he laid her in safety by the side of a plentiful and pellucid fountain, which had been once covered in, screened and decorated with architectural ornaments of a Gothic

'ut now the vault which had covered it down and riven, and the Gothic font emolished, the stream burst forth from the earth in open day, and winded its the broken sculpture and moss-grown lay in confusion around its source.

always busy, at least in Scotland, to legendary tale a spot in itself interest-ibed a cause of peculiar veneration to A beautiful young lady met one of Ravenswood while hunting near this : a second Egeria, had captivated the he feudal Numa. They met frequently nd always at sunset, the charms of the d completing the conquest which her egnu, and the mystery of the intrigue both. She always appeared and disap-by the fountain, with which, therefore, ed she had some inexplicable connexion. rtain restrictions on their intercourse, voured of mystery. They met only once ay was the appointed day—and she ex-: Lord of Ravenswood, that they were essity of separating so soon as the bell elonging to a hermitage in the adjoining ong ruinous, should toll the hour of he course of his confession, the Baron od intrusted the hermit with the secret ir amour, and Father Zachary drew the obvious consequence, that his patron l in the toils of Satan, and in danger of oth to body and soul. He urged these aron with all the force of monkish rhe-cribed, in the most frightful colours, the r and person of the apparent lovely he hesitated not to denounce as a limb n of darkness. The lover listened with edulity; and it was not until worn out cy of the anchoret, that he consented te and condition of his mistress to a nd for that purpose acquiesced in Za-sal, that on their next interview the ould be rung half an hour later than hermit maintained and bucklered his uotations from *Malleus Malificarum*, *Remigius*, and other learned demonolo-: Evil One, thus seduced to remain be-nted hour, would assume her true shape, appeared to her terrified lover as a fiend vanish from him in a flash of sulphur-. Raymond of Ravenswood acquiesced nent, not incurious concerning the issue, ent it would disappoint the expectations

inted hour the lovers met, and their in-protracted beyond that at which they by the delay of the priest to ring his No change took place upon the nymph's ; but as soon as the lengthening sha-er aware that the usual hour of the ves-'as passed, she tore herself from her with a shriek of despair, bid him adieu plunging into the fountain, disappeared . The bubbles occasioned by her de-imsoned with blood as they arose, lead-cted Baron to infer, that his ill-judged occasioned the death of this interesting is being. The remorse which he felt, recollection of her charms, proved the s future life, which he lost in the battle t many months after. But, in memory , he had previously ornamented the hich she appeared to reside, and secured n profanation or pollution, by the small ig of which the fragments still remained ind it. From this period the house of was supposed to have dated its decay.

the generally received legend, which ould seem wiser than the vulgar, ex-securely intimating the fate of a beautiful an rank, the mistress of this Raymond, in a fit of jealousy, and whose blood with the waters of the locked fountain, amonly called. Others imagined that the tale had a more remote origin in the ancient heathen mythology. All however agreed, that the spot was fatal to the Ravenswood family; and that to drink of the waters of the well, or even approach its brink, was as ominous to a descendant of that house, as for a Grahame to wear green, a Bruce to kill a spider, or a St. Clair to cross the Ord on a Monday.

It was on this ominous spot that Lucy Ashton first drew breath after her long and almost deadly swoon. Beautiful and pale as the fabulous Naiad in the last agony of separation from her lover, she was seated so as to rest with her back against a part of the ruined wall, while her mantle, dripping with the water which her protector had used profusely to recall her senses, clung to her slender and beautifully propor-tioned form.

The first moment of recollection brought to her mind the danger which had overpowered her senses —the next called to remembrance that of her father. She looked around—he was nowhere to be seen —"My father—my father!" was all that she could ejaculate.

"Sir William is safe," answered the voice of a stranger—"perfectly safe, and will be with you in-stantly."

"Are you sure of that?" exclaimed Lucy—"the bull was close by us—do not stop me—I must go to seek my father!"

And she arose with that purpose; but her strength was so much exhausted, that, far from possessing the power to execute her purpose, she must have fallen against the stone on which she had leant, probably not without sustaining serious injury.

The stranger was so near to her, that, without actually suffering her to fall, he could not avoid catching her in his arms, which, however, he did with a momentary reluctance, very unusual when youth interposes to prevent beauty from danger. It seemed as if her weight, slight as it was, proved too heavy for her young and athletic assistant, for, without feeling the temptation of detaining her in his arms even for a single instant, he again placed her on the stone from which she had risen, and retreating a few steps, repeated hastily, "Sir William Ashton is per-fectly safe, and will be here instantly. Do not make yourself anxious on his account—Fate has singularly preserved him. You, madam, are exhausted, and must not think of rising until you have some assist-ance more suitable than mine."

Lucy, whose senses were by this time more effect-ually collected, was naturally led to look at the stran-ger with attention. There was nothing in his appear-ance which should have rendered him unwilling to offer his arm to a young lady who required support, or which could have induced her to refuse his assist-ance; and she could not help thinking, even in that moment, that he seemed cold and reluctant to offer it. A shooting-dress of dark cloth intimated the rank of the wearer, though concealed in part by a large and loose cloak of a dark brown colour. A Montero cap and a black feather drooped over the wearer's brow, and partly concealed his features, which, so far as seen, were dark, regular, and full of majestic, though somewhat sullen, expression. Some secret sorrow, or the brooding spirit of some moody passion, had quenched the light and ingenuous vivacity of youth in a countenance singularly fitted to display both, and it was not easy to gaze on the stranger without a secret impression either of pity or awe, or at least of doubt and curiosity allied to both.

The impression which we have necessarily been long in describing, Lucy felt in the glance of a mo-ment, and had no sooner encountered the keen black eyes of the stranger, than her own were bent on the ground with a mixture of bashful embarrassment and fear. Yet there was a necessity to speak, or at least she thought so, and in a fluttered accent she began to mention her wonderful escape, in which she was sure that the stranger must, under Heaven, have been her father's protector, and her own.

He seemed to shrink from her expressions of grati-tude, while he replied abruptly, "I leave you, ma-dam."—the deep melody of his voice rendered power-

ful, but not harsh, by something like a severity of tone—"I leave you to the protection of those to whom it is possible you may have this day been a guardian angel."

Lucy was surprised at the ambiguity of his language, and, with a feeling of artless and unaffected gratitude, began to deprecate the idea of having intended to give her deliverer any offence, as if such a thing had been possible. "I have been unfortunate," she said, "in endeavouring to express my thanks—I am sure it must be so, though I cannot recollect what I said—but would you but stay till my father—till the Lord Keeper comes—would you only permit him to pay you his thanks, and to inquire your name?"

"My name is unnecessary," answered the stranger; "your father—I would rather say Sir William Ashton—will learn it soon enough, for all the pleasure it is likely to afford him."

"You mistake him," said Lucy earnestly; "he will be grateful for my sake and for his own. You do not know my father, or you are deceiving me with a story of his safety, when he has already fallen a victim to the fury of that animal."

When she had caught this idea, she started from the ground, and endeavoured to press towards the avenue in which the accident had taken place, while the stranger, though he seemed to hesitate between the desire to assist and the wish to leave her, was obliged, in common humanity, to oppose her both by entreaty and action.

"On the word of a gentleman, madam, I tell you the truth; your father is in perfect safety; you will expose yourself to injury if you venture back where the herd of wild cattle grazed.—If you will go"—for, having once adopted the idea that her father was still in danger, she pressed forward in spite of him—"If you *will* go, accept my arm, though I am not perhaps the person who can with most propriety offer you support."

But, without heeding this intimation, Lucy took him at his word. "O if you be a man," she said, "if you be a gentleman, assist me to find my father! You shall not leave me—you must go with me—he is dying, perhaps while we are talking here!"

Then, without listening to excuse or apology, and holding fast by the stranger's arm, though unconscious of any thing save the support which it gave, and without which she could not have moved, mixed with a vague feeling of preventing his escape from her, she was urging, and almost dragging him forward, when Sir William Ashton came up, followed by the female attendant of blind Alice, and by two wood-cutters, whom he had summoned from their occupation to his assistance. His joy at seeing his daughter safe, overcame the surprise with which he would at another time have beheld her hanging as familiarly on the arm of a stranger, as she might have done upon his own.

"Lucy, my dear Lucy, are you safe?—are you well?" were the only words that broke from him as he embraced her in ecstasy.

"I am well, sir, thank God! and still more that I see you so;—but this gentleman," she said, quitting his arm, and shrinking from him, "what must he think of me?" and her eloquent blood, flushing over neck and brow, spoke how much she was ashamed of the freedom with which she had craved, and even compelled his assistance.

"This gentleman," said Sir William Ashton, "will, I trust, not regret the trouble we have given him, when I assure him of the gratitude of the Lord Keeper for the greatest service which one man ever rendered to another—for the life of my child—for my own life, which he has saved by his bravery and presence of mind. He will, I am sure, permit us to request"——

"Request nothing of ME, my lord," said the stranger, in a stern and peremptory tone; "I am the Master of Ravenswood."

There was a dead pause of surprise, not unmixed with less pleasant feelings. The Master wrapt himself in his cloak, made a haughty inclination towards Lucy, muttering a few words of courtesy, as indistinctly heard as they seemed to be reluctan[t] and, turning from them, was immediately [lost in the] thicket.

"The Master of Ravenswood!" said [the Lord] Keeper, when he had recovered his mome[ntary aston]ishment—"Hasten after him—stop him—speak to me for a single moment."

The two foresters accordingly set off in [pursuit of] the stranger. They speedily reappeared, [and, in an] embarrassed and awkward manner, said [the young] man would not return. The Lord Keeper [took one of] the fellows aside, and questioned him m[ore closely] what the Master of Ravenswood had said.

"He just said he wadna come back," sai[d the man] with the caution of a prudent Scotchman, [unwilling] not to be the bearer of an unpleasant errand.

"He said something more, sir," said [the Lord] Keeper, "and I insist on knowing what it w[as."]

"Why, then, my lord," said the ma[n, looking] down, "he said—But it wad be nae pleasu[re to your] lordship to hear it, for I daresay the Ma[ster meant] nae ill."

"That's none of your concern, sir; I des[ire to hear] the very words."

"Weel, then," replied the man, "he sai[d, Tell Sir] William Ashton, that the next time he and I [meet,] he will not be half sae blithe of our meetin[g as of our] parting."

"Very well, sir," said the Lord Keeper, [I believe] he alludes to a wager we have on our haw[ks—it is a] matter of no consequence."

He turned to his daughter, who was by [this time] so much recovered as to be able to walk h[ome. But] the effect which the various recollections, [connected] with a scene so terrific, made upon a mind [which was] susceptible in an extreme degree, was mo[re perma]nent than the injury which her nerves had [sustained.] Visions of terror, both in sleep and in wakin[g] recalled to her the form of the furious anim[al, and the] dreadful bellow with which he accomp[anied his] career; and it was always the image of [the Master] of Ravenswood, with his native noblenes[s of coun]tenance and form, that seemed to interpo[se betwixt] her and assured death. It is, perhaps, a[lways] dangerous for a young person to suffer rec[ollection to] dwell repeatedly, and with too much compl[acency, on] the same individual; but in Lucy's situat[ion it was] almost unavoidable. She had never happ[ened to see] a young man of mien and features so roma[ntic and] striking as young Ravenswood; but had [she seen a] hundred his equals or his superiors in tho[se particu]lars, no one else could have been linked to h[er heart by] the strong associations of remembered d[anger and] escape, of gratitude, wonder, and curiosi[ty.—I say] curiosity, for it is likely that the singularly [reserved] and unaccommodating manners of the Ma[ster of Ra]venswood, so much at variance with t[he natural] expression of his features and grace of his d[eportment,] as they excited wonder by the contrast, [had some] effect in riveting her attention to the re[collection.] She knew little of Ravenswood, or the disp[utes which] had existed betwixt her father and his, a[nd perhaps] could in her gentleness of mind hardly ha[ve compre]hended the angry and bitter passions whic[h they had] engendered. But she knew that he wa[s come of] noble stem; was poor, though descended [from the] noble and the wealthy; and she felt that [she could] sympathise with the feelings of a proud m[ind, which] urged him to recoil from the proffered [friendship] of the new proprietors of his father's [house and] domains. Would he have equally shu[nned their] acknowledgments and avoided their inti[macy, had] her father's request been urged more [mildly, less] abruptly, and softened with the grace whi[ch women] so well know how to throw into their man[ner, when] they mean to mediate betwixt the headlon[g passions] of the ruder sex? This was a perilous que[stion to] her own mind—perilous both in the idea [and its] consequences.

Lucy Ashton, in short, was involved [in those] mazes of the imagination which are most [dangerous] to the young and the sensitive. Time, [it is true,] absence, change of scene and new faces, [would pro]bably have destroyed the illusion in her [mind,]

has done in many others; but her residence remained solitary, and her mind without those means of dissipating her pleasing visions. This solitude was chiefly owing to the absence of Lady Ashton, who was at this time in Edinburgh, watching the progress of some state-intrigue; the Lord Keeper only received society out of policy or ostentation, and was by nature rather reserved and unsociable; and thus no cavalier appeared to rival or to obscure the ideal picture of chivalrous excellence which Lucy had pictured to herself in the Master of Ravenswood.

While Lucy indulged in these dreams, she made frequent visits to old blind Alice, hoping it would be easy to lead her to talk on the subject, which at present she had so imprudently admitted to occupy so large a portion of her thoughts. But Alice did not in this particular gratify her wishes and expectations. She spoke readily, and with pathetic feeling, concerning the family in general, but seemed to observe an especial and cautious silence on the subject of the present representative. The little she said of him was not altogether so favourable as Lucy had anticipated. She hinted that he was of a stern and unforgiving character, more ready to resent than to pardon injuries; and Lucy combined with great alarm the hints which she now dropped of these dangerous qualities, with Alice's advice to her father, so emphatically given, "to beware of Ravenswood."

But that very Ravenswood, of whom such unjust suspicions had been entertained, had, almost immediately after they had been uttered, confuted them, by saving at once her father's life and her own. Had he nourished such black revenge as Alice's dark hints seemed to indicate, no deed of active guilt was necessary to the full gratification of that evil passion. He needed but to have withheld for an instant his indispensable and effective assistance, and the object of his resentment must have perished, without any direct aggression on his part, by a death equally fearful and certain. She conceived, therefore, that some secret prejudice, or the suspicions incident to age and misfortune, had led Alice to form conclusions injurious to the character, and irreconcilable both with the generous conduct and noble features of the Master of Ravenswood. And in this belief Lucy reposed her hope, and went on weaving her enchanted web of fairy tissue, as beautiful and transient as the film of the gossamer, when it is pearled with the morning dew, and glimmering to the sun.

Her father, in the mean while, as well as the Master of Ravenswood, were making reflections, as frequent though more solid than those of Lucy, upon the singular event which had taken place. The Lord Keeper's first task, when he returned home, was to ascertain by medical advice that his daughter had sustained no injury from the dangerous and alarming situation in which she had been placed. Satisfied on this topic, he proceeded to revise the memoranda which he had taken down from the mouth of the person employed to interrupt the funeral service of the late Lord Ravenswood. Bred to casuistry, and well accustomed to practise the ambidexter ingenuity of the bar, it cost him little trouble to soften the features of the tumult which he had been at first so anxious to exaggerate. He preached to his colleagues of the Privy Council the necessity of using conciliatory measures with young men, whose blood and temper were hot, and their experience of life limited. He did not hesitate to attribute some censure to the conduct of the officer, as having been unnecessarily irritating. These were the contents of his public despatches. The letters which he wrote to those private friends into whose management the matter was likely to fall, were of a yet more favourable tenor. He represented that lenity in this case would be equally politic and popular, whereas, considering the high respect with which the rites of interment are regarded in Scotland, any severity exercised against the Master of Ravenswood for protecting those of his father from interruption, would be on all sides most unfavourably construed. And, finally, assuming the language of a generous and high spirited man, he made it his particular request that this affair should be passed over without severe notice. He alluded with delicacy to the predicament in which he himself stood with young Ravenswood, as having succeeded in the long train of litigation by which the fortunes of that noble house had been so much reduced, and confessed it would be most peculiarly acceptable to his own feelings, could he find means in some sort to counterbalance the disadvantages which he had occasioned the family, though only in the prosecution of his just and lawful rights. He therefore made it his particular and personal request that the matter should have no farther consequences, and insinuated a desire that he himself should have the merit of having put a stop to it by his favourable report and intercession. It was particularly remarkable, that, contrary to his uniform practice, he made no special communication to Lady Ashton upon the subject of the tumult; and although he mentioned the alarm which Lucy had received from one of the wild cattle, yet he gave no detailed account of an incident so interesting and terrible.

There was much surprise among Sir William Ashton's political friends and colleagues on receiving letters of a tenor so unexpected. On comparing notes together, one smiled, one put up his eyebrows, a third nodded acquiescence in the general wonder, and a fourth asked, if they were sure these were *all* the letters the Lord Keeper had written on the subject. "It runs strangely in my mind, my lords, that none of these advices contain the root of the matter."

But no secret letters of a contrary nature had been received, although the question seemed to imply the possibility of their existence.

"Well," said an old gray-headed statesman, who had contrived, by shifting and trimming, to maintain his post at the steerage through all the changes of course which the vessel had held for thirty years, "I thought Sir William would hae verified the auld Scottish saying, 'as soon comes the lamb's skin to market as the auld tup's.'"

"We must please him after his own fashion," said another, "though it be an unlooked-for one."

"A wilful man maun hae his way," answered the old counsellor.

"The Keeper will rue this before year and day are out," said a third; "the Master of Ravenswood is the lad to wind him a pirn."*

"Why, what would you do, my lords, with the poor young fellow?" said a noble Marquis present; "the Lord Keeper has got all his estates—he has not a cross to bless himself with."

On which the ancient Lord Turntippet replied,

"'If he hasna gear to fine,
He has shins to pine'—

And that was our way before the Revolution—*Luitur cum persona, qui lucra non potest cum crumena*†—Hegh, my lords, that's gude law Latin."

"I can see no motive," replied the Marquis, "that any noble lord can have for urging this matter farther; let the Lord Keeper have the power to deal in it as he pleases."

"Agree, agree—remit to the Lord Keeper, with any other person for fashion's sake—Lord Hirplehooly, who is bed-ridden—one to be a quorum—Make your entry in the minutes, Mr. Clerk—And now, my lords, there is that young scattergood, the Laird of Bucklaw's fine to be disponed upon—I suppose it goes to my Lord Treasurer?"

"Shame be in my meal-poke, then," exclaimed Lord Turntippet, "and your hand aye in the nook of it! I had set that down for a by bit between meals for mysell."

"To use one of your favourite saws, my lord," replied the Marquis, "you are like the miller's dog, that licks his lips before the bag is untied—the man is not fined yet."

"But that costs but twa skarts of a pen," said Lord Turntippet; "and surely there is nae noble lord that will presume to say, that I wha hae complied wi' a' compliances, tane all manner of tests, abjured all that was to be abjured, and sworn a' that was to be sworn, for these thirty years bypast, sticking fast by

* *Wind him a pirn*, proverbial for preparing a troublesome business for some person.

† *i. e.* Let him pay with his person, who cannot pay with his purse.

my duty to the state, through good report and bad report, shouldna hae something now and then to synd my mouth wi' after sic drouthy wark? Eh?"

"It would be very unreasonable indeed, my lord," replied the Marquis, "had we either thought that your lordship's drought was quenchable, or observed any thing stick in your throat that required washing down."

And so we close the scene on the Privy Council of that period.

CHAPTER VI.

For this are all these warriors come,
To hear an idle tale;
And o'er our death-accustom'd arms
Shall silly tears prevail?

HENRY MACKENZIE.

ON the evening of the day when the Lord Keeper and his daughter were saved from such imminent peril, two strangers were seated in the most private apartment of a small obscure inn, or rather alehouse, called the Tod's Den, about three or four miles from the Castle of Ravenswood, and as far from the ruinous tower of Wolf's Crag, betwixt which two places it was situated.

One of these strangers was about forty years of age, tall, and thin in the flanks, with an aquiline nose, dark penetrating eyes, and a shrewd but sinister cast of countenance. The other was about fifteen years younger, short, stout, ruddy-faced, and red-haired, with an open, resolute, and cheerful eye, to which careless and fearless freedom, and inward daring, gave fire and expression, notwithstanding its light gray colour. A stoup of wine (for in those days it was serv'd out from the cask in pewter flagons,) was placed on the table, and each had his quaigh or bicker* before him. But there was little appearance of conviviality. With folded arms, and looks of anxious expectation, they eyed each other in silence, each wrapt in his own thoughts, and holding no communication with his neighbour.

At length the younger broke silence by exclaiming, "What the foul fiend can detain the Master so long? he must have miscarried in his enterprise.—Why did you dissuade me from going with him?"

"One man is enough to right his own wrong," said the taller and older personage; "we venture our lives for him in coming thus far on such an errand."

"You are but a craven after all, Craigengelt," answered the younger, "and that's what many folk have thought you before now."

"But what none has dared to tell me," said Craigengelt, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword; "and, but that I hold a hasty man no better than a fool, I would"—he paused for his companion's answer.

"*Would* you?" said the other cooly; "and why do you not then?"

Craigengelt drew his cutlass an inch or two, and then returned it with violence into the scabbard—"Because there is a deeper stake to be played for, than the lives of twenty harebrained gowks like you."

"You are right there," said his companion, "for if it were not that these forfeitures, and that last fine that the old driveller Turntippit is gaping for, and which, I daresay, is laid on by this time, have fairly driven me out of house and home, I were a coxcomb and a cuckoo to boot, to trust your fair promises of getting me a commission in the Irish brigade,—what have I to do with the Irish brigade? I am a plain Scotchman as my father was before me; and my grand-aunt, Lady Girnington, cannot live for ever."

"Ay, Bucklaw," observed Craigengelt, but she may live for many a long day; and for your father, he had land and living, kept himself close from wadsetters and money-lenders, paid each man his due, and lived on his own."

* Drinking cups of different sizes, made out of staves hooped together. The *quaigh* was used chiefly for drinking wine or brandy; it might hold about a gill, and was often composed of rare wood, and curiously ornamented with silver.

"And whose fault is it that I have not do too?" said Bucklaw—"whose but the devil's your's, and such like as you, that have led me far end of a fair estate? and now I shall be ol I suppose, to shelter and shift about like you live one week upon a line of secret intelligence Saint Germains—another upon a report of a ris the Highlands—get my breakfast and mo draught of sack from old Jacobite ladies, an them locks of my old wig, for the Chevalier's second my friend in his quarrel till he comes field, and then flinch from him lest so impor political agent should perish from the way. A I must do for bread, besides calling myself a cap

"You think you are making a fine speech said Craigengelt, "and showing much wit expense. Is starving or hanging better tha life I am obliged to lead, because the presen tunes of the king cannot sufficiently suppo envoys?"

"Starving is honester, Craigengelt, and hang like to be the end on't—But what you mean to of this poor fellow Ravenswood, I know not— no money left, any more than I—his lands a pawned and pledged, and the interest eats u rents, and is not satisfied, and what do you h make by meddling in his affairs?"

"Content yourself, Bucklaw; I know my busi replied Craigengelt. "Besides that his name, a father's services in 1689, will make such an a tion sound well both at Versailles and Sain mains—you will also please be informed, th Master of Ravenswood is a very different kin young fellow from you. He has parts and ad as well as courage and talents, and will presen self abroad like a young man of head as well as who knows something more than the speed of a or the flight of a hawk. I have lost credit of l bringing over no one that had sense to know than how to unharbour a stag, or take and re an eyess. The Master has education, sense penetration."

"And yet is not wise enough to escape the of a kidnapper, Craigengelt?" replied the yo man. "But don't be angry; you know you wi fight, and so it is as well to leave your hilt in and quiet, and tell me in sober guise how you the Master into your confidence?"

"By flattering his love of vengeance, Buck answered Craigengelt. "He has always dist me, but I watched my time, and struck whi temper was red-hot with the sense of insult a wrong. He goes now to expostulate, as he say perhaps thinks, with Sir William Ashton. I say if they meet, and the lawyer puts him to his de the Master will kill him; for he had that spa his eye which never deceives you when you t read a man's purpose. At any rate, he will give such a bullying as will be construed into an as on a privy-councillor; so there will be a total br betwixt him and government; Scotland will b hot for him, France will gain him, and we wi set sail together in the French brig L'Espoir, is hovering for us off Eyemouth."

"Content am I," said Bucklaw; "Scotlan little left that I care about; and if carrying the ter with us will get us a better reception in Fr why, so be it, a God's name. I doubt our own will procure us slender preferment; and I trust send a ball through the Keeper's head before he us. One or two of these scoundrel statesmen be shot once a-year, just to keep the others on good behaviour."

"That is very true," replied Craigengelt; " reminds me that I must go and see that our have been fed, and are in readiness; for, should deed be done, it will be no time for grass to gro neath their heels." He proceeded as far as the then turned back with a look of earnestness, an to Bucklaw, "Whatever should come of this bus I am sure you will do me the justice to reme that I said nothing to the Master which could my accession to any act of violence which he take it into his head to commit."

o, not a single word like accession," replied ; "you know too well the risk belonging to terrible words, art and part." Then, as if f, he recited the following lines:

he dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs,
d pointed full upon the stroke of murder."

t is that you are talking to yourself?" said elt, turning back with some anxiety.

ing—only two lines I have heard upon the plied his companion.

law," said Craigengelt, "I sometimes think ld have been a stage-player yourself; all is frolic with you."

e often thought so myself," said Bucklaw. e it would be safer than acting with you in Conspiracy.—But away, play your own part, after the horses like a groom as you are.—A —a stage-player!" he repeated to himself; uld have deserved a stab, but that Craigen-ward—And yet I should like the profession gh—Stay—let me see—ay—I would come xander—

from the grave I rise to save my love,
all your swords, and quick as lightning move;
I rush on, sure none will dare to stay.
we commands, and glory leads the way.'"

a voice of thunder, and his hand upon his cklaw repeated the ranting couplets of poor gengelt re-entered with a face of alarm.

e undone, Bucklaw! the Master's led horse himself over his halter in the stable, and is e—his hackney will be set up with the day's d now he has no fresh horse; he will never

there will be no moving with the speed of this bout," said Bucklaw, drily. "But stay, ve him yours."

' and be taken myself? I thank you for the said Craigengelt.

replied Bucklaw, "if the Lord Keeper re met with a mischance, which for my not suppose, for the Master is not the lad to ld and unarmed man—but *if* there should a fray at the Castle, you are neither art it, you know, so have nothing to fear."

rue," answered the other, with embarrass-ut consider my commission from Saint

many men think is a commission of your ng. noble captain.—Well, if you will not your horse, why, d——n it, he must have

!" said Craigengelt.

se," repeated Bucklaw; "it shall never be agreed to back a gentleman in a little affair and neither helped him on with it nor off

ll give him your horse? and have you con-lose?"

why, Gray Gilbert cost me twenty Jaco-t's true; but then his hackney is worth , and his Black Moor is worth twice as be sound, and I know how to handle him. sucking mastiff whelp, flay and bowel him, oly full of black and gray snails, roast a time, and baste with oil of spikenard, saf-mon and honey, anoint with the dripping, in"——

cklaw; but in the mean while, before the ed, nay, before the whelp is roasted, you ght and hung. Depend on it, the chase d after Ravenswood. I wish we had made f rendezvous nearer to the coast."

faith, then," said Bucklaw, "I had best now, and leave my horse for him—Stay, ea, I hear a horse's feet."

sure there is only one?" said Craigen-ar there is a chase; I think I hear three or ng together—I am sure I hear more horses

ooh, it is the wench of the house clatter-ell in her pattens. By my faith, Captain, give up both your captainship and your ce, for you are as easily scared as a wild-goose. But here comes the Master alone, and looking as gloomy as a night in November."

The Master of Ravenswood entered the room accordingly, his cloak muffled around him, his arms folded, his looks stern, and at the same time dejected. He flung his cloak from him as he entered, threw himself upon a chair, and appeared sunk in a profound reverie.

"What has happened? What have you done?" was hastily demanded by Craigengelt and Bucklaw in the same moment.

"Nothing," was the short and sullen answer.

"Nothing? and left us, determined to call the old villain to account for all the injuries that you, we, and the country, have received at his hand? Have you seen him?"

"I have," replied the Master of Ravenswood.

"Seen him? and come away without settling scores which have been so long due?" said Bucklaw; "I would not have expected that at the hand of the Master of Ravenswood."

"No matter what you expected," replied Ravenswood; "it is not to you, sir, that I shall be disposed to render any reason for my conduct."

"Patience, Bucklaw," said Craigengelt, interrupting his companion, who seemed about to make an angry reply. "The Master has been interrupted in his purpose by some accident; but he must excuse the anxious curiosity of friends, who are devoted to his cause like you and me."

"Friends, Captain Craigengelt!" retorted Ravenswood, haughtily; "I am ignorant what familiarity has passed betwixt us to entitle you to use that expression. I think our friendship amounts to this, that we agreed to leave Scotland together so soon as I should have visited the alienated mansion of my fathers, and had an interview with its present possessor, I will not call him proprietor."

"Very true, Master," answered Bucklaw; "and as we thought you had a mind to do something to put your neck in jeopardy, Craigie and I very courteously agreed to tarry for you, although ours might run some risk in consequence. As to Craigie, indeed, it does not very much signify, he had gallows written on his brow in the hour of his birth; but I should not like to discredit my parentage by coming to such an end in another man's cause."

"Gentlemen," said the Master of Ravenswood, "I am sorry if I have occasioned you any inconvenience, but I must claim the right of judging what is best for my own affairs, without rendering explanations to any one. I have altered my mind, and do not design to leave the country this season."

"Not to leave the country, Master!" exclaimed Craigengelt. "Not to go over, after all the trouble and expense I have incurred—after all the risk of discovery, and the expense of freight and demurrage!"

"Sir," replied the Master of Ravenswood, "when I designed to leave this country in this haste, I made use of your obliging offer to procure me means of conveyance; but I do not recollect that I pledged myself to go off, if I found occasion to alter my mind. For your trouble on my account, I am sorry, and I thank you; your expense," he added, putting his hand into his pocket, "admits a more solid compensation—freight and demurrage are matters with which I am unacquainted, Captain Craigengelt, but take my purse and pay yourself according to your own conscience." And accordingly he tendered a purse with some gold in it to the soi-disant captain.

But here Bucklaw interposed in his turn. "Your fingers, Craigie, seem to itch for that same piece of green net-work," said he; "but I make my vow to God, that if they offer to close upon it, I will chop them off with my whinger. Since the Master has changed his mind, I suppose we need stay here no longer; but in the first place I beg leave to tell him"——

"Tell him any thing you will," said Craigengelt, "if you will first allow me to state the inconveniences to which he will expose himself by quitting our society, to remind him of the obstacles to his remaining here, and of the difficulties attending his proper introduction at Versailles and Saint Germains, without the countenance of those who have established useful connexions."

"Besides forfeiting the friendship," said Bucklaw, "of at least one man of spirit and honour."

"Gentlemen," said Ravenswood, "permit me once more to assure you, that you have been pleased to attach to our temporary connexion more importance than I ever meant that it should have. When I repair to foreign courts, I shall not need the introduction of an intriguing adventurer, nor is it necessary for me to set value on the friendship of a hot-headed bully." With these words, and without waiting for an answer, he left the apartment, remounted his horse, and was heard to ride off.

"Mortbleu!" said Captain Craigengelt, "my recruit is lost!"

"Ay, Captain," said Bucklaw, "the salmon is off with hook and all. But I will after him, for I have had more of his insolence than I can well digest."

Craigengelt offered to accompany him; but Bucklaw replied, "No, no, captain, keep you the cheek of the chimney-nook till I come back; it's good sleeping in a haill skin.

'Little kens the auld wife that sits by the fire,
How cauld the wind blaws in hurle-burle swire.'"

And singing as he went, he left the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

Now, Billy Bewick, keep good heart,
And of thy talking let me be;
But if thou art a man, as I am sure thou art,
Come over the dike and fight with me.

Old Ballad.

The Master of Ravenswood had mounted the ambling hackney which he before rode, on finding the accident which had happened to his led horse, and, for the animal's ease, was proceeding at a slow pace from the Tod's Den towards his old tower of Wolf's Crag, when he heard the galloping of a horse behind him, and, looking back, perceived that he was pursued by young Bucklaw, who had been delayed a few minutes in the pursuit by the irresistible temptation of giving the hostler at the Tod's Den some recipe for treating the lame horse. This brief delay he had made up by hard galloping, and now overtook the Master where the road traversed a waste moor. "Halt, sir," cried Bucklaw; "I am no political agent—no Captain Craigengelt, whose life is too important to be hazarded in defence of his honour. I am Frank Hayston of Bucklaw, and no man injures me by word, deed, sign, or look, but he must render me an account of it."

"This is all very well, Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw," replied the Master of Ravenswood, in a tone the most calm and indifferent; "but I have no quarrel with you, and desire to have none. Our roads homeward, as well as our roads through life, lie in different directions; there is no occasion for us crossing each other."

"Is there not?" said Bucklaw, impetuously. "By Heaven! but I say that there is, though—you called us intriguing adventurers."

"Be correct in your recollection, Mr. Hayston; it was to your companion only I applied that epithet, and you know him to be no better."

"And what then? He was my companion for the time, and no man shall insult my companion, right or wrong, while he is in my company."

"Then, Mr. Hayston," replied Ravenswood, with the same composure, "you should choose your society better, or you are like to have much work in your capacity of their champion. Go home, sir, sleep, and have more reason in your wrath to-morrow."

"Not so, Master, you have mistaken your man; high airs and wise saws shall not carry it off thus. Besides, you termed me bully, and you shall retract the word before we part."

"Faith, scarcely," said Ravenswood, "unless you show me better reason for thinking myself mistaken than you are now producing."

"Then, Master," said Bucklaw, "though I should be sorry to offer it to a man of your quality, if you will not justify your incivility, or retract it, or name a place of meeting, you must here undergo the hard word and the hard blow."

"Neither will be necessary," said Raven[s]
"I am satisfied with what I have done to av[oid this]
affair with you. If you are serious, this plac[e]
serve as well as another."

"Dismount then, and draw," said Bucklaw, [setting]
him an example. "I always thought and sa[id you]
were a pretty man; I should be sorry to repo[rt]
otherwise."

"You shall have no reason, sir," said Raven[swood,]
alighting, and putting himself into a posture [of de-]
fence.

Their swords crossed, and the combat comm[enced]
with great spirit on the part of Bucklaw, wh[o was]
well accustomed to affairs of the kind, and [distin-]
guished by address and dexterity at his weapo[n. In]
the present case, however, he did not use his [skill to]
advantage; for, having lost temper at the co[ol and]
contemptuous manner in which the Master o[f Ra-]
venswood had long refused, and at length gi[ven]
him satisfaction, and urged by his impatien[ce, he]
adopted the part of an assailant with inconsi[derate]
eagerness. The Master, with equal skill, and
greater composure, remained chiefly on the defe[nsive,]
and even declined to avail himself of one o[r two]
advantages afforded him by the eagerness of h[is ad-]
versary. At length, in a desperate lunge, whi[ch he]
followed with an attempt to close, Bucklaw'[s foot]
slipped, and he fell on the short grassy turf on [which]
they were fighting. "Take your life, sir," sa[id the]
Master of Ravenswood, "and mend it if you ca[n."]

"It would be but a cobbled piece of work, I [fear,"]
said Bucklaw, rising slowly and gathering [up his]
sword, much less disconcerted with the issue [of the]
combat than could have been expected from t[he im-]
petuosity of his temper. "I thank you for m[y life,]
Master," he pursued. "There is my hand, I b[ear no]
ill-will to you, either for my bad luck or your [better]
swordmanship."

The Master looked steadily at him for an in[stant,]
then extended his hand to him.—"Bucklaw[," he]
said, "you are a generous fellow, and I hav[e done]
you wrong. I heartily ask your pardon for t[he ex-]
pression which offended you; it was hastil[y and]
incautiously uttered, and I am convinced it is [totally]
misapplied."

"Are you indeed, Master?" said Bucklaw, hi[s face]
resuming at once its natural expression of
hearted carelessness and audacity; "that is [more]
than I expected of you; for, Master, men sa[y you]
are not ready to retract your opinions and you[r lan-]
guage."

"Not when I have well considered them,"[said]
the Master.

"Then you are a little wiser than I am, for [I al-]
ways give my friend satisfaction first, and exp[lana-]
tion afterwards. If one of us falls, all accoun[ts are]
settled; if not, men are never so ready for pe[ace as]
after war.—But what does that bawling brat of [a boy]
want?" said Bucklaw. "I wish to Heaven he [had]
come a few minutes sooner! and yet it must [have]
been ended some time, and perhaps this way [is as]
well as any other."

As he spoke, the boy he mentioned came up, [cud-]
gelling an ass, on which he was mounted, to th[e top]
of its speed, and sending, like one of Ossian's he[roes,]
his voice before him,—"Gentlemen,—gentlemen[, save]
yourselves! for the gudewife bade us tell ye [there]
were folk in her house had taen Captain Craig[engelt,]
and were seeking for Bucklaw, and that ye b[ud ride]
to ride for it."

"By my faith, and that's very true, my man," [said]
Bucklaw; "and there's a silver sixpence for [thy]
news, and I would give any man twice as [much who]
would tell me which way I should ride."

"That will I, Bucklaw," said Ravenswood; "[ride]
home to Wolf's Crag with me. There are pla[ces in]
the old tower where you might lie hid, were a [thou-]
sand men to seek you."

"But that will bring you into trouble yourself[, Mas-]
ter; and unless you be in the Jacobite scrape al[ready,]
it is quite needless for me to drag you in."

"Not a whit; I have nothing to fear."

"Then I will ride with you blithely, for, to s[ay the]
truth, I do not know the rendezvous that C[raigengelt]

ide us to this night; and I am sure that, if he he will tell all the truth of me, and twenty u, in order to save himself from the withie."
mounted, and rode off in company accord-riking off the ordinary road, and holding by wild moorish unfrequented paths, with e gentlemen were well acquainted from the of the chase, but through which others ave had much difficulty in tracing their They rode for some time in silence, making e as the condition of Ravenswood's horse l, until night having gradually closed around ey discontinued their speed, both from the of discovering their path, and from the they were beyond the reach of pursuit or on.
"ow that we have drawn bridle abit," said "I would fain ask you a question, Master."
and welcome," said Ravenswood, "but for-ot answering it, unless I think proper."
it is simply this," answered his late antago-"hat, in the name of old Sathan, could , who stand so highly on your reputation, a moment of drawing up with such a rogue ngelt, and such a scape-grace as folk call ?"
y, because I was desperate, and sought des-sociates."
hat made you break off from us at the near-un demanded Bucklaw.
use I had changed my mind," said the Mas-l renounced my enterprise, at least for the And now that I have answered your ques-ly and frankly, tell me what makes you with Craigengelt, so much beneath you rth and in spirit?"
in terms," answered Bucklaw, "because I who have gambled away my land in these ly grand-aunt, Lady Girnington, has tacn a of life I think, and I could only hope to get by a change of government. Cragie was a nbling acquaintance; he saw my condition; e devil is always at one's elbow, told me bout his credentials from Versailles, and his Saint Germains, promised me a captain's m at Paris, and I have been ass enough to amb under his belt. I daresay, by this time, a dozen pretty stories of me to the govern-d this is what I have got by wine, women, ocks, dogs, and horses."
ucklaw," said the Master, "you have in-bed in your bosom the snakes that are ing you."
home as well as true, Master," replied his ; "but, by your leave, you have nursed in one great goodly snake that has swal-the rest, and is as sure to devour you as my are to make a meal on all that's left of which is but what lies between bonnet and "
t not," answered the Master of Ravens-hallenge the freedom of speech in which I xample. What, to speak without a meta-you call this monstrous passion, which you with fostering?"
, my good sir, revenge; which, if it be as ke a sin as wine and wassail, with their is equally unchristian, and not so blood-better breaking a park-pale to watch a doe than to shoot an old man."
the purpose," said the Master of Ravens-On my soul, I had no such intention; I t to confront the oppressor ere I left my d, and upbraid him with his tyranny and cces. I would have stated my wrongs so would have shaken his soul within him."
answered Bucklaw, "and he would have , and cried help, and then you would have soul *out* of him, I suppose. Your very manner would have frightened the old man."
der the provocation," answered Ravens-sider the ruin and death procured and this hard-hearted cruelty—an ancient house destroyed, an affectionate father murdered! Why, in our old Scottish days, he that sat quiet under such wrongs, would have been held neither fit to back a friend nor face a foe."

"Well, Master, I am glad to see that the devil deals as cunningly with other folk as he deals with me; for whenever I am about to commit any folly, he persuades me it is the most necessary, gallant, gentleman-like thing on earth, and I am up to saddlegirths in the bog before I see that the ground is soft. And you, Master, might have turned out a murd—a homicide, just out of pure respect for your father's memory."

"There is more sense in your language, Bucklaw," replied the Master, "than might have been expected from your conduct. It is too true, our vices steal upon us in forms outwardly as fair as those of the demons whom the superstitious represent as intriguing with the human race, and are not discovered in their native hideousness until we have clasped them in our arms."

"But we may throw them from us, though," said Bucklaw, "and that is what I shall think of doing one of these days,—that is, when old Lady Girnington dies."

"Did you ever hear the expression of the English divine?" said Ravenswood—"'Hell is paved with good intentions'—as much as to say, they are more often formed than executed."

"Well," replied Bucklaw, "but I will begin this blessed night, and have determined not to drink above one quart of wine, unless your claret be of extraordinary quality."

"You will find little to tempt you at Wolf's Crag," said the Master. "I know not that I can promise you more than the shelter of my roof; all, and more than all, our stock of wine and provisions was exhausted at the late occasion."

"Long may it be ere provision is needed for the like purpose," answered Bucklaw; "but you should not drink up the last flask at a dirge; there is ill luck in that."

"There is ill luck, I think, in whatever belongs to me," said Ravenswood. "But yonder is Wolf's Crag and whatever it still contains is at your service."

The roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyry. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that towards the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and drawbridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow court-yard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of a grayish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight, like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder, or more disconsolate dwelling, it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror.

Although the night was not far advanced, there was no sign of living inhabitant about this forlorn abode, excepting that one, and only one, of the narrow and stanchelled windows which appeared at irregular heights and distances in the walls of the building, showed a small glimmer of light.

"There," said Ravenswood, "sits the only male domestic that remains to the house of Ravenswood; and it is well that he does remain there, since otherwise, we had little hope to find either light or fire. But follow me cautiously; the road is narrow, and admits only one horse in front."

In effect, the path led along a kind of isthmus, at the peninsular extremity of which the tower was situated, with that exclusive attention to strength and security, in preference to every circumstance of convenience, which dictated to the Scottish barons the choice of their situations, as well as their style of building.

By adopting the cautious mode of approach recommended by the proprietor of this wild hold, they entered the court-yard in safety. But it was long ere the efforts of Ravenswood, though loudly exerted by knocking at the low-browed entrance, and repeated shouts to Caleb to open the gate and admit them, received any answer.

"The old man must be departed," he began to say, "or fallen into some fit; for the noise I have made would have waked the seven sleepers."

At length a timid and hesitating voice replied,—"Master—Master of Ravenswood, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I, Caleb; open the door quickly?"

"But is it you in very blood and body? For I would sooner face fifty deevils as my master's ghaist, or even his wraith,—wherefore, aroint ye, if ye were ten times my master, unless ye come in bodily shape, lith and limb."

"It is I, you old fool," answered Ravenswood, "in bodily shape, and alive, save that I am half dead with cold."

The light at the upper window disappeared, and glancing from loop-hole to loop-hole in slow succession, gave intimation that the bearer was in the act of descending, with great deliberation, a winding staircase occupying one of the turrets which graced the angles of the old tower. The tardiness of his descent extracted some exclamations of impatience from Ravenswood, and several oaths from his less patient and more mercurial companion. Caleb again paused ere he unbolted the door, and once more asked, if they were men of mould that demanded entrance at this time of night?

"Were I near you, you old fool," said Bucklaw, "I would give you sufficient proofs of *my* bodily condition."

"Open the gate, Caleb," said his master, in a more soothing tone, partly from his regard to the ancient and faithful seneschal, partly perhaps because he thought that angry words would be thrown away, so long as Caleb had a stout iron-clenched oaken door betwixt his person and the speakers.

At length Caleb, with a trembling hand, undid the bars, opened the heavy door, and stood before them, exhibiting his thin gray hairs, bald forehead, and sharp high features, illuminated by a quivering lamp which he held in one hand, while he shaded and protected its flame with the other. The timorous courteous glance which he threw around him—the effect of the partial light upon his white hair and illumined features, might have made a good painting; but our travellers were too impatient for security against the rising storm, to permit them to indulge themselves in studying the picturesque. "Is it you, my dear master? is it you yoursell, indeed?" exclaimed the old domestic. "I am wae ye suld hae stude waiting at your ain gate; but wha wad hae thought o' seeing ye sae sune, and a strange gentleman with a—(Here he exclaimed apart, as it were, and to some inmate of the tower, in a voice not meant to be heard by those in the court)—Mysie—Mysie woman! stir for dear life, and get the fire mended; take the auld three-legged stool, or ony thing that's readiest that will make a lowe.—I doubt we are but puirly provided, no expecting ye this some months, when doubtless ye wad hae been received conform till your rank, as gude right is; but natheless"——

"Natheless, Caleb," said the Master, "we must have our horses put up, and ourselves too, the best way we can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than you expected?"

"Sorry, my lord!—I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi' honest folk, as your noble ancestors hae been these three hundred years, and never asked a whig's leave. Sorry to see the Lord of Ravenswod at ane o' his ain castles!—(Then again apart to his unseen *associate* behind the screen)—Mysie, kill the brood-hen without thinking twice on it; let them ... come ahint.—No to say it's our best dwell... added, turning to Bucklaw; "but just a str... the Lord of Ravenswood to flee until,—tha... *flee*, but to retreat until in troublous times, ... present, when it was ill convenient for hi... farther in the country in ony of his better ... principal manors; but, for its antiquity, m... think that the outside of Wolf's Craig is wo... large perusal."

"And you are determined we shall hav... make it," said Ravenswood, somewhat amu... the shifts the old man used to detain them ... doors, until his confederate Mysie had made ... parations within.

"O, never mind the outside of the house, ... friend," said Bucklaw; let's see the inside, ... our horses see the stable, that's all."

"O yes, sir—ay, sir—unquestionably, sir—and ony of his honourable companions"——

"But our horses, my old friend—our hor... will be dead-foundered by standing here in ... after riding hard, and mine is too good to be ... therefore, once more, our horses," exclaime... law.

"True—ay—your horses—yes—I will ... grooms;" and sturdily did Caleb roar till ... tower rang again.—"John, William—Sau... The lads are gane out, or sleeping," he obser... pausing for an answer, which he knew tha... no human chance of receiving. "A' gae ... when the Master's out by; but I'll take car... cattle mysell."

"I think you had better," said Ravenswood... wise I see little chance of their being atten... all."

"Whisht, my lord,—whisht, for God's sa... Caleb, in an imploring tone, and apart to his ... "if ye dinna regard your ain credit, think o... we'll hae hard eneugh wark to mak a dec... o't, wi' a' the lees I can tell."

"Well, well, never mind," said his master ... the stable. There is hay and corn, I trust?"

"Ou ay, plenty of hay and corn;" this wa... boldly and aloud, and, in a lower tone, "t... some half fous o' aits, and some taits o' ... hay, left after the burial."

"Very well," said Ravenswood, taking ... from his domestic's unwilling hand, "I will ... stranger up stairs myself."

"I canna think o' that, my lord;—if ye ... have five minutes, or ten minutes, or, at ... quarter of an hour's patience, and look at ... moonlight prospect of the Bass and North-Law till I sort the horses, I would marshal ... reason is ye suld be marshalled, your lord... your honourable visiter. And I hae lockit u... ler candlesticks, and the lamp is not fit"——

"It will do very well in the mean time," ... venswood, "and you will have no difficulty ... of light in the stable, for, if I recollect, half th... off."

"Very true, my lord," replied the trusty ... and with ready wit instantly added, "and ... sclater loons have never come to put it o... while, your lordship."

"If I were disposed to jest at the calamiti... house," said Ravenswood, as he led the way ... "poor old Caleb would furnish me with ampl... His passion consists in representing things ... miserable *menage*, not as they are, but as, in ... nion, they ought to be; and, to say the trut... been often diverted with the poor wretch's e... to supply what he thought was essential for ... of the family, and his still more generous ... for the want of those articles for which his ... could discover no substitute. But though ... is none of the largest, I shall have some trou... out him to find the apartment in which ... fire."

As he spoke thus, he opened the door of ... "Here, at least," he said, "there is neither h... harbour."

It was indeed a scene of desolation A larg...

beams of which, combined like those of ter-Hall, were rudely carved at the extre- mained nearly in the situation in which it eft after the entertainment at Allan Lord od's funeral. Overturned pitchers, and ks, and pewter stoups, and flagons, still the large oaken table; glasses, those more implements of conviviality, many of which voluntarily sacrificed by the guests in their ic pledges to favourite toasts, strewed the with their fragments. As for the articles nt for the purpose by friends and kinsfolk, been carefully withdrawn so soon as the s display of festivity, equally unnecessary ly timed, had been made and ended. No- hort, remained that indicated wealth; all were those of recent wastefulness, and pre- ation. The black cloth hangings, which, mournful occasion, replaced the tattered a tapestries, had been partly pulled down, ng from the wall in irregular festoons, dis- rough stone-work of the building, un- either by plaster or the chisel. The seats wn, or left in disorder, intimated the care- sion which had concluded the mournful 'his room," said Ravenswood, holding up -"this room, Mr. Hayston, was riotous ould have been sad; it is a just retribution uld now be sad when it ought to be cheer-

ft this disconsolate apartment, and went up ere, after opening one or two doors in vain, od led the way into a little matted anti- which, to their great joy, they found a tolera- ire, which Mysie, by some such expedient ad suggested, had supplied with a reasona- ty of fuel. Glad at the heart to see more of an the castle had yet seemed to offer, Buck- d his hands heartily over the fire, and now ith more complacency to the apologies Master of Ravenswood offered. "Com- aid, "I cannot provide for you, for I have it self; it is long since these walls have known d, they were ever acquainted with it. Shel- fety, I think, I can promise you."
ent matters, Master," replied Bucklaw, h a mouthful of food and wine, positively quire to-night."
" said the Master, "your supper will be a I hear the matter in discussion betwixt l Mysie. Poor Balderston is something ngst his other accomplishments, so that what he means should be spoken aside is by the whole audience, and especially by whom he is most anxious to conceal his anœuvres--Hark!"
stened, and heard the old domestic's voice sation with Mysie to the following effect. k the best o't, mak the best o't, woman; put a fair face on ony thing."
e auld brood-hen?—she'll be as teugh as gs and bend-leather!"
t made a mistake—say ye made a mistake, plied the faithful seneschal, in a soothing toned voice; "tak it a' on yoursell; never dit o' the house suffer."
e brood-hen," remonstrated Mysie,—"on, ng some gate aneath the dais in the hall, feared to gae in in the dark for the bogle; dna see the bogle, I could as ill see the hen, -mirk, and there's no another light in the e that very blessed lamp whilk the Master ain hand. And if I had the hen, she's to draw, and to dress; how can I do that, and ng by the only fire we have?"
weel, Mysie," said the butler, "bide ye e, and I'll try to get the lamp wiled away

ngly, Caleb Balderston entered the apart- e aware that so much of his by-play had de there. "Well, Caleb, my old friend, is chance of supper?" said the Master of Ra-

e of supper, your lordship?" said Caleb, with an emphasis of strong scorn at the implied doubt,—"How should there be any question of that, and us in your lordship's house?—Chance of supper, indeed!—but ye'll no be for butcher-meat? There's walth o' fat poultry, ready either for spit or brander—The fat capon, Mysie!" he added, calling out as boldly as if such a thing had been in existence.

"Quite unnecessary," said Bucklaw, who deemed himself bound in courtesy to relieve some part of the anxious butler's perplexity, "if you have any thing cold, or a morsel of bread."

"The best of bannocks!" exclaimed Caleb, much relieved; "and, for cauld meat, a' that we hae is cauld eneugh,—howbeit maist of the cauld meat and pastry was gien to the poor folk after the ceremony of interment, as gude reason was; nevertheless"——

"Come, Caleb," said the Master of Ravenswood, "I must cut this matter short. This is the young laird of Bucklaw; he is under hiding, and therefore, you know"—

"He'll be nae nicer than your lordship's honour, I'se warrant," answered Caleb, cheerfully, with a nod of intelligence; "I am sorry that the gentleman is under distress, but I am blithe that he canna say muckle agane our house-keeping, for I believe his ain pinches may match ours;—no that we are pinched, thank God," he added, retracting the admission which he had made in his first burst of joy, "but nae doubt we are waur aff than we hae been, or suld be. And for eating,—what signifies telling a lee? there's just the hinder end of the mutton-ham that has been but three times on the table, and the nearer the bane the sweeter, as your honours weel ken; and—there's the heel of the ewe-milk kebbuck, wi' a bit of nice butter, and—and—that's a' that's to trust to." And with great alacrity he produced his slender stock of provisions, and placed them with much formality upon a small round table betwixt the two gentlemen, who were not deterred either by the homely quality or limited quantity of the repast from doing it full justice. Caleb in the mean while waited on them with grave officiousness, as if anxious to make up, by his own respectful assiduity, for the want of all other attendance.

But alas! how little on such occasions can form, however anxiously and scrupulously observed, supply the lack of substantial fare! Bucklaw, who had eagerly eaten a considerable portion of the thrice-sacked mutton-ham, now began to demand ale.

"I wadna just presume to recommend our ale," said Caleb; "the maut was ill made, and there was awfu' thunder last week; but siccan water as the Tower well has ye'll seldom see, Bucklaw, and that I'se engage for."

"But if your ale is bad, you can let us have some wine," said Bucklaw, making a grimace at the mention of the pure element which Caleb so earnestly recommended.

"Wine?" answered Caleb, undauntedly, "eneugh of wine; it was but twa days syne—wae's me for the cause—there was as much wine drunk in this house as would have floated a pinnace. There never was lack of wine at Wolf's Crag."

"Do fetch us some then," said his master, "instead of talking about it." And Caleb boldly departed.

Every expended butt in the old cellar did he set a-tilt, and shake with the desperate expectation of collecting enough of the grounds of claret to fill the large pewter measure which he carried in his hand. Alas! each had been too devoutly drained; and, with all the squeezing and manœuvring which his craft as a butler suggested, he could only collect about half a quart that seemed presentable. Still, however, Caleb was too good a general to renounce the field without a stratagem to cover his retreat. He undauntedly threw down an empty flagon, as if he had stumbled at the entrance of the apartment; called upon Mysie to wipe up the wine that had never been spilt, and placing the other vessel on the table, hoped there was still enough left for their honours. There was indeed; for even Bucklaw, a sworn friend to the grape, found no encouragement to renew his first attack upon the vintage of Wolf's Crag, but contented himself, how-

ever reluctantly, with a draught of fair water. Arrangements were now made for his repose; and as the secret chamber was assigned for this purpose, it furnished Caleb with a first-rate and most plausible apology for all deficiencies of furniture, bedding, &c.

"For wha," said he, "would have thought of the secret chaumer being needed? it has not been used since the time of the Gowrie Conspiracy, and I durst never let a woman ken of the entrance to it, or your honour will allow that it wad not hae been a secret chaumer lang."

CHAPTER VIII.

> The hearth in hall was black and dead,
> No board was dight in bower within,
> Nor merry bowl nor welcome bed;
> "Here's sorry cheer," quoth the Heir of Linne.
>
> *Old Ballad.*

THE feelings of the prodigal Heir of Linne, as expressed in that excellent old song, when, after dissipating his whole fortune, he found himself the deserted inhabitant of "the lonely lodge," might perhaps have some resemblance to those of the Master of Ravenswood in his deserted mansion of Wolf's Crag. The Master, however, had this advantage over the spendthrift in the legend, that if he was in similar distress, he could not impute it to his own imprudence. His misery had been bequeathed to him by his father, and, joined to his high blood, and to a title which the courteous might give, or the churlish withhold, at their pleasure, it was the whole inheritance he had derived from his ancestry.

Perhaps this melancholy, yet consolatory reflection, crossed the mind of the unfortunate young nobleman with a breathing of comfort. Favourable to calm reflection, as well as to the Muses, the morning, while it dispelled the shades of night, had a composing and sedative effect upon the stormy passions by which the Master of Ravenswood had been agitated on the preceding day. He now felt himself able to analyze the different feelings by which he was agitated, and much resolved to combat and to subdue them. The morning, which had arisen calm and bright, gave a pleasant effect even to the waste moorland view which was seen from the castle on looking to the landward; and the glorious ocean, crisped with a thousand rippling waves of silver, extended on the other side, in awful yet complacent majesty, to the verge of the horizon. With such scenes of calm sublimity the human heart sympathizes even in its most disturbed moods, and deeds of honour and virtue are inspired by their majestic influence.

To seek out Bucklaw in the retreat which he had afforded him was the first occupation of the Master, after he had performed, with a scrutiny unusually severe, the important task of self-examination. "How now, Bucklaw?" was his morning's salutation—"how like you the couch in which the exiled Earl of Angus once slept in security, when he was pursued by the full energy of a king's resentment?"

"Umph!" returned the sleeper awakened; "I have little to complain of where so great a man was quartered before me, only the mattress was of the hardest, the vault somewhat damp, the rats rather more mutinous than I would have expected from the state of Caleb's larder; and if there had been shutters to that grated window, or a curtain to the bed, I should think it, upon the whole, an improvement in your accommodations."

"It is, to be sure, forlorn enough," said the Master, looking around the small vault; "but if you will rise and leave it, Caleb will endeavour to find you a better breakfast than your supper of last night."

"Pray, let it be no better," said Bucklaw, getting up, and endeavouring to dress himself as well as the obscurity of the place would permit,—"let it, I say, be no better, if you mean me to persevere in my proposed reformation. The very recollection of Caleb's beverage has done more to suppress my longing to open the day with a morning-draught than twenty *sermons* would have done. And you, Master, have you been able to give battle valiantly to your bosom-snake? You see I am in the way of smothering m vipers one by one."

"I have commenced the battle, at least, Bucklaw and I have had a fair vision of an angel who d scended to my assistance," replied the Master.

"Woe's me!" said his guest, "no vision can I ex pect, unless my aunt, Lady Girnington, should betak herself to the tomb; and then it would be the sub stance of her heritage rather than the appearance of her phantom that I should consider as the support o my good resolutions.—But this same breakfast, Mas ter,—does the deer that is to make the pasty run ye on foot, as the ballad has it?"

"I will inquire into that matter," said his ente tainer; and, leaving the apartment, he went in sea of Caleb, whom, after some difficulty, he found in a obscure sort of dungeon, which had been in forme times the buttery of the castle. Here the old ma was employed busily in the doubtful task of burnish ing a pewter flagon until it should take the hue an semblance of silver-plate. "I think it may do— think it might pass, if they winna bring it ower muckl in the light o' the window!" were the ejaculation which he muttered from time to time, as if to encour age himself in his undertaking, when he was inter rupted by the voice of his master. "Take this," sai the Master of Ravenswood, "and get what is neces sary for the family." And with these words he gav to the old butler the purse which had on the precedin evening so narrowly escaped the fangs of Craigen gelt. The old man shook his silvery and thin lock and looked with an expression of the most heartfe anguish at his master as he weighed in his hand th slender treasure, and said in a sorrowful voice, "An is this a' that's left?"

"All that is left at present," said the Master, affec ing more cheerfulness than perhaps he really fel "is just the green purse and the wee pickle gowd, the old song says; but we shall do better one da Caleb."

"Before that day comes," said Caleb, "I dou there will be an end of an auld sang, and an auld se ing-man to boot. But it disna become me to spe that gate to your honour, and you looking sae pa Tak back the purse, and keep it to be making a sh before company; for if your honour would just ta bidding, and be whiles taking it out afore folk and p ting it up again, there's naebody would refuse us tru for a' that's come and gane yet."

"But, Caleb," said the Master, "I still intend leave this country very soon, and desire to do so w the reputation of an honest man, leaving no d behind me, at least of my own contracting."

"And gude right ye suld gang away as a true ma and so ye shall; for auld Caleb can tak the wyt whatever is taen on for the house, and then it w a' just ae man's burden; and I will live just as w the tolbooth as out of it, and the credit of the fam will be a' safe and sound."

The master endeavoured, in vain, to make Ca comprehend, that the butler's incurring the res sibility of debts in his own person, would rather a than remove the objections which he had to t being contracted. He spoke to a premier, too b in devising ways and means to puzzle himself w refuting the arguments offered against their justi expediency.

"There's Eppie Sma'trash will trust us for said Caleb to himself; "she has lived a' her life the family—and maybe wi' a soup brandy—I ca say for wine—she is but a lone woman, and ge claret by a runlet at a time—but I'll work a wee out o' her by fair means or foul. For doos, there' doocot—there will be poultry among the ten though Luckie Chirnside says she has paid the twice ower. We'll mak shift, an it like your hon we'll mak shift—keep your heart abune, for the sall haud it's credit as lang as auld Caleb is fore."

The entertainment which the old man's ex of various kinds enabled him to present to the gentlemen for three or four days, was certainly splendid description, but it may readily be be was set before no critical guests; and even t

tresses, excuses, evasions, and shifts of Caleb, afforded amusement to the young men, and added a sort of interest to the scrambling and irregular style of their table. They had indeed occasion to seize on every circumstance that might serve to diversify or enliven time, which otherwise passed away so heavily.

Bucklaw, shut out from his usual field-sports and joyous carouses by the necessity of remaining concealed within the walls of the castle, became a joyless and uninteresting companion. When the Master of Ravenswood would no longer fence or play at shovel-board—when he himself had polished to the extremity the coat of his palfrey with brush, currycomb, and hair-cloth—when he had seen him eat his provender, and gently lie down in his stall, he could hardly help envying the animal's apparent acquiescence in a life so monotonous. "The stupid brute," he said, "thinks neither of the race-ground or the hunting-field, or his green paddock at Bucklaw, but enjoys himself as comfortably when haltered to the rack in this ruinous vault, as if he had been foaled in it; and I who have the freedom of a prisoner at large, to range through the dungeons of this wretched old tower, can hardly, betwixt whistling and sleeping, contrive to pass away the hour till dinner-time."

And with this disconsolate reflection, he wended his way to the bartizan or battlements of the tower, to watch what objects might appear on the distant moor, or to pelt, with pebbles and pieces of lime, the sea mews and cormorants which established themselves incautiously within the reach of an idle young man.

Ravenswood, with a mind incalculably deeper and more powerful than that of his companion, had his own anxious subjects of reflection, which wrought for him the same unhappiness that sheer ennui and want of occupation inflicted on his companion. The first sight of Lucy Ashton had been less impressive than her image proved to be upon reflection. As the depth and violence of that revengeful passion, by which he had been actuated in seeking an interview with the father, began to abate by degrees, he looked back on his conduct towards the daughter as harsh and unworthy towards a female of rank and beauty. Her looks of grateful acknowledgment, her words of affectionate courtesy, had been repelled with something which approached to disdain; and if the Master of Ravenswood had sustained wrongs at the hand of Sir William Ashton, his conscience told him they had been unhandsomely resented towards his daughter. When his thoughts took this turn of self-reproach, the recollection of Lucy Ashton's beautiful features, rendered yet more interesting by the circumstances in which their meeting had taken place, made an impression upon his mind at once soothing and painful. The sweetness of her voice, the delicacy of her expressions, the vivid glow of her filial affection, embittered his regret at having repulsed her gratitude with rudeness, while, at the same time, they placed before his imagination a picture of the most alluring sweetness.

Even young Ravenswood's strength of moral feeling and rectitude of purpose at once increased the danger of cherishing these recollections, and the propensity to entertain them. Firmly resolved as he was to subdue, if possible, the predominating vice in his character, he admitted with willingness—nay, he summoned up in his imagination, the ideas by which it could be most powerfully counteracted; and, while he did so, a sense of his own harsh conduct towards the daughter of his enemy naturally induced him, as if by way of recompense, to invest her with more of grace and beauty than perhaps she could actually claim.

Had any one at this period told the Master of Ravenswood that he had so lately vowed vengeance against the whole lineage of him whom he considered, not unjustly, as author of his father's ruin and death, he might at first have repelled the charge as a foul calumny; yet, upon serious self-examination, he would have been compelled to admit, that it had, at one period, some foundation in truth, though, according to the present tone of his sentiments, it was difficult to believe that this had really been the case.

There already existed in his bosom two contradictory passions,—a desire to revenge the death of his father, strangely qualified by admiration of his enemy's daughter. Against the former feeling he had struggled, until it seemed to him upon the wane; against the latter he used no means of resistance, for he did not suspect its existence. That this was actually the case, was chiefly evinced by his resuming his resolution to leave Scotland. Yet, though such was his purpose, he remained day after day at Wolf's Crag, without taking measures for carrying it into execution. It is true, that he had written to one or two kinsmen who resided in a distant quarter of Scotland, and particularly to the Marquis of A——, intimating his purpose; and when pressed upon the subject by Bucklaw, he was wont to allege the necessity of waiting for their reply, especially that of the Marquis, before taking so decisive a measure.

The Marquis was rich and powerful; and although he was suspected to entertain sentiments unfavourable to the government established at the Revolution, he had nevertheless address enough to head a party in the Scottish Privy Council, connected with the high church faction in England, and powerful enough to menace those to whom the Lord Keeper adhered, with a probable subversion of their power. The consulting with a personage of such importance was a plausible excuse, which Ravenswood used to Bucklaw, and probably to himself, for continuing his residence at Wolf's Crag; and it was rendered yet more so by a general report which began to be current, of a probable change of ministers and measures in the Scottish administration. These rumours, strongly asserted by some, and as resolutely denied by others, as their wishes or interest dictated, found their way even to the ruinous Tower of Wolf's Crag, chiefly through the medium of Caleb the butler, who, among his other excellences, was an ardent politician, and seldom made an excursion from the old fortress to the neighbouring village of Wolf's-hope, without bringing back what tidings were current in the vicinity.

But if Bucklaw could not offer any satisfactory objections to the delay of the Master in leaving Scotland, he did not the less suffer with impatience the state of inaction to which it confined him; and it was only the ascendency which his new companion had acquired over him, that induced him to submit to a course of life so alien to his habits and inclinations.

"You were wont to be thought a stirring active young fellow, Master," was his frequent remonstrance; "yet here you seem determined to live on and on like a rat in a hole, with this trifling difference, that the wiser vermin chooses a hermitage where he can find food at least; but as for us, Caleb's excuses become longer as his diet turns more spare, and I fear we shall realize the stories they tell of the sloth,—we have almost eat up the last green leaf on the plant, and have nothing left for it but to drop from the tree and break our necks."

"Do not fear it," said Ravenswood; "there is a fate watches for us, and we too have a stake in the revolution that is now impending, and which already has alarmed many a bosom."

"What fate—what revolution?" inquired his companion. "We have had one revolution too much already, I think."

Ravenswood interrupted him by putting into his hands a letter.

"O," answered Bucklaw, "my dream is out—I thought I heard Caleb this morning pressing some unfortunate fellow to a drink of cold water, and assuring him it was better for his stomach in the morning than ale or brandy."

"It was my Lord of A——'s courier," said Ravenswood, "who, doomed to experience his ostentatious hospitality, which I believe ended in sour beer and herrings—Read, and you will see the news he has brought us."

"I will as fast as I can," said Bucklaw; "but I am no great clerk, nor does his lordship seem to be the first of scribes."

The reader will peruse, in a few seconds, by the aid of our friend Ballantyne's types, what took Bucklaw a good half hour in the perusal, though assisted by

the Master of Ravenswood. The tenor was as follows:—

"*Right Honourable our Cousin*,

"Our hearty commendations premised, these come to assure you of the interest which we take in your welfare, and in your purposes towards its augmentation. If we have been less active in showing forth our effective good-will towards you than, as a loving kinsman and blood-relative, we would willingly have desired, we request that you will impute it to lack of opportunity to show our good-liking, not to any coldness of our will. Touching your resolution to travel in foreign parts, as at this time we hold the same little advisable, in respect that your ill-willers may, according to the custom of such persons, impute motives for your journey, whereof, although we know and believe you to be as clear as ourselves, yet natheless their words may find credence in places where the belief in them may much prejudice you, and which we should see with more unwillingness and displeasure than with means of remedy.

"Having thus, as becometh our kindred, given you our poor mind on the subject of your journeying forth of Scotland, we would willingly add reasons of weight, which might materially advantage you and your father's house, thereby to determine you to abide at Wolf's Crag, until this harvest season shall be passed over. But what sayeth the proverb, *verbum sapienti*,- a word is more to him that hath wisdom than a sermon to a fool. And albeit we have written this poor scroll with our own hand, and are well assured of the fidelity of our messenger, as him that is many ways bounden to us, yet so it is, that sliddery ways crave wary walking, and that we may not peril upon paper matters which we would gladly impart to you by word of mouth. Wherefore, it was our purpose to have prayed you heartily to come to this our barren Highland country to kill a stag, and to treat of the matters which we are now more painfully indicting to you anent. But commodity does not serve at present for such our meeting, which, therefore, shall be deferred intil sic time as we may in all mirth rehearse those things whereof we now keep silence. Mean time, we pray you to think that we are, and will still be, your good kinsman and well-wisher, waiting but for times of whilk we do, as it were, entertain a twilight prospect, and appear and hope to be also your effectual well-doer. And in which hope we heartily write ourself,

"Right Honourable,
"Your loving cousin,
"A———.

"Given from our poor
house of B———, &c."

Superscribed - "For the right honourable, and our honoured kinsman, the Master of Ravenswood— These, with haste, haste, post haste—ride and run until these be delivered."

"What think you of this epistle, Bucklaw?" said the Master, when his companion had hammered out all the sense, and almost all the words of which it consisted.

"Truly, that the Marquis's meaning is as great a riddle as his manuscript. He is really in much need of Wit's Interpreter, or the Complete Letter-Writer, and were I you, I would send him a copy by the bearer. He writes you very kindly to remain wasting your time and your money in this vile, stupid, oppressed country, without so much as offering you the countenance and shelter of his house. In my opinion, he has some scheme in view in which he supposes you can be useful, and he wishes to keep you at hand, to make use of you when it ripens, reserving the power of turning you adrift, should his plot fail in the concoction."

'His plot?—then you suppose it is a treasonable business," answered Ravenswood.

'What else can it be?" replied Bucklaw; "the Marquis has been long suspected to have an eye to Saint Germains."

"He should not engage me rashly in such an adventure," said Ravenswood; "when I recollect the times of the first and second Charles, an the last James, truly I see little reason, that, as a or a patriot, I should draw my sword for their scendants."

"Humph!" replied Bucklaw; so you have set self down to mourn over the crop-eared dogs, wl honest Claver'se treated as they deserved?

"They first gave the dogs an ill name, and hanged them," replied Ravenswood. "I hope to the day when justice shall be open to Whig and T and when these nick-names shall only be used am coffee-house politicians, as slut and jade are am apple-women, as cant terms of idle spite and cour."

"That will not be in our days, Master—the iron entered too deeply into our sides and our souls."

"It will be, however, one day," replied the Mas men will not always start at these nick-name at a trumpet-sound. As social life is better prot ed, its comforts will become too dear to be hazar without some better reason than speculative politi

"It is fine talking," answered Bucklaw; "but heart is with the old song,—

> 'To see good corn upon the rigs,
> And a gallows built to hang the Whigs,
> And the right restored where the right should be,
> O, that is the thing that would wanton me.'"

"You may sing as loudly as you will, *cant vacuus*," answered the Master; "but I believe Marquis is too wise, at least too wary, to join yo such a burden. I suspect he alludes to a revolu in the Scottish Privy Council, rather than in the B ish kingdoms."

"O, confusion to your state-tricks!" exclai Bucklaw, "your cold calculating manœuvres, wh old gentlemen in wrought nightcaps and fu gowns execute like so many games at chess, displace a treasurer or lord commissioner as would take a rook or a pawn. Tennis for my sp and battle for my earnest! My racket and my sw for my plaything and bread-winner! And you, Ma so deep and considerate as you would seem, you h that within you makes the blood boil faster than your present humour of moralizing on political tr You are one of those wise men who see every th with great composure till their blood is up, and —wo to any one who should put them in min their own prudential maxims!"

"Perhaps," said Ravenswood, "you read more rightly than I can myself. But to think ju will certainly go some length in helping me to ac But hark! I hear Caleb tolling the dinner bell."

"Which he always does with the more sono grace, in proportion to the meagerness of the c which he has provided," said Bucklaw; "as if infernal clang and jangle, which will one day br the belfry down the cliff, could convert a starved into a fat capon, and a blade-bone of mutton in haunch of venison."

"I wish we may be so well off as your w conjectures surmise, Bucklaw, from the ext solemnity and ceremony with which Caleb seer place on the table that solitary covered dish."

"Uncover, Caleb! uncover, for Heaven's sa said Bucklaw; "let us have what you can gi without preface—Why, it stands well enough, m he continued, addressing impatiently the an butler, who, without reply, kept shifting the until he had at length placed it with mathem precision in the very midst of the table.

"What have we got here, Caleb?" inquire Master in his turn.

"Ahem! sir, ye suld have known before; bu honour the Laird of Bucklaw is so impati answered Caleb, still holding the dish with one h and the cover with the other, with evident reluc to disclose the contents.

"But what is it, a God's name—not a pair of spurs, I hope, in the Border fashion of old times

"Ahem! ahem!" reiterated Caleb, "your ho is pleased to be facetious—natheless, I might pres to say it was a convenient fashion, and used, have heard, in an honourable and thriving fa

But touching your present dinner, I judged that this being Saint Magdalen's Eve, who was a worthy queen of Scotland in her day, your honours might judge it decorous, if not altogether to fast, yet only to sustain nature with some slight refection, as ane sauted herring or the like." And, uncovering the dish, he displayed four of the savoury fishes which he mentioned, adding, in a subdued tone, "that they were no just common herring neither, being every ane melters, and sauted with uncommon care by the housekeeper (poor Mysie) for his honour's especial use."

"Out upon all apologies!" said the Master, "let us eat the herrings, since there is nothing better to be had—but I begin to think with you, Bucklaw, that we are consuming the last green leaf, and that, in spite of the Marquis's political machinations, we must positively shift camp for want of forage, without waiting the issue of them."

CHAPTER IX.

> Ay, and when huntsmen wind the merry horn,
> And from its covert starts the fearful prey,
> Who, warm'd with youth's blood in his swelling veins,
> Would, like a lifeless clod, outstretched lie,
> Shut out from all the fair creation offers?
>
> *Ethwald, Act I. Scene I.*

LIGHT meals procure light slumbers; and therefore it is not surprising, that, considering the fare which Caleb's conscience, or his necessity, assuming, as will sometimes happen, that disguise, had assigned to the guests of Wolf's Crag, their slumbers should have been short.

In the morning Bucklaw rushed into his host's apartment with a loud halloo, which might have awaked the dead.

"Up! up! in the name of Heaven—the hunters are out, the only piece of sport I have seen this month; and you lie here, Master, on a bed that has little to recommend it, except that it may be something softer than the stone floor of your ancestor's vault."

"I wish," said Ravenswood, raising his head peevishly, "you had forborne so early a jest, Mr. Hayston—it is really no pleasure to lose the very short repose which I had just begun to enjoy, after a night spent in thoughts upon fortune far harder than my couch, Bucklaw."

"Pshaw, pshaw!" replied his guest; "get up—get up—the hounds are abroad—I have saddled the horses myself, for old Caleb was calling for grooms and lackeys, and would never have proceeded without two hours' apology, for the absence of men that were a hundred miles off.—Get up, Master—I say the hounds are out—get up, I say—the hunt is up." And off ran Bucklaw.

"And I say," said the Master, rising slowly, "that nothing can concern me less. Whose hounds come so near to us?"

"The Honourable Lord Bittlebrains'," answered Caleb, who had followed the impatient Laird of Bucklaw into his master's bedroom, "and truly I ken nae what they have to be yowling and howling within the freedoms and immunities of your lordship's right of free forestry."

"Nor I, Caleb," replied Ravenswood, "excepting that they have bought both the lands and the right of forestry, and may think themselves entitled to exercise the rights they have paid their money for."

"It may be sae, my lord," replied Caleb; "but it's no gentleman's deed of them to come here and exercise such like right, and your lordship living at your ain castle of Wolf's Crag. Lord Bittlebrains would do weel to remember what his folk have been."

"And we what we now are," said the Master, with suppressed bitterness of feeling. "But reach me my cloak, Caleb, and I will indulge Bucklaw with a sight of this chase. It is selfish to sacrifice my guest's pleasure to my own."

"Sacrifice!" echoed Caleb, in a tone which seemed to imply the total absurdity of his master making the least concession in deference to any one—"Sacrifice, indeed!—but I crave your honour's pardon—and whilk doublet is it your pleasure *to wear?*"

"Any one you will, Caleb—my wardrobe, I suppose, is not very extensive."

"Not extensive!" echoed his assistant; "when there is the gray and silver that your lordship bestowed on Hew Hildebrand, your outrider—and the French velvet that went with my lord your father—(be gracious to him!)—my lord your father's auld wardrobe to the puir friends of the family, and the drap-de-berry"—

"Which I gave to you, Caleb, and which, I suppose, is the only dress we have any chance to come at, except that I wore yesterday—pray, hand me that, and say no more about it."

"If your honour has a fancy," replied Caleb, "and doubtless it's a sad-coloured suit, and you are in mourning—nevertheless, I have never tried on the drap-de-berry—ill wad it become me—and your honour having no change of claiths at this present—and it's weel brushed, and as there are leddies down yonder"—

"Ladies!" said Ravenswood; "and what ladies, pray?"

"What do I ken, your lordship?—looking down at them from the Warden's Tower, I could but see them glent by wi' their bridles ringing, and their feathers fluttering, like the court of Elfland."

"Well, well, Caleb," replied the Master, "help me on with my cloak, and hand me my sword-belt.—What clatter is that in the court-yard?"

"Just Bucklaw bringing out the horses," said Caleb, after a glance through the window, "as if there werena men eneugh in the castle, or as if I couldna serve the turn of ony o' them that are out o' the gate."

"Alas! Caleb, we should want little, if your ability were equal to your will," replied his master.

"And I hope your lordship disna want that muckle," said Caleb; "for, considering a' things, I trust we support the credit of the family as weel as things will permit of,—only Bucklaw is aye sae frank and sae forward.—And there he has brought out your lordship's palfrey, without the saddle being decored wi' the broidered sumpter-cloth! and I could have brushed it in a minute."

"It is all very well," said his master, escaping from him, and descending the narrow and steep winding staircase, which led to the court-yard.

"It *may* be a' very weel," said Caleb, somewhat peevishly; "but if your lordship wad tarry a bit, I will tell you what will *not* be very weel."

"And what is that?" said Ravenswood impatiently, but stopping at the same time.

"Why, just that ye suld speer ony gentlemen hame to dinner; for I canna mak anither fast on a feast day, as when I cam ower Bucklaw wi' Queen Margaret—and, to speak truth, if your lordship wad but please to cast yoursell in the way of dining wi' Lord Bittlebrains, I'se warrand I wad cast about brawly for the morn; or if, stead o' that, ye wad but dine wi' them at the change-house, ye might mak your shift for the lawing; ye might say ye had forgot your purse—or that the carline awed ye rent, and that ye wad allow it in the settlement."

"Or any other lie that came uppermost, I suppose?" said his master. "Good by, Caleb; I commend your care for the honour of the family." And, throwing himself on his horse, he followed Bucklaw, who, at the manifest risk of his neck, had begun to gallop down the steep path which led from the Tower, as soon as he saw Ravenswood have his foot in the stirrup.

Caleb Balderstone looked anxiously after them, and shook his thin gray locks—"And I trust they will come to no evil—but they have reached the plain, and folk cannot say but that the horse are hearty and in spirits."

Animated by the natural impetuosity and fire of his temper, young Bucklaw rushed on with the careless speed of a whirlwind. Ravenswood was scarce more moderate in his pace, for his was a mind unwillingly roused from contemplative inactivity, but which when once put into motion, acquired a spirit of forcible and violent progession. Neither was his eagerness proportioned in all cases to the motive of impulse

but might be compared to the speed of a stone, which rushes with like fury down the hill, whether it was first put in motion by the arm of a giant or the hand of a boy. He felt, therefore, in no ordinary degree, the headlong impulse of the chase, a pastime so natural to youth of all ranks, that it seems rather to be an inherent passion in our animal nature, which levels all differences of rank and education, than an acquired habit of rapid exercise.

The repeated bursts of the French horn, which was then always used for the encouragement and direction of the hounds—the deep, though distant baying of the pack—the half-heard cries of the huntsmen—the half-seen forms which were discovered, now emerging from glens which crossed the moor, now sweeping over its surface, now picking their way where it was impeded by morasses; and, above all, the feeling of his own rapid motion, animated the Master of Ravenswood, at least for the moment, above the recollections of a more painful nature by which he was surrounded. The first thing which recalled him to those unpleasing circumstances, was feeling that his horse notwithstanding all the advantages which he received from his rider's knowledge of the country, was unable to keep up with the chase. As he drew his bridle up with the bitter feeling, that his poverty excluded him from the favourite recreation of his forefathers, and indeed their sole employment when not engaged in military pursuits, he was accosted by a well-mounted stranger, who, unobserved, had kept near him during the earlier part of his career.

"Your horse is blown," said the man, with a complaisance seldom used in a hunting-field. "Might I crave your honour to make use of mine?"

"Sir" said Ravenswood, more surprised than pleased at such a proposal, "I really do not know how I have merited such a favour at a stranger's hands."

"Never ask a question about it, Master," said Bucklaw, who, with great unwillingness, had hitherto reined in his own gallant steed, not to outride his host and entertainer. "Take the goods, the gods provide you, as the great John Dryden says—or stay—here, my friend, lend me that horse; I see you have been puzzled to rein him up this half hour. I'll take the devil out of him for you. Now, Master, do you ride mine, which will carry you like an eagle."

And throwing the rein of his own horse to the Master of Ravenswood, he sprang upon that which the stranger resigned to him, and continued his career at full speed.

"Was ever so thoughtless a being!" said the Master; "and you, my friend, how could you trust him with your horse?"

"The horse," said the man, "belongs to a person who will make your honour, or any of your honourable friends, most welcome to him, flesh and fell."

"And the owner's name is—— ?" asked Ravenswood.

"Your honour must excuse me, you will learn that from himself.—If you please to take your friend's horse, and leave me your galloway, I will meet you after the fall of the stag, for I hear they are blowing him at bay."

"I believe, my friend, it will be the best way to recover your good horse for you," answered Ravenswood; and mounting the nag of his friend Bucklaw, he made all the haste in his power to the spot where the blast of the horn announced that the stag's career was nearly terminated.

These jovial sounds were intermixed with huntsmen's shouts of "Hyke a Talbot! Hyke a Teviot! now, boys, now!" and similar cheering halloos of the olden hunting-field, to which the impatient yelling of the hounds, now close on the object of their pursuit, gave a lively and unremitting chorus. The straggling riders began now to rally towards the scene of action, collecting from different points as to a common centre.

Bucklaw kept the start which he had gotten, and arrived first at the spot, where the stag, incapable of sustaining a more prolonged flight, had turned upon the hounds, and, in the hunter's phrase, was at bay. With his stately head bent down, his side with foam, his eyes strained betwixt rage an the hunted animal h[ad] now in his turn b object of intimidation to his pursuers. The came up one by one, and watched an oppor assail him with some advantage, which, in cumstances, can only be done with cauti dogs stood aloof and bayed loudly, intimatin eagerness and fear, and each of the sportsme to expect that his comrade would take upon perilous task of assaulting and disabling th The ground, which was a hollow in the moor, afforded little advantage for approa stag unclosed; and general was the sho triumph when Bucklaw, with the dexterity pro accomplished cavalier of the day, sprang horse, and dashing suddenly and swiftly at brought him to the ground by a cut on th with his short hunting sword. The pack, upon their disabled enemy, soon ended his struggles, and solemnized his fall with their the hunters, with their horns and voices, and blowing a mort, or death-note, which ru far over the billows of the adjacent ocean.

The huntsman then withdrew the hounds throttled stag, and on his knee presented h a fair female form, on a white palfrey, whe or perhaps her companion, had till then ke some distance. She wore a black silk rid which was then a common fashion, as wel serving the complexion from sun and rain an idea of decorum, which did not permit appear barefaced while engaged in a boister and attended by a promiscuous company. T ness of her dress, however, as well as the m form of her palfrey, together with the silvan ment paid to her by the huntsman, pointed Bucklaw as the principal person in the field. not without a feeling of pity, approaching contempt, that this enthusiastic hunter ob refuse the huntsman's knife, presented to h purpose of making the first incision in th breast, and thereby discovering the quality of son. He felt more than half inclined to pay pliments to her; but it had been Bucklaw's tune, that his habits of life had not rendere miliarly acquainted with the higher and bett of female society, so that, with all his natu city, he felt sheepish and bashful when it necessary to address a lady of distinction.

Taking unto himself heart of grace, (to own phrase,) he did at length summon up r enough to give the fair huntress good time o and trust that her sport had answered her tion. Her answer was very courteously and expressed, and testified some gratitude to th cavalier, whose exploit had terminated the adroitly, when the hounds and huntsmen somewhat at a stand.

"Uds daggers and scabbard, madam," sa law, whom this observation brought at once own ground, "there is no difficulty or mer matter at all, so that a fellow is not too mu of having a pair of antlers in his guts. I hav at force five hundred times, madam; and I saw the stag at bay, by land or water, bu have gone roundly in on him. It is all use a madam; and I'll tell you, madam, for al must be done with good heed and caution: will do well, madam, to have your hunti both right sharp and double-edged, that strike either fore-handed or back-handed, a reason, for a hurt with a buck's horn is a per somewhat venomous matter."

"I am afraid, sir," said the young lady, smile was scarce concealed by her vizard, have little use for such careful preparation."

"But the gentleman says very right for all lady," said an old huntsman, who had lis Bucklaw's harangue with no small edificatio I have heard my father say, who was a fores Cabrach, that a wild boar's gaunch is mo healed than a hurt from the deer's horn, f the old woodman's rhyme,—

"If thou be hurt with horn of hart, it brings thee to thy bier;
But tusk of boar shall leeches heal—thereof have lesser fear.'"

"An I might advise," continued Bucklaw, who was now in his element, and desirous of assuming the whole arrangement, "as the hounds are surbated and weary, the head of the stag should be cabaged in order to reward them; and if I may presume to speak, the huntsman, who is to break up the stag, ought to drink to your good ladyship's health a good lusty bicker of ale, or a tass of brandy; for if he breaks him up without drinking, the venison will not keep well."

This very agreeable prescription received, as will be readily believed, all acceptation from the huntsman, who, in requital, offered to Bucklaw the compliment of his knife, which the young lady had declined. This polite proffer was seconded by his mistress.

"I believe, sir," she said, withdrawing herself from the circle, "that my father, for whose amusement Lord Bittlebrains' hounds have been out to-day, will readily surrender all care of these matters to a gentleman of your experience."

Then, bending gracefully from her horse, she wished him good morning, and, attended by one or two domestics, who seemed immediately attached to her service, retired from the scene of action, to which Bucklaw, too much delighted with an opportunity of displaying his wood-craft to care about man or woman either, paid little attention; but was soon stript to his doublet, with tucked-up sleeves, and naked arms up to the elbows in blood and grease, slashing, cutting, hacking, and hewing, with the precision of Sir Tristrem himself, and wrangling and disputing with all around him concerning nombles, briskets, flankards, and raven-bones, then usual terms of the art of hunting, or of butchery, whichever the reader chooses to call it, which are now probably antiquated.

When Ravenswood, who followed a short space behind his friend, saw that the stag had fallen, his temporary ardour for the chase gave way to that feeling of reluctance which he endured, at encountering in his fallen fortunes the gaze whether of equals or inferiors. He reined up his horse on the top of a gentle eminence, from which he observed the busy and gay scene beneath him, and heard the whoops of the huntsmen gayly mingled with the cry of the dogs, and the neighing and trampling of the horses. But these jovial sounds fell sadly on the ear of the ruined nobleman. The chase, with all its train of emotions, has ever since feudal times been accounted the almost exclusive privilege of the aristocracy, and was anciently their chief employment in times of peace. The sense that he was excluded by his situation from enjoying the silvan sport, which his rank assigned to him as a special prerogative, and the feeling that new men were now exercising it over the downs, which had been jealously reserved by his ancestors for their own amusement, while he, the heir of the domain, was fain to hold himself at a distance from their party, awakened reflections calculated to depress deeply a mind like Ravenswood's, which was naturally contemplative and melancholy. His pride, however, soon shook off this feeling of dejection, and it gave way to impatience upon finding that his volatile friend Bucklaw seemed in no hurry to return with his borrowed steed, which Ravenswood before leaving the field, wished to see restored to the obliging owner. As he was about to move towards the group of assembled huntsmen, he was joined by a horseman, who like himself had kept aloof during the fall of the deer.

This personage seemed stricken in years. He wore a scarlet cloak, buttoning high upon his face, and his hat was unlooped and slouched, probably by way of defence against the weather. His horse, a strong and steady palfrey, was calculated for a rider who proposed to witness the sport of the day, rather than to share it. An attendant waited at some distance, and the whole equipment was that of an elderly gentleman of rank and fashion. He accosted Ravenswood very politely, but not without some embarrassment.

"You seem a gallant young gentleman, sir," he said, "and yet a, pear as indifferent to this brave sport as if you had my load of years on your shoulders."

"I have followed the sport with more spirit on other occasions," replied the Master; "at present, late events in my family must be my apology—and besides," he added, "I was but indifferently mounted at the beginning of the sport."

"I think," said the stranger, "one of my attendants had the sense to accommodate your friend with a horse."

"I was much indebted to his politeness and yours," replied Ravenswood. "My friend is Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw, whom I dare say you will be sure to find in the thick of the keenest sportsmen. He will return your servant's horse, and take my pony in exchange—and will add," he concluded, turning his horse's head from the stranger, "his best acknowledgments to mine for the accommodation."

The Master of Ravenswood having thus expressed himself, began to move homeward, with the manner of one who has taken leave of his company. But the stranger was not so to be shaken off. He turned his horse at the same time, and rode in the same direction so near to the Master, that, without outriding him, which the formal civility of the time, and the respect due to the stranger's age and recent civility, would have rendered improper, he could not easily escape from his company.

The stranger did not long remain silent. "This, then," he said, "is the ancient Castle of Wolf's Crag, often mentioned in the Scottish records," looking to the old tower, then darkening under the influence of a stormy cloud, that formed its back-ground; for at the distance of a short mile, the chase, having been circuitous, had brought the hunters nearly back to the point which they had attained, when Ravenswood and Bucklaw had set forward to join them.

Ravenswood answered this observation with a cold and distant assent.

"It was, as I have heard," continued the stranger, unabashed by his coldness, "one of the most early possessions of the honourable family of Ravenswood."

"Their earliest possession," answered the Master, "and probably their latest."

"I—I—I should hope not, sir," answered the stranger, clearing his voice with more than one cough, and making an effort to overcome a certain degree of hesitation.—"Scotland knows what she owes to this ancient family, and remembers their frequent and honourable achievements. I have little doubt, that, were it properly represented to her majesty that so ancient and noble a family were subjected to dilapidation—I mean to decay—means might be found, *ad reædificandum antiquam domum*"——

"I will save you the trouble, sir, of discussing this point farther," interrupted the Master, haughtily. "I am the heir of that unfortunate House—I am the Master of Ravenswood. And you, sir, who seem to be a gentleman of fashion and education, must be sensible, that the next mortification after being unhappy, is the being loaded with undesired commisseration."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the elder horseman.—"I did not know—I am sensible I ought not to have mentioned—nothing could be farther from my thoughts than to suppose"——

"There are no apologies necessary, sir," answered Ravenswood, "for here, I suppose, our roads separate, and I assure you that we part in perfect equanimity on my side."

As speaking these words, he directed his horse's head towards a narrow causeway, the ancient approach to Wolf's Crag, of which it might be truly said, in the words of the Bard of Hope, that

"Frequented by few was the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea."

But, ere he could disengage himself from his companion, the young lady we have already mentioned came up to join the stranger, followed by her servants.

"Daughter," said the stranger to the masked damsel, "this is the Master of Ravenswood."

It would have been natural that the gentleman should have replied to this introduction; but there was something in the graceful form and retiring modesty of the female to whom he was thus presented, which not only prevented him from inquiring to whom, and by whom, the annunciation had been made, but which even for the time struck him absolutely mute. At this moment the cloud which had long lowered above the height on which Wolf's Crag is situated, and which now, as it advanced, spread itself in darker and denser folds both over land and sea, hiding the distant objects and obscuring those which were nearer, turning the sea to a leaden complexion, and the heath to a darker brown, began now, by one or two distant peals, to announce the thunders with which it was fraught; while two flashes of lightning, following each other very closely, showed in the distance the gray turrets of Wolf's Crag, and, more nearly, the rolling billows of the ocean, crested suddenly with red and dazzling light.

The horse of the fair huntress showed symptoms of impatience and restiveness, and it became impossible for Ravenswood, as a man or a gentleman, to leave her abruptly to the care of an aged father or her menial attendants. He was, or believed himself, obliged in courtesy to take hold of her bridle, and assist her in managing the unruly animal. While he was thus engaged, the old gentleman observed that the storm seemed to increase—that they were far from Lord Bittlebrains', whose guests they were for the present—and that he would be obliged to the Master of Ravenswood to point him the way to the nearest place of refuge from the storm. At the same time he cast a wistful and embarrassed look towards the Tower of Wolf's Crag, which seemed to render it almost impossible for the owner to avoid offering an old man and a lady, in such an emergency, the temporary use of his house. Indeed, the condition of the young huntress made this courtesy indispensable; for, in the course of the services which he rendered, he could not but perceive that she trembled much, and was extremely agitated, from her apprehensions, doubtless, of the coming storm.

I know not if the Master of Ravenswood shared her terrors, but he was not entirely free from something like a similar disorder of nerves, as he observed. "The Tower of Wolf's Crag has nothing to offer beyond the shelter of its roof, but if that can be acceptable at such a moment"—he paused, as if the rest of the invitation stuck in his throat. But the old gentleman, his self-constituted companion, did not allow him to recede from the invitation, which he had rather suffered to be implied than directly expressed.

"The storm," said the stranger, "must be an apology for waving ceremony—his daughter's health was weak—she had suffered much from a recent alarm—he trusted their intrusion on the Master of Ravenswood's hospitality would not be altogether unpardonable in the circumstances of the case—his child's safety must be dearer to him than ceremony."

There was no room to retreat. The Master of Ravenswood led the way, continuing to keep hold of the lady's bridle to prevent her horse from starting at some unexpected explosion of thunder. He was not so bewildered in his own hurried reflections, but that he remarked, that the deadly paleness which had occupied her neck and temples, and such of her features as the riding-mask left exposed, gave place to a deep and rosy suffusion; and he felt with embarrassment that a flush was by tacit sympathy excited in his own cheeks. The stranger, with watchfulness which he disguised under apprehensions for the safety of his daughter, continued to observe the expression of the Master's countenance as they ascended the hill to Wolf's Crag. When they stood in front of that ancient fortress, Ravenswood's emotions were of a very complicated description; and as he led the way into the rude court-yard, and halloo'd to Caleb to give attendance, there was a tone of sternness, almost of fierceness, which seemed somewhat alien from the courtesies of one who is receiving honoured guests.

Caleb came; and not the paleness of the fair … ger at the first approach of the thunder, nor the … ness of any other person, in any other circumst… whatever, equalled that which overcame the … cheeks of the disconsolate seneschal, when he b… this accession of guests to the castle, and refl… that the dinner hour was fast approaching. "… daft?" he muttered to himself,—"is he clean d… thegither, to bring lords and leddies, and a h… folk behint them, and twal-o-clock chappit?" … approaching the Master, he craved pardon for h… permitted the rest of his people to go out to se… hunt, observing, that "they wad never think … lordship coming back till mirk night, and tha… dreaded they might play the truant."

"Silence, Balderstone," said Ravenswood, ste… "your folly is unseasonable. Sir and madam, … said, turning to his guests, "this old man, and … older and more imbecile female domestic, form … whole retinue. Our means of refreshing you … more scanty than even so miserable a retinue, … dwelling so dilapidated, might seem to promise … but, such as they may chance to be, you may … mand them."

The elder stranger, struck with the ruined and … savage appearance of the Tower, rendered still … disconsolate by the lowering and gloomy sky … perhaps not altogether unmoved by the grave … determined voice in which their host addressed … looked round him anxiously, as if he half repent… readiness with which he had accepted the o… hospitality. But there was now no opportun… receding from the situation in which he had p… himself.

As for Caleb, he was so utterly stunned b… master's public and unqualified acknowledgm… the nakedness of the land, that for two minut… could only mutter within his hebdomadal … which had not felt the razor for six days, "He'… —clean daft—red wud, and awa wi't! But de… Caleb Balderstone," said he, collecting his pow… invention and resource, "if the family shal… credit, if he were as mad as the seven wise mas… He then boldly advanced, and in spite of his m… frowns and impatience, gravely asked, "if he … not serve up some slight refection for the … leddy, and a glass of tokay, or old sack—or"—

"Truce to this ill-timed foolery," said the M… sternly,—"put the horses into the stable, and int… us no more with your absurdities."

"Your honour's pleasure is to be obeyed ab… things," said Caleb; "nevertheless, as for th… and tokay which it is not your noble guests' pl… to accept"——

But here the voice of Bucklaw, heard even … the clattering of hoofs and braying of horns … which it mingled, announced that he was scali… pathway to the Tower at the head of the great … of the gallant hunting train.

"The deil be in me" said Caleb, taking he… spite of this new invasion of Philistines, "if the… beat me yet! The hellicat ne'er-do-weel!—to … such a crew here, that will expect to find bra… plenty as ditch-water, and he kenning sae abs… the case in whilk we stand for the present! But I … could I get rid of thae gaping gowks of flunki… hae won into the court-yard at the back o… betters, as mony a man gets preferment, I could … a' right yet."

The measures which he took to execute this … less resolution, the reader shall learn in the nex… ter.

CHAPTER X.

> With throat unslaked, with black lips baked,
> Agape they heard him call:
> Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
> And all at once their breath drew in,
> As they had been drinking all!
>
> COLERIDGE'S "*Rime of the Ancient Mari…*

HAYSTON of Bucklaw was one of the thou… class who never hesitate between their frie… their jest. When it was announced that the pri…

persons of the chase had taken their route towards Wolf's Crag, the huntsman, as a point of civility, offered to transfer the venison to that mansion; a proffer which was readily accepted by Bucklaw, who thought much of the astonishment which their arrival in full body would occasion poor old Caleb Balderstone, and very little of the dilemma to which he was about to expose his friend the Master, so ill circumstanced to receive such a party. But in old Caleb he had to do with a crafty and alert antagonist, prompt at supplying, upon all emergencies, evasions and excuses suitable, as he thought, to the dignity of the family.

"Praise be blest!" said Caleb to himself, "ae leaf of the muckle gate has been swung to wi' yesterday's wind, and I think I can manage to shut the ither."

But he was desirous, like a prudent governor, at the same time to get rid, if possible, of the internal enemy, in which light he considered almost every one who eat and drank, ere he took measures to exclude those whom their jocund noise now pronounced to be near at hand. He waited, therefore, with impatience until his master had shown his two principal guests into the Tower, and then commenced his operations.

"I think," he said to the stranger menials, "that as they are bringing the stag's head to the castle in all honour, we, who are in-dwellers, should receive them at the gate."

The unwary grooms had no sooner hurried out, in compliance with this insidious hint, than, one folding-door of the ancient gate being already closed by the wind, as has been already intimated, honest Caleb lost no time in shutting the other with a clang, which resounded from donjon-vault to battlement. Having thus secured the pass, he forthwith indulged the excluded huntsmen in brief parley, from a small projecting window, or shot-hole, through which, in former days, the warders were wont to reconnoitre those who presented themselves before the gates. He gave them to understand, in a short and pithy speech, that the gate of the castle was never on any account opened during meal-times—that his honour, the Master of Ravenswood, and some guests of quality, had just sat down to dinner—that there was excellent brandy at the hostler-wife's at Wolf's-hope down below—and he held out some obscure hint that the reckoning would be discharged by the Master; but this was uttered in a very dubious and oracular strain, for, like Louis XIV., Caleb Balderstone hesitated to carry finesse so far as direct falsehood, and was content to deceive, if possible, without directly lying.

This annunciation was received with surprise by some, with laughter by others, and with dismay by the expelled lackeys, who endeavoured to demonstrate that their right of re-admission, for the purpose of waiting upon their master and mistress, was at least indisputable. But Caleb was not in a humour to understand or admit any distinctions. He stuck to his original proposition with that dogged but convenient pertinacity, which is armed against all conviction, and deaf to all reasoning. Bucklaw now came from the rear of the party, and demanded admittance in a very angry tone. But the resolution of Caleb was immovable.

"If the king on the throne were at the gate," he declared, "his ten fingers should never open it contrair to the established use and wont of the family of Ravenswood, and his duty as their head-servant."

Bucklaw was now extremely incensed, and with more oaths and curses than we care to repeat, declared himself most unworthily treated, and demanded peremptorily to speak with the Master of Ravenswood himself. But to this, also, Caleb turned a deaf ear.

"He's as soon a-bleeze as a tap of tow, the lad Bucklaw," he said; "but the deil of ony master's face he sees till he has sleepit and waken'd on't. He'll ken himsell better the morn's morning. It sets the like o' him, to be bringing a crew of drunken hunters here, when he kens there is but little preparation to meet his ain drought." And he disappeared from the window, leaving them all to digest their exclusion as they best might.

But another person, of whose presence Caleb, in the tumult of the debate, was not aware, had listened in silence to its progress. This was the principal domestic of the stranger—a man of trust and consequence—the same who, in the hunting-field, had accommodated Bucklaw with the use of his horse. He was in the stable when Caleb had contrived the expulsion of his fellow-servants, and thus avoided sharing the same fate from which his personal importance would certainly not have otherwise saved him.

This personage perceived the manœuvre of Caleb, easily appreciated the motive of his conduct, and knowing his master's intentions towards the family of Ravenswood, had no difficulty as to the line of conduct he ought to adopt. He took the place of Caleb (unperceived by the latter) at the post of audience which he had just left, and announced to the assembled domestics, "that it was his master's pleasure that Lord Bittlebrains' retinue and his own should go down to the adjacent change-house, and call for what refreshments they might have occasion for, and he should take care to discharge the lawing."

The jolly troop of huntsmen retired from the inhospitable gate of Wolf's Crag, execrating, as they descended the steep path way, the niggard and unworthy disposition of the proprietor, and damning, with more than silvan license, both the castle and its inhabitants. Bucklaw, with many qualities which would have made him a man of worth and judgment in more favourable circumstances, had been so utterly neglected in point of education, that he was apt to think and feel according to the ideas of the companions of his pleasures. The praises which had recently been heaped upon himself he contrasted with the general abuse now levelled against Ravenswood—he recalled to his mind the dull and monotonous days he had spent in the Tower of Wolf's Crag, compared with the joviality of his usual life—he felt, with great indignation, his exclusion from the castle, which he considered as a gross affront, and every mingled feeling led him to break off the union which he had formed with the Master of Ravenswood.

On arriving at the change-house of the village of Wolf's-hope, he unexpectedly met with an old acquaintance just alighting from his horse. This was no other than the very respectable Captain Craigengelt, who immediately came up to him, and, without appearing to retain any recollection of the indifferent terms on which they had parted, shook him by the hand in the warmest manner possible. A warm grasp of the hand was what Bucklaw could never help returning with cordiality, and no sooner had Craigengelt felt the pressure of his fingers than he knew the terms on which he stood with him.

"Long life to you, Bucklaw!" he exclaimed; "there's life for honest folk in this bad world yet!"

The Jacobites at this period, with what propriety I know not, used, it must be noticed, the term of *honest men* as peculiarly descriptive of their own party.

"Ay, and for others besides, it seems," answered Bucklaw; "otherways, how came you to venture hither, noble Captain?"

"Who—I? I am as free as the wind at Martinmas, that pays neither land-rent nor annual; all is explained—all settled with the honest old drivellers yonder of Auld Reekie—Pooh! pooh! they dared not keep me a week of days in durance. A certain person has better friends among them than you wot of, and can serve a friend when it is least likely."

"Pshaw!" answered Hayston, who perfectly knew and thoroughly despised the character of this man, "none of your cogging gibberish—tell me truly, are you at liberty and in safety?"

"Free and safe as a whig bailie on the causeway of his own borough, or a canting presbyterian minister in his own pulpit—and I came to tell you that you need not remain in hiding any longer."

"Then I suppose you call yourself my friend, Captain Craigengelt?" said Bucklaw.

"Friend!" replied Craigengelt, "my cock of the pit? why, I am thy very Achates, man, as I have heard scholars say—hand and glove—bark and tree—thine to life and death!"

"I'll try that in a moment," answered Bucklaw. "Thou art never without money, however thou comest by it. Lend me two pieces to wash the dust out of these honest fellows' throats in the first place, and then"—

"Two pieces? twenty are at thy service, my lad—and twenty to back them."

"Ay—say you so?" said Bucklaw, pausing, for his natural penetration led him to suspect some extraordinary motive lay couched under such an excess of generosity. "Craigengelt, you are either an honest fellow in right good earnest, and I scarce know how to believe that—or you are cleverer than I took you for, and I scarce know how to believe that either."

"*L'un n'empêche pas l'autre*," said Craigengelt, "touch and try—the gold is good as ever was weighed."

He put a quantity of gold pieces into Bucklaw's hand, which he thrust into his pocket without either counting or looking at them, only observing, "that he was so circumstanced that he must enlist, though the devil offered the press-money;" and then turning to the huntsmen, he called out, "Come along, my lads—all is at my cost."

"Long life to Bucklaw!" shouted the men of the chase.

"And confusion to him that takes his share of the sport, and leaves the hunters as dry as a drum-head," added another, by way of corollary.

"The house of Ravenswood was ance a gude and an honourable house in this land," said an old man, "but it's lost its credit this day, and the Master has shown himself no better than a greedy cullion."

And with this conclusion, which was unanimously agreed to by all who heard it, they rushed tumultuously into the house of entertainment, where they revelled till a late hour. The jovial temper of Bucklaw seldom permitted him to be nice in the choice of his associates; and on the present occasion, when his joyous debauch received additional zest from the intervention of an unusual space of sobriety, and almost abstinence, he was as happy in leading the revels, as if his comrades had been sons of princes. Craigengelt had his own purposes, in fooling him up to the top of his bent; and having some low humour, much impudence, and the power of singing a good song, understanding besides thoroughly the disposition of his regained associate, he readily succeeded in involving him bumper-deep in the festivity of the meeting.

A very different scene was in the mean time passing in the Tower of Wolf's Crag. When the Master of Ravenswood left the court-yard, too much busied with his own perplexed reflections to pay attention to the manœuvre of Caleb, he ushered his guests into the great hall of the castle.

The indefatigable Balderstone, who, from choice or habit, worked on from morning to night, had, by degrees, cleared this desolate apartment of the confused relics of the funeral banquet, and restored it to some order. But not all his skill and labour, in disposing to advantage the little furniture which remained, could remove the dark and disconsolate appearance of those ancient and disfurnished walls. The narrow windows, flanked by deep indentures into the wall, seemed formed rather to exclude than to admit the cheerful light; and the heavy and gloomy appearance of the thunder-sky added still farther to the obscurity.

As Ravenswood, with the grace of a gallant of that period, but not without a certain stiffness and embarrassment of manner, handed the young lady to the upper end of the apartment, her father remained standing more near to the door, as if about to disengage himself from his hat and cloak. At this moment the clang of the portal was heard, a sound at which the stranger started, stepped hastily to the window, and looked with an air of alarm at Ravenswood, when he saw that the gate of the court was shut, and his domestics excluded.

"You have nothing to fear, sir," said Ravenswood, gravely; "this roof retains the means of giving protection, though not welcome. Methinks," he added, "it is time that I should know who they are that have thus highly honoured my ruined dwelling?"

The young lady remained silent and motionless, and the father, to whom the question was more directly addressed, seemed in the situation of a performer who has ventured to take upon himself a part which he finds himself unable to present, and who comes to a pause when it is most to be expected th[at] he should speak. While he endeavoured to cover [his] embarrassment with the exterior ceremonials of well-bred demeanour, it was obvious, that in maki[ng] his bow, one foot shuffled forward, as if to advance, the other backward, as if with the purpose of esca[pe;] and as he undid the cape of his coat, and raised [his] beaver from his face, his fingers fumbled as if the o[ne] had been linked with rusted iron, or the other h[ad] weighed equal with a stone of lead. The darkness [of] the sky seemed to increase, as if to supply the wa[nt] of those muffling which he laid aside with such ev[i]dent reluctance. The impatience of Ravenswood i[n]creased also in proportion to the delay of the strange[r,] and he appeared to struggle under agitation, thoug[h] probably from a very different cause. He laboured [to] restrain his desire to speak, while the stranger, to a[ll] appearance, was at a loss for words to express wh[at] he felt it necessary to say. At length Ravenswood['s] impatience broke the bounds he had imposed upon i[t.]

"I perceive," he said, "that Sir William Ashton [is] unwilling to announce himself in the Castle of Wolf Crag."

"I had hoped it was unnecessary," said the Lor[d] Keeper, relieved from his silence, as a spectre by th[e] voice of the exorcist; "and I am obliged to yo[u,] Master of Ravenswood, for breaking the ice at once, where circumstances—unhappy circumstances, I[et] me call them—rendered self-introduction peculiar[ly] awkward."

"And I am not then," said the Master of Raven[s]wood, gravely, "to consider the honour of this vis[it] as purely accidental?"

"Let us distinguish a little," said the Keeper, a[s]suming an appearance of ease which perhaps h[is] heart was a stranger to; "this is an honour which [I] have eagerly desired for some time, but which I migh[t] never have obtained, save for the accident of t[he] storm. My daughter and I are alike grateful for th[e] opportunity of thanking the brave man, to whom [she] owes her life and I mine."

The hatred which divided the great families in t[he] feudal times had lost little of its bitterness, though [it] no longer expressed itself in deeds of open violenc[e.] Not the feelings which Ravenswood had begun [to] entertain towards Lucy Ashton, not the hospital[ity] due to his guests, were able entirely to subdue, thou[gh] they warmly combatted, the deep passions whi[ch] arose within him, at beholding his father's foe sta[nd]ing in the hall of the family of which he had i[n] great measure accelerated the ruin. His looks glan[ced] from the father to the daughter with an irresolut[ion,] of which Sir William Ashton did not think it pro[per] to await the conclusion. He had now disembarrass[ed] himself of his riding-dress, and walking up to [his] daughter, he undid the fastening of her mask.

"Lucy, my love," he said, raising her and lead[ing] her towards Ravenswood, "lay aside your mask, a[nd] let us express our gratitude to the Master openly a[nd] barefaced."

"If he will condescend to accept it," was all t[hat] Lucy uttered; but in a tone so sweetly modula[ted,] and which seemed to imply at once a feeling a[nd] forgiving of the cold reception to which they w[ere] exposed, that, coming from a creature so innoc[ent] and so beautiful, her words cut Ravenswood to [the] very heart for his harshness. He muttered som[e]thing of surprise, something of confusion, and, e[nd]ing with a warm and eager expression of his hap[pi]ness at being able to afford her shelter under his ro[of,] he saluted her, as the ceremonial of the time enjoi[ned] upon such occasions. Their cheeks had touched a[nd] were withdrawn from each other—Ravenswood ha[d] not quitted the hand which he had taken in kin[d] courtesy—a blush, which attached more conseque[nce] by far than was usual to such ceremony, still man[tled] on Lucy Ashton's beautiful cheek, when the apa[rt]ment was suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightni[ng,] which seemed absolutely to swallow the darkne[ss of] the hall. Every object might have been for an ins[tant] seen distinctly. The slight and half-sinking form [of] Lucy Ashton, the well-proportioned and stately fi[gure] of Ravenswood, his dark features, and the fiery, [yet] irresolute expression of his eyes—the old arms a[nd]

ns which hung on the walls of the apartment, an instant distinctly visible to the Keeper by red brilliant glare of light. Its disappear- s almost instantly followed by a burst of for the storm-cloud was very near the cas- the peal was so sudden and dreadful, that wer rocked to its foundation, and every in- eluded it was falling upon them. The soot, d not been disturbed for centuries, showered e huge tunnelled chimneys, lime and dust ands from the wall; and, whether the light- l actually struck the castle, or whether the violent concussion of the air, several ces were hurled from the mouldering bat- into the roaring sea beneath. It might if the ancient founder of the castle were ; the thunder-storm, and proclaiming his re at the reconciliation of his descendant enemy of his house.

nsternation was general, and it required the both the Lord Keeper and Ravenswood to y from fainting. Thus was the Master a me engaged in the most delicate and dan- f all tasks, that of affording support and e to a beautiful and helpless being, who, as e in a similar situation, had already become te of his imagination, both when awake and mbering. If the Genius of the House really ted a union betwixt the Master and his fair e means by which he expressed his senti- were as unhappily chosen as if he had been a ortal. The train of little attentions, abso- cessary to soothe the young lady's mind, and in composing her spirits, necessarily threw ter of Ravenswood into such an intercourse father, as was calculated, for the moment at break down the barrier of feudal enmity rided them. To express himself churlishly, oldly, towards an old man, whose daughter i a daughter) lay before them, overpowered ural terror—and all this under his own roof ing was impossible; and by the time that tending a hand to each, was able to thank their kindness, the Master felt that his sen- of hostility towards the Lord Keeper were ans those most predominant in his bosom. eather, her state of health, the absence of dants, all prevented the possibility of Lucy enewing her journey to Bittlebrains-House, as full five miles distant; and the Master of ood could not but, in common courtesy, shelter of his roof for the rest of the day and ht. But a flush of less soft expression, a more habitual to his features, resumed nance when he mentioned how meanly he vided for the entertainment of his guests.

ot mention deficiencies," said the Lord eager to interrupt him and prevent his re- an alarming topic; "you are preparing to set he Continent, and your house is probably for at unfurnished. All this we understand; to mention inconvenience, you will oblige us accommodations in the hamlet."

Master of Ravenswood was about to reply, of the hall opened, and Caleb Balderstone h.

CHAPTER XI.

hen have meat enough, woman—half a hen;
the old rotten pilchards—put them off too;
but a little new anointing of them,
a strong onion, that confounds the savour.
Love's Pilgrimage.

underbolt, which had stunned all who were aring of it, had only served to awaken the inventive genius of the flower of Majors- almost before the clatter had ceased, and re was yet scarce an assurance whether the s standing or falling, Caleb exclaimed, t be praised!—this comes to hand like the pint stoup." He then barred the kitchen e face of the Lord Keeper's servant, whom ed returning from the party at the gate, and muttering, "How the deil cam he in?—but deil may car—Mysie, what are ye sitting shaking and greeting in the chimney-neuk for? Come here—or stay where ye are, and skirl as loud as ye can—it's a' ye're gude for—I say, ye auld deevil, skirl—skirl—louder—louder, woman—gar the gentles hear ye in the ha'—I have heard ye as far off as the Bass for a less matter. And stay—down wi' that crockery"—

And with a sweeping blow, he threw down from a shelf some articles of pewter and earthenware. He exalted his voice amid the clatter, shouting and roaring in a manner which changed Mysie's hysterical terrors of the thunder into fears that her old fellow-servant was gone distracted. "He has dung down a' the bits o' pigs, too—the only thing we had left to haud a soup milk—and he has spilt the hattered kitt that was for the Master's dinner. Mercy save us, the auld man's gaen clean and clear wud wi' the thunner!"

"Haud your tongue, ye b——!" said Caleb, in the impetuous and overbearing triumph of successful invention, "a's provided now—dinner and a' thing—the thunner's done a' in a clap of a hand!"

"Puir man, he's muckle astray," said Mysie, looking at him with a mixture of pity and alarm; "I wish he may ever come hame to himsell again."

"Here, ye auld doited deevil," said Caleb, still exulting in his extrication from a dilemma which had seemed insurmountable; "keep the strange man out of the kitchen—swear the thunner came down the chimney, and spoiled the best dinner ye ever dressed—beef—bacon—kid—lark—leveret—wild fowl—venison, and what not. Lay it on thick, and never mind expenses. I'll awa up to the ha'—make a' the confusion ye can—but be sure ye keep out the strange servant."

With these charges to his ally, Caleb posted up to the hall, but stopping to reconnoitre through an aperture, which time, for the convenience of many a domestic in succession, had made in the door, and perceiving the situation of Miss Ashton, he had prudence enough to make a pause, both to avoid adding to her alarm, and in order to secure attention to his account of the disastrous effects of the thunder.

But when he perceived that the lady was recovered, and heard the conversation turn upon the accommodation and refreshment which the castle afforded, he thought it time to burst into the room in the manner announced in the last chapter.

"Wull a wins!—wull a wins!—such a misfortune to befa' the House of Ravenswood, and I to live to see it!"

"What is the matter, Caleb?" said his master, somewhat alarmed in his turn; "has any part of the castle fallen?"

"Castle fa'an?—na, but the sute's fa'an, and the thunner's come right down the kitchen-lumin, and the things are a' lying here awa, there awa, like the Laird o' Hotchpotch's lands—and wi' brave guests of honour and quality to entertain"—a low bow here to Sir William Ashton and his daughter—"and naething left in the house fit to present for dinner—or for supper either, for aught that I can see!"

"I verily believe you, Caleb," said Ravenswood, drily.

Balderstone here turned to his master a half-upbraiding, half-imploring countenance, and edged towards him as he repeated, "It was nae great matter of preparation; but just something added to your honour's ordinary course of fare—*petty cover*, as they say at the Louvre—three courses and the fruit."

"Keep your intolerable nonsense to yourself, you old fool!" said Ravenswood, mortified at his officiousness, yet not knowing how to contradict him, without the risk of giving rise to scenes yet more ridiculous.

Caleb saw his advantage, and resolved to improve it. But first, observing that the Lord Keeper's servant entered the apartment, and spoke apart with his master, he took the same opportunity to whisper a few words into Ravenswood's ear—"Haud your tongue, for heaven's sake, sir—if it's my pleasure to hazard my soul in telling lees for the honour of the family, it's nae business o' yours—and if ye let

me gang on quietly, I'se be moderate in my banquet; but if ye contradict me, deil but I dress ye a dinner fit for a duke!"

Ravenswood, in fact, thought it would be best to let his officious butler run on, who proceeded to enumerate upon his fingers,—"No muckle provision—might hae served four persons of honour, first course, capons in white broth—roast kid—bacon with reverence,—second course, roasted leveret—butter crabs—a veal florentine,—third course, black-cock—it's black enough now wi' the sute—plumdamas—a tart—a flam—and some nonsense sweet things, and comfits—and that's a'," he said, seeing the impatience of his master; "that's just a' was o't—forby the apples and pears."

Miss Ashton had by degrees gathered her spirits, so far as to pay some attention to what was going on; and observing the restrained impatience of Ravenswood, contrasted with the peculiar determination of manner with which Caleb detailed his imaginary banquet, the whole struck her as so ridiculous, that, despite every effort to the contrary, she burst into a fit of incontrollable laughter, in which she was joined by her father, though with more moderation, and finally by the Master of Ravenswood himself, though conscious that the jest was at his own expense. Their mirth—for a scene which we read with little emotion often appears extremely ludicrous to the spectators—made the old vault ring again. They ceased—they renewed—they ceased—they renewed again their shouts of laughter! Caleb, in the mean time, stood his ground with a grave, angry, and scornful dignity, which greatly enhanced the ridicule of the scene, and the mirth of the spectators.

At length, when the voices, and nearly the strength of the laughers, were exhausted, he exclaimed, with very little ceremony, "The deil's in the gentles! they breakfast sae lordly, that the loss of the best dinner ever cook pat fingers to, makes them as merry as if it were the best jeest in a' George Buchanan. If there was as little in your honours' wames, as there is in Caleb Balderstone's, less caickling wad serve ye on sic a gravaminous subject."

Caleb's blunt expression of resentment again awakened the mirth of the company, which, by the way, he regarded not only as an aggression upon the dignity of the family, but a special contempt of the eloquence with which he himself had summed up the extent of their supposed losses;—"a description of a dinner," as he said afterwards to Mysie, "that wad hae made a fu' man hungry, and them to sit there laughing at it!"

"But," said Miss Ashton, composing her countenance as well as she could, "are all these delicacies so totally destroyed, that no scrap can be collected?"

"Collected, my leddy! what wad ye collect out of the sute and the ass? Ye may gang down yoursell, and look into our kitchen—the cookmaid in the trembling exies—the gude vivers lying a' about—beef—capons, and white broth—florentine and flams—bacon wi' reverence, and a' the sweet confections and whim whams; ye'll see them a', my leddy—that is," said he, correcting himself, "ye'll no see ony of them now, for the cook has soopit them up, as was weel her part; but ye'll see the white broth where it was spilt. I pat my fingers in it, and it tastes as like sour-milk as ony thing else; if that isna the effect of thunner, I kenna what is.—This gentleman here couldna but hear the clash of our haill dishes, china and silver thegither?"

The Lord Keeper's domestic, though a statesman's attendant, and of course trained to command his countenance upon all occasions, was somewhat discomposed by this appeal, to which he only answered by a bow.

"I think, Mr. Butler," said the Lord Keeper, who began to be afraid lest the prolongation of this scene should at length displease Ravenswood,—"I think, that were you to retire with my servant Lockhard—he has travelled, and is quite accustomed to accidents and contingencies of every kind, and I hope betwixt you, you may find out some mode of supply at this *emergency*."

"His honour kens,"—said Caleb, who,
hopeless of himself of accomplishing wha
sirable, would, like the high-spirit[illegible] elepha
have died in the effort, than brooked the
brother in commission,—"his honour ke
need nae counsellor, when the honour of th
concerned."

"I should be unjust if I denied it, Caleb,
master; "but your art lies chiefly in making
upon which we can no more dine, than up
of fare of our thunder-blasted dinner. Now
Mr. Lockhard's talent may consist in fin
substitute for that, which certainly is not, a
all probability never been."

"Your honour is pleased to be faceti
Caleb, "but I am sure, that for the warst,
as far as Wolf's-hope, I could dine forty
that the folk there deserve your honour's
They hae been ill advised in the matter of
eggs and butter, I winna deny that."

"Do go consult together," said the M
down to the village, and do the best you
must not let our guests remain without ref
to save the honour of a ruined family. .
Caleb—take my purse; I believe that will
best ally."

"Purse? purse, indeed?" quoth Caleb, ir
flinging out of the room,—"what suld I d
honour's purse, on your ain grund? I trust
to pay for our ain?"

The servants left the hall; and the do
sooner shut, than the Lord Keeper began to
for the rudeness of his mirth; and Lucy to
had given no pain or offence to the kin
faithful old man.

"Caleb and I must both learn, madam, t
with good humour, or at least with patienc
cule which every where attaches itself to p

"You do yourself injustice, Master of Ra
on my word of honour," answered his el
"I believe I know more of your affairs th
yourself, and I hope to show you, that I am
in them: and that—in short, that your pro
better than you apprehend. In the mean ti
conceive nothing so respectable, as the sp
rises above misfortune, and prefers honour
tions to debt or dependence."

Whether from fear of offending the de
awakening the pride of the Master, the Lo
made these allusions with an appearance
and hesitating reserve, and seemed to be
he was intruding too far, in venturing to to
ever lightly, upon such a topic, even when
had led to it. In short, he appeared at on
on by his desire of appearing friendly, and
by the fear of intrusion. It was no wonde
Master of Ravenswood, little acquainted a
was with life, should have given this co
courtier credit for more sincerity than was
to be found in a score of his cast. He
however, with reserve, that he was indeb
who might think well of him; and, apol
his guests, he left the hall, in order to m
arrangements for their entertainment as
stances admitted.

Upon consulting with old Mysie, the acc
tions for the night were easily completed,
they admitted of little choice. The Mast
dered his apartment for the use of Miss As
Mysie, (once a person of consequence,) dr
black satin gown which had belonged of y
Master's grandmother, and had figured in
balls of Henrietta Maria, went to attend he
maid. He next inquired after Bucklaw, a
standing he was at the change-house with
men and some companions, he desired Ca
there, and acquaint him how he was circu
at Wolf's Crag—to intimate to him that it
most convenient if he could find a bed in
let, as the elder guest must necessarily be q
the secret chamber, the only spare bedro
could be made fit to receive him. The Mas
hardship in passing the night by the hall-fire
his campaign-cloak; and to Scottish domes

of the highest rank, nay, to young men of ashion, on any pinch, clean straw, or a dry ras always held good night-quarters.

rest, Lockhard had his master's orders to e venison from the inn, and Caleb was to is wits for the honour of his family. The asked, a second time held out his purse; was in sight of the strange servant, the ught himself obliged to decline what his bed to clutch. "Couldna he hae slippit it i my hand?" said Caleb—"but his honour learn how to bear himsell in sic-an cases." i the mean time, according to a uniform i remote places in Scotland, offered the he produce of her little dairy, "while better getting ready." And according to another t yet wholly in desuetude, as the storm was ng off to leeward, the Master carried the the top of his highest tower to admire a vaste extent of view, and to "weary for his

CHAPTER XII.

dame," quoth he, "Je vous dis sans doute,
nought of a capon but the liver,
your white bread nought but a shiver,
ter that a roasted pigge's head,
e wold for me no beast were dead,)
ad I with you homely sufferaunce."
CHAUCER, *Summer's Tale.*

not without some secret misgivings that out upon his exploratory expedition. In as attended with a treble difficulty. He ell his master the offence which he had that iven to Bucklaw (just for the honour of the e dared not acknowledge he had been too efusing the purse- and, thirdly, he was apprehensive of unpleasant consequences eeting Hayston under the impression of an d probably by this time under the influence mall quantity of brandy.

do him justice, was as bold as any lion bonour of the family of Ravenswood was ; but his was that considerate valour which elight in unnecessary risks. This, how- a secondary consideration; the main point the indigence of the house-keeping at the to make good his vaunt of the cheer which es could procure, without Lockhard's as- nd without supplies from his master. This ne a point of honour with him, as with the lephant with whom we have already con- , who, being over-tasked, broke his skull e desperate exertions which he made to dis- duty, when he perceived they were bring- ther to his assistance.

age which they now approached had fre- orded the distressed butler resources upon ergencies; but his relations with it had e much altered.

little hamlet which straggled along the side formed by the discharge of a small brook s, and was hidden from the castle, to which a in former times an appendage, by the in- of the shoulder of a hill forming a project- nd. It was called Wolf's-hope, (*i. e.* Wolf's d the few inhabitants gained a precarious a by manning two or three fishing boats in g-season, and smuggling gin and brandy winter months. They paid a kind of here- ect to the Lords of Ravenswood; but, in ties of the family, most of the inhabitants hope had contrived to get feu-rights* to their ssions, their huts, kail-yards, and rights of ; so that they were emancipated from the udal dependence, and free from the various with which, under every possible pretext, or y pretext at all, the Scottish landlords of themselves in great poverty, were wont to r still poorer tenants at will. They might whole, termed independent, a circumstance

peculiarly galling to Caleb, who had been wont to exercise over them the same sweeping authority in levying contributions which was exercised in former times in England, when "the royal purveyors, sallying forth from under the Gothic portcullis to purchase provisions with power and prerogative, instead of money, brought home the plunder of a hundred markets, and all that could be seized from a flying and hiding country, and deposited their spoil in a hundred caverns."*

Caleb loved the memory and resented the downfall of that authority, which mimicked, on a petty scale, the grand contributions exacted by the feudal sovereigns. And as he fondly flattered himself that the awful rule and right supremacy which assigned to the Barons of Ravenswood the first and most effective interest in all productions of nature within five miles of their castle, only slumbered, and was not departed for ever, he used every now and then to give the recollection of the inhabitants a little jog by some petty exaction. These were at first submitted to, with more or less readiness, by the inhabitants of the hamlet; for they had been so long used to consider the wants of the Baron and his family as having a title to be preferred to their own, that their actual independence did not convey to them an immediate sense of freedom. They resembled a man that has been long fettered, who, even at liberty, feels, in imagination, the grasp of the handcuffs still binding his wrists. But the exercise of freedom is quickly followed with the natural consciousness of its immunities, as the enlarged prisoner, by the free use of his limbs, soon dispels the cramped feeling they had acquired when bound.

The inhabitants of Wolf's-hope began to grumble, to resist, and at length positively to refuse compliance with the exactions of Caleb Balderstone. It was in vain he reminded them, that when the eleventh Lord Ravenswood, called the Skipper, from his delight in naval matters, had encouraged the trade of their port by building the pier, (a bulwark of stones rudely piled together,) which protected the fishing boats from the weather, it had been matter of understanding, that he was to have the first stone of butter after the calving of every cow within the barony, and the first egg, thence called the Monday's egg, laid by every hen on every Monday in the year.

The feuars heard and scratched their heads, coughed, sneezed, and being pressed for answer, rejoined with one voice, "They could not say;"— the universal refuge of a Scottish peasant, when pressed to admit a claim which his conscience owns, or perhaps his feelings, and his interest inclines him to deny.

Caleb, however, furnished the notables of Wolf's-hope with a note of the requisition of butter and eggs, which he claimed as arrears of the aforesaid subsidy, or kindly aid, payable as above mentioned; and having intimated that he would not be averse to compound the same for goods or money, if it was inconvenient to them to pay in kind, left them, as he hoped, to debate the mode of assessing themselves for that purpose. On the contrary, they met with a determined purpose of resisting the exaction, and were only undecided as to the mode of grounding their opposition, when the cooper, a very important person on a fishing station, and one of the Conscript Fathers of the village, observed, "That their hens had cackled mony a day for the Lords of Ravenswood, and it was time they suld caickle for those that gave them roosts and barley." A unanimous grin intimated the assent of the assembly. "And," continued the orator, "if it's your will, I'll just tak a step as far as Dunse for Davie Dingwall the writer, that's come frae the North to settle amang us, and he'll put this job to rights, I'se warrant him."

A day was accordingly fixed for holding a grand *palaver* at Wolf's-hope on the subject of Caleb's requisitions, and he was invited to attend at the hamlet for that purpose.

He went with open hands and empty stomach,

* ...solute rights of property for the payment of a ..., which is usually a trifle in such cases as are ... the text.

* Burke's Speech on Economical Reform.—Works, vol. iii. p. 250.

trusting to fill the one on his master's account, and the other on his own score, at the expense of the feuars of Wolf's-hope. But, death to his hopes! as he entered the eastern end of the straggling village, the awful form of Davie Dingwall, a sly, dry, hard-fisted, shrewd country attorney, who had already acted against the family of Ravenswood, and was a principal agent of Sir William Ashton, trotted in at the western extremity, bestriding a leathern portmanteau stuffed with the feu-charters of the hamlet, and hoping he had not kept Mr. Balderstone waiting, "as he was instructed and fully empowered to pay or receive, compound or compensate, and, in fine, to *agé** as accords, respecting all mutual and unsettled claims whatsoever, belonging or competent to the Honourable Edgar Ravenswood, commonly called the Master of Ravenswood"——

"The *Right* Honourable Edgar *Lord Ravenswood*," said Caleb, with great emphasis; for, though conscious he had little chance of advantage in the conflict to ensue, he was resolved not to sacrifice one jot of honour.

"Lord Ravenswood, then," said the man of business; "we shall not quarrel with you about titles of courtesy—commonly called Lord Ravenswood, or Master of Ravenswood, heritable proprietor of the lands and barony of Wolf's Crag, on the one part, and to John Whitefish and others, feuars in the town of Wolf's-hope, within the barony aforesaid, on the other part."

Caleb was conscious, from sad experience, that he would wage a very different strife with his mercenary champion, than with the individual feuars themselves, upon whose old recollections, predilections, and habits of thinking, he might have wrought by a hundred indirect arguments, to which their deputy-representative was totally insensible. The issue of the debate proved the reality of his apprehensions. It was in vain he strained his eloquence and ingenuity, and collected into one mass all arguments arising from antique custom and hereditary respect, from the good deeds done by the Lord of Ravenswood to the community of Wolf's-hope in former days, and from what might be expected from them in future. The writer stuck to the contents of his feu-charters—he could not see it—'twas not in the bond. And when Caleb, determined to try what a little spirit would do, deprecated the consequences of Lord Ravenswood's withdrawing his protection from the burgh, and even hinted at his using active measures of resentment, the man of law sneered in his face.

"His clients," he said, "had determined to do the best they could for their own town, and he thought Lord Ravenswood, since he was a lord, might have enough to do to look after his own castle. As to any threats of stouthrief oppression, by rule of thumb, or *via facti*, as the law termed it, he would have Mr. Balderstone recollect, that new times were not as old times—that they lived on the south of the Forth, and far from the Highlands—that his clients thought they were able to protect themselves; but should they find themselves mistaken, they would apply to the government for the protection of a corporal and four red-coats, who," said Mr. Dingwall, with a grin, "would be perfectly able to secure them against Lord Ravenswood, and all that he or his followers could do by the strong hand."

If Caleb could have concentrated all the lightnings of aristocracy in his eye, to have struck dead this contemner of allegiance and privilege, he would have launched them at his head, without respect to the consequences. As it was, he was compelled to turn his course backward to the castle; and there he remained for full half a day invisible and inaccessible even to Mysie, sequestered in his own peculiar dungeon, where he sat burnishing a single pewter-plate, and whistling Maggy Lauder six hours without intermission.

The issue of this unfortunate requisition had shut against Caleb all resources which could be derived from Wolf's-hope and its purlieus, the El Dorado, or Peru, from which, in all former cases of exigence, he

had been able to extract some assistan
indeed, in a manner vowed that the deil
him, if ever he put the print of his fo
causeway again. He had hitherto kep
and, strange to tell, this secession had,
ed, in some degree, the effect of a punis
the refractory feuars. Mr. Balderstone
person in their eyes connected with a su
of beings, whose presence used to grac
festivities, whose advice they found use
occasions, and whose communications g
credit to their village. The place, they ac
"didna look as it used to do, and shou
Mr. Caleb keepit the castle sae closely
less, touching the eggs and butter, it
unreasonable demand, as Mr. Dingwa
made manifest.

Thus stood matters betwixt the parti
old butler, though it was gall and wormw
found himself obliged either to acknowle
strange man of quality, and, what was
before that stranger's servant, the tota
Wolf's Crag to produce a dinner, or he
the compassion of the feuars of Wolf's-h
a dreadful degradation, but necessity
imperious and lawless. With these feelin
the street of the village.

Willing to shake himself from his co
soon as possible, he directed Mr. Lockha
Sma'trash's change-house, where a din
from the revels of Bucklaw, Craigenge
party, sounded half-way down the stre
red glare from the window overpower
twilight which was now settling down
mered against a parcel of old tubs, kegs,
piled up in the cooper's yard, on the oth
way.

"If you, Mr. Lockhard," said the old
companion, "will be pleased to step to
house where that light comes from, and
judge, they are now singing 'Cauld Kail i
ye may do your master's errand about
and I will do mine about Bucklaw's be
frae getting the rest of the vivers.—It's
venison is actually needfu'," he added, d
colleague by the button, "to make up
but, as a compliment to the hunters, y
Mr. Lockhard—if they offer ye a drink o'
o' wine, or a glass o' brandy, ye'll be a
take it, in case the thunner should hae so
the castle,—whilk is ower muckle to be

He then permitted Lockhard to depar
foot heavy as lead, and yet far lighter th
stepped on through the unequal street o
gling village, meditating on whom he ou
his first attack. It was necessary he
some one, with whom old acknowledge
should weigh more than recent independ
whom his application might appear un
dignity, relenting at once and soothing.
not recollect an inhabitant of a mind so
"Our kail is like to be cauld enough too,"
ed, as the chorus of Cauld Kail in Abe
reached his ears. The minister—he h
presentation from the late lord, but they ha
about teinds;—the brewster's wife—she
long—and the bill was aye scored up—
the dignity of the family should actually
would be a sin to distress a widow wor
was so able—but, on the other hand, non
to be less willing, to stand his friend upo
occasion, than Gibbie Girder, the man
barrels already mentioned, who had head
rection in the matter of the egg and butte
"But a' comes o' taking folk on the
trow," quoth Caleb to himself; "and I h
ill hap to say he was but a Johnny Newc
town, and the carle bore the family
ever since. But he married a bonny y
Jean Lightbody, auld Lightbody's daught
was in the steading of Loup-the-Dyke,
Lightbody was married himsell to Marior
about my lady in the family forty years
had mony a day's daffing wi' Jean's mithe

* i. e. "To act as may be necessary and legal." Scottish law phrase.

bides on wi' them—the carle has Jacobuses
guineas baith, an ane could get at them—and
n, it's doing him an honour him or his never
at our hand, the ungracious sumph; and if
by us a'thegither, he is e'en cheap o't, he can
brawly."

ng off irresolution, therefore, and turning at
on his heel, Caleb walked hastily back to the
house, lifted the latch without ceremony,
moment, found himself behind the *hallan*, or
from which position he could, himself un-
onnoitre the interior of the *but*, or kitchen
t of the mansion.

of the said menage at the Castle of Wolf's
ckering fire roared up the cooper's chimney.
on the one side, in her pearlings and pad-
es, put the last finishing touch to her holi-
tel, while she contemplated a very hand-
good-humoured face in a broken mirror,
n the *bink* (the shelves on which the plates
ed) for her special accommodation. Her
t Luckie Loup-the-Dyke, "a canty carline"
than twenty miles o: her, according to the
s report of the *cummers*, or gossips, sat by
the full glory of a grogram gown, lammer
a clean cockernony, whiffing a snug pipe
, and superintending the affairs of the
For—sight more interesting to the anxious
craving entrails of the desponding Sene-
n either buxom dame or canty cummer
led on the aforesaid flickering fire, a huge
ather cauldron, steaming with beef and
while before it revolved two spits, turned each
of the cooper's apprentices, seated in the
orners of the chimney; the one loaded with
of mutton, while the other was graced with
and a brace of wild ducks. The sight and
uch a land of plenty almost wholly over-
drooping spirits of Caleb. He turned, for a
space, to reconnoitre the *ben*, or parlour
house, and there saw a sight scarce less
his feelings; a large round table, covered
twelve persons, *decored* (according to his
rite term) with *napery* as white as snow;
ons of pewter, interspersed with one or two
s, containing, as was probable, something
e brilliancy of their outward appearance;
nchers, cutty spoons, knives and forks,
nished, and prompt for action, which lay all
as for an especial festival.

evil's in the peddling tub-coopering carle!"
Caleb, in all the envy of astonishment;
hame to see the like o' them gusting their
e a rate. But if some o' that good cheer
find it's way to Wolf's Crag this night,
is not Caleb Balderstone."

ying, he entered the apartment, and, in all
greeting, saluted both the mother and the
Wolf's Crag was the court of the barony,
ne minister at Wolf's Crag; and it has ever
arked, that though the masculine subject
the taxes, sometimes growls at the cour-
whom they are imposed, the said courtiers
nevertheless, welcome to the fair sex, to
y furnish the newest small-talk and the
ions. Both the dames were, therefore, at
old Caleb's neck, setting up their throats
by way of welcome.

Mr. Balderstone, and is this you?—A
is gude for sair een—sit down—sit down
man will be blithe to see you—ye nar
e cadgy in your life; but we are to christen
ean the night, as ye will hae heard, and
ye will stay and see the ordinance.—We
a wether, and ane o' our lads has been out
at the moss—ye used to like wild-fowl."

—guidewife," said Caleb, "I just keekit
ye joy, and I wad be glad to hae spoken
de man, but——" moving, as if to go away.

ar a fit ye's gang," said the elder dame,
nd holding him fast, with a freedom which
o their old acquaintance; "wha kens what
bring to the bairn, if ye owerlook it in that

"But I'm in a preceese hurry, gudewife," said the butler, suffering himself to be dragged to a seat without much resistance; "and as to eating"—for he observed the mistress of the dwelling bustling about to place a trencher for him—"as for eating—lack-a-day, we are just killed up yonder wi' eating frae morning to night—its shamefu' epicurism; but that's what we hae gotten frae the English pock-puddings."

"Hout—never mind the English pock-puddings," said Luckie Lightbody; "try our puddings, Mr. Balderstone—there is black pudding and white-hass—try whilk ye like best."

"Baith good—baith excellent—canna be better; but the very smell is eneugh for me that hae dined sae lately (the faithful wretch had fasted since day-break.) But I wadna affront your housewifeskep, gudewife; and, with your permission, I'se e'en put them in my napkin, and eat them to my supper at e'en, for I am wearied of Mysie's pastry and nonsense—ye ken landward dainties aye pleased me best, Marion—and landward lasses too—(looking at the cooper's wife)—Ne'er a bit but she looks far better than when she married Gilbert, and then she was the bonniest lass in our parochine and the neest till't—But gawsie cow, goodly calf."

The women smiled at the compliment each to herself, and they smiled again to each other as Caleb wrapt up the puddings in a towel which he had brought with him, as a dragoon carries his foraging bag to receive what may fall in his way.

"And what news at the castle?" quo' the gudewife.

"News!—the bravest news ye ever heard—the Lord Keeper's up yonder wi' his fair daughter, just ready to fling her at my lord's head, if he winna tak her out o' his arms; and I'se warrant he'll stitch our auld lands of Ravenswood to her petticoat tail."

"Eh! sirs—ay!—and will he hae her?—and is she weel-favoured?—and what's the colour o' her hair?—and does she wear a habit or a railly?" were the questions which the females showered upon the butler.

"Hout tout!—it wad tak a man a day to answer a' your questions, and I hae hardly a minute. Where's the gudeman?"

"Awa to fetch the minister," said Mrs. Girder, "precious Mr. Peter Bide-the-Bent, frae the Moss-head—the honest man has the rheumatism wi' lying in the hills in the persecution."

"Ay!—a whig and a mountain-man—nae less?" said Caleb, with a peevishness he could not suppress; "I hae seen the day, Luckie, when worthy Mr. Cuffcushion and the service-book would hae served your turn, (to the elder dame,) or ony honest woman in like circumstances."

"And that's true too," said Mrs. Lightbody, "but what can a body do?—Jean maun baith sing her psalms and busk her cockernony the gate the gudeman likes, and nae ither gate; for he's maister and mair at hame, I can tell ye, Mr. Balderstone."

"Ay, ay, and does he guide the gear too?" said Caleb, to whose projects masculine rule boded little good.

"Ilka penny on't—but he'll dress her as dink as a daisy, as ye see—sae she has little reason to complain—where there's ane better aff there's ten waur."

"Aweel, gudewife," said Caleb, crest-fallen, but not beaten off, "that wasna the way ye guided your gudeman; but ilka land has its ain lauch. I maun be ganging—I just wanted to round in the gudeman's lug, that I heard them say up by yonder, that Peter Puncheon that was cooper to the Queen's stores at the Timmer Burse at Leith, is dead—sae I thought that maybe a word frae my lord to the Lord Keeper might hae served Gilbert; but since he's frae hame"—

"O but ye maun stay his hame-coming," said the dame, "I aye telled the gudeman ye meant weel to him; but he taks the tout at every bit lippening word."

"Aweel, I'll stay the last minute I can."

"And so," said the handsome young spouse of Mr. Girder, "ye think this Miss Ashton is weel-favoured?—troth, and sae should she, to set up for our young lord, with a face, and a hand, and a seat on his horse, that might become a king's son—d'ye ken that he aye glowers up at my window, Mr. Balderstone, when he chaunces to ride thro' the town, sae I hae a right to ken what he likes, as weel as ony body."

"I ken that brawly," said Caleb, "for I hae heard his lordship say the cooper's wife had the blackest ee in the barony; and I said, Weel may that be, my lord, for it was her mither's afore her, as I ken to my cost—Eh, Marion? Ha, ha, ha!—Ah! these were merry days!"

"Hout awa, auld carle," said the old dame, "to speak sic daffing to young folk.—But, Jean—fie, woman, dinna ye hear the bairn greet? I'se warrant it's that dreary weid* has come ower't again."

Up got mother and grandmother, and scoured away, ostling each other as they ran, into some remote corner of the tenement, where the young hero of the evening was deposited. When Caleb saw the coast fairly clear, he took an invigorating pinch of snuff, to sharpen and confirm his resolution.

Cauld be my cast, thought he, if either Bide-the-Bent or Girder taste that broche of wild-fowl this evening; and then addressing the eldest turnspit, a boy of about eleven years old, and putting a penny into his hand, he said, "Here is twal pennies,† my man; carry that ower to Mrs. Sma'trash, and bid her fill my mill wi' snishing, and I'll turn the broche for ye in the mean time—and she will gie ye a gingebread snap for your pains."

No sooner was the elder boy departed on this mission, than Caleb, looking the remaining turnspit gravely and steadily in the face, removed from the fire the spit bearing the wild-fowl of which he had undertaken the charge, clapped his hat on his head, and fairly marched off with it. He stopped at the door of the change-house only to say, in a few brief words, that Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw was not to expect a bed that evening in the castle.

If this message was too briefly delivered by Caleb, it became absolute rudeness when conveyed through the medium of a suburb landlady; and Bucklaw was, as a more calm and temperate man might have been, highly incensed. Captain Craigengelt proposed, with the unanimous applause of all present, that they should course the old fox (meaning Caleb) ere he got to cover, and toss him in a blanket. But Lockhard intimated to his master's servants, and those of Lord Bittlebrains, in a tone of authority, that the slightest impertinence to the Master of Ravenswood's domestic, would give Sir William Ashton the highest offence. And having so said, in a manner sufficient to prevent any aggression on their part, he left the public house, taking along with him two servants loaded with such provisions as he had been able to procure, and overtook Caleb just when he had cleared the village.

CHAPTER XIII.

Should I take aught of you?—'tis true I begged now;
And what is worse than that, I stole a kindness;
And, what is worst of all, I lost my way in't.

Wit without Money.

The face of the little boy, sole witness of Caleb's infringement upon the laws at once of property and hospitality, would have made a good picture. He sat motionless, as if he had witnessed some of the spectral appearances which he had heard told of in a winter's evening; and as he forgot his own duty, and allowed his spit to stand still, he added to the misfortunes of the evening, by suffering the mutton to burn as black as a coal. He was first recalled from his trance of astonishment by a hearty cuff, administered by Dame Lightbody, who (in whatever other respects she might conform to her name) was a woman strong of person, and expert in the use of her hands, as some say her deceased husband had known to his cost.

"What gar'd ye let the roast burn, ye ill-clerkit gude-for-naught?"

"I dinna ken," said the boy.

"And where's that ill-deedy gett, Giles?"

"I dinna ken," blubbered the astonished declarant.

"And where's Mr. Balderstone?—and abune a', and in the name of council and kirk-session, that I suld say sae, where's the broche wi' the wild-fowl?"

* *Weid*, a feverish cold; a disorder incident to infants and to females, is so called.

† *Moneta Scoticæ*, scilicet.

As Mrs. Girder here entered, and joined hi exclamations, screaming into one ear wh lady deafened the other, they succeeded in confounding the unhappy urchin, that he for some time tell his story at all, and it when the elder boy returned, that the trut dawn on their minds.

"Weel, sirs!" said Mrs. Lightbody, "wh thought o' Caleb Balderstone playing an au tance sic a pliskie!"

"O, weary on him!" said the spouse of M "and what am I to say to the gudeman?— me, if there wasna anither woman in a' Wo

"Hout tout, silly quean," said the mo na—it's come to muckle, but it's no come ther; for an he brain you he maun brain have gar'd his betters stand back—hand play—we maunna heed a bit flyting."

The tramp of horses now announced th the cooper, with the minister. They had dismounted than they made for the kitch the evening was cool after the thunder stor woods wet and dirty. The young gudewif the charms of her Sunday gown and biggo herself in the way of receiving the first att her mother, like the veteran division of t legion, remained in the rear, ready to sup case of necessity. Both hoped to protra covery of what had happened—the mothe posing her bustling person betwixt Mr. Gir fire, and the daughter, by the extreme cor which she received the minister and her hu the anxious fears which she expressed lest t have "gotten cauld."

"Cauld?" quoth the husband surlily—: not of that class of lords and masters whos viceroys over them—"we'll be cauld eneug if ye dinna let us in to the fire."

And so saying, he burst his way through of defence; and, as he had a careful eye ov perty of every kind, he perceived at one absence of the spit with its savoury burden the deil, woman"——

"Fie for shame!" exclaimed both the wo before Mr. Bide-the-Bent!"

"I stand reproved," said the cooper; "

"The taking into our mouths the name o enemy of our souls," said Mr. Bide-the-Be

"I stand reproved," said the cooper.

"Is an exposing ourselves to his temptati tinued the reverend monitor, "and an invi some sort, a compelling, of him to lay asic trafficking with unhappy persons, and wait in whose speech his name is frequent."

"Weel, weel, Mr. Bide-the-Bent, can mair than stand reproved?" said the cooper let me ask the women what for they hae wild-fowl before we came."

"They arena dished, Gilbert," said his —but an accident"——

"What accident?" said Girder, with flas "Nae ill come ower them, I trust? Uh?"

His wife, who stood much in awe of not reply, but her mother bustled up to hi with arms disposed as if they were about to l at the next reply.—"I gied them to an ac of mine, Gibbie Girder; and what about it

Her excess of assurance struck Girder m instant. "And *ye* gied the wild-fowl, the our christening dinner, to a friend of you rudas! And what might *his* name be, I pra

"Just worthy Mr. Caleb Balderstone, fi Crag," answered Marion, prompt and pr battle.

Girder's wrath foamed over all restraint was a circumstance which could have ad resentment he felt, it was, that this extrava tion had been made in favour of our fri towards whom, for reasons to which the r stranger, he nourished a decided resentm raised his riding-wand against the elder m she stood firm, collected in herself, and ur brandished the iron ladle with which sh been *flambing* (*Anglicé*, basting) the roast

was certainly the better, and her arm not of the two; so that Gilbert thought it short off upon his wife, who had by this a sort of hysterical whine, which greatly ninister, who was in fact as simple and a creature as ever breathed.—"And you, idd, to sit still and see my substance dis- an idle, drunken, reprobate, worm-eaten, just because he kittles the lugs o' a silly 'useless clavers, and every twa words a you as gude"——

ninister interposed, both by voice and Dame Lighthody threw herself in front er, and flourished her ladle.

to chastise my ain wife?" exclaimed ery indignantly.

chastise your ain wife if ye like," an- e Lighthody; "but ye shall never lay daughter, and that ye may found upon."

ne, Mr. Girder!" said the clergyman; it I little expected to have seen of you, give rein to your sinful passions against and your dearest; and this night too, called to the most solemn duty of a ent—and a' for what? for a redundancy omforts, as worthless as they are un-

s!" exclaimed the cooper; "a better alkit on stubble; twa finer dentier wild- wat a feather."

neighbour," rejoined the minister; "but erfluities are yet revolving before your seen the day when ten of the bannocks upon that board would have been an ac- ty to as many men, that were starving bogs, and in caves of the earth, for the e."

's what vexes me maist of a'," said the ous to get some one to sympathize with gether causeless anger; "an the quean o ony suffering sant, or to ony body ava ving, lying, oppressing tory villain, that icked troop of militia when it was com- against the sants at Bothwell Brigg by ant Allen Ravenswood, that is gane to wad the less hae minded it. But to gie part o' the feast to the like o' him!"——

Gilbert," said the minister, "and dinna gh judgment in this?—The seed of the e not seen begging their bread—think of powerful oppressor being brought to the wrong his household from your fulness."

idea," said the wife, "it wasna for Lord I neither, an ye wad hear but a body is to help to entertain the Lord Keeper, im, that's up yonder at Wolf's Crag."

am Ashton at Wolf's Crag!" ejaculated ed man of hoops and staves.

nd and glove wi' Lord Ravenswood," Lighthody.

liot!—that auld clavering sneck-drawer row the moon is made of green cheese. eper and Ravenswood! they are cat and d hound."

they are man and wife, and gree better them that are sae," retorted the mother- rby, Peter Puncheon, that's cooper to stores, is dead, and the place is to fill,

us, wull ye haud your skirling tongues!" —for we are to remark, that this expla- given like a catch for two voices, the ne, much encouraged by the turn of the ig up, and repeating in a higher tone, the t as they were uttered by her mother.

lewife says naething but what's true, id Girder's foreman, who had come in ay. "I saw the Lord Keeper's servants d driving ower at Luckie Sma'trash's, der."

their maister up a Wolf's Crag?" said

is he," replied his man of confidence. nds wi' Ravenswood!"

"It's like sae," answered the foreman "since he is putting up* wi' him."

"And Peter Puncheon's dead?"

"Ay, ay—Puncheon has leaked out at last, the auld carle," said the foreman; "mony a dribble o' brandy has gaen through him in his day.—But as for the broche and the wild-fowl, the saddle's no aff your mare yet, maister, and I could follow and bring it back, for Mr. Balderstone's no far aff the town yet."

"Do sae, Will—and come here—I'll tell ye what to do when ye owertake him."

He relieved the females of his presence, and gave Will his private instructions.

"A bonny-like thing," said the mother-in-law, as the cooper re-entered the apartment, "to send the innocent lad after an armed man, when ye ken Mr. Balderstone aye wears a rapier, and whiles a dirk into the bargain."

"I trust," said the minister, "ye have reflected weel on what ye have done, lest ye should minister cause of strife, of which it is my duty to say, he who affordeth matter, albeit he himself striketh not, is in no manner guiltless."

"Never fash your beard, Mr. Bide-the-Bent," replied Girder; "ane canna get their breath out here between wives and ministers—I ken best how to turn my ain cake.—Jean, serve up the dinner, and nae mair about it."

Nor did he again allude to the deficiency in the course of the evening.

Mean time, the foreman, mounted on his master's steed, and charged with his special orders, pricked swiftly forth in pursuit of the marauder Caleb. That personage, it may be imagined, did not linger by the way. He intermitted even his dearly-beloved chatter, for the purpose of making more haste—only assuring Mr. Lockhard that he had made the purveyor's wife give the wild-fowl a few turns before the fire, in case that Mysie, who had been so much alarmed by the thunder, should not have her kitchen-grate in full splendour. Mean while, alleging the necessity of being at Wolf's Crag as soon as possible, he pushed on so fast that his companions could scarce keep up with him. He began already to think he was safe from pursuit, having gained the summit of the swelling eminence which divides Wolf's Crag from the village, when he heard the distant tread of a horse, and a voice which shouted at intervals, "Mr. Caleb—Mr. Balderstone—Mr. Caleb Balderstone—hollo—bide a wee!"

Caleb, it may be well believed, was in no hurry to acknowledge the summons. First, he would not hear it, and faced his companions down, that it was the echo of the wind; then he said it was not worth stopping for; and, at length, halting reluctantly, as the figure of the horseman appeared through the shades of the evening, he bent up his whole soul to the task of defending his prey, threw himself into an attitude of dignity, advanced the spit, which in his grasp might with its burden seem both spear and shield, and firmly resolved to die rather than surrender it.

What was his astonishment, when the cooper's foreman, riding up and addressing him with respect, told him, "his master was very sorry he was absent when he came to his dwelling, and grieved that he could not tarry the christening dinner; and that he had taen the freedom to send a sma' rundlet of sack, and ane anker of brandy, as he understood there were guests at the castle, and that they were short of preparation."

I have heard somewhere a story of an elderly gentleman, who was pursued by a bear that had gotten loose from its muzzle, until completely exhausted. In a fit of desperation, he faced round upon Bruin and lifted his cane; at the sight of which the instinct of discipline prevailed, and the animal, instead of tearing him to pieces, rose up upon his hind-legs, and instantly began to shuffle a saraband. Not less than the joyful surprise of the senior, who had supposed himself in the extremity of peril from which he was thus unexpectedly relieved, was that of our excellent friend Caleb, when he found the pursuer intended to

* Taking up his abode.

add to his prize, instead of bereaving him of it. He recovered his latitude, however, instantly, so soon as the foreman, stooping from his nag, where he sate perched betwixt the two barrels, whispered in his ear, —"If ony thing about Peter Puncheon's place could be airted their way, John Girder wad mak it better to the Master of Ravenswood than a pair of new gloves; and that he wad be blithe to speak wi' Maister Balderstone on that head, and he wad find him as pliant as a hoop-willow in a' that he could wish of him."

Caleb heard all this without rendering any answer, except that of all great men from Louis XIV. downwards, namely, "we will see about it;" and then added aloud, for the edification of Mr. Lockhard, "Your master has acted with becoming civility and attention in forwarding the liquors, and I will not fail to represent it properly to my Lord Ravenswood. And, my lad," he said, "you may ride on to the castle, and if none of the servants are returned, whilk is to be dreaded, as they make day and night of it when they are out of sight, ye may put them into the porter's lodge, whilk is on the right hand of the great entry—the porter has got leave to go to see his friends, sae ye will meet no ane to steer ye."

The foreman, having received his orders, rode on; and having deposited the casks in the deserted and ruinous porter's lodge, he returned unquestioned by any one. Having thus executed his master's commission, and doffed his bonnet to Caleb and his company as he repassed them in his way to the village, he returned to have his share of the christening festivity."*

CHAPTER XIV

> As, to the Autumn breeze's bugle sound,
> Various and vague the dry leaves dance their round;
> Or, from the garner-door, on ether borne,
> The chaff flies devious from the winnow'd corn;
> So vague, so devious, at the breath of heaven,
> From their fix'd aim are mortal counsels driv'n.
>
> *Anonymous.*

We left Caleb Balderstone in the extremity of triumph at the success of his various achievements for the honour of the house of Ravenswood. When he had mustered and marshalled his dishes of divers kinds, a more royal provision had not been seen in Wolf's Crag, since the funeral feast of its deceased lord. Great was the glory of the serving-man, as he *decored* the old oaken table with a clean cloth, and arranged upon it carbonaded venison and roasted wild-fowl, with a glance, every now and then, as if to upbraid the incredulity of his master and his guests; and with many a story, more or less true, was Lockhard that evening regaled concerning the ancient grandeur of Wolf's Crag, and the sway of its Barons over the country in their neighbourhood.

'A vassal scarce held a calf or a lamb his ain, till he had first asked if the Lord of Ravenswood was pleased to accept it; and they were obliged to ask the Lord's consent before they married in these days, and many a merry tale they tell about that right as weel as others. And although," said Caleb, "these times are not like the gude auld times, when authority had its right, yet true it is, Mr. Lockhard, and you yoursel may partly have remarked, that we of the House of Ravenswood do our endeavour in keeping up, by all just and lawful exertion of our baronial authority, that due and fitting connexion betwixt superior and vassal, whilk is in some danger of falling into desuetude, owing to the general license and misrule of these present unhappy times."

"Umph!" said Mr. Lockhard; "and if I may inquire, Mr. Balderstone, pray do you find your people at the village yonder amenable? for I must needs say, that at Ravenswood Castle, now pertaining to my master, the Lord Keeper, ye have not left behind you the most compliant set of tenantry."

"Ah! but Mr. Lockhard," replied Caleb, "ye must consider there has been a change of hands, and the auld lord might expect twa turns frae them, when the new comer canna get ane. A dour and fractious set they were, thae tenants of Ravenswood, and ill to live wi' when they dinna ken their master—and if your master put them mad ance, the whole country will [illegible] put them down."

"Troth," said Mr. Lockhard, "an such be the [illegible] I think the wisest thing for us a' wad be to ha[illegible] up a match between your young lord and our wi[illegible] young leddy up by there; and Sir William might [illegible] stitch your auld barony to her gown-sleeve, an[illegible] wad sune cuitle† another out o' somebody else, [illegible] lang head as he has."

Caleb shook his head.—"I wish," he said, "I w[illegible] that may answer, Mr. Lockhard. There are [illegible] phecies about this house I wad like ill to see f[illegible] wi' my auld een, that has seen evil eneugh alr[illegible]

"Pshaw! never mind freits," said his brother [illegible] ler; "if the young folk liked ane anither, they [illegible] make a winsome couple. But, to say truth, the[illegible] leddy sits in our hall-neuk, maun have her h[illegible] that as weel as in every other job. But the[illegible] harm in drinking to their healths, and I will fill [illegible] Mysie a cup of Mr. Girder's canary."

While they thus enjoyed themselves in the ki[illegible] the company in the hall were not less plea[illegible] engaged. So soon as Ravenswood had dete[illegible] upon giving the Lord Keeper such hospitality [illegible] had to offer, he deemed it incumbent on [illegible] assume the open and courteous brow of a well-[illegible] host. It has been often remarked, that when [illegible] commences by acting a character, he frequen[illegible] by adopting it in good earnest. In the cour[illegible] hour or two, Ravenswood, to his own surpri[illegible] himself in the situation of one who frankly [illegible] best to entertain welcome and honoured gue[illegible] much of this change in his disposition [illegible]

* The Raid of Caleb Balderstone on the cooper's kitchen, has been universally considered on the southern side of the Tweed as grotesquely and absurdly extravagant. The author can only say, that a similar anecdote was communicated to him, with date and names of the parties, by a noble Earl lately deceased, whose remembrances of former days, both in Scotland and England, while they were given with a felicity and power of humour never to be forgotten by those who had the happiness of meeting his lordship in familiar society, were especially invaluable from their extreme accuracy.

Speaking after my kind and lamented informer, with the omission of names only, the anecdote ran thus:—There was a certain bachelor gentleman in one of the midland counties of Scotland, second son of an ancient family, who lived on the fortune of a second son, *videlicet*, upon a most miserably small annuity, which yet was so managed and stretched out by the expedients of his man John, that his master kept the front rank with all the young men of quality in the county, and hunted, dined, diced, and drank with them, upon apparently equal terms.

It is true, that as the master's society was extremely amusing, his friends contrived to reconcile his man John to accept assistance of various kinds under the rose, which they dared not to have directly offered to his master. Yet very consistently with all this good inclination to John, and John's master, it was thought among the young fox hunters, that it would be an excellent jest, if possible, to take John at fault.

With this intention, and, I think, in consequence of a bet, a party of four or five of these youngsters arrived at the bachelor's little mansion, which was adjacent to a considerable village. Here they alighted a short while before the dinner hour—for it was judged regular to give John's ingenuity a f[illegible] rushing past the astonished domestic, entered the [illegible] and, telling some concerted story of the cause of their [illegible] the self invited guests asked their landlord if he could [illegible] have some dinner. Their friend gave them a hearty [illegible] barrassed reception, and, for the matter of dinner, re[illegible] to John. He was summoned accordingly—received his [illegible] orders to get dinner ready for the party who had thus [illegible] edly arrived: and, without changing a muscle of his [illegible] nance, promised prompt obedience. Great was the spe[illegible] of the visitors, and probably of the landlord also, what [illegible] be the issue of John's fair promises. Some of the more [illegible] had taken a peep into the kitchen, and could see nothi[illegible] to realize the prospect held out by the *Major Domo*. [illegible] tual as the dinner hour struck on the village clock, John [illegible] before them a stately rump of boiled beef, with a prop[illegible] paniment of greens, amply sufficient to dine the whole [illegible] and to decide the bet against those among the visit[illegible] expected to take John napping. The explanation was [illegible] as in the case of Caleb Balderstone. John had used the [illegible] to carry off the *kail-pot* of a rich old churl in the vill[illegible] brought it to his master's house, leaving the propriet[illegible] friends to dine on bread and cheese; and, as John said, [illegible] enough for them." The fear of giving offence to so m[illegible] sons of distinction, kept the poor man sufficiently q[illegible] he was afterwards remunerated by some indirect p[illegible] that the jest was admitted a good one on all sides. In [illegible] at any period, or in some parts of Scotland at the pre[illegible] it might not have passed off so well.

† *Cuitle* may answer to the elegant modern phrase [illegible]

ibed to the beauty and simplicity of Miss Ashton, he readiness with which she accommodated her- to the inconveniences of her situation—how much he smooth and plausible conversation of the Lord eper, remarkably gifted with those words which the ear, must be left to the reader's ingenuity to jecture. But Ravenswood was insensible to nei- r.

The Lord Keeper was a veteran statesman, well uainted with courts and cabinets, and intimate h all the various turns of public affairs during the t eventful years of the seventeenth century. He ld talk, from his own knowledge, of men and nts, in a way which failed not to win attention, had the peculiar art, while he never said a word ch committed himself, at the same time to per- le the hearer that he was speaking without the t shadow of scrupulous caution or reserve. Ra- swood, in spite of his prejudices and real grounds esentment, felt himself at once amused and in- cted in listening to him, while the statesman, se inward feelings had at first so much impeded fforts to make himself known, had now regained he ease and fluency of a silver-tongued lawyer of very highest order.

is daughter did not speak much, but she smiled; what she did say argued a submissive gentleness, a desire to give pleasure, which, to a proud man Ravenswood, was more fascinating than the most liant wit. Above all, he could not but observe, t, whether from gratitude, or from some other mo- , he himself, in his deserted and unprovided hall, as much the object of respectful attention to his sts, as he would have been when surrounded by the appliances and means of hospitality proper a high birth. All deficiences passed unobserved, they did not escape notice, it was to praise the titutes which Caleb had contrived to supply the t of the usual accomodations. Where a smile unavoidable, it was a very good-humoured one, often coupled with some well turned compliment, ow how much the guests esteemed the merits of noble host, how little they thought of the in- eniences with which they were surrounded. I am sure whether the pride of being found to outba- , in virtue of his own personal merit, all the dis- ntages of fortune, did not make as favourable an ession upon the haughty heart of the Master of nswood, as the conversation of the father and eauty of Lucy Ashton.

e hour of repose arrived. The Keeper and his hter retired to their apartments, which were ored" more properly than could have been anti- ed. In making the necessary arrangements, e had indeed enjoyed the assistance of a gossip had arrived from the village upon an exploratory lition, but had been arrested by Caleb, and im- ed into the domestic drudgery of the evening. at, instead of returning home to describe the and person of the grand young lady, she found lf compelled to be active in the domestic econo- f Wolf's Crag.

cording to the custom of the time, the Master of nswood attended the Lord Keeper to his apart- t, followed by Caleb, who placed on the table, all the ceremonials due to torches of wax, two ly-framed tallow-candles, such as in those days only used by the peasantry, hooped in paltry s of wire, which served for candlesticks. He disappeared, and presently entered with two tern flagons, (the china, he said, had been little since my lady's time,) one filled with canary , the other with brandy.* The canary sack, un- heeding all probabilities of detection, he declared had been twenty years in the cellars of Wolf's Crag, "though it was not for him to speak before their honours; the brandy—it was weel-kend liquor, as mild as mead, and as strong as Sampson—it had been in the house ever since the memorable revel, in which auld Micklestob had been slain at the head of the stair by Jamie of Jenklebrae, on account of the ho- nour of the worshipful Lady Muirend, wha was in some sort an ally of the family; natheless"——

"But to cut that matter short, Mr. Caleb," said the Keeper, "perhaps you will favour me with a ewer of water."

"God forbid your lordship should drink water in this family," replied Caleb, "to the disgrace of so honourable a house!"

"Nevertheless, if his lordship have a fancy," said the Master, smiling, "I think you might indulge him; for, if I mistake not, there has been water drank here at no distant date, and with good relish too."

"To be sure, if his lordship has a fancy," said Caleb; and re-entering with a jug of pure element—"He will scarce find such water ony where as is drawn frae the well at Wolf's Crag—nevertheless"——

"Nevertheless, we must leave the Lord Keeper to his repose in this poor chamber of ours," said the Master of Ravenswood, interrupting his talkative do- mestic, who immediately turning to the doorway, with a profound reverence, prepared to usher his master from the secret chamber.

But the Lord Keeper prevented his host's departure. —"I have but one word to say to the Master of Ra- venswood, Mr. Caleb, and I fancy he will excuse your waiting."

With a second reverence, lower than the former, Caleb withdrew—and his master stood motionless, expecting, with considerable embarrassment, what was to close the events of a day fraught with un- expected incidents.

"Master of Ravenswood," said Sir William Ash- ton, with some embarrassment, "I hope you under- stand the Christian law too well to suffer the sun to set upon your anger."

The Master blushed and replied, "He had no oc- casion that evening to exercise the duty enjoined upon him by his Christian faith."

"I should have thought otherwise," said his guest, "considering the various subjects of dispute and liti- gation which have unhappily occurred more frequently than was desirable or necessary betwixt the late honourable lord, your father, and myself."

"I could wish, my lord," said Ravenswood, agi- tated by suppressed emotion, "that reference to these circumstances should be made any where rather than under my father's roof."

"I should have felt the delicacy of this appeal at another time," said Sir William Ashton, "but now I must proceed with what I mean to say.—I have suffered too much in my own mind, from the false delicacy which prevented my soliciting with earnest- ness, what indeed I frequently requested, a personal communing with your father—much distress of mind to him and to me might have been prevented."

"It is true," said Ravenswood, after a moment's reflection; "I have heard my father say your lordship had proposed a personal interview."

"Propose, my dear Master? I did indeed propose

was once the universal custom to place ale, wine, or some liquor, in the chamber of an honoured guest, to assuage irst should he feel any on awaking in the night, which, ring that the hospitality of that period often reached , was by no means unlikely. The author has met some ces of it in former days, and in old-fashioned families. It erhaps, no poetic fiction that records how

"My cummer and I lay down to sleep
With two pint stoups at our bed-feet;
And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry;
What think you o' my cummer and I?"

a current story in Teviotdale, that in the house of an an- family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause, a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On some occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy Baronet, and several abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack- room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But after a little consultation among themselves, they are said to have re- called the domestic as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know, when we meet together as brethren, the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest;—only one Bible, there- fore, is necessary; take away the other six, and in their place bring six more bottles of ale."

This synod would have suited the "hermit sage" of Johnson, who answered a pupil who inquired for the real road to happi- ness, with the celebrated line,

"Come, my lad, and drink some beer!"

it, but I ought to have begged, intreated, beseeched it. I ought to have torn away the veil which interested persons had stretched betwixt us, and shown myself as I was, willing to sacrifice a considerable part even of my legal rights, in order to conciliate feelings so natural as his must be allowed to have been. Let me say for myself, my young friend, for so I will call you, that had your father and I spent the same time together which my good fortune has allowed me to-day to pass in your company, it is possible the land might yet have enjoyed one of the most respectable of its ancient nobility, and I should have been spared the pain of parting in enmity from a person whose general character I so much admired and honoured."

He put his handkerchief to his eyes. Ravenswood also was moved, but awaited in silence the progress of this extraordinary communication.

"It is necessary," continued the Lord Keeper, "and proper that you should understand, that there have been many points betwixt us, in which, although I judged it proper that there should be an exact ascertainment of my legal rights by the decree of a court of justice, yet it was never my intention to press them beyond the verge of equity."

"My lord," said the Master of Ravenswood, "it is unnecessary to pursue this topic farther. What the law will give you, or has given you, you enjoy—or you shall enjoy; neither my father, nor I myself, would have received any thing on the footing of favour."

"Favour?—no—you misunderstand me," resumed the Keeper; "or rather you are no lawyer. A right may be good in law, and ascertained to be so, which yet a man of honour may not in every case care to avail himself of."

"I am sorry for it, my lord," said the Master.

"Nay, nay," retorted his guest, "you speak like a young counsellor; your spirit goes before your wit. There are many things still open for decision betwixt us. Can you blame me, an old man desirous of peace, and in the castle of a young nobleman who has saved my daughter's life and my own, that I am desirous, anxiously desirous, that these should be settled on the most liberal principles?"

The old man kept fast hold of the Master's passive hand as he spoke, and made it impossible for him, be his predetermination what it would, to return any other than an acquiescent reply; and wishing his guest good-night, he postponed farther conference until the next morning.

Ravenswood hurried into the hall, where he was to spend the night, and for a time traversed its pavement with a disordered and rapid pace. His mortal foe was under his roof, yet his sentiments towards him were neither those of a feudal enemy nor of a true Christian. He felt as if he could neither forgive him in the one character, nor follow forth his vengeance in the other, but that he was making a base and dishonourable composition betwixt his resentment against the father and his affection for his daughter. He cursed himself, as he hurried to and fro in the pale moonlight, and more ruddy gleams of the expiring wood-fire. He threw open and shut the latticed windows with violence, as if alike impatient of the admission and exclusion of free air. At length, however, the torrent of passion foamed off its madness, and he flung himself into the chair, which he proposed as his place of repose for the night.

If, in reality,—such were the calmer thoughts that followed the first tempest of his passion,—If, in reality, this man desires no more than the law allows him—if he is willing to adjust even his acknowledged rights upon an equitable footing, what could be my father's cause of complaint?—what is mine?—Those from whom we won our ancient possessions fell under the sword of my ancestors, and left lands and livings to the conquerors; we sink under the force of the law, now too powerful for the Scottish chivalry. Let us parley with the victors of the day, as if we had been besieged in our fortress, and without hope of relief. This man may be other than I have thought him; and his daughter—but I have resolved not to think of her.

He wrapt his cloak around him, fell asleep, dreamed of Lucy Ashton till daylight gleamed thr the lattices.

CHAPTER XV.

> We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
> Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
> To lift them up, but rather set our feet
> Upon their heads to press them to the bottom;
> As I must yield with you I practised it;
> But now I see you in a way to rise,
> I can and will assist you.
>
> *New Way to Pay Old Deb*

The Lord Keeper carried with him to a c harder than he was accustomed to stretch hi upon, the same ambitious thoughts and political plexities, which drive sleep from the softest d that ever spread a bed of state. He had sailed enough amid the contending tides and curren the time to be sensible of their peril, and of the n sity of trimming his vessel to the prevailing wi he would have her escape shipwreck in the st The nature of his talents, and the timorousn disposition connected with them, had made assume the pliability of the versatile old Ea Northampton, who explained the art by whic kept his ground during all the changes of state, the reign of Henry VIII. to that of Elizabeth, b frank avowal, that he was born of the wi not of the oak. It had accordingly been Sir Wi Ashton's policy, on all occasions, to watch changes in the political horizon, and, ere yet the flict was decided, to negotiate some interest for self with the party most likely to prove victo His time-serving disposition was well known, excited the contempt of the more daring leade both factions in the state. But his talents were useful and practical kind, and his legal know held in high estimation; and they so far cou balanced other deficiencies, that those in power glad to use and to reward, though without absol trusting or greatly respecting him.

The Marquis of A—— had used his utmost influ to effect a change in the Scottish cabinet, an schemes had been of late so well laid and so ably ported, that there appeared a very great chance o proving ultimately successful. He did not, how feel so strong or so confident as to neglect any m of drawing recruits to his standard. The acqui of the Lord Keeper was deemed of some importa and a friend, perfectly acquainted with his cir stances and character, became responsible fo political conversion.

When this gentleman arrived at Ravenswood tle upon a visit, the real purpose of which was guised under general courtesy, he found the previ fear, which at present beset the Lord Keeper, that of danger to his own person from the Mast Ravenswood. The language which the blind old Alice, had used; the sudden appearance of Master, armed, and within his precincts, immedi after he had been warned against danger from l the cold and haughty return received in exchang the acknowledgments with which he loaded him his timely protection, had all made a strong imp sion on his imagination.

So soon as the Marquis's political agent found the wind sate, he began to insinuate fears and do of another kind, scarce less calculated to affect Lord Keeper. He inquired with seeming inte whether the proceedings in Sir William's complic litigation with the Ravenswood family was ou court, and settled without the possibility of app The Lord Keeper answered in the affirmative; his interrogator was too well informed to be imp upon. He pointed out to him, by unanswerabl guments, that some of the most important po which had been decided in his favour against house of Ravenswood, were liable, under the Tr of Union, to be reviewed by the British House of Pe a court of equity of which the Lord Keeper felt an stinctive dread. This course came instead of an peal to the old Scottish Parliament, or, as it technically termed, "a protestation for remeid in la

The Lord Keeper after he had for some time disputed the legality of such a proceeding, was compelled length, to comfort himself with the improbability of the young Master of Ravenswood's finding friends in parliament, capable of stirring in so weighty an affair.

"Do not comfort yourself with that false hope," said his wily friend; "it is possible that, in the next session of Parliament, young Ravenswood may find more friends and favour even than your lordship."

"That would be a sight worth seeing," said the Keeper, scornfully.

"And yet," said his friend, "such things have been seen ere now, and in our own time. There are many at the head of affairs even now, that a few years ago were under hiding for their lives; and many a man now dines on plate of silver, that was fain to eat his crowdy without a bicker; and many a high head has been brought full low among us in as short a space. Scott of Scotstarvet's 'Staggering State of Scots Statesmen,' of which curious memoir you showed me a manuscript, has been outstaggered in our time."

The Lord Keeper answered with a deep sigh, "that these mutations were no new sights in Scotland, and had been witnessed long before the time of the satirical author he had quoted. It was many a long year," he said, "since Fordun had quoted as an ancient proverb, '*Neque dives, neque fortis, sed nec sapiens Scotus, prædominante invidia, diu durabit in terra.*'"

"And be assured, my esteemed friend," was the answer, "that even your long services to the state, or deep legal knowledge, will not save you, or render your estate stable, if the Marquis of A—— comes in with a party in the British Parliament. You know that the deceased Lord Ravenswood was his near ally, his lady being fifth in descent from the Knight of Tillibardine; and I am well assured that he will take young Ravenswood by the hand, and be his very good lord and kinsman. Why should he not?—The Master is an active and stirring young fellow, able to help himself with tongue and hands; and it is such as he that finds friends among their kindred, and not those unarmed and unable Mephibosheths, that are sure to be a burden to every one that takes them up. And so, if these Ravenswood cases be called over the coals in the House of Peers, you will find that the Marquis will have a crow to pluck with you."

"That would be an evil requital," said the Lord Keeper, "for my long services to the state, and the respect in which I have held his lordship's honourable family and person."

"Ay, but," rejoined the agent of the Marquis, "it is in vain to look back on past service and auld respect, my lord—it will be present service and immediate proofs of regard, which, in these sliddery times, will be expected by a man like the Marquis."

The Lord Keeper now saw the full drift of his friend's argument, but he was too cautious to return any positive answer.

"I knew not," he said, "the service which the Lord Marquis could expect from one of his limited abilities, that had not always stood at his command, still saving and reserving his duty to his king and country."

Having thus said nothing, while he seemed to say everything, for the exception was calculated to cover whatever he might afterwards think proper to bring under it, Sir William Ashton changed the conversation, nor did he again permit the same topic to be introduced. His guest departed, without having brought the wily old statesman the length of committing himself, or of pledging himself to any future line of conduct, but with the certainty that he had alarmed his fears in a most sensible point, and laid a foundation for future and farther treaty.

When he rendered an account of his negotiation to the Marquis, they both agreed that the Keeper ought not to be permitted to relapse into security, and that he should be plied with new subjects of alarm, especially during the absence of his lady. They were aware that her proud, vindictive, and predominating spirit, would be likely to supply him with the courage in which he was deficient—that she was immovably attached to the party now in power, with whom she maintained a close correspondence and alliance, and that she hated, without fearing, the Ravenswood family, (whose more ancient dignity threw discredit on the newly acquired grandeur of her husband,) to such a degree, that she would have periled the interest of her own house, to have the prospect of altogether crushing that of her enemy.

But Lady Ashton was now absent. The business which had long detained her in Edinburgh, had afterwards induced her to travel to London, not without the hope that she might contribute her share to disconcert the intrigues of the Marquis at court; for she stood high in favour with the celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, to whom, in point of character, she bore considerable resemblance. It was necessary to press her husband hard before her return; and, as a preparatory step, the Marquis wrote to the Master of Ravenswood the letter which we rehearsed in a former chapter. It was cautiously worded, so as to leave it in the power of the writer hereafter to take as deep, or as slight an interest in the fortunes of his kinsman, as the progress of his own schemes might require. But however unwilling, as a statesman, the Marquis might be to commit himself, or assume the character of a patron, while he had nothing to give away, it must be said, to his honour, that he felt a strong inclination effectually to befriend the Master of Ravenswood, as well as to use his name as a means of alarming the terrors of the Lord Keeper.

As the messenger who carried this letter was to pass near the house of the Lord Keeper, he had it in direction, that in the village adjoining to the park-gate of the castle, his horse should lose a shoe, and that, while it was replaced by the smith of the place, he should express the utmost regret for the necessary loss of time, and in the vehemence of his impatience, give it to be understood, that he was bearing a message from the Marquis of A—— to the Master of Ravenswood, upon a matter of life and death.

This news, with exaggerations, was speedily carried from various quarters to the ears of the Lord Keeper, and each reporter dwelt upon the extreme impatience of the courier, and the surprising short time in which he had executed his journey. The anxious statesman heard in silence; but in private Lockhard received orders to watch the courier on his return, to waylay him in the village, to ply him with liquor if possible, and to use all means, fair or foul, to learn the contents of the letter of which he was the bearer. But as this plot had been foreseen, the messenger returned by a different and distant road, and thus escaped the snare that was laid for him.

After he had been in vain expected for some time, Mr. Dingwall had orders to make especial inquiry among his clients of Wolf's-hope, whether such a domestic belonging to the Marquis of A—— had actually arrived at the neighbouring castle. This was easily ascertained; for Caleb had been in the village one morning by five o'clock, to borrow "twa chappins of ale and a kipper" for the messenger's refreshment, and the poor fellow had been ill for twenty-four hours at Luckie Sma'trash's, in consequence of dining upon "saut saumon and sour drink." So that the existence of a correspondence betwixt the Marquis and his distressed kinsman, which Sir William Ashton had sometimes treated as a bugbear, was proved beyond the possibility of further doubt.

The alarm of the Lord Keeper became very serious. Since the Claim of Right, the power of appealing from the decisions of the civil court to the Estates of Parliament, which had formerly been held incompetent, had in many instances been claimed, and in some allowed, and he had no small reason to apprehend the issue, if the English House of Lords should be disposed to act upon an appeal from the Master of Ravenswood "for remeid in law." It would resolve into an equitable claim, and be decided, perhaps upon the broad principles of justice, which were not quite so favourable to the Lord Keeper as those of strict law. Besides, judging, though most inaccurately, from courts which he had himself known in the unhappy times preceding the Scottish Union, the Keeper might have too much right to think, that in the House to which his lawsuits were to be transferred,

the old maxim might prevail in Scotland which was too well recognised in former times,—"Show me the man, and I'll show you the law."—The high and unbiassed character of English judicial proceedings was then little known in Scotland; and the extension of them to that country was one of the most valuable advantages which it gained by the Union. But this was a blessing which the Lord Keeper, who had lived under another system, could not have the means of foreseeing. In the loss of his political consequence, he anticipated the loss of his lawsuit. Mean while, every report which reached him served to render the success of the Marquis's intrigues the more probable, and the Lord Keeper began to think it indispensable, that he should look round for some kind of protection against the coming storm. The timidity of his temper induced him to adopt measures of compromise and conciliation. The affair of the wild bull, properly managed, might, he thought, be made to facilitate a personal communication and reconciliation betwixt the Master and himself. He would then learn, if possible, what his own ideas were of the extent of his rights, and the means of enforcing them; and perhaps matters might be brought to a compromise, where one party was wealthy, and the other so very poor. A reconciliation with Ravenswood was likely to give him an opportunity to play his own game with the Marquis of A——. "And besides," said he to himself, "it will be an act of generosity to raise up the heir of this distressed family; and if he is to be warmly and effectually befriended by the new government, who knows but my virtue may prove its own reward?"

Thus thought Sir William Ashton, covering with no unusual self-delusion his interested views with a hue of virtue; and having attained this point, his fancy strayed still farther. He began to bethink himself, "that if Ravenswood was to have a distinguished place of power and trust—and if such a union would sopite the heavier part of his unadjusted claims—there might be worse matches for his daughter Lucy—the Master might be reponed against the attainder—Lord Ravenswood was an ancient title, and the alliance would, in some measure, legitimate his own possession of the greater part of the Master's spoils, and make the surrender of the rest a subject of less bitter regret."

With these mingled and multifarious plans occupying his head, the Lord Keeper availed himself of my Lord Bittlebrains's repeated invitation to his residence, and thus came within a very few miles of Wolf's Crag. Here he found the lord of the mansion absent, but was courteously received by the lady, who expected her husband's immediate return. She expressed her particular delight at seeing Miss Ashton, and appointed the hounds to be taken out for the Lord Keeper's special amusement. He readily entered into the proposal, as giving him an opportunity to reconnoitre Wolf's Crag, and perhaps to make some acquaintance with the owner, if he should be tempted from his desolate mansion by the chase. Lockhard had his orders to endeavour on his part to make some acquaintance with the inmates of the castle and we have seen how he played his part.

The accidental storm did more to further the Lord Keeper's plan of forming a personal acquaintance with young Ravenswood, than his most sanguine expectations could have anticipated. His fears of the young nobleman's personal resentment had greatly decreased, since he considered him as formidable from his legal claims, and the means he might have of enforcing them. But although he thought, not unreasonably, that only desperate circumstances drove men on desperate measures, it was not without a secret terror, which shook his heart within him, that he first felt himself enclosed within the desolate Tower of Wolf's Crag; a place so well fitted, from solitude and strength, to be a scene of violence and vengeance. The stern reception at first given to them by the Master of Ravenswood, and the difficulty he felt in explaining to that injured nobleman what guests were under the shelter of his roof, did not soothe these alarms; so that when Sir William Ashton heard the door of the court-yard shut behind him with violence, the word of Alice rung in his ears, "that he had drawn on matters too hardly with so fierce a race as those of Ravenswood, and that they would bide their time to be avenged."

The subsequent frankness of the Master's hospitality, as their acquaintance increased, abated the apprehensions these recollections were calculated to excite; and it did not escape Sir William Ashton, that it was to Lucy's grace and beauty he owed the change in their host's behaviour.

All these thoughts thronged upon him when he took possession of the secret chamber. The iron lamp, the unfurnished apartment, more resembling a prison than a place of ordinary repose, the hoarse and ceaseless sound of the waves rushing against the base of the rock on which the castle was founded, saddened and perplexed his mind. To his own successful machinations, the ruin of the family had been in a great measure owing, but his disposition was crafty and not cruel; so that actually to witness the desolation and distress he had himself occasioned, was as painful to him as it would be to the humane mistress of a family to superintend in person the execution of the lambs and poultry which are killed by her own directions. At the same time, when he thought of the alternative, of restoring to Ravenswood a large proportion of his spoils, or of adopting, as an ally and member of his own family, the heir of this impoverished house, he felt as the spider may be supposed to do, when his whole web, the intricacies of which had been planned with so much art, is destroyed by the chance sweep of a broom. And then, if he should commit himself too far in this matter, it gave rise to a perilous question, which many a good husband, when under temptation to act as a free agent, has asked himself without being able to return a satisfactory answer: "What will my wife—what will Lady Ashton say?" On the whole, he came at length to the resolution in which minds of a weaker cast so often take refuge. He resolved to watch events, to take advantage of circumstances as they occurred, and regulate his conduct accordingly. In this spirit of temporizing policy, he at length composed his mind to rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

"A slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me. It is an offer that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, since I desire nothing but right upon both sides."

King and no King.

WHEN Ravenswood and his guest met in the morning, the gloom of the Master's spirit had in part returned. He, also, had passed a night rather of reflection than of slumber; and the feelings which he could not but entertain towards Lucy Ashton, had to support a severe conflict against those which he had so long nourished against her father. To clasp in friendship the hand of the enemy of his house, to entertain him under his roof, to exchange with him the courtesies and the kindness of domestic familiarity, was a degradation which his proud spirit could not be bent to without a struggle.

But the ice being once broken, the Lord Keeper was resolved it should not have time again to freeze. It had been part of his plan to stun and confuse Ravenswood's ideas, by a complicated and technical statement of the matters which had been in debate betwixt their families, justly thinking that it would be difficult for a youth of his age to follow the expositions of a practical lawyer, concerning actions of compt and reckoning, and of multiplepoindings, and adjudications and wadsets, proper and improper, and poindings of the ground, and declarations of the expiry of the legal. Thus, thought Sir William, I shall have all the grace of appearing perfectly communicative, while my party will derive very little advantage from any thing I may tell him. He therefore took Ravenswood aside into the deep recess of a window in the hall, and resuming the discourse of the preceding evening, expressed a hope that his young friend would assume some patience, in order to hear him enter into a minute and explanatory detail of those unfortunate circumstances, in which his late honourable father

l at variance with the Lord Keeper. The
f Ravenswood coloured highly, but was
d the Lord Keeper, though not greatly ap-
he sudden heightening of his auditor's com-
commenced the history of a bond for twenty
marks, advanced by his father to the father
Lord Ravenswood, and was proceeding to
executorial proceedings by which this large
been rendered a *debitum fundi*, when he
rupted by the Master.
ot in this place," he said, "that I can hear
am Ashton's explanation of the matters in
between us. It is not here, where my father
broken heart, that I can with decency or
nvestigate the cause of his distress. I might
r that I was a son, and forget the duties of
A time, however, there must come, when
gs shall be discussed in a place and in a pre-
ere both of us will have equal freedom to
l to hear."
ime," the Lord Keeper said, "any place, was
hose who sought nothing but justice. Yet it
m he was, in fairness, entitled to some pre-
respecting the grounds upon which the
roposed to impugn the whole train of legal
gs, which had been so well and ripely advised
ly courts competent."
illiam Ashton," answered the Master, with
"the lands which you now occupy were
o my remote ancestor for services done with
d against the English invaders. How they
ded from us by a train of proceedings that
be neither sale, nor mortgage, nor adjudica-
debt, but a nondescript and entangled mix-
l these rights—how annual-rent has been ac-
d upon principal, and no nook or coign of
antage left unoccupied, until our interest in
ditary property seems to have melted away
icle in thaw—all this you understand better
. I am willing, however, to suppose, from
ness of your conduct towards me, that I may
t measure have mistaken your personal cha-
d that things may have appeared right and
you, a skilful and practised lawyer, which to
nant understanding seem very little short of
and gross oppression."
you, my dear Master," answered Sir William,
rmit me to say, have been equally misrepre-
me. I was taught to believe you a fierce,
s, hot-headed youth, ready, at the slightest
on, to throw your sword into the scales of
and to appeal to those rude and forcible
from which civil polity has long protected
e of Scotland. Then, since we were mutu-
taken in each other, why should not the
bleman be willing to listen to the old lawyer,
least, he explains the points of difference
hem?"
my lord," answered Ravenswood; "it is in
e of British Peers,* whose honour must be
their rank—it is in the court of last resort
must parley together. The belted lords of
Britain, her ancient peers, must decide, if it is their will that a house, not the least noble of their members, shall be stripped of their possessions, the reward of the patriotism of generations, as the pawn of a wretched mechanic becomes forfeit to the usurer the instant the hour of redemption has passed away. If they yield to the grasping severity of the creditor, and to the gnawing usury that eats into our lands as moths into a raiment, it will be of more evil consequence to them and their posterity than to Edgar Ravenswood—I shall still have my sword and my cloak, and can follow the profession of arms wherever a trumpet shall sound."

As he pronounced these words, in a firm yet melancholy tone, he raised his eyes and suddenly encountered those of Lucy Ashton, who had stolen unawares on their interview, and observed her looks fastened on them with an expression of enthusiastic interest and admiration, which had wrapt her for the moment beyond the fear of discovery. The noble form and fine features of Ravenswood, fired with the pride of birth and sense of internal dignity—the mellow and expressive tones of his voice, the desolate state of his fortunes, and the indifference with which he seemed to endure and to dare the worst that might befall, rendered him a dangerous object of contemplation for a maiden already too much disposed to dwell upon recollections connected with him. When their eyes encountered each other, both blushed deeply, conscious of some strong internal emotion, and shunned again to meet each other's look.

Sir William Ashton had, of course, closely watched the expression of their countenances. "I need fear," said he internally, "neither Parliament nor protestation; I have an effectual mode of reconciling myself with this hot-tempered young fellow, in case he shall become formidable. The present object is, at all events, to avoid committing ourselves. The hook is fixed; we will not strain the line too soon—it is as well to reserve the privilege of slipping it loose, if we do not find the fish worth landing."

In this selfish and cruel circulation upon the supposed attachment of Ravenswood to Lucy, he was so far from considering the pain he might give to the former, by thus dallying with his affections, that he even did not think upon the risk of involving his own daughter in the perils of an unfortunate passion; as if her predilection, which could not escape his attention, were like the flame of a taper, which might be lighted or extinguished at pleasure. But Providence had prepared a dreadful requital for this keen observer of human passions, who had spent his life in securing advantages to himself by artfully working upon the passions of others.

Caleb Balderstone now came to announce that breakfast was prepared; for in those days of substantial feeding, the relics of the supper amply furnished forth the morning meal. Neither did he forget to present to the Lord Keeper, with great reverence, a morning-draught in a large pewter cup, garnished with leaves of parsley and scurvy-grass. He craved pardon, of course, for having omitted to serve it in the great silver standing cup as behoved, being that it was at present in a silversmith's in Edinburgh, for the purpose of being overlaid with gilt.

"In Edinburgh like enough," said Ravenswood; "but in what place, or for what purpose, I am afraid neither you nor I know."

"Aweel!" said Caleb, peevishly, "there's a man standing at the gate already this morning—that's ae thing that I ken—Does your honour ken whether ye will speak wi' him or no?"

"Does he wish to speak with me, Caleb?"

"Less will no serve him," said Caleb; "but ye had best take a visie of him through the wicket before opening the gate—it's no every ane we suld let into this castle."

"What! do you suppose him to be a messenger come to arrest me for debt?" said Ravenswood.

"A messenger arrest your honour for debt, and in your Castle of Wolf's Crag!—Your honour is jesting wi' auld Caleb this morning." However, he whispered in his ear as he followed him out, "I would be loath to do ony decent man a prejudice in your ho-

wer of appeal from the Court of Session, the supreme
Scotland, to the Scottish Parliament, in cases of civil
fiercely debated before the Union. It was a privilege
irable for the subject, as the examination and occa-
sal of their sentences in Parliament, might serve as
on the judges, which they greatly required at a time
were much more distinguished for legal knowledge
rightness and integrity.
nbers of the Faculty of Advocates, (so the Scottish
are termed,) in the year 1674, incurred the violent dis-
f the Court of Session, on account of their refusal to
he right of appeal to Parliament; and, by a very arbi-
edure, the majority of the number were banished from
, and consequently deprived of their professional
or several sessions, or terms. But, by the articles
ion, an appeal to the British House of Peers has been
the Scottish subject, and that right has, no doubt,
fluence in forming the impartial and independent cha-
ich, much contrary to the practice of their predeces-
udges of the Court of Session have since displayed.
y to conceive, that an old lawyer like the Lord Keeper
, should feel alarm at the judgments given in his fa-
grounds of strict penal law, being brought to appeal
w and dreaded procedure in a Court eminently imper-
eculiarly moved by considerations of equity.
r editions of this Work, this legal distinction was not
y explained.

nour's gude opinion; but I would tak twa looks o' that chield before I let him within these walls."

He was not an officer of the law, however; being no less a person than Captain Craigengelt, with his nose as red as a comfortable cup of brandy could make it, his laced cocked-hat set a little aside upon the top of his black riding periwig, a sword by his side, and pistols at his holsters, and his person arrayed in a riding suit, laid over with tarnished lace,—the very moral of one who would say, Stand, to a true man.

When the Master had recognised him, he ordered the gates to be opened. "I suppose," he said, "Captain Craigengelt, there are no such weighty matters betwixt you and me, but may be discussed in this place. I have company in the castle at present, and the terms upon which we last parted must excuse my asking you to make part of them."

Craigengelt, although possessing the very perfection of impudence, was somewhat abashed by this unfavourable reception. "He had no intention," he said, "to force himself upon the Master of Ravenswood's hospitality—he was in the honourable service of bearing a message to him from a friend, otherwise the Master of Ravenswood should not have had reason to complain of this intrusion."

"Let it be short, sir," said the Master, "for that will be the best apology. Who is the gentleman who is so fortunate as to have your services as a messenger?"

"My friend Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw," answered Craigengelt, with conscious importance, and that confidence which the acknowledged courage of his principal inspired; "who conceives himself to have been treated by you with something much short of the respect which he had reason to demand, and therefore is resolved to exact satisfaction. I bring with me," said he, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket, "the precise length of his sword; and he requests you will meet him, accompanied by a friend, and equally armed, at any place within a mile of the castle, when I shall give attendance as umpire, or second, on his behoof."

"Satisfaction—and equal arms!" repeated Ravenswood, who, the reader will recollect, had no reason to suppose he had given the slightest offence to his late inmate—"upon my word, Captain Craigengelt, either you have invented the most improbable falsehood that ever came into the mind of such a person, or your morning-draught has been somewhat of the strongest What could pursuade Bucklaw to send me such a message?"

"For that, sir," replied Craigengelt, "I am desired to refer you to what, in duty to my friend, I am to term your inhospitality in excluding him from your house, without reasons assigned."

"It is impossible," replied the Master; "he cannot be such a fool as to interpret actual necessity as an insult. Nor do I believe, that, knowing my opinion of you, Captain, he would have employed the services of so slight and inconsiderable a person as yourself upon such an errand, as I certainly could expect no man of honour to act with you in the office of umpire."

"I slight and inconsiderable!" said Craigengelt, raising his voice and laying his hand on his cutlass; "if it were not that the quarrel of my friend craves the precedence, and is in dependence before my own, I would give you to understand"——

"I can understand nothing upon your explanation, Captain Craigengelt. Be satisfied of that, and oblige me with your departure."

"D——n!" muttered the bully; "and is this the answer which I am to carry back to an honourable message?"

"Tell the Laird of Bucklaw," answered Ravenswood, "if you are really sent by him, that when he sends me his cause of grievance by a person fitting to carry such an errand betwixt him and me, I will either explain it or maintain it."

"Then, Master, you will at least cause to be returned to Hayston, by my hands, his property which is remaining in your possession."

"Whatever property Bucklaw may have left behind him, sir," replied the Master, "shall be ret[...] him by my servant, as you do not show me [...]dentials from him which entitle you to receiv[...]

"Well, Master," said Captain Craigenge[...] malice which even his fear of the consequen[...] not suppress,—"you have this morning don[...] egregious wrong and dishonour, but far more [...]self. A castle indeed!" he continued, lookin[...] him; "why, this is worse than a *coupe-gorg*[...] where they receive travellers to plunder them [...] property."

"You insolent rascal," said the Master, ra[...] cane, and making a grasp at the Captain's b[...] you do not depart without uttering another s[...] will batoon you to death!"

At the motion of the Master towards him, turned so rapidly around, that with some diff[...] escaped throwing down his horse, whose hoo[...] fire from the rocky pavement in every directi[...] covering him, however, with the bridle, he pu[...] the gate, and rode sharply back again in the [...] of the village.

As Ravenswood turned round to leave th[...] yard after this dialogue, he found that t[...] Keeper had descended from the hall, and w[...] though at the distance prescribed by polite[...] interview with Craigengelt.

"I have seen," said the Lord Keeper, "tha[...] man's face, and at no great distance of time—[...] is Craig—Craig—something, is it not?"

"Craigengelt is the fellow's name," said [...]ter, "at least that by which he passes at pres[...]

"Craig-in-guilt," said Caleb, punning [...] word *craig*, which in Scotch signifies throa[...] is Craig-in-guilt just now, he is as likely to b[...] in-peril as ony chield I ever saw—the loon ha[...] written on his very visnomy, and I wad w[...] and a plack that hemp plaits his cravat yet."

"You understand physiognomy, good Mr[...]" said the Keeper, smiling; "I assure you th[...] man has been near such a consummation be[...] —for I most distinctly recollect, that, upon [...] of a journey which I made about a fortnig[...] Edinburgh, I saw Mr. Craigengelt, or whate[...] name, undergo a severe examination before [...] Council."

"Upon what account?" said the Master of [...]wood, with some interest.

The question led immediately to a tale w[...] Lord Keeper had been very anxious to [...] when he could find a graceful and fitting opp[...] He took hold of the Master's arm, and led h[...] towards the hall. "The answer to your q[...]" he said, "though it is a ridiculous business, i[...] for your own ear."

As they entered the hall, he again took th[...] apart into one of the recesses of the windo[...] it will be easily believed that Miss Ashton did [...]ture again to intrude upon their conference.

CHAPTER XVII.

> Here is a father now,
> Will truck his daughter for a foreign venture
> Make her the stop gap to some canker'd feu[...]
> Or fling her o'er, like Jonah, to the fishes,
> To appease the sea at highest.
>
> *Anon*

THE Lord Keeper opened his discourse [...] appearance of unconcern, marking, howev[...] carefully, the effect of his communication upo[...] Ravenswood.

"You are aware," he said, "my young fri[...] suspicion is the natural vice of our unsettle[...] and exposes the best and wisest of us to th[...]tion of artful rascals. If I had been dispos[...]ten to such the other day, or even if I had [...] wily politician which you have been taught t[...] me, you, Master of Ravenswood, instead of [...] freedom, and with full liberty to solicit [...] against me as you please, in defence of w[...] suppose to be your rights, would have bee[...] Castle of Edinburgh, or some other state pri[...] if you had escaped that destiny, it must have

flight to a foreign country, and at the risk of a sentence of fugitation."

"My Lord Keeper," said the Master, "I think you would not jest on such a subject—yet it seems impossible you can be in earnest."

"Innocence," said the Lord Keeper, "is also confident, and sometimes, though very excusably, presumptuously so."

"I do not understand," said Ravenswood, "how a consciousness of innocence can be, in any case, accounted presumptuous."

"Imprudent, at least, it may be called," said Sir William Ashton, "since it is apt to lead us into the mistake of supposing that sufficiently evident to others, of which, in fact, we are only conscious ourselves. I have known a rogue, for this very reason, make a better defence than an innocent man could have done in the same circumstances of suspicion. Having no consciousness of innocence to support him, such a fellow applies himself to all the advantages which the law will afford him, and sometimes (if his counsel be men of talents) succeeds in compelling his judges to receive him as innocent. I remember the celebrated case of Sir Coolie Condiddle, of Condiddle, who was tried for theft under trust, of which all the world knew him guilty, and yet was not only acquitted, but lived to sit in judgment on honester folk."

"Allow me to beg you will return to the point," said the Master; "you seemed to say that I had suffered under some suspicion."

"Suspicion, Master?—ay, truly—and I can show you the proofs of it; if I happen only to have them with me.—Here, Lockhard"—His attendant came—"Fetch me the little private mail with the padlocks, that I recommended to your particular charge—d'ye hear?"

"Yes, my lord." Lockhard vanished, and the Keeper continued, as if half speaking to himself.

"I think the papers are with me—I think so, for as I was to be in this country, it was natural for me to bring them with me. I have them, however, at Ravenswood Castle, that I am sure of—so perhaps you might condescend"——

Here Lockhard entered, and put the leathern scrutoire, or mail-box, into his hands. The Keeper produced one or two papers, respecting the information laid before the Privy Council concerning the riot, as it was termed, at the funeral of Allan Lord Ravenswood, and the active share he had himself taken in quashing the proceedings against the Master. These documents had been selected with care, so as to irritate the natural curiosity of Ravenswood upon such a subject, without gratifying it, yet to show that Sir William Ashton had acted upon that trying occasion the part of an advocate and peacemaker betwixt him and the jealous authorities of the day. Having furnished his host with such subjects for examination, the Lord Keeper went to the breakfast-table, and entered into light conversation, addressed partly to old Caleb, whose resentment against the usurper of the Castle of Ravenswood began to be softened by his familiarity, and partly to his daughter.

After perusing these papers, the Master of Ravenswood remained for a minute or two with his hand pressed against his brow, in deep and profound meditation. He then again ran his eye hastily over the papers, as if desirous of discovering in them some deep purpose, or some mark of fabrication, which had escaped him at first perusal. Apparently the second reading confirmed the opinion which had pressed upon him at the first, for he started from the stone bench on which he was sitting, and, going to the Lord Keeper, took his hand, and, strongly pressing it, asked his pardon repeatedly for the injustice he had done him, when it appeared he was experiencing, at his hands, the benefit of protection to his person, and vindication to his character.

The statesman received these acknowledgments at first with well-feigned surprise, and then with an affectation of frank cordiality. The tears began already to start from Lucy's blue eyes at viewing this unexpected and moving scene. To see the Master, late so haughty and reserved, and whom she had always supposed the injured person, supplicating her father for forgiveness, was a change at once surprising, flattering, and affecting.

"Dry your eyes, Lucy," said her father; "why should you weep, because your father, though a lawyer, is discovered to be a fair and honourable man?—What have you to thank me for, my dear Master," he continued, addressing Ravenswood, "that you would not have done in my case? '*Suum cuique tribuito,*' was the Roman justice, and I learned it when I studied Justinian. Besides, have you not overpaid me a thousand times, in saving the life of this dear child?"

"Yes," answered the Master, in all the remorse of self-accusation; "but the little service *I* did was an act of mere brutal instinct; *your* defence of my cause, when you knew how ill I thought of you, and how much I was disposed to be your enemy, was an act of generous, manly, and considerate wisdom."

"Pshaw!" said the Lord Keeper, "each of us acted in his own way; you as a gallant soldier, I as an upright judge and privy-councillor. We could not, perhaps, have changed parts—at least I should have made a very sorry *Tauridor*, and you, my good Master, though your cause is so excellent, might have pleaded it perhaps worse yourself, than I who acted for you before the council."

"My generous friend!" said Ravenswood;—and with that brief word, which the Keeper had often lavished upon him, but which he himself now pronounced for the first time, he gave to his feudal enemy the full confidence of a haughty but honourable heart. The Master had been remarked among his contemporaries for sense and acuteness, as well as for his reserved, pertinacious, and irascible character. His prepossessions accordingly, however obstinate, were of a nature to give way before love and gratitude; and the real charms of the daughter, joined to the supposed services of the father, cancelled in his memory the vows of vengeance which he had taken so deeply on the eve of his father's funeral. But they had been heard and registered in the book of fate.

Caleb was present at this extraordinary scene, and he could conceive no other reason for a proceeding so extraordinary than an alliance betwixt the houses, and Ravenswood Castle assigned for the young lady's dowry. As for Lucy, when Ravenswood uttered the most passionate excuses for his ungrateful negligence, she could but smile through her tears, and, as she abandoned her hand to him, assure him, in broken accents, of the delight with which she beheld the complete reconciliation between her father and her deliverer. Even the statesman was moved and affected by the fiery, unreserved, and generous self-abandonment with which the Master of Ravenswood renounced his feudal enmity, and threw himself without hesitation upon his forgiveness. His eyes glistened as he looked upon a couple who were obviously becoming attached, and who seemed made for each other. He thought how high the proud and chivalrous character of Ravenswood might rise under many circumstances, in which *he* found himself "over crowed," to use a phrase of Spenser, and kept under by his brief pedigree, and timidity of disposition. Then his daughter—his favourite child—his constant playmate—seemed formed to live happy in a union with such a commanding spirit as Ravenswood; and even the fine, delicate, fragile form of Lucy Ashton seemed to require the support of the Master's muscular strength and masculine character. And it was not merely during a few minutes that Sir William Ashton looked upon their marriage as a probable and even desirable event, for a full hour intervened ere his imagination was crossed by recollection of the Master's poverty, and the sure displeasure of Lady Ashton. It is certain, that the very unusual flow of kindly feeling with which the Lord Keeper had been thus surprised, was one of the circumstances which gave much tacit encouragement to the attachment between the Master and his daughter, and led both the lovers distinctly to believe that it was a connexion which would be most agreeable to him. He himself was supposed to have admitted this in effect

when, long after the catastrophe of their love, he used to warn his hearers against permitting their feelings to obtain an ascendency over their judgment, and affirm, that the greatest misfortune of his life was owing to a very temporary predominance of sensibility over self-interest. It must be owned, if such was the case, he was long and severely punished for an offence of very brief duration.

After some pause, the Lord Keeper resumed the conversation.—"In your surprise at finding me an honester man than you expected, you have lost your curiosity about this Craigengelt, my good Master; and yet your name was brought in, in the course of that matter too."

"The scoundrel!" said Ravenswood; "my connexion with him was of the most temporary nature possible; and yet I was very foolish to hold any communication with him at all.—What did he say of me?"

"Enough," said the Keeper, "to excite the very loyal terrors of some of our sages, who are for proceeding against men on the mere grounds of suspicion or mercenary information.—Some nonsense about your proposing to enter into the service of France, or of the Pretender, I don't recollect which, but which the Marquis of A——, one of your best friends, and another person, whom some call one of your worst and most interested enemies, could not, somehow, be brought to listen to."

"I am obliged to my honourable friend—and yet" -shaking the Lord Keeper's hand—"and yet I am still more obliged to my honourable enemy."

'*Inimicus amicissimus*," said the Lord Keeper, returning the pressure; "but this gentleman—this Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw—I am afraid the poor young man—I heard the fellow mention his name—is under very bad guidance."

"He is old enough to govern himself," answered the Master.

"Old enough, perhaps, but scarce wise enough, if he has chosen this fellow for his *fidus Achates*. Why, he lodged an information against him—that is, such a consequence might have ensued from his examination, had we not looked rather at the character of the witness than the tenor of his evidence."

"Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw," said the Master, "is, I believe, a most honourable man, and capable of nothing that is mean or disgraceful."

"Capable of much that is unreasonable, though; that you must needs allow, Master. Death will soon put him in possession of a fair estate, if he hath it not already; old Lady Girnington—an excellent person, excepting that her inveterate ill-nature rendered her intolerable to the whole world—is probably dead by this time. Six heirs portioners have successively died to make her wealthy. I know the estates well; they march* with my own—a noble property."

"I am glad of it," said Ravenswood, "and should be more so, were I confident that Bucklaw would change his company and habits with his fortunes. This appearance of Craigengelt, acting in the capacity of his friend, is a most vile augury for his future respectability."

"He is a bird of evil omen, to be sure," said the Keeper, "and croaks of jail and gallows-tree.—But I see Mr. Caleb grows impatient for our return to breakfast."

CHAPTER XVIII.

> Sir, stay at home and take an old man's counsel;
> Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth;
> Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire.
> Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,
> And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.
>
> *The French Courtezan.*

THE Master of Ravenswood took an opportunity to leave his guests to prepare for their departure, while he himself made the brief arrangements necessary previous to his absence from Wolf's Crag for a day or two. It was necessary to communicate with Caleb on this occasion, and he found that faithful servitor in his sooty and ruinous den, greatly delighted with the departure of their visiters, and comp[...] how long, with good management, the provi[...] which had been unexpended might furnish fort[...] Master's table. "He's nae belly god, that's ae b[...] ing; and Bucklaw's gane, that could have eat[...] horse behind the saddle. Cresses or water-p[...] and a bit ait-cake, can serve the Master for brea[...] as weel as Caleb. Then for dinner—there's no m[...] left on the spule-bane; it will brander, thoug[...] will brander* very weel."

His triumphant calculations were interrupte[...] the Master, who communicated to him, not wi[...] some hesitation, his purpose to ride with the [...] Keeper as far as Ravenswood Castle, and to re[...] there for a day or two.

"The mercy of Heaven forbid!" said the old [...] ing-man, turning as pale as the table-cloth whic[...] was folding up.

"And why, Caleb?" said his master, "why sh[...] the mercy of Heaven forbid my returning the [...] Keeper's visit?"

"Oh, sir!" replied Caleb—"O Mr. Edgar! I [...] your servant, and it ill becomes me to speak—[...] am an auld servant—have served baith your fa[...] and gudesire, and mind to have seen Lord Ra[...] your great-grandfather—but that was when I w[...] bairn."

"And what of all this, Balderstone?" said the [...] ter; "what can it possibly have to do with my [...] ing some ordinary civility to a neighbour?"

"O Mr. Edgar,—that is, my lord!" answere[...] butler, "your ain conscience tells you it isna for [...] father's son to be neighbouring wi' the like o' hi[...] isna for the credit of the family. An he were [...] come to terms, and to gie ye back your ain, [...] though ye suld honour his house wi' your allia[...] suldna say na—for the young leddy is a win[...] sweet creature—But keep your ain state wi' the[...] ken the race o' them weel—they will think the [...] o' ye."

"Why, now, you go further than I do, Caleb," [...] the Master, drowning a certain degree of consc[...] ness in a forced laugh; "you are for marrying me [...] a family that you will not allow me to visit—h[...] this?—and you look as pale as death besides."

"O, sir," repeated Caleb again, "you would [...] laugh if I tauld it; but Thomas the Rhymer, w[...] tongue couldna be fause, spoke the word of [...] house that will e'en prove ower true if you go to [...] venswood this day—O, that it should e'er have [...] fulfilled in my time!"

"And what is it, Caleb?" said Ravenswood, [...] ing to soothe the fears of his old servant.

Caleb replied, "he had never repeated the lin[...] living mortal—they were told to him by an auld p[...] that had been confessor to Lord Allan's father w[...] the family were catholic. But mony a time," he [...] "I hae soughed the dark words ower to mysel, [...] well-a-day! little did I think of their coming to [...] this day."

"Truce with your nonsense, and let me hea[...] doggerel which has put it into your head," said [...] Master, impatiently.

With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with [...] prehension, Caleb faltered out the following line[...]

> "When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravens[...]
> shall ride,
> And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
> He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
> And his name shall be lost for evermoe!"

"I know the Kelpie's flow well enough," said [...] Master; "I suppose, at least, you mean the q[...] sand betwixt this tower and Wolf's hope; but [...] any man in his senses should stable his steed ther[...]

"O never speer ony thing about that, sir—God [...] bid we should ken what the prophecy means—[...] just bide you at hame, and let the strangers ri[...] Ravenswood by themselves. We have done en[...] for them; and to do mair, would be mair agains[...] credit of the family than in its favour."

"Well, Caleb," said the Master, "I give you [...] best possible credit for your good advice on this o[...] sion: but as I do not go to Ravenswood to se[...]

* i. e. They are bounded by my own.

* Broil.

l or alive, I hope I shall choose a better ny horse than the Kelpie's quicksand, and as I have always had a particular dread of ie patrol of dragoons were lost there ten e. My father and I saw them from the ggling against the advancing tide, and they ong before any help could reach them."

iey deserved it weel, the southern loons!" ; "what had they ado capering on our l hindering a wheen honest folk frae bring- re a drap brandy? I hae seen them that I wad hae fired the auld culverin, or the that's on the south bartizan at them, only ed they might burst in the ganging aff."

orain was now fully engaged with abuse of soldiery and excisemen, so that his master great difficulty in escaping from him and ius guests. All was now ready for their and one of the Lord Keeper's grooms ddled the Master's steed, they mounted in ard.

d, with much toil, opened the double doors ward gate, and thereat stationed himself, ing, by the reverential, and, at the same equential air which he assumed, to supply, m gaunt, wasted, and thin person, the a whole baronial establishment of porters, nd liveried menials.

ser returned his deep reverence with a cor- ell, stooping at the same time from his l sliding into the butler's hand the remune- ich in those days was always given by a guest to the domestics of the family where en entertained. Lucy smiled on the old her usual sweetness, bade him adieu, and ier guerdon with a grace of action, and a of accent, which could not have failed to he faithful retainer's heart, but for Thomas er, and the successful lawsuit against his As it was, he might have adopted the lan- he Duke, in *As you Like it*—

"wouldst have better pleased me with this deed, adst told me of another father."

vood was at the lady's bridle-rein, encou- timidity, and guiding her horse carefully rocky path which led to the moor, when servants announced from the rear that calling loudly after them, desiring to speak aster. Ravenswood felt it would look sin- eglect this summons, although inwardly Caleb for his impertinent officiousness; he was compelled to relinquish to Mr. Lock- agreeable duty in which he was engaged, back to the gate of the court-yard. Here ginning, somewhat peevishly, to ask Caleb of his clamour, when the good old man , "Whisht, sir! whisht, and let me speak rd that I couldna say afore folk—there"— ito his lord's hand the money he had just -"there's three gowd pieces—and ye'll want yonder—But stay, whisht now!"—for the s beginning to exclaim against this trans- never say a word, but just see to get them the first town ye ride through, for they are frae the mint, and kenspeckle a wee bit."

rget, Caleb," said his master, striving to the money on his servant, and extricate from his hold—"You forget, that I have l pieces left of my own. Keep these to ny old friend; and, once more, good day to ure you I have plenty. You know you have that our living should cost us little or

," said Caleb, "these will serve for you ano- but see ye hae enough, for, doubtless, for of the family, there maun be some civility vants, and ye maun hae something to mak ith when they say, Master, will you bet a e? Then ye maun tak out your purse, and na if I do; and tak care no to agree on the the wager, and just put up your purse again,

s intolerable, Caleb—I really must be gone." ou will go, then?" said Caleb, loosening his hold upon the Master's cloak, and changing his didac- tics into a pathetic and mournful tone—"And you *will* go, for a' I have told you about the prophecy, and the dead bride, and the Kelpie's quicksand?—Aweel! a wilful man maun hae his way—he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. But pity of your life, sir, if ye be fowl- ing or shooting in the Park—beware of drinking at the Mermaiden's well——He's gane! he's down the path, arrow-flight after her!—The head is as clean taen aff the Ravenswood family this day, as I wad chap the head aff a sybo!"

The old butler looked long after his master, often clearing away the dew as it rose to his eyes, that he might, as long as possible, distinguish his stately form from those of the other horsemen. "Close to her bridle-rein—ay, close to her bridle-rein!—Wisely saith the holy man, 'By this also you may know that woman hath dominion over all men;'—and without this lass would not our ruin have been a'thegither fulfilled."

With a heart fraught with such sad auguries did Caleb return to his necessary duties at Wolf's Crag, as soon as he could no longer distinguish the object of his anxiety among the group of riders, which diminished in the distance.

In the mean time the party pursued their route joy- fully. Having once taken his resolution, the Master of Ravenswood was not of a character to hesitate or pause upon it. He abandoned himself to the pleasure he felt in Miss Ashton's company, and displayed an assiduous gallantry, which approached as nearly to gayety as the temper of his mind and state of his family permitted. The Lord Keeper was much struck with his depth of observation, and the unusual im- provement which he had derived from his studies. Of these accomplishments Sir William Ashton's pro- fession and habits of society rendered him an excel- lent judge; and he well knew how to appreciate a quality to which he himself was a total stranger,—the brief and decided dauntlessness of the Master of Ravenswood's disposition, who seemed equally a stranger to doubt and to fear. In his heart the Lord Keeper rejoiced at having conciliated an adversary so formidable, while, with a mixture of pleasure and anxiety, he anticipated the great things his young companion might achieve, were the breath of court- favour to fill his sails.

"What could she desire," he thought, his mind al- ways conjuring up opposition in the person of Lady Ashton to his now prevailing wish—"What could a woman desire in a match, more than the sopiting of a very dangerous claim, and the alliance of a son-in- law, noble, brave, well-gifted, and highly connected— sure to float whenever the tide sets his way—strong, exactly where we are weak, in pedigree and in the temper of a swordsman?—Sure no reasonable woman would hesitate.—But, alas!"—Here his argument was stopped by the consciousness that Lady Ashton was not always reasonable, in his sense of the word. "To prefer some clownish Merse laird to the gallant young nobleman, and to the secure possession of Ravens- wood upon terms of easy compromise—it would be the act of a mad-woman!"

Thus pondered the veteran politician, until they reached Bittlebrains' House, where it had been pre- viously settled they were to dine and repose them- selves, and prosecute their journey in the afternoon.

They were received with an excess of hospitality; and the most marked attention was offered to the Master of Ravenswood, in particular, by their noble entertainers. The truth was, that Lord Bittlebrains had obtained his peerage by a good deal of plausibility, an art of building up a character for wisdom upon a very trite style of commonplace eloquence, a steady observation of the changes of the times, and the power of rendering certain political services to those who could best reward them. His lady and he not feeling quite easy under their new honours, to which use had not adapted their feelings, were very desirous to procure the fraternal countenance of those who were born denizens of the regions into which they had been exalted from a lower sphere. The extreme at- tention which they paid to the Master of Ravenswood had its usual effect in exalting his importance in th

eyes of the Lord Keeper, who, although he had a reasonable degree of contempt for Lord Bittlebrains' general parts, entertained a high opinion of the acuteness of his judgment in all matters of self-interest.

"I wish Lady Ashton had seen this," was his internal reflection; "no man knows so well as Bittlebrains on which side his bread is buttered; and he fawns on the Master like a beggar's messan on a cook. And my lady, too, bringing forward her beetle-browed misses to skirl and play upon the virginals, as if she said, pick and choose. They are no more comparable to Lucy than an owl is to a cygnet, and so they may carry their black brows to a farther market."

The entertainment being ended, our travellers, who had still to measure the longest part of their journey, resumed their horses; and after the Lord Keeper, the Master, and the domestics, had drunk *doch-an-dorroch*, or the stirrup-cup, in the liquors adapted to their various ranks, the cavalcade resumed its progress.

It was dark by the time they entered the avenue of Ravenswood Castle, a long straight line leading directly to the front of the house, flanked with huge elm-trees, which sighed to the night-wind, as if they compassionated the heir of their ancient proprietors, who now returned to their shades in the society, and almost in the retinue, of their new master. Some feelings of the same kind oppressed the mind of the Master himself. He gradually became silent, and dropped a little behind the lady, at whose bridle-rein he had hitherto waited with such devotion. He well recollected the period, when, at the same hour in the evening, he had accompanied his father, as that nobleman left, never again to return to it, the mansion from which he derived his name and title. The extensive front of the old castle, on which he remembered having often looked back, was then "as black as mourning weed." The same front now glanced with many lights, some throwing far forward into the night a fixed and stationary blaze, and others hurrying from one window to another, intimating the bustle and busy preparation preceding their arrival, which had been intimated by an avant-courier. The contrast pressed so strongly upon the Master's heart, as to awaken some of the sterner feelings with which he had been accustomed to regard the new lord of his paternal domain, and to impress his countenance with an air of severe gravity, when, alighted from his horse, he stood in the hall no longer his own, surrounded by the numerous menials of its present owner.

The Lord Keeper, when about to welcome him with the cordiality which their late intercourse seemed to render proper, became aware of the change, refrained from his purpose, and only intimated the ceremony of reception by a deep reverence to his guest, seeming thus delicately to share the feelings which predominated on his brow.

Two upper domestics, bearing each a huge pair of silver candlesticks, now marshalled the company into a large saloon, or withdrawing room, where new alterations impressed upon Ravenswood the superior wealth of the present inhabitants of the castle. The mouldering tapestry, which, in his father's time, had half covered the walls of this stately apartment, and half streamed from them in tatters, had given place to a complete finishing of wainscot, the cornice of which, as well as the frames of the various compartments, were ornamented with festoons of flowers and with birds, which, though carved in oak, seemed, such was the art of the chisel, actually to swell their throats, and flutter their wings.--Several old family portraits of armed heroes of the house of Ravenswood, together with a suit or two of old armour, and some military weapons, had given place to those of King William and Queen Mary, of Sir Thomas Hope and Lord Stair, two distinguished Scottish lawyers. The pictures of the Lord Keeper's father and mother were also to be seen; the latter, sour, shrewish, and solemn, in her black hood and close pinners, with a book of devotion in her hand; the former, exhibiting beneath a black silk Geneva cowl, or skull-cap, which sate as close to the head as if it had been shaven, a pinched, peevish, puritanical set of features, terminating in a hungry, reddish, peaked beard, forming on the whole a countenance, in the expression
the hypocrite seemed to contend with the
the knave. And it is to make room for su
crows as these, thought Ravenswood, that 1
tors have been torn down from the walls w
erected! He looked at them again, and, as l
the recollection of Lucy Ashton (for she h
tered the apartment with them) seemed les
his imagination. There were also two or th
drolleries, as the pictures of Ostade and Te
then termed, with one good painting of t
school. There was, besides, a noble full-len
Lord Keeper in his robes of office, placed
lady in silk and ermine, a haughty beauty, l
her looks all the pride of the House of Dou
which she was descended. The painter,
standing his skill, overcome by the reality, or
from a suppressed sense of humour, had not
to give the husband on the canvass that air
rule and right supremacy, which indicate
possession of domestic authority. It was o
the first glance, that, despite mace and gold
Lord Keeper was somewhat henpecked.
of this fine saloon was laid with rich car
fires blazed in the double chimneys, and
sconces, reflecting with their bright plates
which they supported, made the whole seen
liant as day.

"Would you choose any refreshment,
said Sir William Ashton, not unwilling to
awkward silence.

He received no answer, the Master being
engaged in marking the various changes v
taken place in the apartment, that he hardly
Lord Keeper address him. A repetition of t
refreshment, with the addition, that the fa
would be presently ready, compelled his
and reminded him, that he acted a weak, per
a ridiculous part, in suffering himself to be
by the circumstances in which he found him
compelled himself, therefore, to enter int
sation with Sir William Ashton, with as
pearance of indifference as he could well co

"You will not be surprised, Sir William,
interested in the changes you have made for
in this apartment. In my father's time,
misfortunes compelled him to live in reti
was little used, except by me as a play-ro
the weather would not permit me to go ab
that recess was my little workshop, where I
the few carpenter's tools which old Caleb pr
me, and taught me how to use—there, in yonc
under that handsome silver sconce, I kept n
rods, and hunting poles, bows, and arrows.

"I have a young birkie," said the Lor
willing to change the tone of the convers
much the same turn—He is never happy, a
he is in the field—I wonder he is not her
Lockhard—send William Shaw for Mr.
suppose he is, as usual, tied to Lucy's apron
that foolish girl, Master, draws the whole fa
her at her pleasure."

Even this allusion to his daughter, thoug
thrown out, did not recall Ravenswood from
topic.

"We were obliged to leave," he said, "som
and portraits in this apartment—may I ask v
have been removed to?"

"Why," answered the Keeper, with some l
"the room was fitted up in our absence—a
arma togæ, is the maxim of lawyers, you
am afraid it has been here somewhat to
complied with. I hope—I believe they are s
sure I gave orders—may I hope that wher
recovered, and put in proper order, you will
honour to accept them at my hand, as an a
for their accidental derangement?"

The Master of Ravenswood bowed st
with folded arms, again resumed his surv
room.

Henry, a spoilt boy of fifteen, burst into
and ran up to his father. "Think of Lu
she has come home so cross and so fract
she will not go down to the stable to see

at Bob Wilson brought from the Mull of ty."

nk you were very unreasonable to ask her," Keeper.

n you are as cross as she is," answered the ut when mamma comes home, she'll claw up ir mittens."

h your impertinence, you little forward imp!" father; "where is your tutor?"

e to a wedding at Dunbar—I hope he'll get a o his dinner;" and he began to sing the old t song,

> "There was a haggis in Dunbar,
> Fal de ral, &c.
> Mony better and few waur,
> Fal de ral," &c.

much obliged to Mr. Cordery for his at-" said the Lord Keeper: "and pray who the charge of you while I was away, Mr.

nan and Bob Wilson—forby my own self." oom and a gamekeeper, and your own silly per guardians for a young advocate!—Why, never know any statutes but those against red-deer, killing salmon, and"——

speaking of red-game," said the young scape-terrupting his father without scruple or hesi-'Norman has shot a buck, and I showed the s to Lucy, and she says they have but eight nd she says you killed a deer with Lord Bittle-hounds, when you were west away, and do w, she says it had ten tynes—is it true?"

ay have had twenty, Henry, for what I know; u go to that gentleman, he can tell you all —Go speak to him, Henry—it is the Master of wood."

they conversed thus, the father and son were by the fire; and the Master having walked the upper end of the apartment, stood with towards them, apparently engaged in ex-one of the paintings. The boy ran up to him, ed him by the skirt of the coat with the free-spoilt child, saying, "I say, sir—if you please e"——but when the Master turned round, and aw his face, he became suddenly and totally rted—walked two or three steps backward, l gazed on Ravenswood with an air of fear nder, which had totally banished from his fea-ir usual expression of pert vivacity.

e to me, young gentleman," said the Master, will tell you all I know about the hunt."

o the gentleman, Henry," said his father; "you used to be so shy."

either invitation nor exhortation had any effect boy. On the contrary, he turned round as soon had completed his survey of the Master, and as cautiously as if he had been treading upon s glided back to his father, and pressed as close as possible. Ravenswood, to avoid hearing ute betwixt the father and the over-indulged ught it most polite to turn his face once more the pictures, and pay no attention to what id.

y do you not speak to the Master, you little said the Lord Keeper.

m afraid," said Henry, in a very low tone of

aid, you goose!" said his father, giving him t shake by the collar,—"What makes you

at makes him so like the picture of Sir Malise wood, then?" said the boy, whispering.

at picture, you natural?" said his father. "I think you only a scape-grace, but I believe you out a born idiot."

you it is the picture of old Malise of Ravens-id he is as like it as if he had loupen out of ass; and it is up in the old Barons's hall that s launder the clothes in, and it has armour, coat like the gentleman—and he has not a whiskers like the picture—and it has another hing about the throat, and no band-strings as and"——

"And why should not the gentleman be like his ancestor, you silly boy?" said the Lord Keeper.

"Ay; but if he is come to chase us all out of the castle," said the boy, "and has twenty men at his back in disguise—and is come to say, with a hollow voice, *I bide my time*—and is to kill you on the hearth as Malise did the other man, and whose blood is still to be seen!"

"Hush! nonsense!" said the Lord Keeper, not himself much pleased to hear these disagreeable coincidences forced on his notice.—"Master, here comes Lockhard to say supper is served."

And, at the same instant, Lucy entered at another door, having changed her dress since her return. The exquisite feminine beauty of her countenance, now shaded only by a profusion of sunny tresses; the sylph-like form disencumbered of her heavy riding skirt, and mantled in azure silk; the grace of her manner and of her smile, cleared, with a celerity which surprised the Master himself, all the gloomy and unfavourable thoughts which had for some time overclouded his fancy. In those features, so simply sweet, he could trace no alliance with the pinched visage of the peak-bearded, black-capped puritan, of his starched withered spouse, with the craft expressed in the Lord Keeper's countenance, or the haughtiness which predominated in that of his lady; and, while he gazed on Lucy Ashton, she seemed to be an angel descended on earth, unallied to the coarser mortals among whom she deigned to dwell for a season. Such is the power of beauty over a youthful and enthusiastic fancy.

CHAPTER XIX.

> ——————I do too ill in this,
> And must not think but that a parent's plaint
> Will move the heavens to pour forth misery
> Upon the head of disobediency.
> Yet reason tells us, parents are o'erseen,
> When with too strict a rein they do hold in
> Their child's affection, and control that love,
> Which the high powers divine inspire them with.
>
> *The Hog hath lost his Pearl.*

The feast of Ravenswood Castle was as remarkable for its profusion, as that of Wolf's Crag had been for its ill-veiled penury. The Lord Keeper might feel internal pride at the contrast, but he had too much tact to suffer it to appear. On the contrary, he seemed to remember with pleasure what he called Mr. Balderstone's bachelor's meal, and to be rather disgusted than pleased with the display upon his own groaning board.

"We do these things," he said, "because others do them—but I was bred a plain man at my father's frugal table, and I should like well would my wife and family permit me to return to my sowens and my poor-man-of-mutton."*

This was a little overstretched. The Master only answered, "That different ranks—I mean," said he, correcting himself, "different degrees of wealth require a different style of housekeeping."

This dry remark put a stop to further conversation on the subject, nor is it necessary to record that which was substituted in its place. The evening was spent with freedom, and even cordiality; and Henry had so far overcome his first apprehensions, that he had settled a party for coursing a stag with the representative and living resemblance of grim Sir Malise of Ravenswood, called the Revenger. The next morning was the appointed time. It rose upon active

* The blade bone of a shoulder of mutton is called in Scotland "a poor man," as in some parts of England it is termed "a poor knight of Windsor;" in contrast, it must be presumed, to the baronial Sir Loin. It is said, that in the last age an old Scottish peer, whose conditions (none of the most gentle) were marked by a strange and fierce looking exaggeration of the Highland countenance, chanced to be indisposed while he was in London attending Parliament. The master of the hotel where he lodged, anxious to show attention to his noble guest, waited on him to enumerate the contents of his well-stocked larder, so as to endeavour to hit on something which might suit his appetite. "I think, landlord," said his lordship, rising up from his couch, and throwing back the Tartan plaid with which he had screened his grim and ferocious visage—"I think I could eat a morsel of a *poor man.*" The landlord fled in terror having no doubt that his guest was a cannibal, who might be in the habit of eating a slice of a tenant, as light food, when he was under regimen.

sportsmen and successful sport. The Banquet came in course; and a pressing invitation to tarry yet another day was given and accepted. This Ravenswood had resolved should be the last of his stay; but he recollected he had not yet visited the ancient and devoted servant of his house, old Alice, and it was but kind to dedicate one morning to the gratification of so ancient an adherent.

To visit Alice, therefore, a day was devoted, and Lucy was the Master's guide upon the way. Henry, it is true, accompanied them, and took from their walk the air of a tête-à-tête, while, in reality, it was little else, considering the variety of circumstances which occurred to prevent the boy from giving the least attention to what passed between his companions. Now a rook settled on a branch within shot—anon a hare crossed their path, and Henry and his greyhound went astray in pursuit of it—then he had to hold a long conversation with the forester, which detained him a while behind his companions—and again he went to examine the earth of a badger, which carried him on a good way before them.

The conversation betwixt the Master and his sister, mean while, took an interesting, and almost a confidential turn. She could not help mentioning her sense of the pain he must feel in visiting scenes so well known to him, bearing now an aspect so different; and so gently was her sympathy expressed, that Ravenswood felt it for a moment as a full requital of all his misfortunes. Some such sentiment escaped him, which Lucy heard with more of confusion than displeasure; and she may be forgiven the imprudence of listening to such language, considering that the situation in which she was placed by her father seemed to authorize Ravenswood to use it. Yet she made an effort to turn the conversation, and she succeeded; for the Master also had advanced farther than he intended, and his conscience had instantly checked him when he found himself on the verge of speaking of love to the daughter of Sir William Ashton.

They now approached the hut of old Alice, which had of late been rendered more comfortable, and presented an appearance less picturesque, perhaps, but far neater than before. The old woman was on her accustomed seat beneath the weeping birch, basking, with the listless enjoyment of age and infirmity, in the beams of the autumn sun. At the arrival of her visitors she turned her head towards them. "I hear your step, Miss Ashton," she said, "but the gentleman who attends you is not my lord, your father."

"And why should you think so, Alice?" said Lucy; "or how is it possible for you to judge so accurately by the sound of a step, on this firm earth, and in the open air?"

"My hearing, my child, has been sharpened by my blindness, and I can now draw conclusions from the slightest sounds, which formerly reached my ears as unheeded as they now approach yours. Necessity is a stern, but an excellent schoolmistress, and she that has lost her sight must collect her information from other sources."

"Well, you hear a man's step, I grant it," said Lucy; "but why, Alice, may it not be my father's?"

"The pace of age, my love, is timid and cautious—the foot takes leave of the earth slowly, and is planted down upon it with hesitation; it is the hasty and determined step of youth that I now hear, and—could I give credit to so strange a thought—I should say it was the step of a Ravenswood."

"This is indeed," said Ravenswood, "an acuteness of organ which I could not have credited had I not witnessed it.—I am indeed the Master of Ravenswood, Alice—the son of your old master."

"You?" said the old woman, with almost a scream of surprise—"you the Master of Ravenswood—here in this place, and thus accompanied?—I cannot believe it—Let me pass my old hand over your face, that my touch may bear witness to my ears."

The Master sate down beside her on the earthen bank, and permitted her to touch his features with her trembling hand.

"It is indeed!" she said, "it is the features as well as the voice of Ravenswood—the high lines of pride, as well as the bold and haughty tone.—Bu you here, Master of Ravenswood?—what your enemy's domain, and in company child?"

As old Alice spoke, her face kindled, as that of an ancient feudal vassal might ha whose presence his youthful liege-lord ha some symptom of degenerating from the s ancestors.

"The Master of Ravenswood," said Lucy, not the tone of this expostulation, and was abridge it, "is upon a visit to my father."

"Indeed!" said the old blind woman, in of surprise.

"I knew," continued Lucy, "I should pleasure by conducting him to your cottage

"Where, to say the truth, Alice," said wood, "I expected a more cordial receptior

"It is most wonderful!" said the old wo tering to herself; "but the ways of Heav like our ways, and its judgments are brou by means far beyond our fathoming.— young man," she said; "your fathers w cable, but they were honourable foes; th not to ruin their enemies under the mask tality. What have you to do with Lucy why should your steps move in the same with hers?—why should your voice sound i chord and time with those of Sir Willian daughter?—Young man, he who aims at dishonourable means"——

"Be silent, woman!" said Ravenswoo "is it the devil that prompts your voic that this young lady has not on earth a fi would venture farther to save her from inju insult."

"And is it even so?" said the old wom altered but melancholy tone—"Then Go both!"

"Amen! Alice," said Lucy, who had n hended the import of what the blind w hinted, "and send you your senses, Alice, good-humour. If you hold this mysterious instead of welcoming your friends, they wi you as other people do."

"And how do other people think?" sai wood, for he also began to believe the ol spoke with incoherence.

"They think," said Henry Ashton, who that moment, and whispered into Ravensw "that she is a witch, that should have be with them that suffered at Haddington."

"What is that you say?" said Alice, t wards the boy, her sightless visage infla passion; "that I am a witch, and ough suffered with the helpless old wretches murdered at Haddington?"

"Hear to that now," again whispered He me whispering lower than a wren cheeps!"

"If the usurer, and the oppressor, and t of the poor man's face, and the remover land-marks, and the subverter of ancien were at the same stake with me, I could the fire, in God's name!"

"This is dreadful," said Lucy; "I have the poor deserted woman in this state of age and poverty can ill bear reproach.—Co we will leave her for the present—she wishe with the Master alone. We will walk h and rest us," she added, looking at Rav "by the Mermaiden's Well."

"And Alice," said the boy, "if you kno hare that comes through among the deer, a them drop their calves out of season, you her, with my compliments to command, th man has not got a silver bullet ready for he him one of my double-buttons on purpose."

Alice made no answer till she was awar sister and brother were out of hearing. said to Ravenswood, "And you, too, are a me for my love?—it is just that strangers offended, but you, too, are angry!"

"I am not angry, Alice," said the Mast surprised that you, whose good sense I h

raised, should give way to offensive and suspicions."
ve?" said Alice—"Ay, truth is ever offensurely, not unfounded."
you, dame, most groundless," replied Ra-
the world has changed its wont, and the ods their hereditary temper, and the eyes e's understanding are yet more blind than er countenance. When did a Ravenswood ouse of his enemy, but with the purpose ?—and hither are you come, Edgar Ra- either in fatal anger, or in still more fatal
her," said Ravenswood, "I give you mine mean, I assure you."
ould not see his blushing cheek, but she is hesitation, and that he retracted the ich he seemed at first disposed to attach al.
, then," she said, "and therefore she is to e Mermaiden's Well! Often has it been ace fatal to the race of Ravenswood—often rd so—but never was it likely to verify old much as on this day."
ive me to madness, Alice," said Ravens- ou are more silly and more superstitious Balderstone. Are you such a wretched as to suppose I would in the present day gainst the Ashton family, as was the sanstom in elder times? or do you suppose me that I cannot walk by a young lady's side unging headlong in love with her?"
oughts," replied Alice, "are my own; and tal sight is closed to objects present with be I can look with more steadiness into its. Are you prepared to sit lowest at the h was once your father's own, unwillingly, exion and ally of his proud successor?— ady to live on his bounty—to follow him in s of intrigue and chicane, which none can t out to you—to gnaw the bones of his he has devoured the substance?—Can s Sir William Ashton says—think as he te as he votes, and call your father's our worshipful father-in-law and reverend Master of Ravenswood, I am the eldest your house, and I would rather see you nd coffined!"
ult in Ravenswood's mind was uncomat; she struck upon and awakened a ich he had for some time successfully He strode backwards and forwards thro' garden with a hasty pace; and at length himself, and stopping right opposite to xclaimed, "Woman! on the verge of the you urge the son of your master to blood nge?"
rbid!" said Alice solemnly; "and thereld have you depart these fatal bounds, r love, as well as your hatred, threatens ief, or at least disgrace, both to yourself . I would shield, were it in the power of ed hand, the Ashtons from you, and you , and both from their own passions. You nothing—ought to have nothing, in comthem—Begone from among them; and if destined vengeance on the oppressor's not you be the instrument."
think on what you have said, Alice," said od, more composedly. "I believe you y and faithfully by me, but you urge the f an ancient domestic somewhat too far. ell; and if Heaven afford me better means, fail to contribute to your comfort."
mpted to put a piece of gold into her hand, e refused to receive; and, in the slight ttending his wish to force it upon her, it the earth.
remain an instant on the ground," said he Master stooped to raise it; "and believe iece of gold is an emblem of her whom you is as precious, I grant, but you must stoop asement before you can win her. For me, I have as little to do with gold as with earthly passions; and the best news that the world has in store for me is, that Edgar Ravenswood is a hundred miles distant from the seat of his ancestors, with the determination never again to behold it."

"Alice," said the Master, who began to think this earnestness had some more secret cause than arose from any thing that the blind woman could have gathered from this casual visit, "I have heard you praised by my mother for your sense, acuteness, and fidelity; you are no fool to start at shadows, or to dread old superstitious saws, like Caleb Balderstone; tell me distinctly where my danger lies, if you are aware of any which is tending towards me. If I know myself, I am free from all such views respecting Miss Ashton as you impute to me. I have necessary business to settle with Sir William—that arranged, I shall depart; and with as little wish, as you may easily believe, to return to a place full of melancholy subjects of reflection, as you have to see me here."

Alice bent her sightless eyes on the ground, and was for some time plunged in deep meditation. "I will speak the truth," she said at length, raising up her head—"I will tell you the source of my apprehensions, whether my candour be for good or for evil. —Lucy Ashton loves you, Lord of Ravenswood!"

"It is impossible," said the Master.

"A thousand circumstances have proved it to me," replied the blind woman. "Her thoughts have turned on no one else since you saved her from death, and that my experienced judgment has won from her own conversation. Having told you this—if you are indeed a gentleman and your father's son—you will make it a motive for flying from her presence. Her passion will die like a lamp, for want of that the flame should feed upon; but, if you remain here, her destruction, or yours, or that of both, will be the inevitable consequence of her misplaced attachment. I tell you this secret unwillingly, but it could not have been hid long from your own observation; and it is better you learn it from mine. Depart, Master of Ravenswood—you have my secret. If you remain an hour under Sir William Ashton's roof without the resolution to marry his daughter, you are a villain— if with the purpose of allying yourself with him, you are an infatuated and predestined fool."

So saying, the old blind woman arose, assumed her staff, and, tottering to her hut, entered it and closed the door, leaving Ravenswood to his own reflections.

CHAPTER XX.

Lovelier in her own retired abode
——— than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook—or Lady of the Mere
Lone sitting by the shores of old romance.
WORDSWORTH.

The meditations of Ravenswood were of a very mixed complexion. He saw himself at once in the very dilemma which he had for some time felt apprehensive he might be placed in. The pleasure he felt in Lucy's company had indeed approached to fascination, yet it had never altogether surmounted his internal reluctance to wed with the daughter of his father's foe; and even in forgiving Sir William Ashton the injuries which his family had received, and giving him credit for the kind intentions he professed to entertain, he could not bring himself to contemplate as possible an alliance betwixt their houses. Still he felt that Alice spoke truth, and that his honour now required he should take instant leave of Ravenswood Castle, or become a suitor of Lucy Ashton. The possibility of being rejected, too, should he make advances to her wealthy and powerful father— to sue for the hand of an Ashton and be refused— this were a consummation too disgraceful. "I wish her well," he said to himself, "and for her sake I forgive the injuries her father has done to my house; but I will never—no, never see her more!"

With one bitter pang he adopted this resolution, just as he came to where two paths parted; the one to the Mermaiden's Fountain, where he knew Lucy

waited him, the other leading to the castle by another and more circuitous road. He paused an instant when about to take the latter path, thinking what apology he should make for conduct which must needs seem extraordinary, and had just muttered to himself, "Sudden news from Edinburgh—any pretext will serve—only let me dally no longer here," when young Henry came flying up to him, half out of breath—"Master, master, you must give Lucy your arm back to the castle, for I cannot give her mine; for Norman is waiting for me, and I am to go with him to make his ring-walk, and I would not stay away for a gold Jacobus, and Lucy is afraid to walk home alone, though all the wild nowt have been shot, and so you must come away directly."

Betwixt two scales equally loaded, a feather's weight will turn the scale. "It is impossible for me to leave the young lady in the wood alone," said Ravenswood; "to see her once more can be of little consequence, after the frequent meetings we have had—I ought, too, in courtesy, to apprize her of my intention to quit the castle."

And having thus satisfied himself that he was taking not only a wise, but an absolutely necessary step, he took the path to the fatal fountain. Henry no sooner saw him on the way to join his sister, than he was off like lightning in another direction, to enjoy the society of the forester in their congenial pursuits. Ravenswood, not allowing himself to give a second thought to the propriety of his own conduct, walked with a quick step towards the stream, where he found Lucy seated alone by the ruin.

She sate upon one of the disjointed stones of the ancient fountain, and seemed to watch the progress of its current, as it bubbled forth to daylight, in gay and sparkling profusion, from under the shadow of the ribbed and darksome vault, with which veneration, or perhaps remorse, had canopied its source. To a superstitious eye, Lucy Ashton, folded in her plaided mantle, with her long hair, escaping partly from the snood and falling upon her silver neck, might have suggested the idea of the murdered Nymph of the Fountain. But Ravenswood only saw a female exquisitely beautiful, and rendered yet more so in his eyes—how could it be otherwise—by the consciousness that she had placed her affections on him. As he gazed on her, he felt his fixed resolution melting like wax in the sun, and hastened, therefore, from his concealment in the neighbouring thicket. She saluted him, but did not arise from the stone on which she was seated.

"My mad-cap brother," she said, "has left me, but I expect him back in a few minutes—for fortunately, as any thing pleases him for a minute, nothing has charms for him much longer."

Ravenswood did not feel the power of informing Lucy that her brother meditated a distant excursion, and would not return in haste. He sate himself down on the grass, at some little distance from Miss Ashton, and both were silent for a short space.

"I like this spot," said Lucy at length, as if she had found the silence embarrassing; "the bubbling murmur of the clear fountain, the waving of the trees, the profusion of grass and wild-flowers, that rise among the ruins, make it like a scene in romance. I think, too, I have heard it is a spot connected with the legendary lore which I love so well."

"It has been thought," answered Ravenswood, "a fatal spot to my family; and I have some reason to term it so, for it was here I first saw Miss Ashton—and it is here I must take my leave of her for ever."

The blood, which the first part of this speech called into Lucy's cheeks, was speedily expelled by its conclusion.

"To take leave of us, Master!" she exclaimed, "what can have happened to hurry you away?—I know Alice hates—I mean dislikes my father—and I hardly understood her humour to-day, it was so mysterious. But I am certain my father is sincerely grateful for the high service you rendered us. Let me hope that having won your friendship hardly, we shall not lose it lightly."

"Lose it, Miss Ashton?" said the Master of Ravenswood,—"No—wherever my fortune calls me—whatever she inflicts upon me—it is your friend your sincere friend, who acts or suffers. But there a fate on me, and I must go, or I shall add the ruin others to my own."

"Yet do not go from us, Master," said Lucy; a she laid her hand, in all simplicity and kindne upon the skirt of his cloak, as if to detain him—'Y shall not part from us. My father is powerful, he h friends that are more so than himself—do not go t you see what his gratitude will do for you. Belie me, he is already labouring in your behalf with t Council."

"It may be so," said the Master, proudly; "yet is not to your father, Miss Ashton, but to my own e ertions, that I ought to owe success in the career which I am about to enter. My preparations a already made—a sword and a cloak, and a bold hea and a determined hand."

Lucy covered her face with her hands, and th tears, in spite of her, forced their way between h fingers. "Forgive me," said Ravenswood, takin her right hand, which, after slight resistance, sh yielded to him, still continuing to shade her face wit the left—"I am too rude—too rough—too intractabl to deal with any being so soft and gentle as you are Forget that so stern a vision has crossed your pat of life—and let me pursue mine, sure that I can me with no worse misfortune after the moment it divide me from your side."

Lucy wept on, but her tears were less bitter. Eac attempt which the Master made to explain his pu pose of departure, only proved a new evidence of hi desire to stay; until, at length, instead of bidding he farewell, he gave his faith to her for ever, and receive her troth in return. The whole passed so suddenly and arose so much out of the immediate impulse c the moment, that ere the Master of Ravenswoo could reflect upon the consequences of the step whic he had taken, their lips, as well as their hands, ha pledged the sincerity of their affection.

"And now," he said, after a moment's considera tion, "it is fit I should speak to Sir William Ashto —he must know of our engagement. Ravenswoo must not seem to dwell under his roof, to solicit cla destinely the affections of his daughter."

"You would not speak to my father on the su ject?" said Lucy, doubtingly; and then added mo warmly, "O do not—do not! Let your lot in life b determined—your station and purpose ascertained before you address my father; I am sure he loves yo —I think he will consent—but then my mother!"—

She paused, ashamed to express the doubt she fe how far her father dared to form any positive resolu tion on this most important subject, without the con sent of his lady.

"Your mother, my Lucy?" replied Ravenswood "she is of the house of Douglas, a house that ha intermarried with mine, even when its glory an power were at the highest—what could your mothe object to my alliance?"

"I did not say object," said Lucy; "but she is jea lous of her rights, and may claim a mother's title t be consulted in the first instance."

"Be it so," replied Ravenswood; "London is di tant, but a letter will reach it and receive an answ within a fortnight—I will not press on the Lo Keeper for an instant reply to my proposal."

"But," hesitated Lucy, "were it not better to wa —to wait a few weeks?—Were my mother to s you—to know you—I am sure she would appro but you are unacquainted personally, and the anci feud between the families"——

Ravenswood fixed upon her his keen dark eye as if he was desirous of penetrating into her v soul.

"Lucy," he said, "I have sacrificed to you proje of vengeance long nursed, and sworn to with cere nies little better than heathen—I sacrificed th your image, ere I knew the worth which it repre In the evening which succeeded my poor father's f ral, I cut a lock from my hair, and, as it consum the fire, I swore that my rage and revenge shoul sue his enemies, until they shrivelled before m that scorched-up symbol of annihilation."

deadly sin," said Lucy, turning pale, "to
so fatal."
vledge it," said Ravenswood, "and it
vorse crime to keep it. It was for your
abjured these purposes of vengeance,
arce knew that such was the argument
vas conquered, until I saw you once more,
conscious of the influence you possessed

' do you now," said Lucy, "recall senti-
rrible—sentiments so inconsistent with
ofess for me—with those your importu-
ailed on me to acknowledge?"
" said her lover, "I would impress on
: at which I have bought your love—the
to expect your constancy. I say not that
red for it the honour of my house, its last
ossession—but though I say it not, and
I cannot conceal from myself that the
to both."
are your sentiments," said Lucy, "you
a cruel game with me. But it is not too
it over—take back the faith and troth
could not plight to me without suffering
of honour—let what is passed be as if it
—forget me. I will endeavour to forget

me injustice," said the Master of Ra-
"by all I hold true and honourable, you
xtremity of injustice—if I mentioned the
ch I have bought your love, it is only to
much I prize it, to bind our engagement
ner tie, and to show, by what I have done
station in your regard, how much I must
you ever break your faith."
Ravenswood," answered Lucy, "should
at possible? Why should you urge me
mention of infidelity?—Is it because I
elay applying to my father for a little
? Bind me by what vows you please;
unnecessary to secure constancy, they
ent suspicion."
d pleaded, apologized, and even kneeled.
r displeasure; and Lucy, as placable as
le-hearted, readily forgave the offence
ubts had implied. The dispute thus agi-
r, ended by the lovers going through an
eremony of their troth-plight, of which
ll preserve some traces. They broke
the thin broad piece of gold which
ed to receive from Ravenswood.
shall this leave my bosom," said Lucy,
he piece of gold round her neck, and
vith her handkerchief, "until you, Ed-
ood, ask me to resign it to you—and,
t, never shall that heart acknowledge
an yours."
rotestations, Ravenswood placed his
coin opposite to his heart. And now,
ruck them, that time had hurried fast
interview, and their absence at the
e subject of remark, if not of alarm.
o leave the fountain which had been
r mutual engagement, an arrow whis-
e air, and struck a raven perched on
h of an old oak, near to where they
l. The bird fluttered a few yards, and
feet of Lucy, whose dress was stained
s of its blood.
was much alarmed, and Ravenswood,
angry, looked every where for the
o had given them a proof of his skill,
ed as desired. He was not long of
self, being no other than Henry Ash-
running up with a cross-bow in his

ould startle you," he said; "and do
ooked so busy that I hoped it would
se on your heads before you were
hat was the Master saying to you,

g your sister what an idle lad you
waiting here for you so long," said
save Lucy's confusion.

"Waiting for me? Why, I told you to see Lucy home, and that I was to go to make the ring walk with old Norman in the Hayberry thicket, and you may be sure that would take a good hour, and we have all the deer's marks and furnishes got, while you were sitting here with Lucy, like a lazy loon."

"Well, well, Mr. Henry," said Ravenswood; "but let us see how you will answer to me for killing the raven. Do you know the ravens are all under the protection of the Lords of Ravenswood, and, to kill one in their presence, is such bad luck that it deserves the stab?"

"And that's what Norman said," replied the boy; "he came as far with me, as within a flight-shot of you, and he said he never saw a raven sit still so near living folk, and he wished it might be for good luck; for the raven is one of the wildest birds that flies, unless it be a tame one—and so I crept on and on, till I was within three score yards of him, and then whiz went the bolt, and there he lies, faith! Was it not well shot? and, I dare say, I have not shot in a crossbow—not ten times, maybe."

"Admirably shot indeed," said Ravenswood; "and you will be a fine marksman if you practise hard."

"And that's what Norman says," answered the boy; "but I am sure it is not my fault if I do not practise enough; for, of free will, I would do little else, only my father and tutor are angry sometimes, and only Miss Lucy there gives herself airs about my being busy, for all she can sit idle by a well-side the whole day, when she has a handsome young gentleman to prate with—I have known her do so twenty times, if you will believe me."

The boy looked at his sister as he spoke, and, in the midst of his mischievous chatter, had the sense to see that he was really inflicting pain upon her, though without being able to comprehend the cause or the amount.

"Come now, Lucy," he said, "don't greet; and if I have said any thing beside the mark, I'll deny it again—and what does the Master of Ravenswood care if you had a hundred sweethearts?—so ne'er put finger in your eye about it."

The Master of Ravenswood was, for the moment, scarce satisfied with what he heard; yet his good sense naturally regarded it as the chatter of a spoilt boy, who strove to mortify his sister in the point which seemed most accessible for the time. But, although of a temper equally slow in receiving impressions, and obstinate in retaining them, the prattle of Henry served to nourish in his mind some vague suspicion, that his present engagement might only end in his being exposed like a conquered enemy in a Roman triumph, a captive attendant on the car of a victor, who meditated only the satiating his pride at the expense of the vanquished. There was, we repeat it, no real ground whatever for such an apprehension, nor could he be said seriously to entertain such for a moment. Indeed, it was impossible to look at the clear blue eye of Lucy Ashton, and entertain the slightest permanent doubt concerning the sincerity of her disposition. Still, however, conscious pride and conscious poverty combined to render a mind suspicious, which, in more fortunate circumstances, would have been a stranger to that as well as to every other meanness.

They reached the castle, where Sir William Ashton, who had been alarmed by the length of their stay, met them in the hall.

"Had Lucy," he said, "been in any other company than that of one who had shown he had so complete power of protecting her, he confessed he should have been very uneasy, and would have despatched persons in quest of them. But, in the company of the Master of Ravenswood, he knew his daughter had nothing to dread."

Lucy commenced some apology for their long delay, but, conscience struck, became confused as she proceeded; and when Ravenswood, coming to her assistance, endeavoured to render the explanation complete and satisfactory, he only involved himself in the same disorder, like one who, endeavouring to extricate his companion from a slough, entangles himself in the same tenacious swamp. It cannot be

supposed that the confusion of the two youthful lovers escaped the observation of the subtle lawyer, accustomed, by habit and profession, to trace human nature through all her windings. But it was not his present policy to take any notice of what he observed. He desired to hold the Master of Ravenswood bound, but wished that he himself should remain free; and it did not occur to him that his plan might be defeated by Lucy's returning the passion which he hoped she might inspire. If she should adopt some romantic feelings towards Ravenswood, in which circumstances, or the positive and absolute opposition of Lady Ashton, might render it unadvisable to indulge her, the Lord Keeper conceived they might be easily superseded and annulled by a journey to Edinburgh, or even to London, a new set of Brussels lace, and the soft whispers of half a dozen lovers, anxious to replace him whom it was convenient she should renounce. This was his provision for the worst view of the case. But, according to its more probable issue, any passing favour she might entertain for the Master of Ravenswood, might require encouragement rather than repression.

This seemed the more likely, as he had that very morning, since their departure from the castle, received a letter, the contents of which he hastened to communicate to Ravenswood. A foot-post had arrived with a packet to the Lord Keeper from that friend whom we have already mentioned, who was labouring hard under-hand to consolidate a band of patriots, at the head of whom stood Sir William's greatest terror, the active and ambitious Marquis of A----. The success of this convenient friend had been such, that he had obtained from Sir William, not indeed a directly favourable answer, but certainly a most patient hearing. This he had reported to his principal, who had replied, by the ancient French adage, "*Chateau qui parle, et femme qui écoute, l'un et l'autre va se rendre.*" A statesman who hears you propose a change of measures without reply, was, according to the Marquis's opinion, in the situation of the fortress which parleys, and the lady who listens, and he resolved to press the siege of the Lord Keeper.

The packet, therefore, contained a letter from his friend and ally, and another from himself to the Lord Keeper, frankly offering an unceremonious visit. They were crossing the country to go to the southward—the roads were indifferent—the accommodation of the inns as execrable as possible—the Lord Keeper had been long acquainted intimately with one of his correspondents, and though more slightly known to the Marquis, had yet enough of his lordship's acquaintance to render the visit sufficiently natural, and to shut the mouths of those who might be disposed to impute it to a political intrigue. He instantly accepted the offered visit, determined, however, that he would not pledge himself an inch farther for the furtherance of their views than *reason* (by which he meant his own self-interest) should plainly point out to him as proper.

Two circumstances particularly delighted him; the presence of Ravenswood, and the absence of his own lady. By having the former under his roof, he conceived he might be able to quash all such hazardous and hostile proceedings as he might otherwise have been engaged in, under the patronage of the Marquis; and Lucy, he foresaw, would make, for his immediate purpose of delay and procrastination, a much better mistress of his family than her mother, who would, he was sure, in some shape or other, contrive to disconcert his political schemes, by her proud and implacable temper.

His anxious solicitations that the Master would stay to receive his kinsman, were of course readily complied with, since the *éclaircissement* which had taken place at the Mermaiden's Fountain had removed all wish for sudden departure. Lucy and Lockhard had, therefore, orders to provide all things necessary in their different departments, for receiving the expected guests, with a pomp and display of luxury very uncommon in Scotland at that remote period.

CHAPTER XXI.

> *Marall.* Sir, the man of honour's come
> Newly alighted——
> *Overreach.* In without reply,
> And do as I command.——
> Is the loud music I gave order for
> Ready to receive him?
>
> *New Way to Pay O*

SIR WILLIAM ASHTON, although a man o legal information, and great practical know the world, had yet some points of characte corresponded better with the timidity of his di and the supple arts by which he had rise world, than to the degree of eminence whic attained; as they tended to show an origin eriority of understanding, however highly it l cultivated, and a native meanness of dispositi ever carefully veiled. He loved the ostentat play of his wealth, less as a man to whom l made it necessary, than as one to whom it is lightful from its novelty. The most trivial d not escape him; and Lucy soon learned to w flush of scorn which crossed Ravenswood' when he heard her father gravely arguing wi hard, nay, even with the old housekeeper, u cumstances which, in families of rank, are lef for, because it is supposed impossible they neglected.

"I could pardon Sir William," said Rave one evening after he had left the room, "so ral anxiety upon this occasion, for the Marqu is an honour, and should be received as suc am worn out by these miserable minutiæ of tery, and the larder, and the very hen-coop—t me beyond my patience; I would rather en poverty of Wolf's Crag, than be pestered wealth of Ravenswood Castle."

"And yet," said Lucy, "it was by attention minutiæ that my father acquired the property

"Which my ancestors sold for lack of it, Ravenswood. "Be it so; a porter still be burden, though the burden be of gold."

Lucy sighed; she perceived too plainly lover held in scorn the manners and ha father, to whom she had long looked up as and most partial friend, whose fondness h consoled her for her mother's contemptuou ness.

The lovers soon discovered that they diffe other and no less important topics. Reli mother of peace, was, in those days of di much misconstrued and mistaken, that her forms were the subject of the most opposite and the most hostile animosities. The Lor being a whig, was, of course, a Presbyterian found it convenient, at different periods, to greater zeal for the kirk, than perhaps he r His family, equally of course, were trained i same institution. Ravenswood, as we kno High-Church man, or Episcopalian, and f objected to Lucy the fanaticism of some of communion, while she intimated, rather thar ed, horror at the latitudinarian principles w had been taught to think connected with the form of church-government.

Thus, although their mutual affection s increase rather than to be diminished, as thei ters opened more fully on each other, the fe each were mingled with some less agreeal dients. Lucy felt a secret awe, amid all her for Ravenswood. His soul was of a higher character, than those with whom she hac mixed in intercourse; his ideas were more t free; and he contemned many of the opinic had been inculcated upon her, as chiefly de her veneration. On the other hand, Rav saw in Lucy a soft and flexible character, his eyes at least, seemed too susceptible moulded to any form by those with whom He felt that his own temper required a par more independent spirit, who could set sail on his course of life, resolved as himsel indifferently the storm and the favouring br Lucy was so beautiful, so devotedly attache

:r so exquisitely soft and kind, that, while iave wished it were possible to inspire her iter degree of firmness and resolution, and ometimes became impatient of the extreme i she had expressed of their attachment iaturely discovered, he felt that the softness amounting almost to feebleness, rendered earer to him, as a being who had voluntarily m for protection, and made him the arbiter for weal or wo. His feelings towards her nments, were those which have been since ully expressed by our immortal Joanna

"Thou sweetest thing,
'er did fix its lightly fibred sprays
rude rock, ah! wouldst thou cling to me?
and storm-worn I am, yet love me as
raly dost, I will love thee again
rue and honest heart, though all unmeet
the mate of such sweet gentleness."

very points in which they differed, seemed, ieasure, to ensure the continuance of their ection. If, indeed, they had so fully appre- i other's character before the burst of pas- ich they hastily pledged their faith to each might have feared Ravenswood too much e loved him, and he might have construed s and docile temper as imbecility, rendering hy of his regard. But they stood pledged to ; and Lucy only feared that her lover's pride day teach him to regret his attachment; od, that a mind so ductile as Lucy's might, or difficulties, be induced, by the intreaties ce of those around her, to renounce the it she had formed.

fear it," said Lucy, when upon one occa- of such suspicion escaped her lover; "the iich receive the reflection of all successive framed of hard materials like glass or softer substances, when they receive an , retain it undefaced."

poetry, Lucy," said Ravenswood; "and iere is always fallacy, and sometimes fic-

me then, once more in honest prose," said it, though I will never wed man without t of my parents, yet neither force nor per- ill dispose of my hand till you renounce the e given you to it."

rs had ample time for such explanations. now more seldom their companion, being ost unwilling attendant upon the lessons , or a forward volunteer under the instruc- e foresters or grooms. As for the Keeper, gs were spent in his study, maintaining ences of all kinds, and balancing in his ind the various intelligence which he col- i every quarter concerning the expected Scottish politics, and the probable strength ies who were about to struggle for power. imes he busied himself about arranging, ermanding, and then again arranging, the is which he judged necessary for the f the Marquis of A ——, whose arrival had delayed by some necessary cause of deten-

dst of all these various avocations, political itic, he seemed not to observe how much er and his guest were thrown into each ciety, and was censured by many of his , according to the fashion of neighbours tries, for suffering such an intimate con- take place betwixt two young persons. iatural explanation was, that he designed ich other; while, in truth, his only motive iponize and procrastinate, until he should be real extent of the interest which the ok in Ravenswood's affairs, and the power was likely to possess of advancing them. points should be made both clear and ma- Lord Keeper resolved that he would do commit himself, either in one shape or , like many cunning persons, he overreached plorably.

t those who had been disposed to censure, with the greatest severity, the conduct of Sir William Ashton, in permitting the prolonged residence of Ravenswood under his roof, and his constant attendance on Miss Ashton, was the new Laird of Girnington, and his faithful squire and bottle-holder, personages formerly well known to us by the names of Hayston and Bucklaw, and his companion Captain Craigengelt. The former had at length succeeded to the extensive property of his long-lived grand-aunt, and to considerable wealth besides, which he had employed in redeeming his paternal acres, (by the title appertaining to which he still chose to be designated,) notwithstanding Captain Craigengelt had proposed to him a most advantageous mode of vesting the money in Law's scheme, which was just then broached, and offered his services to travel express to Paris for the purpose. But Bucklaw had so far derived wisdom from adversity, that he would listen to no proposal which Craigengelt could invent, which had the slightest tendency to risk his newly-acquired independence. He that had once eat pease-bannocks, drank sour wine, and slept in the secret chamber at Wolf's Crag, would, he said, prize good cheer and a soft bed as long as he lived, and take special care never to need such hospitality again.

Craigengelt, therefore, found himself disappointed in the first hopes he had entertained of making a good hand of the Laird of Bucklaw. Still, however, he reaped many advantages from his friend's good fortune. Bucklaw, who had never been at all scrupulous in choosing his companions, was accustomed to, and entertained by a fellow, whom he could either laugh with, or laugh at, as he had a mind, who would take according to Scottish phrase, "the bit and the buffet," understood all sports, whether within or without doors, and, when the laird had a mind for a bottle of wine, (no infrequent circumstance,) was always ready to save him from the scandal of getting drunk by himself. Upon these terms Craigengelt was the frequent, almost the constant, inmate of the house of Girnington.

In no time, and under no possibility of circumstances, could good have been derived from such an intimacy, however its bad consequences might be qualified by the thorough knowledge which Bucklaw possessed of his dependant's character, and the high contempt in which he held it. But as circumstances stood, this evil communication was particularly liable to corrupt what good principles nature had implanted in the patron.

Craigengelt had never forgiven the scorn with which Ravenswood had torn the mask of courage and honesty from his countenance; and to exasperate Bucklaw's resentment against him, was the safest mode of revenge which occurred to his cowardly, yet cunning and malignant disposition.

He brought up, on all occasions, the story of the challenge which Ravenswood had declined to accept, and endeavoured, by every possible insinuation, to make his patron believe that his honour was concerned in bringing that matter to an issue by a present discussion with Ravenswood. But respecting this subject, Bucklaw imposed on him, at length, a peremptory command of silence.

"I think," he said, "the Master has treated me unlike a gentleman, and I see no right he had to send me back a cavalier answer when I demanded the satisfaction of one—But he gave me my life once—and, in looking the matter over at present, I put myself on equal terms with him. Should he cross me again, I shall consider the old accompt as balanced, and his Mastership will do well to look to himself."

"That he should," re-echoed Craigengelt; "for when you are in practice, Bucklaw, I would bet a magnum you are through him before the third pass."

"Then you know nothing of the matter," said Bucklaw, "and you never saw him fence."

"And I know nothing of the matter?" said the dependant—"a good jest, I promise you!—and though I never saw Ravenswood fence, have I not been at Monsieur Sagoon's school, who was the first *maitre d'armes* at Paris; and have I not been at Signor Poco's at Florence, and Meinheer Durchstossen's at Vienna, and have I not seen all their play?"

"I don't know whether you have or not," said Bucklaw; "but what about it, though you had?"

"Only that I will be d—d if ever I saw French, Italian, or High-Dutchman ever make foot, hand, and eye, keep time half so well as you, Bucklaw."

"I believe you lie, Craigie," said Bucklaw; "however, I can hold my own, both with single rapier, backsword, sword and dagger, broadsword, or case of falchions—and that's as much as any gentleman need know of the matter."

"And the double of what ninety-nine out of a hundred know," said Craigengelt; "they learn to change a few thrusts with the small sword, and then, forsooth, they understand the noble art of defence! Now, when I was at Rouen in the year 1695, there was a Chevalier de Chapon and I went to the Opera, where we found three bits of English birkies"——

"Is it a long story you are going to tell?" said Bucklaw, interrupting him without ceremony.

"Just as you like," answered the parasite, "for we made short work of it."

"Then I like it short," said Bucklaw; "is it serious or merry?"

"Devilish serious, I assure you, and so they found it; for the Chevalier and I"——

"Then I don't like it at all," said Bucklaw; "so fill a brimmer of my auld auntie's claret, rest her heart! And, as the Hielandman says, *Skioch doch na skiaill*."*

"That was what tough old Sir Evan Dhu used to say to me when I was out with the metall'd lads in 1689. 'Craigengelt,' he used to say, 'you are as pretty a fellow as ever held steel in his grip, but you have one fault'"

"If he had known you as long as I have done," said Bucklaw, "he would have found out some twenty more; but hang long stories, give us your toast, man."

Craigengelt rose, went a tiptoe to the door, peeped out, shut it carefully, came back again—clapped his tarnished gold-laced hat on one side of his head, took his glass in one hand, and touching the hilt of his hanger with the other, named, "The King over the water."

"I tell you what it is, Captain Craigengelt," said Bucklaw; "I shall keep my mind to myself on these subjects, having too much respect for the memory of my venerable aunt Girnington to put her lands and tenements in the way of committing treason against established authority. Bring me King James to Edinburgh, Captain, with thirty thousand men at his back, and I'll tell you what I think about his title; but as for running my neck into a noose, and my good broad lands into the statutory penalties, 'in that case made and provided,' rely upon it, you will find me no such fool. So when you mean to vapour with your hanger and your dram-cup in support of treasonable toasts, you must find your liquor and company elsewhere."

"Well, then," said Craigengelt, "name the toast yourself, and be it what it like, I'll pledge you, were it a mile to the bottom."

"And I'll give you a toast that deserves it, my boy," said Bucklaw; "what say you to Miss Lucy Ashton?"

"Up with it," said the Captain, as he tossed off his brimmer, "the bonniest lass in Lothian. What a pity the old sneck-drawing whigamore, her father, is about to throw her away upon that rag of pride and beggary, the Master of Ravenswood!"

"That's not quite so clear," said Bucklaw, in a tone, which, though it seemed indifferent, excited his companion's eager curiosity; and not that only, but also his hope of working himself into some sort of confidence, which might make him necessary to his patron, being by no means satisfied to rest on mere sufferance, if he could form by art or industry a more permanent title to his favour.

"I thought," said he, after a moment's pause, "that was a settled matter—they are continually together, and nothing else is spoken of betwixt Lammerlaw and Traprain."

* "Cut a drink with a tale;" equivalent to the English adage of boon companions, "don't preach over your liquor."

"They may say what they please," re[…] patron, "but I know better; and I'll give [...] Lucy Ashton's health again, my boy."

"And I would drink it on my knee," said [...]gelt, "if I thought the girl had the spirit t[o] [...] d—d son of a Spaniard."

"I am to request you will not use the [...] and Miss Ashton's name together," said [...] gravely.

"Jilt, did I say?—discard, my lad of [...] Jove, I meant to say discard," replied Cra[...] "and I hope she'll discard him like a sma[...] piquet, and take in the King of Hearts, m[...] But yet"——

"But what?" said his patron.

"But yet I know for certain they are hours [...] alone, and in the woods and the fields."

"That's her foolish father's dotage—that [...] soon put out of the lass's head, if it ever gets [...]" answered Bucklaw. "And now fill your gla[ss], Captain, I am going to make you happy—I [...] to let you into a secret—a plot—a noosing p[...] the noose is but typical."

"A marrying matter?" said Craigengelt[, his] jaw fell as he asked the question; for he [...] that matrimony would render his situation [...]ington much more precarious than during [the] days of his patron's bachelorhood.

"Ay, a marriage, man," said Bucklaw; "b[ut where]fore droops thy mighty spirit, and why grow t[...] on thy cheek so pale? The board will have [...] and the corner will have a trencher, and the [...] will have a glass beside it; and the board-[...] be filled, and the trencher and the glass [...] replenished for thee, if all the petticoats in [...] had sworn the contrary—What, man! I a[m no] boy to put myself into leading strings."

"So says many an honest fellow," sai[d Craig]engelt, "and some of my special friends; [...] me if I knew the reason, the women could n[...] me, and always contrived to trundle me out [...] before the honeymoon was over."

"If you could have kept your ground till [...] over, you might have made a good year's [...]" said Bucklaw.

"But I never could," answered the deje[cted para]site; "there was my Lord Castle-Cuddy—[...] hand and glove—I rode his horses—borrowe[d ...] both for and from him—trained his hawks, a[nd taught] him how to lay his bets; and when he too[k ...] of marrying, I married him to Katie Glegg, [...] thought myself as sure of as man could be o[f ...] Egad, she had me out of the house, as if I h[ad ...] wheels, within the first fortnight!"

"Well!" replied Bucklaw, "I think I hav[e nothing] of Castle-Cuddy about me, or Lucy of Kati[e...] But you see the thing will go on whether yo[u ...] no—the only question is, will you be useful?"

"Useful?" exclaimed the Captain;—"an[d to thee,] my lad of lands, my darling boy, whom [I would] tramp barefooted through the world for?—n[ame time,] place, mode, and circumstances, and see if I [...] be useful in all uses that can be devised."

"Why, then, you must ride two hundred [...] me," said the patron.

"A thousand, and call them a flea's leap," [...] the dependant; "I'll cause saddle my horse [...]"

"Better stay till you know where you a[re to go] and what you are to do," quoth Bucklaw[. "You] know I have a kinswoman in Northumberla[nd ...] Blenkensop by name, whose old acquaintan[ce I had] the misfortune to lose in the period of my po[verty, but] the light of whose countenance shone forth [...] when the sun of my prosperity began to aris[e."]

"D—n all such double-faced jades!" e[xclaimed] Craigengelt, heroically; "this I will say [for] Craigengelt, that he is his friend's friend thro[ugh good] report and bad report, poverty and riches; [and you] know something of that yourself, Bucklaw."

"I have not forgot your merits," said hi[s patron;] "I do remember, that, in my extremities, y[ou had a] mind to *crimp* me for the service of the Fre[nch king,] or of the Pretender; and, moreover, that y[ou after]wards lent me a score of pieces, when, as

lieve, you had heard the news that old Lady Girnington had a touch of the dead palsy. But don't be downcast, John; I believe, after all, you like me very well in your way, and it is my misfortune to have no better counsellor at present. To return to this Lady Blenkensop, you must know she is a close confederate of Duchess Sarah."

"What! of Sall Jennings?" exclaimed Craigengelt; "then she must be a good one."

"Hold your tongue, and keep your Tory rants to yourself, if it be possible," said Bucklaw; "I tell you, that through the Duchess of Marlborough has this Northumbrian cousin of mine become a crony of Lady Ashton, the Keeper's wife, or, I may say, the Lord Keeper's Lady Keeper, and she has favoured Lady Blenkensop with a visit on her return from London, and is just now at her old mansion-house on the banks of the Wansbeck. Now, sir, as it has been the use and wont of these ladies to consider their husbands as of no importance in the management of their own families, it has been their present pleasure, without consulting Sir William Ashton, to put on the tapis a matrimonial alliance, to be concluded between Lucy Ashton and my own right honourable self, Lady Ashton acting a self-constituted plenipotentiary on the part of her daughter and husband, and Mother Blenkensop, equally unaccredited, doing me the honour to be my representative. You may suppose I was a little astonished when I found that a treaty, in which I was so considerably interested, had advanced a good way before I was even consulted."

"Capot me if I think that was according to the rules of the game," said his confidant; "and pray, what answer did you return?"

"Why, my first thought was to send the treaty to the devil, and the negotiators along with it, for a couple of meddling old women; my next was to laugh very heartily; and my third and last was a settled opinion that the thing was reasonable, and would suit me well enough."

"Why, I thought you had never seen the wench but once—and then she had her riding-mask on—I am sure you told me so."

"Ay—but I liked her very well then. And Ravenswood's dirty usage of me—shutting me out of doors to dine with the lackeys, because he had the Lord Keeper, forsooth, and his daughter, to be guests in his beggarly castle of starvation—D—n me, Craigengelt, if I ever forgive him till I play him as good a trick!"

"No more you should, if you are a lad of mettle," said Craigengelt, the matter now taking a turn in which he could sympathize; "and if you carry this wench from him, it will break his heart."

"That it will not," said Bucklaw; "his heart is all steeled over with reason and philosophy—things that you, Cragie, know nothing about more than myself, God help me—But it will break his pride, though, and that's what I'm driving at."

"Distance me," said Craigengelt, "but I know the reason now of his unmannerly behaviour at his old tumble-down tower yonder—Ashamed of your company?—no, no!—Gad, he was afraid you would cut in and carry off the girl."

"Eh! Craigengelt?" said Bucklaw—"do you really think so?—but no, no!—he is a devilish deal prettier man than I am."

"Who—he?" exclaimed the parasite—"he's as black as the crook; and for his size—he's a tall fellow, to be sure—but give me a light, stout, middle-sized" ——

"Plague on thee!" said Bucklaw, interrupting him, "and on me for listening to you!—you would say as much if I were hunch-backed. But as to Ravenswood—he has kept no terms with me—I'll keep none with him—if I *can* win this girl from him, I *will* win her."

"Win her?—'sblood, you *shall* win her, point, quint, and quatorze, my king of trumps—you shall pique, repique, and capot him."

"Prithee, stop thy gambling cant for one instant," said Bucklaw. "Things have come thus far, that I have entertained the proposal of my kinswoman, agreed to the terms of jointure, amount of fortune, and so forth, and that the affair is to go forward when Lady Ashton comes down, for she takes her daughter and her son in her own hand. Now they want me to send up a confidential person with some writings."

"By this good wine, I'll ride to the end of the world—the very gates of Jericho, and the judgment-seat of Prester John, for thee!" ejaculated the Captain.

"Why, I believe you would do something for me, and a great deal for yourself. Now, any one could carry the writings; but you will have a little more to do. You must contrive to drop out before my Lady Ashton, just as if it were a matter of little consequence, the residence of Ravenswood at her husband's house, and his close intercourse with Miss Ashton; and you may tell her, that all the country talks of a visit from the Marquis of A——, as it is supposed, to make up the match betwixt Ravenswood and her daughter. I should like to hear what she says to all this; for, rat me, if I have any idea of starting for the plate at all if Ravenswood is to win the race, and he has odds against me already."

"Never a bit—the wench has too much sense—and in that belief I drink her health a third time; and, were time and place fitting, I would drink it on bended knees, and he that would not pledge me, I would make his guts garter his stockings."

"Hark ye, Craigengelt; as you are going into the society of women of rank," said Bucklaw, "I'll thank you to forget your strange blackguard oaths and damme's—I'll write to them, though, that you are a blunt untaught fellow."

"Ay, ay," replied Craigengelt; "a plain, blunt, honest, downright soldier."

"Not too honest, nor too much of the soldier neither; but such as thou art, it is my luck to need thee, for I must have spurs put to Lady Ashton's motions."

"I'll dash them up to the rowel-heads," said Craigengelt; "she shall come here at the gallop, like a cow chased by a whole nest of hornets, and her tail twisted over her rump like a corkscrew."

"And hear ye, Craigie," said Bucklaw; "your boots and doublet are good enough to drink in, as the man says in the play, but they are somewhat too greasy for tea-table service—prithee, get thyself a little better rigged out, and here is to pay all charges."

"Nay, Bucklaw—on my soul, man—you use me ill—However," added Craigengelt, pocketing the money, "if you will have me so far indebted to you, I must be conforming."

"Well, horse and away!" said the patron, so soon as you have got your riding livery in trim. You may ride the black crop-ear—and, hark ye, I'll make you a present of him to boot."

"I drink to the good luck of my mission," answered the ambassador, "in a half-pint bumper."

"I thank ye, Craigie, and pledge you—I see nothing against it but the father or the girl taking a tantrum, and I am told the mother can wind them both round her little finger. Take care not to affront her with any of your jacobite jargon."

"O ay, true—she is a whig, and a friend of old Sall of Marlborough—thank my stars, I can hoist any colours at a pinch. I have fought as hard under John Churchill as ever I did under Dundee or the Duke of Berwick."

"I verily believe you, Craigie," said the lord of the mansion; "but, Craigie, do you, pray, step down to the cellar, and fetch us up a bottle of the Burgundy, 1678—it is in the fourth bin from the right-hand turn—And I say, Craigie, you may fetch up half-a-dozen whilst you are about it.—Egad, we'll make a night on't!"

CHAPTER XXII.

And soon they spied the merry-men green,
And eke the coach and four.

Duke upon Duke.

CRAIGENGELT set forth on his mission so soon as his equipage was complete, prosecuted his journey with all diligence, and accomplished his commission with all the dexterity for which Bucklaw had given

him credit. As he arrived with credentials from Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw, he was extremely welcome to both ladies; and those who are prejudiced in favour of a new acquaintance can, for a time at least, discover excellences in his very faults, and perfections in his deficiencies. Although both ladies were accustomed to good society, yet, being predetermined to find out an agreeable and well-behaved gentleman in Mr. Hayston's friend, they succeeded wonderfully in imposing on themselves. It is true that Craigengelt was now handsomely dressed, and that was a point of no small consequence. But, independent of outward show, his blackguard impudence of address was construed into honourable bluntness, becoming his supposed military profession; his hectoring passed for courage, and his sauciness for wit. Lest, however, any one should think this a violation of probability, we must add, in fairness to the two ladies, that their discernment was greatly blinded, and their favour propitiated, by the opportune arrival of Captain Craigengelt in the moment when they were longing for a third hand to make a party at tredrille, in which, as in all games, whether of chance or skill, that worthy person was a great proficient.

When he found himself established in favour, his next point was how best to use it for the furtherance of his patron's views. He found Lady Ashton prepossessed strongly in favour of the motion, which Lady Blenkensop, partly from regard to her kinsman, partly from the spirit of match-making, had not hesitated to propose to her; so that his task was an easy one. Bucklaw, reformed from his prodigality, was just the sort of husband which she desired to have for her shepherdess of Lammermoor; and while the marriage gave her an easy fortune, and a respectable country gentleman for her husband, Lady Ashton was of opinion that her destinies would be fully and most favourably accomplished. It so chanced, also, that Bucklaw, among his new acquisitions, had gained the management of a little political interest in a neighbouring county, where the Douglas family originally held large possessions. It was one of the bosom-hopes of Lady Ashton, that her eldest son, Sholto, should represent this county in the British Parliament, and she saw this alliance with Bucklaw as a circumstance which might be highly favourable to her wishes.

Craigengelt, who in his way by no means wanted sagacity, no sooner discovered in what quarter the wind of Lady Ashton's wishes sate, than he trimmed his course accordingly. "There was little to prevent Bucklaw himself from sitting for the county—he must carry the heat—must walk the course. Two cousins-german—six more distant kinsmen, his factor and his chamberlain, were all hollow votes—and the Girnington interest had always carried, betwixt love and fear, about as many more. But Bucklaw cared no more about riding the first horse, and that sort of thing, than he, Craigengelt, did about a game at birkie—it was a pity his interest was not in good guidance."

All this Lady Ashton drank in with willing and attentive ears, resolving internally to be herself the person who should take the management of the political influence of her destined son-in-law, for the benefit of her eldest born, Sholto, and all other parties concerned.

When he found her ladyship thus favourably disposed, the Captain proceeded, to use his employer's phrase, to set spurs to her resolution, by hinting at the situation of matters at Ravenswood Castle, the long residence which the heir of that family had made with the Lord Keeper, and the reports which (though he would be d—d ere he gave credit to any of them) had been idly circulated in the neighbourhood. It was not the Captain's cue to appear himself to be uneasy on the subject of these rumours; but he easily saw from Lady Ashton's flushed cheek, hesitating voice, and flashing eye, that she had caught the alarm which he intended to communicate. She had not heard from her husband so often or so regularly as she thought him bound in duty to have written, and of this very interesting intelligence, concerning his visit to the Tower of Wolf's Crag, and the guest whom, with such cordiality, he had receiv[ed at Ra]venswood Castle, he had suffered his lady [to remain] altogether ignorant, until she now learned [it by the] chance information of a stranger. Such [conceal]ment approached, in her apprehensions, t[o mis]prision, at least, of treason, if not to actual [rebellion] against her matrimonial authority; and in h[er inmost] soul did she vow to take vengeance on [the Lord] Keeper, as on a subject detected in meditati[ng revolt.] Her indignation burned the more fiercely [that she] found herself obliged to suppress it in p[resence of] Lady Blenkensop, the kinswoman, and of [Craigen]gelt, the confidential friend of Bucklaw, [an] alliance she now became trebly desirous, si[nce it oc]curred to her alarmed imagination, that her [husband] might, in his policy or timidity, prefer th[at of Ra]venswood.

The Captain was engineer enough to [perceive] that the train was fired; and therefore hea[rd in the] course of the same day, without the least [surprise,] that Lady Ashton had resolved to abridge h[er visit,] Lady Blenkensop, and set forth with the [earliest] morning on her return to Scotland, using al[l the dis]patch which the state of the roads, and the [mode of] travelling, would possibly permit.

Unhappy Lord Keeper!—little was he aw[are what] a storm was travelling towards him in all t[he speed] with which an old-fashioned coach and [six could] possibly achieve its journey. He, like Don [Gayferos,] "forgot his lady fair and true," and was onl[y anxious] about the expected visit of the Marquis [of A——.] Soothfast tidings had assured him that this n[obleman] was at length, and without fail, to honour [him] at one in the afternoon, being a late dinner h[our; and] much was the bustle in consequence of the a[nnuncia]tion. The Lord Keeper traversed the chamb[ers, held] consultation with the butler in the cellars, [and even] ventured, at the risk of a *démêlé* with a c[ook of] spirit lofty enough to scorn the admonitions [of Lady] Ashton herself, to peep into the kitchen. [Satisfied,] at length, that every thing was in as active [a train of] preparation as was possible, he summoned [Ravens]wood and his daughter to walk upon the te[rrace, for] the purpose of watching, from that com[manding] position, the earliest symptoms of his lord[ship's ap]proach. For this purpose, with slow and idl[e step, he] paraded the terrace, which, flanked with [a heavy] stone battlement, stretched in front of t[he castle,] upon a level with the first story; while visit[ors found] access to the court by a projecting gate-way, [the bar]tizan or flat-leaded roof of which was a[ccessible] from the terrace by an easy flight of low a[nd broad] steps. The whole bore a resemblance pa[rtly to a] castle, partly to a nobleman's seat; and th[e building] culated, in some respects, for a defence, evi[dently as] it had been constructed under a sense of t[he dignity] and security of the ancient Lords of Ravens[wood.]

This pleasant walk commanded a beautif[ul and ex]tensive view. But what was most to ou[r present] purpose, there were seen from the terrace tw[o roads;] one leading from the east, and one from t[he west]ward, which, crossing a ridge opposed to [the emi]nence on which the castle stood, at differen[t angles,] gradually approached each other, until th[ey joined] not far from the gate of the avenue. It w[as to the] westward approach that the Lord Keeper [with a] sort of fidgeting anxiety, his daughter, fr[om com]plaisance to him, and Ravenswood, thoug[h with] some symptoms of internal impatience, out [of com]plaisance to his daughter, directed their ey[es to see] the precursors of the Marquis's approach.

These were not long of presenting th[emselves.] Two running footmen, dressed in white, w[ith black] jockey-caps, and long staffs in their hand[s, headed] the train; and such was their agility, that t[hey found] no difficulty in keeping the necessary advan[ce which] the etiquette of their station required, befor[e the car]riage and horsemen. Onward they came [at a long] swinging trot, arguing unwearied speed in t[heir long-]breathed calling. Such running footmen [are often] alluded to in old plays, (I would particularly [mention] "Middleton's Mad World my Masters,") an[d perhaps] may be still remembered by some old person[s in Scot]land, as part of the retinue of the ancient

velling in full ceremony.* Behind these
meteors, who footed it as if the Avenger of
been behind them, came a cloud of dust,
riders who preceded, attended, or followed,
carriage of the Marquis.

vilege of nobility, in those days, had some-
it impressive on the imagination. The
d liveries and number of their attendants,
of travelling, the imposing, and almost
r of the armed men who surrounded them,
em far above the laird, who travelled with
of footmen; and as to rivalry from the
part of the community, these would as
thought of imitating the state equipage
overeign. At present it is different; and I
eter Pattieson, in a late journey to Edin-
d the honour, in the mail-coach phrase, to
a leg" with a peer of the realm. It was not
days of which I write; and the Marquis's
so long expected in vain, now took place
pomp of ancient aristocracy. Sir William
as so much interested in what he beheld,
[illegible] ceremonial of reception in case
nstance had been omitted, that he scarce
son Henry exclaim, "There is another
six coming down the east road, papa—can
belong to the Marquis of A ——?"

th, when the youngster had fairly compelled
ion by pulling his sleeve,

turned his eyes, and, as he turn'd, survey'd
ful vision."

hough, another coach and six, with four
or out-riders in attendance, was descending
om the eastward, at such a pace as made it
which of the carriages thus approaching
rent quarters would first reach the gate at
nity of the avenue. The one coach was
other blue; and not the green and blue
the Circus of Rome or Constantinople ex-
turmoil among the citizens than the double
occasioned in the mind of the Lord Keeper.
nember the terrible exclamation of the dying
when a friend, to destroy what he supposed
chondriac idea of a spectre appearing in a
ape at a given hour, placed before him a per-
ed up in the manner he described. "*Mon*
aid the expiring sinner, who, it seems, saw
eal and polygraphic apparition—"*il y en a*

prise of the Lord Keeper was scarcely less
g at the duplication of the expected arrival;
misgave him strangely. There was no
who would have approached so uncere-
, at a time when ceremony was held in such
t must be Lady Ashton, said his conscience,
red up the hint with an anxious anticipation
pose of her sudden and unannounced return.
at he was caught "in the manner." That
any in which she had so unluckily surprised
likely to be highly distasteful to her, there
estion; and the only hope which remained
was her high sense of dignified propriety,
trusted, might prevent a public explosion.
tive were his doubts and fears, as altogether

to derange his purposed ceremonial for the reception of the Marquis.

These feelings of apprehension were not confined to Sir William Ashton. "It is my mother—it is my mother!" said Lucy, turning as pale as ashes, and clasping her hands together as she looked at Ravenswood.

"And if it be Lady Ashton," said her lover to her in a low tone, "what can be the occasion of such alarm?—Surely the return of a lady to the family from which she has been so long absent, should excite other sensations than those of fear and dismay."

"You do not know my mother," said Miss Ashton, in a tone almost breathless with terror; "what will she say when she sees you in this place!"

"My stay has been too long," said Ravenswood, somewhat haughtily, "if her displeasure at my presence is likely to be so formidable. My dear Lucy," he resumed, in a tone of soothing encouragement, "you are too childishly afraid of Lady Ashton; she is a woman of family—a lady of fashion—a person who must know the world, and what is due to her husband and her husband's guests."

Lucy shook her head; and, as if her mother, still at the distance of half a mile, could have seen and scrutinized her deportment, she withdrew herself from beside Ravenswood, and, taking her brother Henry's arm, led him to a different part of the terrace. The Keeper also shuffled down towards the portal of the great gate, without inviting Ravenswood to accompany him, and thus he remained standing alone on the terrace, deserted and shunned, as it were by the inhabitants of the mansion.

This suited not the mood of one who was proud in proportion to his poverty, and who thought that, in sacrificing his deep-rooted resentment so far as to become Sir William Ashton's guest, he conferred a favour and received none. "I can forgive Lucy," he said to himself; "she is young, timid, and conscious of an important engagement assumed without her mother's sanction; yet she should remember with whom it has been assumed, and leave me no reason to suspect that she is ashamed of her choice. For the Keeper, sense, spirit, and expression seem to have left his face and manner since he had the first glimpse of Lady Ashton's carriage. I must watch how this is to end; and, if they give me reason to think myself an unwelcome guest, my visit is soon abridged."

With these suspicions floating on his mind, he left the terrace, and, walking towards the stables of the castle, gave directions that his horse should be kept in readiness, in case he should have occasion to ride abroad.

In the mean while the drivers of the two carriages, the approach of which had occasioned so much dismay at the castle, had become aware of each other's presence, as they approached upon different lines to the head of the avenue, as a common centre. Lady Ashton's driver and postilions instantly received orders to get foremost, if possible, her ladyship being desirous of despatching her first interview with her husband before the arrival of these guests, whoever they might happen to be. On the other hand, the coachman of the Marquis, conscious of his own dignity and that of his master, and observing the rival charioteer was mending his pace, resolved, like a true brother of the whip, whether ancient or modern, to vindicate his right of precedence. So that, to increase the confusion of the Lord Keeper's understanding, he saw the short time which remained for consideration abridged by the haste of the contending coachmen, who, fixing their eyes sternly on each other, and applying the lash smartly to their horses, began to thunder down the descent with emulous rapidity, while the horsemen who attended them were forced to put on to a handgallop.

Sir William's only chance now remaining was the possibility of an overturn, and that his lady or visiter might break their necks. I am not aware that he formed any distinct wish on the subject, but I have no reason to think that his grief in either case would have been altogether inconsolable. This chance, however, also disappeared; for Lady Ashton, though insensible to fear, began to see the ridicule of run-

on I, Jedediah Cleishbotham, crave leave to remark,
h signifies, in the first place, that, having in vain
the Circulating Library in Gandercleugh, albeit it
similar vanities, for this samyn Middleton and his
, it was at length shown unto me amongst other
leries carefully compiled by one Dodsley, who,
ath his reward for neglect of precious time; and
ed so much of mine as was necessary for the pur-
em found that a play-man is brought in as a foot-
a knight is made to greet facetiously with the
linen stocking, and three score miles a-day."
(which is secondly in the vernacular,) under Mr.
favour, some men not altogether so old as he would
em, do remember this species of menial, or fore-
vidences of which, I, Jedediah Cleishbotham, though
ret do me good service, remember me to have seen
tribe clothed in white, and bearing a staff, who ran
the state-coach of the umquhile John, Earl of
ther of this Earl, Charles, that now is; unto whom
stly said, that Renown playeth the part of a run-
n, or precursor; and, as the poet singeth—

"Mars standing by asserts his quarrel,
And Fame flies after with a laurel."

ning a race with a visiter of distinction, the goal being the portal of her own castle, and commanded her coachman, as they approached the avenue, to slacken his pace, and allow precedence to the stranger's equipage; a command which he gladly obeyed, as coming in time to save his honour, the horses of the Marquis's carriage being better, or, at least, fresher, than his own. He restrained his pace, therefore, and suffered the green coach to enter the avenue, with all its retinue, which pass it occupied with the speed of a whirlwind. The Marquis's laced charioteer no sooner found the *pas d'avance* was granted to him, than he resumed a more deliberate pace, at which he advanced under the embowering shade of the lofty elms, surrounded by all the attendants; while the carriage of Lady Ashton followed, still more slowly, at some distance.

In the front of the castle, and beneath the portal which admitted guests into the inner court, stood Sir William Ashton, much perplexed in mind, his younger son and daughter beside him, and in their rear a train of attendants of various ranks, in and out of livery. The nobility and gentry of Scotland, at this period, were remarkable even to extravagance for the number of their servants, whose services were easily purchased in a country where men were numerous beyond proportion to the means of employing them.

The manners of a man, trained like Sir William Ashton, are too much at his command to remain long disconcerted with the most adverse concurrence of circumstances. He received the Marquis, as he alighted from his equipage, with the usual compliments of welcome; and, as he ushered him into the great hall, expressed his hope that his journey had been pleasant. The Marquis was a tall, well-made man, with a thoughtful and intelligent countenance, and an eye, in which the fire of ambition had for some years replaced the vivacity of youth; a bold, proud, expression of countenance, yet chastened by habitual caution, and the desire which, as the head of a party, he necessarily entertained of acquiring popularity. He answered with courtesy the courteous inquiries of the Lord Keeper, and was formally presented to Miss Ashton, in the course of which ceremony the Lord Keeper gave the first symptom of what was chiefly occupying his mind, by introducing his daughter as "his wife, Lady Ashton."

Lucy blushed; the Marquis looked surprised at the extremely juvenile appearance of his hostess, and the Lord Keeper with difficulty rallied himself so far as to explain. "I should have said my daughter, my lord; but the truth is, that I saw Lady Ashton's carriage enter the avenue shortly after your lordship's, and"——

"Make no apology, my lord," replied his noble guest; "let me entreat you will wait on your lady, and leave me to cultivate Miss Ashton's acquaintance. I am shocked my people should have taken precedence of our hostess at her own gate; but your lordship is aware, that I supposed Lady Ashton was still in the south. Permit me to beseech you will waive ceremony, and hasten to welcome her."

This was precisely what the Lord Keeper longed to do; and he instantly profited by his lordship's obliging permission. To see Lady Ashton, and encounter the first burst of her displeasure in private, might prepare her in some degree, to receive her unwelcome guests with due decorum. As her carriage, therefore, stopped, the arm of the attentive husband was ready to assist Lady Ashton in dismounting. Looking as if she saw him not, she put his arm aside, and requested that of Captain Craigengelt, who stood by the coach with his laced hat under his arm, having acted as *cavaliere servente*, or squire in attendance, during the journey. Taking hold of this respectable person's arm as if to support her, Lady Ashton traversed the court, uttering a word or two by way of direction to the servants, but not one to Sir William, who in vain endeavoured to attract her attention, as he rather followed than accompanied her into the hall, in which they found the Marquis in close conversation with the Master of Ravenswood: Lucy had taken the first opportunity of escaping. There was embarrassment on every countenance except that of the Marquis of A——; for even Craigengelt's impudence was hardly able to veil his fear of Ravenswood, and the rest felt the awkwardness of the position in which they were thus unexpectedly placed.

After waiting a moment to be presented by Sir William Ashton, the Marquis resolved to introduce himself. "The Lord Keeper," he said, bowing to Lady Ashton, "has just introduced to me his daughter as his wife—he might very easily present Lady Ashton as his daughter, so little does she differ from what I remember her some years since. Will she permit an old acquaintance the privilege of a guest?"

He saluted the lady with too good a grace to apprehend a repulse, and then proceeded—"This, Lady Ashton, is a peace-making visit, and therefore I presume to introduce my cousin, the young Master of Ravenswood, to your favourable notice."

Lady Ashton could not choose but curtsey; but there was in her obeisance an air of haughtiness approaching to contemptuous repulse. Ravenswood could not choose but bow; but his manner returned the scorn with which he had been greeted.

"Allow me," she said, "to present to your lordship *my* friend." Craigengelt, with the forward impudence which men of his cast mistake for ease, made a sliding bow to the Marquis, which he graced by a flourish of his gold-laced hat. The lady turned to her husband—"You and I, Sir William," she said, and these were the first words she had addressed to him, "have acquired new acquaintances since we parted—let me introduce the acquisition I have made to mine—Captain Craigengelt."

Another bow, and another flourish of the gold-laced hat, which was returned by the Lord Keeper without intimation of former recognition, and with that sort of anxious readiness, which intimated his wish, that peace and amnesty should take place betwixt the contending parties, including the auxiliaries on both sides. "Let me introduce you to the Master of Ravenswood," said he to Captain Craigengelt, following up the same amicable system. But the Master drew up his tall form to the full extent of his height, and without so much as looking towards the person thus introduced to him, he said, in a marked tone, "Captain Craigengelt and I are already perfectly well acquainted with each other."

"Perfectly—perfectly," replied the Captain, in a mumbling tone, like that of a double echo, and with a flourish of his hat, the circumference of which was greatly abridged, compared with those which had so cordially graced his introduction to the Marquis and the Lord Keeper.

Lockhard, followed by three menials now entered with wine and refreshments, which it was the fashion to offer as a whet before dinner; and when they were placed before the guests, Lady Ashton made an apology for withdrawing her husband from them for some minutes upon business of special import. The Marquis, of course, requested her ladyship would lay herself under no restraint; and Craigengelt, bolting with speed a second glass of racy canary, hastened to leave the room, feeling no great pleasure in the prospect of being left alone with the Marquis of A—— and the Master of Ravenswood; the presence of the former holding him in awe, and that of the latter in bodily terror.

Some arrangements about his horse and baggage formed the pretext for his sudden retreat, in which he persevered, although Lady Ashton gave Lockhard orders to be careful most particularly to accommodate Captain Craigengelt with all the attendance which he could possibly require. The Marquis and the Master of Ravenswood were thus left to communicate to each other their remarks upon the reception which they had met with, while Lady Ashton led the way, and her lord followed somewhat like a condemned criminal, to her ladyship's dressing-room.

So soon as the spouses had both entered, her ladyship gave way to that fierce audacity of temper, which she had with difficulty suppressed, out of respect to appearances. She shut the door behind the alarmed Lord Keeper, took the key out of the spring-lock, and with a countenance which years had not bereft of its

rms, and eyes which spoke at once reso-
sentment, she addressed her astounded
these words:—"My lord, I am not greatly
the connexions you have been pleased to
my absence—they are entirely in con-
your birth and breeding; and if I did
thing else, I heartily own my error, and
by having done so, the disappointment
ard for me."

Lady Ashton—my dear Eleanor," said
per, "listen to reason for a moment, and
e you I have acted with all the regard
gnity, as well as the interest, of my fa-

terest of *your* family I conceive you per-
e of attending," returned the indignant
ven to the dignity of your own family
as it requires any looking after—But as
s to be inextricably involved with it, you
ne if I choose to give my own attention
t is concerned."

ould you have, Lady Ashton?" said the
What is it that displeases you? Why is
our return after so long an absence, I am
this manner?"

own conscience, Sir William, what has
u to become a renegade to your political
inions, and led you, for what I know, to
ant of marrying your only daughter to a
obite bankrupt, the inveterate enemy of
to the boot."

hat, in the name of common sense and
vility, would you have me do, madam?"
er husband—"Is it possible for me, with
ency, to turn a young gentleman out of
who saved my daughter's life and my own,
r morning as it were?"

our life! I have heard of that story," said
the Lord Keeper was scared by a dun
takes the young fellow who killed her for
wick—any butcher from Haddington may
n equal claim on your hospitality."

hton," stammered the Keeper, "this is
-and when I am desirous, too, to make
any sacrifice—if you would but tell me
ould be at."

n to your guests," said the imperious
make your apology to Ravenswood, that
of Captain Craigengelt and some other
ders it impossible for you to offer him
he castle—I expect young Mr. Hayston
"

avens, madam!" ejaculated her husband
wood to give place to Craigengelt, a com-
r and an informer! it was all I could do
aring the fellow to get out of my house,
much surprised to see him in your lady-
"

ou saw him there, you might be well as-
vered this meek helpmate, "that he was
y. As to this Ravenswood, he only meets
atment which, to my certain knowledge,
much-valued friend of mine, who had the
to be his guest some time since. But
solution; for, if Ravenswood does not quit
will."

n Ashton paced up and down the apart-
e most distressing agitation; fear, and
anger contending against the habitual
was in the use of rendering to his lady.
ended, as is usual with timid minds placed
umstances, in his adopting a *mezzo ter-*
dle measure.

u frankly, madam, I neither can nor will
he incivility you propose to the Master of
l—he has not deserved it at my hand. If
so unreasonable as to insult a man of
r your own roof, I cannot prevent you;
ot at least be the agent in such a prepos-
eding."

l not?" asked the lady.

heavens, madam!" her husband replied;
y thing congruent with common decency,
is acquaintance by degrees, or the like—
but to bid him leave my house is what I will not, and
cannot consent to."

"Then the task of supporting the honour of the
family will fall on me, as it has often done before,"
said the lady.

She sat down, and hastily wrote a few lines. The
Lord Keeper made another effort to prevent her tak-
ing a step so decisive, just as she opened the door
to call her female attendant from the ante-room.
"Think what you are doing, Lady Ashton—you are
making a mortal enemy of a young man, who is like
to have the means of harming us"——

"Did you ever know a Douglas who feared an ene-
my?" answered the lady contemptuously.

"Ay, but he is as proud and vindictive as a hundred
Douglasses, and a hundred devils to boot. Think of
it for a night only."

"Not for another moment," answered the lady;—
"here, Mrs. Patullo, give this billet to young Ravens-
wood."

"To the Master, madam?" said Mrs. Patullo.

"Ay, to the Master, if you call him so."

"I wash my hands of it entirely," said the Keeper;
"and I shall go down into the garden, and see that
Jardine gathers the winter fruit for the desert."

"Do so," said the lady, looking after him with
glances of infinite contempt; "and thank God that
you leave one behind you as fit to protect the honour
of the family, as you are to look after pippins and
pears."

The Lord Keeper remained long enough in the gar-
den to give her ladyship's mind time to explode, and
to let, as he thought, at least the first violence of Ra-
venswood's displeasure blow over. When he entered
the hall, he found the Marquis of A—— giving orders
to some of his attendants. He seemed in high dis-
pleasure, and interrupted an apology which Sir Wil-
liam had commenced, for having left his lordship
alone.

"I presume, Sir William, you are no stranger to
this singular billet with which my kinsman of Ra-
venswood" (an emphasis on the word *my*) "has been
favoured by your lady—and, of course, that you are
prepared to receive my adieus—My kinsman is already
gone, having thought it unnecessary to offer any on his
part, since all former civilities had been cancelled by
this singular insult."

"I protest, my lord," said Sir William, holding the
billet in his hand, "I am not privy to the contents of
this letter. I know Lady Ashton is a warm-tempered
and prejudiced woman, and I am sincerely sorry for
any offence that has been given or taken; but I hope
your lordship will consider that a lady"——

"Should bear herself towards persons of a certain
rank with the breeding of one," said the Marquis,
completing the half-uttered sentence.

"True, my lord," said the unfortunate Keeper;
"but Lady Ashton is still a woman"——

"And as such, methinks," said the Marquis, again
interrupting him, "should be taught the duties which
correspond to her station. But here she comes, and I
will learn from her own mouth the reason of this
extraordinary and unexpected affront offered to my
near relation, while both he and I were her ladyship's
guests."

Lady Ashton accordingly entered the apartment at
this moment. Her dispute with Sir William, and a
subsequent interview with her daughter, had not pre-
vented her from attending to the duties of her toilette.
She appeared in full dress; and, from the character of
her countenance and manner, well became the splen-
dour with which ladies of quality then appeared on
such occasions.

The Marquis of A—— bowed haughtily, and she
returned the salute with equal pride and distance of
demeanour. He then took from the passive hand of
Sir William Ashton the billet he had given him the
moment before he approached the lady, and was
about to speak, when she interrupted him. "I per-
ceive, my lord, you are about to enter upon an unplea-
sant subject. I am sorry any such should have oc-
curred at this time, to interrupt, in the slightest degree,
the respectful reception due to your lordship—but so it
is.—Mr. Edgar Ravenswood, for whom I have ad-

dressed the billet in your lordship's hand, has abused the hospitality of this family, and Sir William Ashton's softness of temper, in order to seduce a young person into engagements without her parents' consent, and of which they never can approve."

Both gentlemen answered at once,—"My kinsman is incapable,"— —said the Lord Marquis.

"I am confident that my daughter Lucy is still more incapable"——said the Lord Keeper.

Lady Ashton at once interrupted, and replied to them both.—"My Lord Marquis, your kinsman, if Mr. Ravenswood has the honour to be so, has made the attempt privately to secure the affections of this young and inexperienced girl. Sir William Ashton, your daughter has been simple enough to give more encouragement than she ought to have done to so very improper a suitor."

"And I think, madam," said the Lord Keeper, losing his accustomed temper and patience, "that if you had nothing better to tell us, you had better have kept this family secret to yourself also."

"You will pardon me, Sir William," said the lady, calmly; "the noble Marquis has a right to know the cause of the treatment I have found it necessary to use to a gentleman whom he calls his blood-relation."

"It is a cause," muttered the Lord Keeper, "which has emerged since the effect has taken place; for, if it exists at all, I am sure she knew nothing of it when her letter to Ravenswood was written."

"It is the first time that I have heard of this," said the Marquis; "but since your ladyship has tabled a subject so delicate, permit me to say, that my kinsman's birth and connexions entitle him to a patient hearing, and at least a civil refusal, even in case of his being so ambitious as to raise his eyes to the daughter of Sir William Ashton."

"You will recollect, my lord, of what blood Miss Lucy Ashton is come by the mother's side," said the lady.

"I do remember your descent—from a younger branch of the house of Angus," said the Marquis—"and your ladyship—forgive me, lady—ought not to forget that the Ravenswoods have thrice intermarried with the main-stem. Come, madam—I know how matters stand—old and long-fostered prejudices are difficult to get over—I make every allowance for them—I ought not, and I would not otherwise have suffered my kinsman to depart alone, expelled, in a manner, from this house—but I had hopes of being a mediator. I am still unwilling to leave you in anger—and shall not set forward till after noon, as I rejoin the Master of Ravenswood upon the road a few miles from hence. Let us talk over this matter more coolly."

"It is what I anxiously desire, my lord," said Sir William Ashton, eagerly. "Lady Ashton, we will not permit my Lord of A——— to leave us in displeasure. We must compel him to tarry dinner at the castle."

"The castle," said the lady, "and all that it contains, are at the command of the Marquis, so long as he chooses to honour it with his residence; but touching the farther discussion of this disagreeable topic"——

"Pardon me, good madam," said the Marquis; "but I cannot allow you to express any hasty resolution on a subject so important. I see that more company is arriving; and since I have the good fortune to renew my former acquaintance with Lady Ashton, I hope she will give me leave to avoid perilling what I prize so highly upon any disagreeable subject of discussion—at least, till we have talked over more pleasant topics."

The lady smiled, curtsied, and gave her hand to the Marquis, by whom, with all the formal gallantry of the time, which did not permit the guest to tuck the lady of the house under the arm, as a rustic does his sweetheart at a wake, she was ushered to the eating-room.

Here they were joined by Bucklaw, Craigengelt, and other neighbours, whom the Lord Keeper had previously invited to meet the Marquis of A——. An apology, founded upon a slight indisposition, was alleged as an excuse for the absence of Miss Ashton, whose seat appeared unoccupied. The entertainmen splendid to profusion, and was protracted till hour.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Such was our fallen father's fate,
Yet better than mine own:
He shared his exile with his mate,
I'm banish'd forth alone.

Waller.

I will not attempt to describe the mixture of nation and regret with which Ravenswood l seat which had belonged to his ancestors. The in which Lady Ashton's billet was couched re it impossible for him, without being deficient i spirit of which he perhaps had too much, to r an instant longer within its walls. The M who had his share in the affront, was, neverth still willing to make some efforts at concili He therefore suffered his kinsman to depart making him promise, however, that he would for him at the small inn called the Tod's-hole, sit as our readers may be pleased to recollect, hal betwixt Ravenswood Castle and Wolf's Crag about five Scottish miles distant from each. the Marquis proposed to join the Master of Ra wood, either that night or the next morning own feelings would have induced him to have l castle directly, but he was loath to forfeit, with least one effort, the advantages which he ha posed from his visit to the Lord Keeper; a Master of Ravenswood was, even in the very h his resentment, unwilling to foreclose any cha reconciliation which might arise out of the pa which Sir William Ashton had shown toward as well as the intercessory arguments of his kinsman. He himself departed without a mo delay, farther than was necessary to mak arrangement.

At first he spurred his horse at a quick pace th an avenue of the park, as if, by rapidity of mot could stupify the confusion of feelings with wh was assailed. But as the road grew wilder an sequestered, and when the trees had hidden t rets of the castle, he gradually slackened his p if to indulge the painful reflections which he vain endeavoured to repress. The path in wh found himself led him to the Mermaiden's Fou and to the cottage of Alice; and the fatal in which superstitious belief attached to the forme as well as the admonitions which had been i offered to him by the inhabitant of the latter, themselves upon his memory. "Old saws truth," he said to himself; "and the Merma Well has indeed witnessed the last act of rash the heir of Ravenswood.—Alice spoke well," he tinued, "and I am in the situation which she fo —or rather, I am more deeply dishonoured—n dependant and ally of the destroyer of my fa house, as the old sibyl presaged, but the deg wretch, who has aspired to hold that subor character, and has been rejected with disdain."

We are bound to tell the tale as we have re it; and, considering the distance of the tim propensity of those through whose mouths passed to the marvellous, this could not be c Scottish story, unless it manifested a tinge of tish superstition. As Ravenswood approach solitary fountain, he is said to have met with t lowing singular adventure:—His horse, whic moving slowly forward, suddenly interrupt steady and composed pace, snorted, reared though urged by the spur, refused to proceed some object of terror had suddenly presented On looking to the fountain, Ravenswood disce female figure, dressed in a white, or rather g mantle, placed on the very spot on which Luc ton had reclined while listening to the fatal love. His immediate impression was, that sh conjectured by which path he would traver park on his departure, and placed herself at thi known and sequestered place of rendezvous, to i her own sorrow and his in a parting intervie

jumped from his horse, and, making its a tree, walked hastily towards the foun- ncing eagerly, yet under his breath, the s Ashton!—Lucy!"

turned as he addressed it, and displayed ring eyes the features, not of Lucy Ash- old blind Alice. The singularity of her rather resembled a shroud than the gar- ing woman—the appearance of her per- is it struck him, than it usually seemed ail, the strange circumstance of a blind, crepit person being found alone and at om her habitation, (considerable, if her e taken into account,) combined to im- ith a feeling of wonder approaching to approached, she arose slowly from her r shrivelled hand up as if to prevent his near, and her withered lips moved fast, sound issued from them. Ravenswood l as, after a moment's pause, he again wards her, Alice, or her apparition, moved kwards towards the thicket, still keeping ed towards him. The trees soon hid the is sight; and, yielding to the strong and ession that the being which he had seen this world, the Master of Ravenswood ted to the ground whereon he had stood ght his last view of her. At length, sum- his courage, he advanced to the spot on gure had seemed to be seated; but nei- re pressure of the grass, nor any other e, to induce him to believe that what he s real and substantial.

ose strange thoughts and confused appre- ich awake in the bosom of one who con- is witnessed some preternatural appear- ster of Ravenswood walked back towards requently however looking behind him, apprehension, as if expecting that the re-appear. But the apparition, whether r whether it was the creation of a heated imagination, returned not again; and he orse sweating and terrified, as if experi- agony of fear, with which the presence tural being is supposed to agitate the n. The Master mounted, and rode slowly thing his steed from time to time, while eemed internally to shrink and shudder, ng some new object of fear at the open- glade. The rider, after a moment's con- solved to investigate the matter further. yes have deceived me," he said, "and for such a space of time?—Or are this firmities but feigned, in order to excite ?—And even then, her motion resembled a living and existing person. Must I pular creed, and think that the unhappy ormed a league with the powers of dark- n determined to be resolved—I will not ition even from my own eyes."

certainty he rode up to the little wicket of en. Her seat beneath the birch-tree was gh the day was pleasant, and the sun was pproached the hut, and heard from within d wailing of a female. No answer was en he knocked, so that, after a moment's ted the latch and entered. It was indeed olitude and sorrow. Stretched upon her allet lay the corpse of the last retainer of f Ravenswood, who still abode on their mains! Life had but shortly departed; e girl, by whom she had been attended in ments, was wringing her hands and sob- t childish fear and sorrow, over the body ess.

ter of Ravenswood had some difficulty to e terrors of the poor child, whom his un- pearance had at first rather appalled than and when he succeeded, the first expres- the girl used intimated that "he had come Upon inquiring the meaning of this ex- learned that the deceased, upon the first e mortal agony, had sent a peasant to the eech an interview of the Master of Ravens- wood, and had expressed the utmost impatience for his return. But the messengers of the poor are tardy and negligent: the fellow had not reached the castle, as was afterwards learned, until Ravenswood had left it, and had then found too much amusement among the retinue of the strangers to return in any haste to the cottage of Alice. Mean time her anxiety of mind seemed to increase with the agony of her body; and, to use the phrase of Babie, her only attendant, "she prayed powerfully that she might see her master's son once more, and renew her warning." She died just as the clock in the distant village tolled one; and Ravenswood remembered, with internal shuddering, that he had heard the chime sound through the wood just before he had seen what he was now much disposed to consider as the spectre of the deceased.

It was necessary, as well from his respect to the departed as in common humanity to her terrified attendant, that he should take some measures to relieve the girl from her distressing situation. The deceased, he understood, had expressed a desire to be buried in a solitary churchyard, near the little inn of the Tod's-hole, called the Hermitage, or more commonly Armitage, in which lay interred some of the Ravenswood family, and many of their followers. Ravenswood conceived it his duty to gratify this predilection, so commonly found to exist among the Scottish peasantry, and despatched Babie to the neighbouring village to procure the assistance of some females, assuring her that, in the mean while, he would himself remain with the dead body, which, as in Thessaly of old, it is accounted highly unfit to leave without a watch.

Thus, in the course of a quarter of an hour or little more, he found himself sitting a solitary guard over the inanimate corse of her, whose dismissed spirit, unless his eyes had strangely deceived him, had so recently manifested itself before him. Notwithstanding his natural courage, the Master was considerably affected by a concurrence of circumstances so extraordinary. "She died expressing her eager desire to see me. Can it be, then,"—was his natural course of reflection—"can strong and earnest wishes, formed during the last agony of nature, survive its catastrophe, surmount the awful bounds of the spiritual world, and place before us its inhabitants in the hues and colouring of life?—And why was that manifested to the eye which could not unfold its tale to the ear?—and wherefore should a breach be made in the laws of nature, yet its purpose remain unknown? Vain questions, which only death, when it shall make me like the pale and withered form before me, can ever resolve."

He laid a cloth, as he spoke, over the lifeless face, upon whose features he felt unwilling any longer to dwell. He then took his place in an old carved oaken chair, ornamented with his own armorial bearings, which Alice had contrived to appropriate to her own use in the pillage which took place among creditors, officers, domestics, and messengers of the law, when his father left Ravenswood Castle for the last time. Thus seated, he banished, as much as he could, the superstitious feelings which the late incident naturally inspired. His own were sad enough, without the exaggeration of supernatural terror, since he found himself transferred from the situation of a successful lover of Lucy Ashton, and an honoured and respected friend of her father, into the melancholy and solitary guardian of the abandoned and forsaken corse of a common pauper.

He was relieved, however, from this sad office sooner than he could reasonably have expected, considering the distance betwixt the hut of the deceased and the village, and the age and infirmities of three old women, who came from thence, in military phrase, to relieve guard upon the body of the defunct. On any other occasion the speed of these reverend sibyls would have been much more moderate, for the first was eighty years of age and upwards, the second was paralytic, and the third lame of a leg from some accident. But the burial duties rendered to the deceased are, to the Scottish peasant of either sex, a labour of love. I know not whether it is from the temper of the people, grave and enthusiastic as it certainly is, or

from the recollection of the ancient Catholic opinions, when the funeral rites were always considered as a period of festival to the living; but feasting, good cheer, and even inebriety, were, and are, the frequent accompaniments of a Scottish old-fashioned burial. What the funeral feast, or *dirgie*, as it is called, was to the men, the gloomy preparations of the dead body for the coffin were to the women. To straight the contorted limbs upon a board used for that melancholy purpose, to array the corpse in clean linen, and over that in its woollen shroud, were operations committed always to the old matrons of the village, and in which they found a singular and gloomy delight.

The old women paid the Master their salutations with a ghastly smile, which reminded him of the meeting betwixt Macbeth and the witches on the blasted heath of Forres. He gave them some money, and recommended to them the charge of the dead body of their contemporary, an office which they willingly undertook; intimating to him at the same time that he must leave the hut, in order that they might begin their mournful duties. Ravenswood readily agreed to depart, only tarrying to recommend to them due attention to the body, and to receive information where he was to find the sexton, or beadle, who had in charge the deserted churchyard of the Armitage, in order to prepare matters for the reception of old Alice in the place of repose which she had selected for herself.

"Ye'll no be pinched to find out Johnie Mortsheugh," said the elder sibyl, and still her withered cheek bore a grisly smile—"he dwells near the Tod's-hole, a house of entertainment where there has been mony a blithe birling—for death and drink-draining are near neighbours to ane anither."

"Ay! and that's e'en true, cummer," said the lame hag, propping herself with a crutch which supported the shortness of her left leg, "for I mind when the father of this Master of Ravenswood that is now standing before us, sticked young Blackhall with his whinger, for a wrang word said ower their wine, or brandy, or what not—he gaed in as light as a lark, and he came out wi' his feet foremost. I was at the winding of the corpse; and when the bluid was washed off, he was a bonny bouk of man's body."

It may be easily believed that this ill-timed anecdote hastened the Master's purpose of quitting a company so evil-omened and so odious. Yet, while walking to the tree to which his horse was tied, and busying himself with adjusting the girths of the saddle, he could not avoid hearing, through the hedge of the little garden, a conversation respecting himself, betwixt the lame woman and the octogenarian sibyl. The pair had hobbled into the garden to gather rosemary, southernwood, rue, and other plants proper to be strewed upon the body and burned by way of fumigation in the chimney of the cottage. The paralytic wretch, almost exhausted by the journey, was left guard upon the corpse, lest witches or fiends might play their sport with it.

The following low croaking dialogue was necessarily overheard by the Master of Ravenswood:—

"That's a fresh and full-grown hemlock, Annie Winnie—mony a cummer lang syne wad hae sought nae better horse to flee over hill and how, through mist and moonlight, and light down in the King of France's cellar."

"Ay, cummer! but the very deil has turned as hard-hearted now as the Lord Keeper, and the grit folk that hae breasts like whin-stane. They prick us and they pine us, and they pit us on the pinnywinkles for witches; and, if I say my prayers backwards ten times ower, Satan will never gie me amends o' them."

"Did ye ever see the foul thief?" asked her neighbour.

"Na!" replied the other spokeswoman; "but I trow I hae dreamed of him mony a time, and I think the day will come they will burn me for't.—But ne'er mind, cummer! we hae this dollar of the Master's, and we'll send doun for bread and for yill, and tobacco, and a drap brandy to burn, and a wee pickle saft sugar—and be there deil or nae deil, lass, we'll hae a merry night o't."

Here her leathern chops uttered a sort of cackling ghastly laugh, resembling, to a certain degree, the cr of the screech-owl.

"He's a frank man, and a free-handed man, th Master," said Annie Winnie, "and a comely per sonage—broad in the shouthers, and narrow aroun the lungies—he wad mak a bonny corpse—I wa like to hae the streaking and winding o' him."

"It is written on his brow, Annie Winnie," returne the octogenarian, her companion, "that hand o woman, or of man either, will never straught him-dead-deal will never be laid on his back—make yo your market of that, for I hae it frae a sure hand."

"Will it be his lot to die on the battle-ground then Ailsie Gourlay?—Will he die by the sword or the ball as his forbears hae dune before him, mony ane o them?"

"Ask nae mair questions about it—he'll no be graced sae far," replied the sage.

"I ken ye are wiser than ither folk, Ailsie Gour lay—But wha tell'd ye this?"

"Fashna your thumb about that, Annie Winnie," answered the sibyl—"I hae it frae a hand sure eneugh."

"But ye said ye never saw the foul thief," reiterated her inquisitive companion.

"I hae it frae as sure a hand," said Ailsie, "and frae them that spaed his fortune before the sark gaed ower his head."

"Hark!" I hear his horse's feet riding aff," said the other; "they dinna sound as if good luck was wi them."

"Mak haste, sirs," cried the paralytic hag from the cottage, "and let us do what is needfu', and say wha is fitting; for, if the dead corpse binna straughted, i will girn and thraw, and that will fear the best o' us."

Ravenswood was now out of hearing. He de spised most of the ordinary prejudices about witch craft, omens, and vaticination, to which his age and country still gave such implicit credit, that to express a doubt of them, was accounted a crime equal to the unbelief of Jews or Saracens; he knew also that the prevailing belief concerning witches, operating upon the hypochondriac habits of those whom age, infirm ity, and poverty rendered liable to suspicion, and enforced by the fear of death, and the pangs of the most cruel tortures, often extorted those confessions which encumber and disgrace the criminal record of Scotland during the seventeenth century. But the vision of that morning, whether real or imaginary had impressed his mind with a superstitious fe ling which he in vain endeavoured to shake off. The nature of the business which awaited him at the little inn, called Tod's-hole, where he soon after arrived, was not of a kind to restore his spirits.

It was necessary he should see Mortsheugh, the sexton of the old burial-ground at Armitage, to arrange matters for the funeral of Alice; and as the man dwelt near the place of her late residence, the Master, after a slight refreshment, walked towards the place where the body of Alice was to be deposited. It was situated in the nook formed by the eddying sweep of a stream, which issued from the adjoining hills. A rude cavern in an adjacent rock, which, in the interior, was cut into the shape of a cross, formed the hermitage, where some Saxon saint had in ancient times done penance, and given name to the place. The rich Abbey of Coldinghame had, in latter days, established a chapel in the neigh bourhood, of which no vestige was now visible though the churchyard which surrounded it was still as upon the present occasion, used for the interment of particular persons. One or two shattered yew trees still grew within the precincts of that which had once been holy ground. Warriors and barons had been buried there of old, but their names were forgotten, and their monuments demolished. The only sepulchral memorials which remained, were the upright headstones which mark the graves of persons of inferior rank. The abode of the sexton was solitary cottage adjacent to the ruined wall of the cemetery, but so low, that, with its thatch, which nearly reached the ground, covered with a thick cru of grass, fog, and house-leeks, it resembled an over grown grave. On inquiry, however, Ravenswoo

hat the man of the last mattock was absent idal, being fiddler as well as grave-digger to inity. He therefore retired to the little inn, g a message that early next morning he would call for the person, whose double occupation cted him at once with the house of mourning le house of feasting.

outrider of the Marquis arrived at Tod's-hole y after, with a message, intimating that his r would join Ravenswood at that place on the ing morning; and the Master, who would ise have proceeded to his old retreat at Wolf's remained there accordingly, to give meeting to his kinsman.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Has this fellow no feeling of his business - he sings at grave making.
Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.
'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Hamlet, Act V. Scene I.

sleep of Ravenswood was broken by ghastly gstating visions, and his waking intervals dis- by melancholy reflections on the past, and l anticipations of the future. He was perhaps dy traveller who ever slept in that miserable l without complaining of his lodgings, or feel- convenience from their deficiencies. It is when mind is free the body's delicate." Morning, ver, found the Master an early riser, in hopes he fresh air of the dawn might afford the re- nent which night had refused him. He took ay toward the solitary burial-ground, which lay half a mile from the inn.

thin blue smoke, which already began to curl d, and to distinguish the cottage of the living the habitation of the dead, apprized him that nate had returned and was stirring. Accord- on entering the little churchyard, he saw the an labouring in a half-made grave. My des- thought Ravenswood, seems to lead me to of fate and of death; but these are childish hts, and they shall not master me. I will not suffer my imagination to beguile my senses. - ld man rested on his spade as the Master ap- ed him, as if to receive his commands; and did not immediately speak, the sexton opened scourse in his own way.

e will be a wedding customer, sir, I'se warrant?" hat makes you think so, friend?" replied the r.

live by twa trades, sir," replied the blithe old "fiddle, sir, and spade; filling the world, and ing of it; and I suld ken baith cast of custom- head-mark in thirty years' practice."

u are mistaken, however, this morning," re- Ravenswood.

a I?" said the old man, looking keenly at him, and it may be; since, for as brent as your is, there is something sitting upon it this day, s as near akin to death as to wedlock. Weel, the pick and shovel are as ready to your order w and fiddle."

wish you," said Ravenswood, "to look after the t interment of an old woman, Alice Gray, who at the Craig-foot in Ravenswood Park."

ice Gray! blind Alice!" said the sexton; "and gane at last? that's another jow of the bell to e be ready. I mind when Habbie Gray brought own to this land; a likely lass she was then, and l ower her southland nose at us a'. I trow her ot a downcome. And is she e'en gane?"

e died yesterday," said Ravenswood; "and l to be buried here, beside her husband; you where he lies, no doubt?"

n where he lies?" answered the sexton, with al indirection of response, "I ken whar a' body at lies here. But ye were speaking o' her l—Lord help us—it's no ordinar grave that will er in, if a's true that folk said of Alice in her ays; and if I gae to six feet deep,—and a war- grave shouldna be an inch mair ebb, or her ain witch cummers would soon whirl her out of her shroud for a' their auld acquaintance—and be't six feet, or be't three, wha's to pay the making o't. I pray ye?"

"I will pay that, my friend, and all other reasonable charges."

"Reasonable charges?" said the sexton; "ou, there's grund-mail—and bell-siller—(though the bell's broken nae doubt)—and the kist—and my day's wark—and my bit fee—and some brandy and yill to the dregie—I am no thinking that you can inter her, to ca' decently, under saxteen punds Scots."

"There is the money, my friend," said Ravenswood, "and something over. Be sure you know the grave."

"Ye'll be ane o' her English relations, I'se warrant," said the hoary man of skulls; "I hae heard she married far below her station; it was very right to let her bite on the bridle when she was living, and it's very right to gie her a decent burial now she's dead, for that's a matter of credit to yoursell rather than to her. Folk may let their kindred shift for themsells when they are alive, and can bear the burden of their ain misdoings; but it's an unnatural thing to let them be buried like dogs, when a' the discredit gangs to the kindred—what kens the dead corpse about it?"

You would not have people neglect their relations on a bridal occasion neither?" said Ravenswood, who was amused with the professional limitation of the grave-digger's philanthropy.

The old man cast up his sharp gray eyes with a shrewd smile, as if he understood the jest, but instantly continued, with his former gravity,—"Bridals—wha wad neglect bridals, that had ony regard for plenishing the earth? To be sure, they suld be celebrated with all manner of good cheer, and meeting of friends, and musical instruments, harp, sackbut, and psaltery; or gude fiddle and pipes, when these auld-warld instruments of melody are hard to be compassed."

"The presence of the fiddle, I dare say," replied Ravenswood, "would atone for the absence of all the others."

The sexton again looked sharply up at him, as he answered, "Nae doubt—nae doubt—if it were weel played;—but yonder," he said, as if to change the discourse, "is Halbert Gray's lang hame, that ye were speering after, just the third hourock beyond the muckle through-stane that stands on sax legs yonder, abune some ane of the Ravenswood; for there is mony of their kin and followers here, deil lift them! though it isna just their main burial place."

"They are no favourites, then, of yours, these Ravenswoods?" said the Master, not much pleased with the passing benediction which was thus bestowed on his family and name.

"I kenna wha should favour them," said the grave digger; "when they had lands and power, they were ill guides of them baith, and now their head's down, there's few care how lang they may be of lifting it again."

"Indeed!" said Ravenswood; "I never heard that this unhappy family deserved ill-will at the hands of their country. I grant their poverty—if that renders them contemptible."

"It will gang a far way till't," said the sexton of Hermitage, "ye may tak my word for that—at least, I ken naething else that suld mak myself contemptible, and folk are far frae respecting me as they wad do if I lived in a twa-lofted sclated house. But as for the Ravenswoods, I have seen three generations of them, and deil ane to mend other."

"I thought they had enjoyed a fair character in the country," said their descendant.

"Character! Ou, ye see, sir," said the sexton, "as for the auld gude-sire body of a lord, I lived on his land when I was a swanking young chield, and could hae blawn the trumpet wi' ony body, for I had wind eneugh then—and touching this trumpeter Marine that I have heard play afore the Lords of the Circuit, I wad hae made nae mair o' him than of a bairn and a bawbee whistle—I defy him to hae played 'Boot and saddle,' or 'Horse and away,' or 'Gallants, come trot,' with me—he hadna the tones."

"But what is all this to old Lord Ravenswood, my friend?" said the Master, who, with an anxiety not unnatural in his circumstances, was desirous of prosecuting the musician's first topic—"What had his memory to do with the degeneracy of the trumpet music?"

"Just this, sir," answered the sexton, "that I lost my wind in his service. Ye see I was trumpeter at the castle, and had allowance for blawing at break of day, and at dinner-time, and other whiles when there was company about, and it pleased my lord; and when he raised his militia to caper awa' to Bothwell Brigg against the wrang-headed westland whigs, I behoved, reason or nane, to mount a horse and caper awa wi' them."

"And very reasonable," said Ravenswood: "you were his servant and vassal."

"Servitor, say ye?" replied the sexton, "and so I was—but it was to blaw folk to their warm dinner, or at the warst to a decent kirkyard, and no to skirl them awa to a bluidy brae side, where there was deil a bedral but the hooded craw. But bide ye—ye shall hear what cam o't, and how far I am bund to be bedesman to the Ravenswoods.—Till't, ye see, we gaed on a braw simmer morning, twenty-fourth of June, saxteen hundred and se'enty-nine, of a' the days of the month and year,—drums beat—guns rattled—horses kicked and trampled. Hackstoun of Rathillet keepit the brigg wi' musket and carabine and pike, sword and scythe for what I ken, and we horsemen were ordered down to cross at the ford,—I hate fords at a' times, let abe when there's thousands of armed men on the other side. There was auld Ravenswood brandishing his Andrew Ferrara at the head, and crying to us to come and buckle to, as if we had been gaun to a fair,—there was Caleb Balderstone, that is living yet, flourishing in the rear, and swearing Gog and Magog, he would put steel through the guts of ony man that turned bridle,—there was young Allan Ravenswood, that was then master, wi' a bended pistol in his hand,—it was a mercy it gaed na aff,—crying to me, that had scarce as much wind left as serve the necessary purpose of my ain lungs, 'Sound, you poltron! sound, you damned cowardly villain, or I will blow your brains out!' and, to be sure, I blew sic points of war, that the scraugh of a clockin-hen was music to them."

"Well, sir, cut all this short," said Ravenswood.

"Short!—I had like to hae been cut short mysell, in the flower of my youth, as Scripture says; and that's the very thing that I compleen o'.—Weel! in to the water we behoved a' to splash, heels ower head, sit or fa'—ae horse driving on anither, as is the way of brute beasts, and riders that hae as little sense,—the very bushes on the ither side were ableeze, wi' the flashes of the whig guns; and my horse had just taen the grund, when a blackavised westland carle—I wad mind the face o' him a hundred years yet—an ee like a wild falcon's, and a beard as broad as my shovel, clapped the end o' his lang black gun within a quarter's length of my lug!—by the grace o' Mercy, the horse swarved round, and I fell aff at the tae side as the ball whistled by at the tither, and the fell auld lord took the whig such a swauk wi' his broadsword that he made twa pieces o' his head, and down fell the lurdane wi' a' his bowk abune me."

"You were rather obliged to the old lord, I think," said Ravenswood.

"Was I? my sartie! first for bringing me into jeopardy, would I nould I—and then for whomling a chield on the tap o' me, that dang the very wind out of my body?—I hae been short-breathed ever since, and canna gang twenty yards without peghing like a miller's aiver."

"You lost, then, your place as trumpeter?" said Ravenswood.

"Lost it? to be sure I lost it," replied the sexton, "for I couldna hae played pew upon a dry humlock;—but I might hae dune weel enough, for I keepit the wage and the free house, and little to do but play on the fiddle to them, but for Allan, last Lord Ravenswood, that was far waur than ever his father was."

"What," said the Master, "did my father—I mean, did his father's son—this last Lord Ravenswood, deprive you of what the bounty of allowed you?"

"Ay, troth did he," answered the old man loot his affairs gang to the dogs, and let i William Ashton on us, that will gie naethin thing, and just removed me and a' the puir that had bite and soup at the castle, and a h our heads in, when things were in the auld

"If Lord Ravenswood protected his p friend, while he had the means of doing s they might spare his memory," replied the l

"Ye are welcome to your ain opinion, the sexton; "but ye winna persuade me tl his duty, either to himsell or to huz puir creatures, in guiding us the gate he has might hae gien us liferent tacks of our bits and yards and me, that's an auld man, liv miserable cabin, that's fitter for the dead quick, and killed wi' rheumatise, and John my dainty bit mailing, and his window gl a' because Ravenswood guided his gear like

"It is but too true," said Ravenswood, co struck; "the penalties of extravagance e beyond the prodigal's own sufferings."

"However," said the sexton, "this yo Edgar is like to avenge my wrangs on the l kindred."

"Indeed?" said Ravenswood; "why sl suppose so?"

"They say he is about to marry the d Leddy Ashton; and let her leddyship get ance under her oxter, and see you if she his neck a thraw. Sorra a bit, if I were her alane for hauding a' thing in het water t near her—sae the warst wish I shall wish that he may take his ain creditable gate o' himsell wi' his father's enemies, that have broad lands and my bonny kailyard from owners thereof."

Cervantes acutely remarks, that flattery i even from the mouth of a madman; and c well as praise, often affects us, while we d opinions and motives on which it is founde pressed. Ravenswood, abruptly reiterating mand that Alice's funeral should be attende away from the sexton, under the painful i that the great, as well as the small vulg think of his engagement with Lucy like thi and selfish peasant.

"And I have stooped to subject mysel calumnies, and am rejected notwithstandin your faith must be true and perfect as the to compensate for the dishonour which m ions, and the conduct of your mother, atta heir of Ravenswood!"

As he raised his eyes, he beheld the M A——, who, having arrived at the Tod's walked forth to look for his kinsman.

After mutual greetings, he made some the Master for not coming forward on the evening. "It was his wish," he said, "to l so, but he had come to the knowledge of som which induced him to delay his purpose. I proceeded, "there has been a love affair h man; and though I might blame you for n communicated with me, as being in some d chief of your family"——

"With your lordship's permission," saic wood, "I am deeply grateful for the intere pleased to take in me—but *I* am the chief of my family."

"I know it—I know it," said the Marqu strict heraldic and genealogical sense, you are so—what I mean is, that being in som under my guardianship"——

"I must take the liberty to say, my lord," Ravenswood—and the tone in which he i the Marquis boded no long duration to the of the noble relatives, when he himself v rupted by the little sexton, who came pu them, to ask if their honours would choose the change-house to make up for short che

"We want no music," said the Master al

"Your honour disna ken what ye're refus

ie fiddler, with the impertinent freedom of his sion. "I can play, 'Wilt thou do't again,' and uld Man's Mear's Dead,' sax times better than 'attie Birnie. I'll get my fiddle in the turning of in-screw."

ake yourself away, sir," said the Marquis.

nd if your honour be a north-country gentle-' said the persevering minstrel, "whilk I wad from your tongue, I can play 'Liggeram Cosh,' Mullin Dhu,' and 'the Cummers of Athole.'"

ake yourself away, friend; you interrupt our rsation."

r if, under your honour's favour, ye should hap-be a thought honest, I can play," (this in a low onfidential tone,) "'Killiecrankie,' and 'the shall hae his ain,' and 'the Auld Stewart's back '—and the wife at the change-house is a decent st body, neither kens nor cares what toasts are n, and what tunes are played in her house—leaf to a' thing but the clink o' the siller."

Marquis, who was sometimes suspected of ism, could not help laughing as he threw the a dollar, and bid him go play to the servants if l a mind, and leave them at peace.

reel, gentlemen," said he, "I am wishing your ra gude day—I'll be a' the better of the dollar, e'll be the waur of wanting the music, I'se tell lut I'se gang hame, and finish the grave in the g o' a fiddle-string, lay by my spade, and then ry tother bread-winner, and awa to your folk, ee if they hae better lugs than their masters."

CHAPTER XXV.

True love, an thou be true,
Thou has ane kittle part to play;
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou,
Maun strive for many a day.

I've kend by mony a friend's tale,
Far better by this heart of mine,
What time and change of fancy avail
A true-love knot to untwine.

HENDERSOUN.

WISHED to tell you, my good kinsman," said the uis, "now that we are quit of that impertinent r, that I had tried to discuss this love affair of with Sir William Ashton's daughter. I never he young lady but for a few minutes to-day; so, a stranger to her personal merits, I pay a com-nt to you, and offer her no offence, in saying you t do better."

Iy lord, I am much indebted for the interest you taken in my affairs," said Ravenswood. "I did ntend to have troubled you in any matter con-ng Miss Ashton. As my engagement with that g lady has reached your lordship, I can only say, you must necessarily suppose that I was aware e objections to my marrying into her father's y, and of course must have been completely ed with the reasons by which these objections rbalanced, since I have proceeded so far in the r."

Iay, Master, if you had heard me out," said his relation, "you might have spared that observa-n; for, without questioning that you had rea-which seemed to you to counterbalance every obstacle, I set myself, by every means that it me me to use towards the Ashtons, to persuade to meet your views."

am obliged to your lordship for your unsolicited cession," said Ravenswood; "especially as I am your lordship would never carry it beyond the ls which it became me to use."

f that," said the Marquis, "you may be con-; I myself felt the delicacy of the matter too to place a gentleman nearly connected with my in a degrading or dubious situation with these ns. But I pointed out all the advantages of marrying their daughter into a house so honour-and so nearly related with the first in Scotland; ained the exact degree of relationship in which Ravenswoods stand to ourselves; and I even l how political matters were like to turn, and cards would be trumps next Parliament. I said I regarded you as a son—or a nephew rather than as a more distant relation; a made your affair entirely my own."

"And what was the issue of your lordshi nation?" said Ravenswood, in some doub he should resent or express gratitude for ference."

"Why the Lord Keeper would have listen son," said the Marquis; "he is rather un leave his place, which, in the present v change, must be vacated; and to say truth, h to have a liking for you, and to be sensil general advantages to be attained by such But his lady, who is tongue of the trump, Ma

"What of Lady Ashton, my lord?" said wood; "let me know the issue of this ext conference—I can bear it."

"I am glad of that, kinsman," said the "for I am ashamed to tell you half what sl is enough—her mind is made up—and the n a first-rate boarding school could not hav with more haughty indifference the suit of a Irish officer, beseeching permission to wait heiress of a West India planter, than L ton spurned every proposal of mediation could at all become me to offer in behalf o good kinsman. I cannot guess what she m more honourable connexion she could not fo certain. As for money and land, that used husband's business rather than hers; I re she hates you for having the rank which he has not, and perhaps for not having the la her goodman has. But I should only vex y more about it—here we are at the change-h

The Master of Ravenswood paused as h the cottage, which reeked through all its cre they were not few, from the exertions of quis's travelling cooks to supply good c spread, as it were, a table in the wilderness.

"My Lord Marquis," said Ravenswood, " mentioned that accident has put your lo possession of a secret, which, with my should have remained one even to you, my for some time. Since the secret was to my own custody, and that of the only perso who was interested in it, I am not sorry have reached your lordship's ears, as be aware that you are my noble kinsman and

"You may believe it is safely lodged with ter of Ravenswood," said the Marquis; "bu like well to hear you say, that you renou idea of an alliance, which you can hardly pur out a certain degree of degradation."

"Of that, my Lord, I shall judge," ansv venswood, "and I hope with delicacy as se any of my friends. But I have no engage Sir William and Lady Ashton. It is with ton alone that I have entered upon the su my conduct in the matter shall be entirely hers. If she continues to prefer me in my the wealthier suitors whom her friends re I may well make some sacrifice to her sin tion—I may well surrender to her the les and less palpable advantages of birth, and rooted prejudices of family hatred. If Miss ton should change her mind on a subje delicacy, I trust my friends will be silent appointment, and I shall know how to enemies so."

"Spoke like a gallant young nobleman, Marquis; "for my part I have that regar that I should be sorry the thing went on. William Ashton was a pretty enough p kind of a lawyer twenty years ago, and be tling at the bar, and leading in committee ment, he has got well on—the Darian him a lift, for he had good intelligence views, and sold out in time—but the be had out of him. No government will t his own, or rather his wife's extravagant and betwixt his indecision and her insol all I can guess, he will outsit his market, cheap when no one will bid for him. I s of Miss Ashton; but I assure you, a coun

her father will be neither useful nor ornamental, beyond that part of your father's spoils which he may be prevailed upon to disgorge by way of tocher good --and take my word for it, you will get more if you have spirit to bell the cat with him in the House of Peers.—And I will be the man, cousin," continued his lordship, "will course the fox for you, and make him rue the day that ever he refused a composition too honourable for him, and proposed by me on the behalf of a kinsman."

There was something in all this that, as it were, overshot the mark. Ravenswood could not disguise from himself that his noble kinsman had more reasons for taking offence at the reception of his suit, than regarded his interest and honour, yet he could neither complain nor be surprised that it should be so. He contented himself therefore with repeating, that his attachment was to Miss Ashton personally; that he desired neither wealth nor aggrandizement from her father's means and influence; and that nothing should prevent his keeping his engagement, excepting her own expressed desire that it should be relinquished—and he requested as a favour that the matter might be no more mentioned betwixt them at present, assuring the Marquis of A—— that he should be his confidant in its progress or its interruption.

The Marquis soon had more agreeable, as well as more interesting subjects on which to converse. A foot post, who had followed him from Edinburgh to Ravenswood Castle, and had traced his steps to the Tod's-hole, brought him a packet laden with good news. The political calculations of the Marquis had proved just, both in London and at Edinburgh, and he saw almost within his grasp, the pre-eminence for which he had panted.—The refreshments which the servants had prepared were now put on the table, and an epicure would perhaps have enjoyed them with additional zest, from the contrast which such fare afforded to the miserable cabin in which it was served up.

The turn of conversation corresponded with and added to the social feelings of the company. The Marquis expanded with pleasure on the power which probable incidents were likely to assign to him, and on the use which he hoped to make of it in serving his kinsman Ravenswood. Ravenswood could but repeat the gratitude which he really felt, even when he considered the topic as too long dwelt upon. The wine was excellent, notwithstanding its having been brought in a rundlet from Edinburgh; and the habits of the Marquis, when engaged with such good cheer, were somewhat sedentary. And so it fell out that they delayed their journey two hours later than was their original purpose.

"But what of that, my good young friend?" said the Marquis; "your Castle of Wolf's Crag is but at five or six miles distance, and will afford the same hospitality to your kinsman of A——, that it gave to this same Sir William Ashton."

"Sir William took the castle by storm," said Ravenswood, "and, like many a victor, had little reason to congratulate himself on his conquest."

"Well, well!" said Lord A——, whose dignity was something relaxed by the wine he had drunk,- "I see I must bribe you to harbour me—Come, pledge me in a bumper health to the last young lady that slept at Wolf's Crag, and liked her quarters.—My bones are not so tender as hers, and I am resolved to occupy her apartment to-night, that I may judge how hard the couch is that love can soften."

"Your lordship may choose what penance you please," said Ravenswood; "but I assure you, I should expect my old servant to hang himself, or throw himself from the battlements, should your lordship visit him so unexpectedly -I do assure you, we are totally and literally unprovided."

But his declaration only brought from his noble patron an assurance of his own total indifference as to every species of accommodation, and his determination to see the Tower of Wolf's Crag. His ancestor, he said, had been feasted there, when he went forward with the then Lord Ravenswood to the fatal battle of Flodden, in which they both fell. Thus hard pressed, the Master offered to ride forward to get

matters put in such preparation as time
stances admitted; but the Marquis prote
man must afford him his company, an
consent that an avant-courier should
destined Seneschal, Caleb Balderston
pected news of this invasion.

The Master of Ravenswood soon after
the Marquis in his carriage, as the latter h
and when they became better acquainte
gress of the journey, his noble relation
very liberal views which he entertained
tion's preferment, in case of the succes
political schemes. They related to a secr
important commission beyond sea, whi
be intrusted to a person of rank, talent
confidence, and which, as it required gr
reliance on the envoy employed, could r
both honourable and advantageous to hi
not enter into the nature and purpose of
sion, farther than to acquaint our rea
charge was in prospect highly acce
Master of Ravenswood, who hailed wit
hope of emerging from his present stat
and inaction, into independence and h
ertion.

While he listened thus eagerly to the
which the Marquis now thought it ne
trust him, the messenger who had been
the Tower of Wolf's Crag, returned wi
derstone's humble duty, and an assura
should be in seemly order, sic as the
permitted, to receive their lordships as i

Ravenswood was too well accustome
schal's mode of acting and speaking, t
from this confident assurance. He kne
acted upon the principle of the Spanish
the campaign of ——, who, much to the
the Prince of Orange, their commander-
to report their troops as full in number,
of all necessary points of equipment, nc
it consistent with their dignity, or the hor
to confess any deficiency either in men
until the want of both was unavoidably
the day of battle. Accordingly, Ravens
it necessary to give the Marquis some
fair assurance which they had just recei
leb, did not by any means insure them
indifferent reception.

"You do yourself injustice, Master,"
quis, "or you wish to surprise me agre
this window I see a great light in the dir
if I remember aright, Wolf's Crag lies;
from the splendour which the old Tower
it, the preparations for our reception
ordinary description. I remember your
the same deception on me, when we
Tower for a few days' hawking, about
since, and yet we spent our time as jol
Crag as we could have done at my owr
at B——."

"Your lordship, I fear, will experie
faculty of the present proprietor to entert
is greatly abridged," said Ravenswood
need hardly say, remains the same.
much at a loss as your lordship to ac
strong and brilliant a light as is now
Crag,--the windows of the Tower are fe
and those of the lower story are hidd
the walls of the court. I cannot conc
illumination of an ordinary nature coul
a blaze of light."

The mystery was soon explained; for
almost instantly halted, and the voice
derstone was heard at the coach windov
in accents broken by grief and fear, "O
--Och, my gude lords- Och, haud to
Wolf's Crag is burning, bower and ha
plenishing outside and inside--a' the fi
tures, tapestries, needle-wark, hanging
decorements—a' in a bleeze, as if they
than sae mony peats, or as muckle peas
to the right, gentlemen, I implore ye
sma' provisions making at Lucky Smal
wae for this night, and wae for me that

ord's time—a' in the vau'ts of the auld
fire canna be far aff it, I trow—Lord's
e right, lads—to the right—let's put the hill
and peril,—a wap wi' a corner-stane o'
g wad defy the doctor!"

adily be supposed that this annunciation
Marquis and his attendants into the route
b prescribed, dragging Ravenswood along
, although there was much in the matter
uld not possibly comprehend. "Gunpow-
xclaimed, laying hold of Caleb, who in
voured to escape from him. "what gun-
How any quantity of powder could be in
g without my knowledge, I cannot possibly
d."

an," interrupted the Marquis, whispering
n comprehend it thoroughly—for God's
im no more questions at present."

t is, now," said Caleb, extricating himself
aster, and adjusting his dress, "your ho-
elieve his lordship's honourable testimony
hip minds weel, how, in the year that him
ing Willie died"——

hush, my good friend!" said the Marquis;
tisfy your master upon that subject."

e people at Wolf's-hope"—said Ravens-
l none of them come to your assistance
lame got so high?"

they, mony ane of them, the rapscallions!"
; "but truly I was in nae hurry to let them
wer, where there were so much plate and
'

nd you for an impudent liar!" said Ra-
in uncontrollable ire, "there was not a
e of"——

' said the butler, most irreverently raising
a pitch which drowned his master's, "the
ast on us, owing to the store of tapestry
timmer in the banqueting ha', and the
ike scauded rats sae sune as they heard of
ther."

treat," said the Marquis to Ravenswood,
sk him no more questions."

e, my lord—What has become of poor

" said Caleb, "I had nae time to look about

ter's departure, he found himself absolutely compelled by some necessary business, to visit the fishing hamlet, and was gliding like a ghost past the door of the cooper, for fear of being summoned to give some account of the progress of the solicitation in his favour, or, more probably, that the inmates might upbraid him with the false hope he had held out upon the subject, he heard himself, not without some apprehension, summoned at once in treble, tenor, and bass,—a trio performed by the voices of Mrs. Girder, old Dame Loup-the-dike, and the goodman of the dwelling—"Mr. Caleb—Mr. Caleb—Mr. Caleb Balderstone! I hope you arena gauging dry-lipped by our door, and we sae muckle indebted to you?"

This might be said ironically as well as in earnest. Caleb augured the worst, turned a deaf ear to the trio aforesaid, and was moving doggedly on, his ancient castor pulled over his brows, and his eyes bent on the ground, as if to count the flinty pebbles with which the rude pathway was causewayed. But on a sudden he found himself surrounded in his progress, like a stately merchantman in the Gut of Gibraltar (I hope the ladies will excuse the tarpaulin phrase) by three Algerine galleys.

"Gude guide us, Mr. Balderstone!" said Mrs. Girder.

"Wha wad hae thought it of an auld and kend friend!" said the mother.

"And no sae muckle as stay to receive our thanks," said the cooper himself, "and frae the like o' me that seldom offers them! I am sure I hope there's nae ill seed sawn between us, Mr. Balderstone—Ony man that has said to ye, I am no gratefu' for the situation of Queen's cooper, let me hae a whample at him wi' mine eatche*—that's a'."

"My good friends—my dear friends," said Caleb, still doubting how the certainty of the matter might stand, "what needs a' this ceremony?—ane tries to serve their friends, and sometimes they may happen to prosper, and sometimes to misgie—naething I care to be fashed wi' less than thanks—I never could bide them."

"Faith Mr. Balderstone, ye suld hae been fashed wi' few o' mine," said the downright man of stave and hoops, "if I had only your gude-will to thank y for—I suld e'en hae set the guse, and the wild [illegible] and the runlet of sack, to balance that accou

"To be sure, he canna but hae heard," said the good woman.

"Ay, to be sure, it's impossible but I should," said Caleb; "and sae I'll be the first to kiss ye, joe, and wish you, cooper, much joy of your preferment, nae-thing doubting but ye ken wha are your friends, and *have* helped ye, and *can* help ye. I thought it right to look a wee strange upon it at first," added Caleb, "just to see if ye were made of the right mettle— but ye ring true, lad, ye ring true!"

So saying, with a most lordly air he kissed the women, and abandoned his hand, with an air of serene patronage, to the hearty shake of Mr. Girder's horn-hard palm. Upon this complete, and to Caleb most satisfactory, information, he did not, it may readily be believed, hesitate to accept an invitation to a solemn feast, to which were invited, not only all the *notables* of the village, but even his ancient antagonist, Mr. Dingwall himself. At this festivity he was of course, the most welcome and most honoured guest; and so well did he ply the company with stories of what he could do with his master, his master with the Lord Keeper, the Lord Keeper with the Council, and the Council with the King, that before the company dismissed, (which was, indeed, rather at an early hour than a late one,) every man of note in the village was ascending to the top-gallant of some ideal preferment by the ladder of ropes which Caleb had presented to their imagination. Nay, the cunning butler regained in that moment, not only all the influence he possessed formerly over the villagers, when the baronial family which he served were at the proudest, but acquired even an accession of importance. The writer—the very attorney himself—such is the thirst of preferment—felt the force of the attraction, and taking an opportunity to draw Caleb into a corner, spoke, with affectionate regret, of the declining health of the sheriff-clerk of the county.

"An excellent man—a most valuable man, Mr. Caleb—but fat sall I say!—we are peer feckless bodies—here the day, and awa by cock-screech the morn—and if he failzies, there maun be somebody in his place—and gif that ye could airt it my way, I sall be thankful, man—a gluve stuffed wi' gowd nobles—an' hark ye, man, something canny till yoursell—and the Wolf's-hope carles to settle kindly wi' the Master of Ravenswood—that is, Lord Ravenswood—God bless his lordship!"

A smile, and a hearty squeeze by the hand, was the suitable answer to this overture—and Caleb made his escape from the jovial party, in order to avoid committing himself by any special promises.

"The Lord be gude to me," said Caleb, when he found himself in the open air, and at liberty to give vent to the self exultation with which he was, as it were distended; "did ever ony man see sic a set of green-gaislings!—the very pick-maws and solangeese outby yonder at the Bass hae ten times their sense!—God, an I had been the Lord High Commissioner to the Estates o' Parliament, they couldna hae beflumm'd me mair--and, to speak Heaven's truth, I could hardly hae beflumm'd them better neither! But the writer--ha! ha! ha!—ah, ha! ha! ha! mercy on me, that I suld live in my auld days to gie the gang-by to the very writer!- Sheriff-clerk ! ! !—But I hae an auld account to settle wi' the carle; and to make amends for byganes, the office shall just cost him as much time-serving and tide-serving, as if he were to get it in gude earnest--of whilk there is sma' appearance, unless the Master learns mair the ways of this warld, whilk it is muckle to be doubted that he never will do."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Why flames yon far summit—why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast!
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From thine eyry, that beacons the darkness of Heaven.

Campbell.

The circumstances announced in the conclusion of the last chapter, will account for the ready and cheerful reception of the Marquis of A—— and the Master of Ravenswood in the village of Wolf's-hope. *In fact, Caleb had no* sooner announced the conflagration of the tower, than the whole hamlet were upon foot to hasten to extinguish the flames. And although that zealous adherent diverted their zeal by intimating the formidable contents of the subterranean apartments, yet the check only turned their assiduity into another direction. Never had there been such slaughtering of capons, and fat geese, and barn-door fowls,—never such boiling of *reested* hams,—never such making of car-cakes and sweet scones, Selkirk bannocks, cookies, and petticoat-tails,—delicacies little known to the present generation. Never had there been such a tapping of barrels, and such uncorking of graybeards, in the village of Wolf's-hope. All the inferior houses were thrown open for the reception of the Marquis's dependants, who came, it was thought, as precursors of the shower of preferment, which hereafter was to leave the rest of Scotland dry, in order to distil its rich dews on the village of Wolf's-hope under Lammermoor. The minister put in his claim to have the guests of distinction lodged at the Manse, having his eye, it was thought, upon a neighbouring preferment, where the incumbent was sickly; but Mr. Balderstone destined that honour to the cooper, his wife, and wife's mother, who danced for joy at the preference thus assigned them.

Many a beck and many a bow welcomed these noble guests to as good entertainment as persons of such rank could set before such visiters; and the old dame, who had formerly lived in Ravenswood Castle, and knew, as she said, the ways of the nobility, was in no whit wanting in arranging matters, as well as circumstances permitted, according to the etiquette of the times. The cooper's house was so roomy, that each guest had his separate retiring room, to which they were ushered with all due ceremony, while the plentiful supper was in the act of being placed upon the table.

Ravenswood no sooner found himself alone, than, impelled by a thousand feelings, he left the apartment, the house, and the village, and hastily retraced his steps to the brow of the hill, which rose betwixt the village, and screened it from the tower, in order to view the final fall of the house of his fathers. Some idle boys from the hamlet had taken the same direction out of curiosity, having first witnessed the arrival of the coach-and-six and its attendants. As they ran one by one past the Master, calling to each other to "come and see the auld tower blaw up in the lift like the peelings of an ingan," he could not but feel himself moved with indignation. "And these are the sons of my father's vassals," he said—"of men bound, both by law and gratitude, to follow our steps through battle, and fire, and flood; and now the destruction of their liege-lord's house is but a holiday's sight to them!"

These exasperating reflections were partly expressed in the acrimony with which he exclaimed, on feeling himself pulled by the cloak,—"What do you want, you dog?"

"I am a dog, and an auld dog too," answered Caleb, for it was he who had taken the freedom, "and I am like to get a dog's wages—but it does not signification a pinch of sneeshing, for I am ower auld a dog to learn new tricks, or to follow a new master."

As he spoke, Ravenswood attained the ridge of the hill from which Wolf's Crag was visible; the flames had entirely sunk down, and, to his great surprise, there was only a dusky reddening upon the clouds immediately over the castle, which seemed the reflection of the embers of the sunken fire.

"The place cannot have blown up," said the Master; "we must have heard the report—if a quarter of the gunpowder was there you tell me of, it would have been heard twenty miles off."

"It's very like it wad," said Balderstone, composedly.

"Then the fire cannot have reached the vaults?"

"It's like no," answered Caleb, with the same impenetrable gravity.

"Hark ye, Caleb," said his master, "this grows a little too much for my patience. I must go and examine how matters stand at Wolf's Crag myself."

honour is ganging to gang nae sic gate." b, firmly.

why not?" said Ravenswood, sharply; "who shall prevent me?"

I mysell," said Caleb, with the same deter-.

Balderstone!" replied the Master; "you are g yoursell, I think."

think no," said Balderstone; "for I can e a' about the castle on this knowe-head as f ye were at it. Only dinna pit yoursell into , and expose yoursell before the weans, or Marquis, when ye gang downby."

k out, you old fool," replied his master, "and now the best and the worst at once."

he best and the warst is, just that the tower ng had and fear, as safe and as empty as left it."

d!--and the fire?" said Ravenswood.

a gleed of fire, then, except the bit kindling l maybe a spunk in Mysie's cutty-pipe," aleb.

he flame?" demanded Ravenswood; "the ize which might have been seen ten miles off ccasioned that?"

awa! it's an auld saying and a true, -

Little's the light
Will be seen far in a mirk night.

fern and horse litter that I fired in the court- er sending back the loon of a footman; and, heaven's truth, the next time that ye send or ny body here, let them be gentles allenarily, ony fremd servants like that chield Lock- be gledging and glee'ing about, and looking e wrang side of a' o's housekeeping, to the of the family, and forcing ane to damn their telling ae lee after another faster than I can em--I wad rather set fire to the tower in nest, and burn it ower my ain head into the or I see the family dishonoured in the sort."

n my word, I am infinitely obliged by the pro- aleb," said his master, scarce able to restrain ter, though rather angry at the same time. gunpowder?--is there such a thing in the The Marquis seemed to know of it."

pouther--ha! ha! ha!--the Marquis--na! " replied Caleb; "if your honour were to , I behooved to laugh--the Marquis--the pou- as it there? ay, it was there. Did he ken certie! the Marquis kend o't, and it was f the game; for when I could nae pacify your wi' a' that I could say, I aye threw out a ir about the gunpouther, and garr'd the Mar- the job in his ain hand."

You have not answered my question," said the impatiently; "how came the powder there, re is it now?"

t came there, an ye maun needs ken," said oking mysteriously, and whispering, "when is like to be a wee bit rising here; and the and a' the great lords of the north, were a' d mony a gude's gun and broadsword were ower fra Dunkirk forby the pouther awtn' e had getting them into the tower under cloud for ye maun think it wasna every body could d wi' sic kittle jobs--But if ye will gae hame supper, I will tell you a' about it as ye gang

these wretched boys," said Ravenswood, "is pleasure they are to sit there all night, to wait blowing up of a tower that is not even on

ly not, if it is your honour's pleasure that they g hame; although," added Caleb, "it wadna a grain's damage--they wad screigh less the y, and sleep the sounder at e'en--But just as nour likes."

ing accordingly towards the urchins who l the knolls near which they stood, Caleb d them, in an authoritative tone, that their s Lord Ravenswood and the Marquis of ad given orders that the tower was not to till next day at noon. The boys dispersed is comfortable assurance. One or two, how-ever, followed Caleb for more information, particularly the urchin whom he had cheated while officiating as turnspit, who screamed, "Mr. Balderstone! Mr. Balderstone! than the castle's gane out like an auld wife's spunk?"

"To be sure it is, callant," said the butler; "do ye think the castle of as great a lord as Lord Ravenswood wad continue in a bleeze, and him standing looking on wi' his ain very een?--It's aye right," continued Caleb, shaking off his ragged page, and closing in to his master, "to train up weans, as the wise man says, in the way they should go, and, aboon a', to teach them respect to their superiors."

"But all this while, Caleb, you have never told me what became of the arms and powder," said Ravenswood.

"Why, as for the arms," said Caleb, "it was just like the bairn's rhyme--

'Some gaed east, and some gaed west,
And some gaed to the craw's nest.'

And for the pouther, I e'en changed it, as occasion served, with the skippers o' Dutch luggers and French vessels, for gin and brandy, and it served the house mony a year--a gude swap too, between what cheereth the soul of man and that which dings it clean out of his body; forby, I keepit a wheen pounds of it for yoursell when ye wanted to take the pleasure o' shooting--whiles, in these latter days, I wad hardly hae kend else whar to get pouther for your pleasure. --And now that your anger is ower, sir, wasna that weel managed o' me, and arena ye far better sorted doun yonder, than ye could hae been in your ain auld ruins upby yonder, as the case stands wi' us now?--the mair's the pity."

"I believe you may be right, Caleb; but, before burning down my castle, either in jest or in earnest," said Ravenswood, "I think I had a right to be in the secret."

"Fie for shame, your honour!" replied Caleb; "it fits an auld carle like me weel enough to tell lees for the credit of the family, but it wadna beseem the like o' your honour's sell; besides, young folk are no judicious--they cannot make the maist of a bit figment. Now this fire--for a fire it sall be, if I suld burn the auld stable to make it mair feasible--this fire, besides that it will be an excuse for asking ony thing we want through the country, or doun at the haven--this fire will settle mony things on an honourable footing for the family's credit, that cost me telling twenty daily lees to a wheen idle chaps and queans, and, what's waur, without gaining credence."

"That was hard indeed, Caleb; but I do not see how this fire should help your veracity or your credit."

"There it is now!" said Caleb; "wasna I saying that young folk had a green judgment?--How suld it help me, quotha? it will be a creditable apology for the honour of the family for this score of years to come, if it is weel guided. Where's the family pictures? says ae meddling body--the great fire at Wolf's Crag, answers I. Where's the family plate? says another--the great fire, says I; wha was to think of plate, when life and limb were in danger?--Where's the wardrobe and the linens?--where's the tapestries and the decorements?--beds of state, twilts, pands and testors, napery and broidered wark?--The fire--the fire--the fire. Guide the fire weel, and it will serve ye for a' that ye suld have and have not--and, in some sort, a gude excuse is better than the things themselves; for they maun crack and wear out, and be consumed by time, whereas a gude off come, prudently and creditably handled, may serve a noble man and his family, Lord kens how lang!"

Ravenswood was too well acquainted with his butler's pertinacity and self-opinion, to dispute the point with him any farther. Leaving Caleb, therefore, to the enjoyment of his own successful ingenuity, he returned to the hamlet, where he found the Marquis and the good women of the mansion under some anxiety--the former on account of his absence, the others for the discredit their cookery might sustain by the delay of the supper. All were now at ease, and heard with pleasure that the fire at the castle had burned out of itself without reaching the vaults, which was the only information that Ravenswood

thought it proper to give in public concerning the event of his butler's stratagem.

They sat down to an excellent supper. No invitation could prevail on Mr. and Mrs. Girder, even in their own house, to sit down at table with guests of such high quality. They remained standing in the apartment, and acted the part of respectful and careful attendants on the company. Such were the manners of the time. The elder dame, confident through her age and connexion with the Ravenswood family, was less scrupulously ceremonious. She played a mixed part betwixt that of the hostess of an inn, and the mistress of a private house, who receives guests above her own degree. She recommended, and even pressed, what she thought best, and was herself easily entreated to take a moderate share of the good cheer, in order to encourage her guests by her own example. Often she interrupted herself, to express her regret that "my lord did not eat – that the Master was pyking a bare bane—that, to be sure, there was naething there fit to set before their honours – that Lord Allan, rest his saul, used to like a pouthered guse, and said it was Latin for a tass o' brandy – that the brandy came frae France direct; for, for a' the English laws and gaugers, the Wolf's-hope brigs hadna forgotten the gate to Dunkirk."

Here the cooper admonished his mother-in-law with his elbow, which procured him the following special notice in the progress of her speech.

"Ye needna be dunshin that gate, John," continued the old lady; "naebody says that *ye* ken whar the brandy comes frae; and it wadna be fitting ye should, and you the queen's cooper; and what signifies't," continued she, addressing Lord Ravenswood, "to king, queen, or keiser, whar an auld wife like me buys her pickle sneeshin, or her drap brandy-wine, to haud her heart up?"

Having thus extricated herself from her supposed false step, Dame Loup-the-dyke proceeded, during the rest of the evening, to supply, with great animation, and very little assistance from her guests, the funds necessary for the support of the conversation, until, declining any further circulation of their glass, her guests requested her permission to retire to their apartments.

The Marquis occupied the chamber of dais, which, in every house above the rank of a mere cottage, was kept sacred for such high occasions as the present. The modern finishing with plaster was then unknown, and tapestry was confined to the houses of the nobility and superior gentry. The cooper, therefore, who was a man of some vanity, as well as some wealth, had imitated the fashion observed by the inferior landholders and clergy, who usually ornamented their state apartments with hangings of a sort of stamped leather, manufactured in the Netherlands, garnished with trees and animals executed in copper foil, and with many a pithy sentence of morality, which, although couched in Low Dutch, were perhaps as much attended to in practice as if written in broad Scotch. The whole had somewhat of a gloomy aspect; but the fire, composed of old pitch-barrel staves, blazed merrily up the chimney; the bed was decorated with linen of most fresh and dazzling whiteness, which had never before been used, and might, perhaps, have never been used at all, but for this high occasion. On the toilette beside, stood an old-fashioned mirror, in a fillagree frame, part of the dispersed finery of the neighbouring castle. It was flanked by a long-necked bottle of Florence wine, by which stood a glass nearly as tall, resembling in shape that which Teniers usually places in the hands of his own portrait, when he paints himself as mingling in the revels of a country village. To counterbalance those foreign centinels, there mounted guard on the other side of the mirror two stout warders of Scottish lineage; a jug, namely, of double ale, which held a Scotch pint, and a quegh, or bicker, of ivory and ebony, hooped with silver, the work of John Girder's own hands, and the pride of his heart. Besides these preparations against thirst, there was a goodly diet-loaf, or sweet-cake; so that, with such auxiliaries, the apartment seemed victualled *against a siege* of two or three days.

It only remains to say, that the Marquis
in attendance, displaying his master's broc
gown, and richly embroidered velvet ca
faced with Brussels lace, upon a huge le
chair, wheeled round so as to have the ful
of the comfortable fire which we have al
tioned. We therefore commit that emine
his night's repose, trusting he profited b
preparations made for his accommodatio
tions which we have mentioned in det
trative of ancient Scottish manners.

It is not necessary we should be equall
describing the sleeping apartment of th
Ravenswood, which was that usually occ
goodman and goodwife themselves. It
fortably hung with a sort of worm-colour
manufactured in Scotland, approaching i
what is now called shaloon. A staring
John Girder himself ornamented this
painted by a starving Frenchman, who
knows how or why, strolled over from I
Dunkirk to Wolf's-hope in a smuggling d
features were, indeed, those of the stubbor
tive, yet sensible artisan, but Monsieur ha
to throw a French grace into the look and
utterly inconsistent with the dogged gr
original, that it was impossible to look a
laughing. John and his family, howe
themselves not a little upon this picture
proportionably censured by the neighbou
pronounced that the cooper, in sitting fo
and yet more in presuming to hang it up
chamber, had exceeded his privilege as
man of the village; at once stept beyond
of his own rank, and encroached upon t
superior orders; and, in fine, had been guil
overweening act of vanity and presumptio
for the memory of my deceased friend, M
Tinto, has obliged me to treat this matt
length; but I spare the reader his pro
curious observations, as well upon the c
the French school, as upon the state of
Scotland, at the beginning of the eighteen

The other preparations of the Master
apartment, were similar to those in the
dais.

At the usual early hour of that period, t
of A—— and his kinsman prepared to re
journey. This could not be done withou
breakfast, in which cold meat and hot me
meal flummery, wine and spirits, and mil
every possible mode of preparation, evince
desire to do honour to their guests, whic
shown by the hospitable owners of the ma
the evening before. All the bustle of pre
departure now resounded through Wolf's-h
was paying of bills and shaking of hands, a
of horses, and harnessing of carriages, and
of drink-money. The Marquis left a bro
the gratification of John Girder's household
the said John, was for some time disposed
to his own use; Dingwall the writer assuri
was justified in so doing, seeing he was th
of those expenses which were the occas
gratification. But, notwithstanding this l
rity, John could not find in his heart to dim
dour of his late hospitality, by pocketing a
the nature of a gratuity. He only assured
he would consider them as a damned ungra
if they bought a gill of brandy elsewhere t
his own stores; and as the drink-money
to go to its legitimate use, he comforted hi
in this manner, the Marquis's donative wou
any impeachment of credit and character,
mately into his own exclusive possession.

While arrangements were making for
Ravenswood made blithe the heart of h
butler, by informing him, cautiously how
he knew Caleb's warmth of imagination,)
bable change which was about to take p
fortunes. He deposited with Balderstone a
time, the greater part of his slender fund
assurance, which he was obliged to reite
than once, that he himself had sufficient

rospect. He, therefore, enjoined Caleb, as l his favour, to desist from all farther ma- against the inhabitants of Wolf's-hope, their ultry-yards, and substance whatsoever. In ibition the old domestic acquiesced more an his master expected.

s doubtless," he said, "a shame, a discredit, , to harry the puir creatures, when the family ircumstances to live honourably on their ain and there might be wisdom," he added, "in sin a while s breathing time at any rate, that it be the more readily brought forward upon ir's future occasions."

iatter being settled, and, having taken an .te farewell of his old domestic, the Master nis noble relative, who was now ready to carriage. The two landladies, old and iving received in all kindly greeting, a kiss h of their noble guests, stood simpering at of their house, as the coach-and-six, followed in of clattering horsemen, thundered out of ge. John Girder also stood upon his thres- r looking at his honoured right hand, which so lately shaken by a marquis and a lord, giving a glance into the interior of his man- ich manifested all the disarray of the late if balancing the distinction which he had with the expenses of the entertainment.

gth he opened his oracular jaws. "Let every woman here set about their ain business, as vas nae sic thing as marquis or master, duke , laird or lord, in this world. Let the house ip, the broken meat set by, and if there is ony ally uneatable, let it be gien to the puir folk; mother and wife, I hae just ae thing to en- that ye will never speak to me a single word, bad, anent a' this nonsense wark, but keep racks about it to yoursells and your kim- my head is weelnigh dung donnart wi' it

in's authority was tolerably absolute, all to their usual occupations, leaving him to les in the air, if he had a mind, upon the iur which he had acquired by the expendi- i worldly substance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,
f she escapes my grasp, the fault is mine;
at hath buffeted with stern adversity,
nows to shape his course to favouring breezes.

Old Play.

vellers reached Edinburgh without any far- nture, and the Master of Ravenswood, as previously settled, took up his abode with friend.

mean time, the political crisis which had ected, took place, and the Tory party ob- the Scottish, as in the English councils of ine, a short-lived ascendancy, of which it is asiness to trace either the cause or conse- Suffice it to say, that it affected the dif- itical parties according to the nature of their . In England, many of the High Church th Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, at l, affected to separate their principles from he Jacobites, and, on that account, obtained nination of Whimsicals. The Scottish High party, on the contrary, or, as they termed es, the Cavaliers, were more consistent, if udent, in their politics, and viewed all the now made, as preparatory to calling to the upon the queen's demise, her brother, the de St. George. Those who had suffered in ce, now entertained the most unreasonable it only of indemnification, but of vengeance ir political adversaries; while families at- the Whig interest, saw nothing before them newal of the hardships they had undergone e reigns of Charles the Second and his bro- a retaliation of the confiscation which had icted upon the Jacobites during that of King

But the most alarmed at the change of system was that prudential set of persons, some of whom are found in all governments, but who abound in a provincial administration like that of Scotland during the period, and who are what Cromwell called waiters upon Providence, or in other words, uniform adherents to the party who are uppermost. Many of these hastened to read their recantation to the Marquis of A——; and, as it was easily seen that he took a deep interest in the affairs of his kinsman, the Master of Ravenswood, they were the first to suggest measures for retrieving at least a part of his property, and for restoring him in blood against his father's attainder.

Old Lord Turntippet professed to be one of the most anxious for the success of these measures; for "it grieved him to the very saul," he said, "to see so brave a young gentleman, of sic auld and undoubted nobility, and, what was mair than a' that, a bluid relation of the Marquis of A——, the man whom," he swore, "he honoured most upon the face of the yearth, brought to so severe a pass. For his ain puir peculiar," as he said, "and to contribute something to the rehabilitation of sae auld ane house," the said Turntippet sent in three family pictures lacking the frames, and six high-backed chairs, with worked Turkey cushions, having the crest of Ravenswood broidered thereon, without charging a penny either of the principal or interest they had cost him, when he bought them, sixteen years before, at a roup of the furniture of Lord Ravenswood's lodgings in the Canongate.

Much more to Lord Turntippet's dismay than to his surprise, although he affected to feel more of the latter than the former, the Marquis received his gift very drily, and observed, that his lordship's restitution, if he expected it to be received by the Master of Ravenswood and his friends, must comprehend a pretty large farm, which, having been mortgaged to Turntippet for a very inadequate sum, he had contrived, during the confusion of the family affairs, and by means well understood by the lawyers of that period, to acquire to himself in absolute property.

The old time-serving lord winced excessively under this requisition, protesting to God, that he saw no occasion the lad could have for the instant possession of the land, seeing he would doubtless now recover the bulk of his estate from Sir William Ashton, to which he was ready to contribute by every means in his power, as was just and reasonable; and finally declaring, that he was willing to settle the land on the young gentleman, after his own natural demise.

But all these excuses availed nothing, and he was compelled to disgorge the property, on receiving back the sum for which it had been mortgaged. Having no other means of making peace with the higher powers, he returned home sorrowful and malecontent, complaining to his confidants, "that every mutation or change in the state had hitherto been productive of some sma' advantage to him in his ain quiet affairs; but that the present had (pize upon it!) cost him one of the best pen-feathers o' his wing."

Similar measures were threatened against others who had profited by the wreck of the fortune of Ravenswood; and Sir William Ashton, in particular, was menaced with an appeal to the House of Peers against the judicial sentences under which he held the Castle and Barony of Ravenswood. With him, however, the Master, as well for Lucy's sake as on account of the hospitality he had received from him, felt himself under the necessity of proceeding with great candour. He wrote to the late Lord Keeper, for he no longer held that office, stating frankly the engagement which existed between him and Miss Ashton, requesting his permission for their union, and assuring him of his willingness to put the settlement of all matters between them upon such a footing, as Sir William himself should think favourable.

The same messenger was charged with a letter to Lady Ashton, deprecating any cause of displeasure which the Master might unintentionally have given her, enlarging upon his attachment to Miss Ashton, and the length to which it had proceeded, and conjuring the lady, as a Douglas in nature as well as in name, generously to forget ancient prejudices and misunderstandings; and to believe that the family

had acquired a friend, and she herself a respectful and attached humble servant, in him who subscribed himself Edgar, Master of Ravenswood.

A third letter Ravenswood addressed to Lucy, and the messenger was instructed to find some secret and secure means of delivering it into her own hands. It contained the strongest protestations of continued affection, and dwelt upon the approaching change of the writer's fortunes, as chiefly valuable by tending to remove the impediments to their union. He related the steps he had taken to overcome the prejudices of her parents, and especially of her mother, and expressed his hope they might prove effectual. If not, he still trusted that his absence from Scotland upon an important and honourable mission might give time for prejudices to die away; while he hoped and trusted Miss Ashton's constancy, on which he had the most implicit reliance, would baffle any effort that might be used to divert her attachment. Much more there was, which, however interesting to the lovers themselves, would afford the reader neither interest nor information. To each of these three letters the Master of Ravenswood received an answer, but by different means of conveyance, and certainly couched in very different styles.

Lady Ashton answered his letter by his own messenger, who was not allowed to remain at Ravenswood a moment longer than she was engaged in penning these lines. "For the hand of Mr. Ravenswood of Wolf's Crag. These:

"SIR, UNKNOWN,

"I have received a letter, signed Edgar, Master of Ravenswood, concerning the writer whereof I am uncertain, seeing that the honours of such a family were forfeited for high treason in the person of Allan, late Lord Ravenswood. Sir, if you shall happen to be the person so subscribing, you are to know, that I claim the full interest of a parent in Miss Lucy Ashton, which I have disposed of irrevocably in behalf of a worthy person. And, sir, were this otherwise, I would not listen to a proposal from you, or any of your house, seeing their hand has been uniformly held up against the freedom of the subject, and the immunities of God's kirk. Sir, it is not a flightering blink of prosperity which can change my constant opinion in this regard, seeing it has been my lot before now, like holy David, to see the wicked great in power, and flourishing like a green bay tree; nevertheless I passed, and they were not, and the place thereof knew them no more. Wishing you to lay these things to your heart for your own sake, so far as they may concern you, I pray you to take no farther notice of her, who desires to remain your unknown servant,

"MARGARET DOUGLAS,
"otherwise ASHTON."

About two days after he had received this very unsatisfactory epistle, the Master of Ravenswood, while walking up the High Street of Edinburgh, was jostled by a person, in whom, as the man pulled off his hat to make an apology, he recognised Lockhard, the confidential domestic of Sir William Ashton. The man bowed, slipt a letter into his hand, and disappeared. The packet contained four close-written folios, from which, however, as is sometimes incident to the compositions of great lawyers, little could be extracted, excepting that the writer felt himself in a very puzzling predicament.

Sir William spoke at length of his high value and regard for his dear young friend, the Master of Ravenswood, and of his very extreme high value and regard for the Marquis of A——, his very dear old friend;—he trusted that any measures that they might adopt, in which he was concerned, would be carried on with due regard to the sanctity of decreets, and judgments obtained *in foro contentioso*; protesting, before men and angels, that if the law of Scotland, as declared in her supreme courts, were to undergo a reversal in the English House of Lords, the evils which would thence arise to the public would inflict a greater wound upon his heart, than any loss he might himself sustain by such irregular proceedings. He flou-
rished much on generosity and forgiveness o
injuries, and hinted at the mutability of huma
always favourite topics with the weaker
politics. He pathetically lamented, and ge
sured, the haste which had been used in depri
of his situation of Lord Keeper, which his e
had enabled him to fill with some advanta
public, without so much as giving him an op
of explaining how far his own views of gener
might essentially differ from those now i
He was convinced the Marquis of A—— ha
cere intentions towards the public, as himse
man; and if, upon a conference, they cou
agreed upon the measures by which it was t
sued, his experience and his interest should h
to support the present administration. Upo
gagement betwixt Ravenswood and his dau
spoke in a dry and confused manner. He
so premature a step as the engagement of t
people should have been taken, and con
Master to remember he had never given an
ragement thereunto; and observed, that, as
action *inter minores*, and without concurren
daughter's natural curators, the engagem
inept, and void in law. This precipitate me
added, had procured a very bad effect upon L
ton's mind, which it was impossible at pres
move. Her son, Colonel Douglas Ashton,
braced her prejudices in the fullest extent, a
impossible for Sir William to adopt a course
able to them, without a fatal and irreconcilab
in his family; which was not at present to b
of. Time, the great physician, he hoped, wo
all.

In a postscript, Sir William said someth
explicitly, which seemed to intimate, that ra
the law of Scotland should sustain a seve
through his sides, by a reversal of the judgm
supreme courts, in the case of the Barony o
wood, through the intervention of what, wi
mission, he must term a foreign court of a
himself would extrajudicially consent to co
sacrifices.

From Lucy Ashton, by some unknown co
the Master received the following lines:—"
yours, but it was at the utmost risk; do no
to write again till better times. I am sore b
will be true to my word, while the exercise o
son is vouchsafed to me. That you are h
prosperous is some consolation, and my
requires it all." The note was signed L. A.

This letter filled Ravenswood with the m
alarm. He made many attempts, notwith
her prohibition, to convey letters to Miss As
even to obtain an interview; but his plans w
trated, and he had only the mortification
that anxious and effectual precautions had b
to prevent the possibility of their corresp
The Master was the more distressed by thes
stances, as it became impossible to delay hi
ure from Scotland, upon the important missi
had been confided to him. Before his dep
put Sir William Ashton's letter into the han
Marquis of A——, who observed with a s
Sir William's day of grace was past, and th
now to learn which side of the hedge the su
to. It was with the greatest difficulty that
wood extorted from the Marquis a promis
would compromise the proceedings in Pa
providing Sir William should be disposed to
in a union betwixt him and Lucy Ashton.

"I would hardly," said the Marquis, "c
your throwing away your birth-right in this
were I not perfectly confident that Lady A
Lady Douglas, or whatever she calls hersel
Scotchmen say, keep her threep; and that
band dares not contradict her."

"But yet," said the Master, "I trust you
will consider my engagement as sacred?"

"Believe my word of honour," said the
"I would be a friend even to your follies; a
thus told you *my* opinion, I will endeavour,
sion offers, to serve you according to your ow
The Master of Ravenswood could but t

ıan and patron, and leave him full
all his affairs. He departed from
his mission, which, it was supposed,
ıim upon the continent for some

IAPTER XXVIII.

her. *Richard the Third.*

attended on either side of the huge s
ably, placed between them, supported
ent claret, two rummer glasses, and
... the countenance of the patron
... while the
... was taxed to the utmost,
e most dreaded, a fit, as he called it,
n the part of his protector. After a
ly interrupted by the devils' tattoo,
kept beating against the hearth with
oot, Craigengelt at last ventured to
"May I be double distressed," said
w a man in my life have less the air
! Cut me out of feather, if you have
k of a man condemned to be hanged."
anks for the compliment," replied
I suppose you think upon the p
ich you yourself are most likely to be
ay, Captain Craigengelt, if it please
why should I look merry, when I'm
said too?"
what vexes me," said Craigengelt,
atch, the best in the whole country,
were so anxious about, is on the
concluded, and you are as sulky as a
st its whelps."
now," answered the laird, doggedly,
... it or not, if it was not
r forwards to leap back."
exclaimed Craigengelt, with a well-
astonishment, "that would be play-
ame with a witness! Leap back!
girl's fortune"——
... said Hayston,
ı.
no disrespect meant.—Will Miss Ash-
weigh against any in Lothian?"
answered Bucklaw; "but I care not a
cher—I have enough of my own."
other, that loves you like her own

some of her children, I believe," said
here would be little love wared on the

l Sholto Douglas Ashton, who desires
ove all earthly things?"
said Bucklaw, "he expects to carry
——through my interest."
her, who is as keen to see the match
ver I have been to win a main?"
ucklaw, in the same disparaging man-
h Sir William's policy to secure the
ı, since he cannot barter his child to
Ravenswood estate, which the English
ls are about to wrench out of his

ou to the young lady herself?" said
he finest young woman in all Scot-
u used to be so fond of when she was
she consents to have you, and gives
up her engagement with Ravenswood, you are for
jibbing. I must say, the devil's in ye, when ye neither
know what you would have, nor what you would
want."

"I'll tell you my meaning in a word," answered
Bucklaw, getting up and walking through the room;
"I want to know what the devil is the cause of Miss
Ashton's changing her mind so suddenly?"

"And what need you care," said Craigengelt,
"since the change is in your favour?"

"I'll tell you what it is," returned his patron, "I
never knew much of that sort of fine ladies, and I
believe they may be as capricious as the devil; but
there is something in Miss Ashton's change, a devil-
ish deal too sudden, and too serious for a mere flisk
of her own. I'll be bound Lady Ashton understands
every machine for breaking in the human mind, and
there are as many as there are cannon-bits, martin-
gales, and cavessons for young colts."

"And if that were not the case," said Craigengelt,
"how the devil should we ever get them into training
at all?"

"And that's true too," said Bucklaw, suspending
his march through the dining-room, and leaning
upon the back of a chair.—"And besides, here's Ra-
venswood in the way still; do you think he'll give up
Lucy's engagement?"

"To be sure he will," answered Craigengelt; "what
good can it do him to refuse, since he wishes to marry
another woman, and she another man?"

"And you believe seriously," said Bucklaw, "that
he is going to marry the foreign lady we heard of?"

"You heard yourself," answered Craigengelt, "what
Captain Westenho said about it, and the great pre-
paration made for their blithsome bridal."

"Captain Westenho," replied Bucklaw, "has rather
too much of your own cast about him, Craigie, to
make what Sir William would call a 'famous wit-
ness.' He drinks deep, plays deep, swears deep, and
I suspect can lie and cheat a little into the bargain.
Useful qualities, Craigie, if kept in their proper sphere,
but which have a little too much of the freebooter to
make a figure in a court of evidence."

"Well, then," said Craigengelt, "will you believe
Colonel Douglas Ashton, who heard the Marquis of
A—— say in a public circle, but not aware that he
was within ear-shot, that his kinsman had made a
better arrangement for himself than to give his fa-
ther's land for the pale-cheeked daughter of a broken-
down fanatic, and that Bucklaw was welcome to the
wearing of Ravenswood's shaughled shoes."

"Did he say so, by heavens!" cried Bucklaw,
breaking out into one of those incontrollable fits of
passion to which he was constitutionally subject,—
"if I had heard him I would have torn the tongue
out of his throat before all his peats and minions,
and Highland bullies into the bargain. Why did not
Ashton run him through the body?"

"Capote me if I know," said the Captain. "He
deserved it sure enough; but he is an old man, and a
minister of state, and there would be more risk than
credit in meddling with him. You had more need to
think of making up to Miss Lucy Ashton the disgrace
that's like to fall upon her, than of interfering with a
man too old to fight, and on too high a stool for your
hand to reach him."

"It *shall* reach him, though, one day," said Buck-
law, "and his kinsman Ravenswood to boot. In the
mean time, I'll take care Miss Ashton receives no
discredit for the slight they have put upon her. It's
an awkward job, however, and I wish it were ended;
I scarce know how to talk to her,—but fill a bumper,
Craigie, and we'll drink her health. It grows late,
and a night-cowl of good claret is worth all the con-
sidering-caps in Europe."

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was the copy of our conference.
In bed she slept not, for my urging it;
At board she fed not, for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced at it.—*Comedy of Errors.*

The next morning saw Bucklaw, and his faithful
Achates, Craigengelt, at Ravenswood Castle. They

were most courteously received by the knight and his lady, as well as by their son and heir, Colonel Ashton. After a good deal of stammering and blushing,—for Bucklaw, notwithstanding his audacity in other matters, had all the sheepish bashfulness common to those who have lived little in respectable society,—he contrived at length to explain his wish to be admitted to a conference with Miss Ashton upon the subject of their approaching union. Sir William and his son looked at Lady Ashton, who replied with the greatest composure, "that Lucy would wait upon Mr. Hayston directly. I hope," she added with a smile, "that as Lucy is very young, and has been lately trepanned into an engagement, of which she is now heartily ashamed, our dear Bucklaw will excuse her wish, that I should be present at their interview?"

"In truth, my dear lady," said Bucklaw, "it is the very thing that I would have desired on my own account; for I have been so little accustomed to what is called gallantry, that I shall certainly fall into some cursed mistake, unless I have the advantage of your ladyship as an interpreter."

It was thus that Bucklaw, in the perturbation of his embarrassment upon this critical occasion, forgot the just apprehensions he had entertained of Lady Ashton's overbearing ascendancy over her daughter's mind, and lost an opportunity of ascertaining, by his own investigation, the real state of Lucy's feelings.

The other gentlemen left the room, and in a short time, Lady Ashton, followed by her daughter, entered the apartment. She appeared, as he had seen her on former occasions, rather composed than agitated; but a nicer judge than he could scarce have determined, whether her calmness was that of despair, or of indifference. Bucklaw was too much agitated by his own feelings minutely to scrutinize those of the lady. He stammered out an unconnected address, confounding together the two or three topics to which it related, and stopt short before he brought it to any regular conclusion. Miss Ashton listened, or looked as if she listened, but returned not a single word in answer, continuing to fix her eyes on a small piece of embroidery, on which, as if by instinct or habit, her fingers were busily employed. Lady Ashton sat at some distance, almost screened from notice by the deep embrasure of the window in which she had placed her chair. From this she whispered, in a tone of voice, which, though soft and sweet, had something in it of admonition, if not command,—"Lucy, my dear, remember—have you heard what Bucklaw has been saying?"

The idea of her mother's presence seemed to have slipped from the unhappy girl's recollection. She started, dropped her needle, and repeated hastily, and almost in the same breath, the contradictory answers, "Yes, madam—no, my lady—I beg pardon, I did not hear."

"You need not blush, my love, and still less need you look so pale and frightened," said Lady Ashton, coming forward; "we know that maidens' ears must be slow in receiving a gentleman's language; but you must remember Mr. Hayston speaks on a subject on which you have long since agreed to give him a favourable hearing. You know how much your father and I have our hearts set upon an event so extremely desirable."

In Lady Ashton's voice, a tone of impressive, and even stern inuendo was sedulously and skilfully concealed, under an appearance of the most affectionate maternal tenderness. The manner was for Bucklaw, who was easily enough imposed upon; the matter of the exhortation was for the terrified Lucy, who well knew how to interpret her mother's hints, however skilfully their real purport might be veiled from general observation.

Miss Ashton sat upright in her chair, cast round her a glance, in which fear was mingled with a still wilder expression, but remained perfectly silent. Bucklaw, who had in the mean time paced the room to and fro, until he had recovered his composure, now stopped within two or three yards of her chair, and broke out as follows:—"I believe I have been a d—d fool, Miss Ashton; I have tried to speak to you as people tell me young ladies like to be talked to, and I don't think you comprehend what I have been saying; wonder, for d—n me if I understand it myself however, once for all, and in broad Scotch, you and mother like what is proposed, and if y take a plain young fellow for your husband, w never cross you in any thing you have a mi will place you at the head of the best establi in the three Lothians; you shall have Lady C ton's lodging in the Canongate of Edinbu where you please, do what you please, and se you please, and that's fair. Only I must hav ner at the board-end for a worthless old pla of mine, whose company I would rather wa have, if it were not that the d—d fellow has pe me that I can't do without him; and so I ho won't except against Craigie, although it m easy to find much better company."

"Now, out upon you, Bucklaw," said Lady again interposing,—"how can you think Lu have any objection to that blunt, honest, good ed creature, Captain Craigengelt?"

"Why, madam," replied Bucklaw, "as to C sincerity, honesty, and good-nature, they are, I pretty much upon a par—but that's neither he there—the fellow knows my ways, and has got to me, and I cannot well do without him, as before. But all this is nothing to the purpo since I have mustered up courage to make a pl posal, I would fain hear Miss Ashton, from h lips, give me a plain answer."

"My dear Bucklaw," said Lady Ashton, " spare Lucy's bashfulness. I tell you in her pr that she has already consented to be guided father and me in this matter.—Lucy, my lov added, with that singular combination of su tone and pointed energy which we have alr ticed—"Lucy, my dearest love! speak for you it not as I say?"

Her victim answered in a tremulous and voice—"I *have* promised to obey you,—but up condition."

"She means," said Lady Ashton, turning to law, "she expects an answer to the demand she has made upon the man at Vienna, or Ra or Paris—or where is he—for restitution of the e ment in which he had the art to involve her will not, I am sure, my dear friend, think it is that she should feel much delicacy upon this indeed it concerns us all."

"Perfectly right—quite fair," said Bucklaw humming, half speaking the end of the old son

"It is best to be off wi' the old love
Before you be on wi' the new."

"But I thought," said he, pausing, "you migh had an answer six times told from Ravenswood me, if I have not a mind to go and fetch one if Miss Ashton will honour me with the comm

"By no means," said Lady Ashton, "we ha the utmost difficulty of preventing Dougla whom it would be more proper,) from taking a step; and do you think we could permit y good friend, almost equally dear to us, to go t perate man upon an errand so desperate? In the friends of the family are of opinion, and m Lucy herself ought so to think, that, as this un person has returned no answer to her letter, must on this, as in other cases, be held to give c and a contract must be supposed to be given u the party waives insisting upon it. Sir Willia should know best, is clear upon this subjec therefore, my dear Lucy"—

"Madam," said Lucy, with unwonted "urge me no farther—if this unhappy engagem restored, I have already said you shall dispose as you will—till then I should commit a heavy the sight of God and man, in doing what you re

"But, my love, if this man remains obst silent"—

"He will *not* be silent," answered Lucy; " weeks since I sent him a double of my forme by a sure hand."

"You have not—you could not—you durs said Lady Ashton, with violence inconsisten the tone she had intended to assume; but in

herself. "My dearest Lucy," said she, in her [illegible] of [illegible] on, "how could you think [illegible] hing?"

[illegible] ter," said Bucklaw; "I respect Miss Ash- [illegible] sentiments, and I only wish I had been [illegible] ger [illegible] it."

[illegible] ay how long Miss Ashton," said her [illegible] "are we to wait the return of your [illegible] messenger, since your humble cousin [illegible] sh and blood could not be trusted in this

[illegible] weeks, days, hours, and mi- [illegible] Miss Ashton; "within another week I [illegible] an answer, unless he is dead. Till that [illegible]" she said, addressing Bucklaw, "let me be [illegible] to you, that you will beg my mother [illegible] upon this subject."

[illegible] my particular entreaty to Lady Ash- [illegible] Bucklaw. "By my honour, madam, I re- [illegible] feelings; and although the prosecution of [illegible] rendered dearer to me than ever, yet, as [illegible] ntleman, I would renounce it, were it so [illegible] o give you a moment's pain."

[illegible] ayston, I think, cannot apprehend that," [illegible] Ashton, looking pale with anger, "when [illegible] ter's happiness lies in the bosom of the [illegible] et me ask you, Miss Ashton, in what [illegible] last letter was couched?"

[illegible] ly in the same, madam," answered Lucy, [illegible] ou dictated on a former occasion."

[illegible] eight days have elapsed, then," said her [illegible] suming her tone of tenderness, "we shall [illegible] dearest love, that you will end this sus-

[illegible] Ashton must not be hurried, madam," said [illegible] whose bluntness of feeling did not by any [illegible] e from want of good-nature—"messengers [illegible] opped or delayed. I have known a day's [illegible] oke by the casting off a fore-shoe.—Stay, [illegible] my calendar—the 20th day from this is St. [illegible] 1, the day before, I must be at Caverton [illegible] e the match between the Laird of Kittle- [illegible] k mare, and Johnston the meal-monger's [illegible] ld colt; but I can ride all night, or Craigie [illegible] ne word how the match goes; and I hope, [illegible] n time, as I shall not myself distress Miss [illegible] h any further importunity, that your lady- [illegible] lf, and Sir William, and Colonel Douglas, [illegible] the goodness to allow her uninterrupted [illegible] king up her mind."

[illegible] d Miss Ashton, "you are generous."

[illegible] hat, madam," answered Bucklaw, "I only [illegible] a plain good-humoured young fellow, as [illegible] re, who will willingly make you happy if [illegible] him, and show him how to do so."

[illegible] said this, he saluted her with more emo- [illegible] was consistent with his usual train of [illegible] took his leave; Lady Ashton, as she [illegible] ed him out of the apartment, assuring him [illegible] aughter did full justice to the sincerity of [illegible] ment, and requesting him to see Sir Wil- [illegible] his departure. "Since," as she said, with a [illegible] e reverting towards Lucy, "against St. [illegible] we must all be ready to *sign and seal*."

[illegible] and seal!" echoed Lucy in a muttering [illegible] e door of the apartment closed. "To sign [illegible] candle!" and clasping her extenuated [illegible] ther, she sunk back on the easy-chair she [illegible] n a state resembling stupor.

[illegible] is she was shortly after awakened by the [illegible] entry of her brother Henry, who clamor- [illegible] nded her of a promise to give him two [illegible] rnation ribbon to make knots to his new [illegible] With the most patient composure Lucy [illegible] opening a little ivory-cabinet, sought out [illegible] the lad wanted, measured it accurately, [illegible] nto proper lengths, and knotted into the [illegible] boyish whim required.

[illegible] shut the cabinet yet," said Henry, "for I [illegible] some of your silver wire to fasten the bells [illegible] k's jesses,—and yet the new falcon's not [illegible] n neither; for do you know, after all the [illegible] had to get her from an eyry, all the way at [illegible] Mannor Water, she's going to prove, after all, nothing better than a rifler—she just wets her singles in the blood of the partridge, and then breaks away, and lets her fly; and what good can the poor bird do after that, you know, except pine and die in the first heather-cow or whin-bush she can crawl into?"

"Right, Henry right, very right," said Lucy, mournfully, holding the boy fast by the hand, after she had given him the wire he wanted; "but there are more riflers in the world than your falcon, and more wounded birds that seek but to die in quiet, that can find neither brake nor whin-bush to hide their heads in."

"Ah! that's some speech out of your romances," said the boy; "and Sandie says they have turned your head. But I hear Norman whistling to the hawk—I must go fasten on the jesses."

And he scampered away with the thoughtless gayety of boyhood, leaving his sister to the bitterness of her own reflections.

"It is decreed," she said, "that every living creature, even those who owe me most kindness, are to shun me, and leave me to those by whom I am beset. It is just it should be thus. Alone and uncounselled, I involved myself in these perils—alone and uncounselled, I must extricate myself or die."

CHAPTER XXX.

——— What doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop,
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
Comedy of Errors.

As some vindication of the ease with which Bucklaw (who otherwise, as he termed himself, was really a very good-humoured fellow) resigned his judgment to the management of Lady Ashton, while paying his addresses to her daughter, the reader must call to mind the strict domestic discipline, which, at this period, was exercised over the females of a Scottish family.

The manners of the country in this, as in many other respects, coincided with those of France before the revolution. Young women of the higher ranks seldom mingled in society until after marriage, and, both in law and fact, were held to be under the strict tutelage of their parents, who were too apt to enforce the views for their settlement in life, without paying any regard to the inclination of the parties chiefly interested. On such occasions, the suitor expected little more from his bride than a silent acquiescence in the will of her parents; and as few opportunities of acquaintance, far less of intimacy, occurred, he made his choice by the outside, as the lovers in the Merchant of Venice select the casket, contented to trust to chance the issue of the lottery, in which he had hazarded a venture.

It was not therefore surprising, such being the general manners of the age, that Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw, whom dissipated habits had detached in some degree from the best society, should not attend particularly to those feelings in his elected bride, to which many men of more sentiment, experience, and reflection, would, in all probability, have been equally indifferent. He knew what all accounted the principal point, that her parents and friends, namely, were decidedly in his favour, and that there existed most powerful reasons for their predilection.

In truth, the conduct of the Marquis of A——, since Ravenswood's departure, had been such as almost to bar the possibility of his kinsman's union with Lucy Ashton. The Marquis was Ravenswood's sincere, but misjudging friend; or rather, like many friends and patrons, he consulted what he considered to be his relation's true interest, although he knew that in doing so he run counter to his inclinations.

The Marquis drove on, therefore, with the plenitude of ministerial authority, an appeal to the British House of Peers against those judgments of the courts of law, by which Sir William became possessed of Ravenswood's hereditary property. As this measure, enforced with all the authority of power, was new in Scottish judicial proceedings, though now so frequently resorted to, it was exclaimed against by the

lawyers on the opposite side of politics, as an interference with the civil judicature of the country, equally new, arbitrary, and tyrannical. And if it thus affected even strangers connected with them only by political party, it may be guessed what the Ashton family themselves said and thought under so gross a dispensation. Sir William, still more worldly-minded than he was timid, was reduced to despair by the loss by which he was threatened. His son's haughtier spirit was exalted into rage at the idea of being deprived of his expected patrimony. But to Lady Ashton's yet more vindictive temper, the conduct of Ravenswood, or rather of his patron, appeared to be an offence challenging the deepest and most immortal revenge. Even the quiet and confiding temper of Lucy herself, swayed by the opinions expressed by all around her, could not but consider the conduct of Ravenswood as precipitate, and even unkind. "It was my father," she repeated with a sigh, "who welcomed him to this place, and encouraged, or at least allowed, the intimacy between us. Should he not have remembered this, and requited it with at least some moderate degree of procrastination in the assertion of his own alleged rights? I would have forfeited for him double the value of these lands, which he pursues with an ardour that shows he has forgotten how much I am implicated in the matter."

Lucy, however, could only murmur these things to herself, unwilling to increase the prejudices against her lover entertained by all around her, who exclaimed against the steps pursued on his account, as illegal, vexatious, and tyrannical, resembling the worst measures in the worst times of the worst Stewarts, and a degradation of Scotland, the decisions of whose learned judges were thus subjected to the review of a court, composed indeed of men of the highest rank, but who were not trained to the study of any municipal law, and might be supposed specially to hold in contempt that of Scotland. As a natural consequence of the alleged injustice meditated towards her father, every means was resorted to, and every argument urged, to induce Miss Ashton to break off her engagement with Ravenswood, as being scandalous, shameful, and sinful, formed with the mortal enemy of her family, and calculated to add bitterness to the distress of her parents.

Lucy's spirit, however, was high; and although unaided and alone, she could have borne much—she could have endured the repinings of her father—his murmurs against what he called the tyrannical usage of the ruling party—his ceaseless charges of ingratitude against Ravenswood—his endless lectures on the various means by which contracts may be voided and annulled—his quotations from the civil, the municipal, and the canon law—and his prelections upon the *patria potestas*.

She might have borne also in patience, or repelled with scorn, the bitter taunts and occasional violence of her brother Colonel Douglas Ashton, and the impertinent and intrusive interference of other friends and relations. But it was beyond her power effectually to withstand or elude the constant and unceasing persecution of Lady Ashton, who, laying every other wish aside, had bent the whole efforts of her powerful mind to break her daughter's contract with Ravenswood, and to place a perpetual bar between the lovers, by effecting Lucy's union with Bucklaw. Far more deeply skilled than her husband in the recesses of the human heart, she was aware, that in this way she might strike a blow of deep and decisive vengeance upon one, whom she esteemed as her mortal enemy; nor did she hesitate at raising her arm, although she knew that the wound must be dealt through the bosom of her daughter. With this stern and fixed purpose, she sounded every deep and shallow of her daughter's soul, assumed alternately every disguise of manner which could serve her object, and prepared at leisure every species of dire machinery, by which the human mind can be wrenched from its settled determination. Some of these were of an obvious description, and require only to be cursorily mentioned; others were characteristic of the time, the country, and the persons engaged in this singular drama.

It was of the last consequence, that all inte
betwixt the lovers should be stopped, and by
gold and authority, Lady Ashton contrived to
herself of such a complete command of all w
placed around her daughter, that, in fact, no le
fortress was ever more completely blockaded
at the same time, to all outward appearanc
Ashton lay under no restriction. The verge
parents' domains became, in respect to her,
viewless and enchanted line drawn around
castle, where nothing unpermitted can eithe
from without, or escape from within. The
letter, in which Ravenswood conveyed to Lu
ton the indispensable reasons which detai
abroad, and more than one note which po
had addressed to him through what she th
secure channel, fell into the hands of her mot
could not be, but that the tenor of these inte
letters, especially those of Ravenswood, shou
tain something to irritate the passions, an
the obstinacy of her into whose hands they f
Lady Ashton's passions were too deep-ro
require this fresh food. She burnt the papers
larly as she perused them; and as they co
into vapour and tinder, regarded them with
upon her compressed lips, and an exultatio
steady eye, which showed her confidence t
hopes of the writers should soon be rendered
unsubstantial.

It usually happens, that fortune aids the m
tions of those who are prompt to avail thems
every chance that offers. A report was waft
the Continent, founded, like others of the sa
upon many plausible circumstances, but with
real basis, stating the Master of Ravenswoo
on the eve of marriage with a foreign lady of
and distinction. This was greedily caugh
both the political parties, who were at ene
gling for power and for popular favour, a
seized, as usual, upon the most private
stances in the lives of each other's partis
convert them into subjects of political discuss

The Marquis of A—— gave his opinion al
publicly, not indeed in the coarse terms as
him by Captain Craigengelt, but in a mann
ciently offensive to the Ashtons:—"He thou
report," he said, "highly probable, and
wished it might be true. Such a match w
and far more creditable for a spirited young
than a marriage with the daughter of an o
lawyer, whose chicanery had so nearly rui
father."

The other party, of course, laying out of v
opposition which the Master of Ravenswood
from Miss Ashton's family, cried shame u
fickleness and perfidy, as if he had seduced th
lady into an engagement, and wilfully and
lessly abandoned her for another.

Sufficient care was taken that this report
find its way to Ravenswood Castle through
various channel, Lady Ashton being well awa
the very reiteration of the same rumour from s
quarters could not but give it a semblance o
By some it was told as a piece of ordinary n
some communicated as serious intelligence;
was whispered to Lucy Ashton's ear in the
malignant pleasantry, and now transmitted t
a matter of grave and serious warning.

Even the boy Henry was made the instru
adding to his sister's torments. One morn
rushed into the room with a willow branch
hand, which he told her had arrived that
from Germany for her special wearing. Lucy
have seen, was remarkably fond of her youn
ther, and at that moment his wanton and t
less unkindness seemed more keenly injurio
even the studied insults of her elder brothe
grief, however, had no shade of resentmen
folded her arms about the boy's neck, and
faintly, "Poor Henry! you speak but what
you," she burst into a flood of unrestraine
The boy was moved, notwithstanding the t
lessness of his age and character. "The de
me," said he. "Lucy, "if I fetch you any

; messages again; for I like you kissing away the tears, "than the hem; and you shall have my gray and you shall canter him if you like, yond the village, too, if you have

," said Lucy, "that I am not per- ere I please?"

ret," said the boy; "but you will er ride beyond the village but your shoe, or fall lame, or the castle bell thing will happen to bring you back. more of these things Douglas will ir of colours they have promised me, ow to you."

Young Lucy in still deeper deject- to show her plainly what she had spected, that she was little better at large in her father's house. We er in the outset of our story as of a ion, delighting in tales of love and ily identifying herself with the situ- adary heroines, with whose adven- f better reading, her memory had The fairy wand, with which in her lighted to raise visions of enchant- w the rod of a magician, the bond , serving only to invoke spectres at st trembled. She felt herself the n, of scorn, of dislike at least, if not own family; and it seemed to her ndoned by the very person on whose exposed to the enmity of all around evidence of Ravenswood's infi- sume every day a more determined

tune, of the name of Westenho, an aigengelt's, chanced to arrive from time. The worthy Captain, though se communication with Lady Ash- l most regularly and sedulously in lans, and easily prevailed upon his exaggeration of real circumstances, thers, to give explicit testimony to nswood's approaching marriage. ll hands, and in a manner reduced s temper gave way under the pres- affliction and persecution. She nd abstracted, and, contrary to her ary habit of mind, sometimes turned even fierceness, on those by whom l closely annoyed. Her health also n, and her hectic cheek and wan- ymptoms of what is called a fever In most mothers this would have n; but Lady Ashton, compact and saw these waverings of health and greater sympathy than that with engineer regards the towers of a as they reel under the discharge of rather, she considered these starts of temper as symptoms of Lucy's n; as the angler, by the throes and ons of the fish which he has hooked, at he soon will be able to land him. e catastrophe in the present case, recourse to an expedient very con- mper and credulity of those times, der will probably pronounce truly iabolical.

APTER XXXI.

* * * * *

witch did dwell, in loathly weeds,
want, all careless of her needs;
solitary to abide,
neighbours, that her devilish deeds
arts from people she might hide,
r off, unknown, whome'er she envied.

Fairy Queen.

Lucy Ashton soon required the assist- more skilful in the office of a sick nurse than the female domestics of the family. Ailsie Gourlay, sometimes called the Wise Woman of Bowden, was the person whom, for her own strong reasons, Lady Ashton selected as an attendant upon her daughter.

This woman had acquired a considerable reputation among the ignorant by the pretended cures which she performed, especially in *oncomes*, as the Scotch call them, or mysterious diseases, which baffle the regular physician. Her pharmacopeia consisted partly of herbs selected in planetary hours, partly of words, signs, and charms, which sometimes, perhaps, produced a favourable influence upon the imagination of her patients. Such was the avowed profession of Lucky Gourlay, which, as may well be supposed, was looked upon with a suspicious eye, not only by her neighbours, but even by the clergy of the district. In private, however, she traded more deeply in the occult sciences; for, notwithstanding the dreadful punishments inflicted upon the supposed crime of witchcraft, there wanted not those who, steeled by want and bitterness of spirit, were willing to adopt the hateful and dangerous character, for the sake of the influence which its terrors enabled them to exercise in the vicinity, and the wretched emolument which they could extract by the practice of their supposed art.

Ailsie Gourlay was not indeed fool enough to acknowledge a compact with the Evil One, which would have been a swift and ready road to the stake and tar-barrel. Her fairy, she said, like Caliban's, was a harmless fairy. Nevertheless, she "spaed fortunes," read dreams, composed philtres, discovered stolen goods, and made and dissolved matches as successfully as if, according to the belief of the whole neighbourhood, she had been aided in those arts by Beelzebub himself. The worst of the pretenders to these sciences was, that they were generally persons who, feeling themselves odious to humanity, were careless of what they did to deserve the public hatred. Real crimes were often committed under pretence of magical imposture; and it somewhat relieves the disgust with which we read, in the criminal records, the conviction of these wretches, to be aware that many of them merited, as poisoners, suborners, and diabolical agents in secret domestic crimes, the severe fate to which they were condemned for the imaginary guilt of witchcraft.

Such was Ailsie Gourlay whom, in order to attain the absolute subjugation of Lucy Ashton's mind, her mother thought it fitting to place near her person. A woman of less consequence than Lady Ashton had not dared to take such a step; but her high rank and strength of character set her above the censure of the world, and she was allowed to have selected for her daughter's attendant the best and most experienced sick-nurse "and mediciner" in the neighbourhood, where an inferior person would have fallen under the reproach of calling in the assistance of a partner and ally of the great Enemy of mankind.

The beldam caught her cue readily and by innuendo, without giving Lady Ashton the pain of distinct explanation. She was in many respects qualified for the part she played, which indeed could not be efficiently assumed without some knowledge of the human heart and passions. Dame Gourlay perceived that Lucy shuddered at her external appearance, which we have already described when we found her in the death-chamber of blind Alice; and while internally she hated the poor girl for the involuntary horror with which she saw she was regarded, she commenced her operations by endeavouring to efface or overcome those prejudices which, in her heart, she resented as mortal offences. This was easily done, for the hag's external ugliness was soon balanced by a show of kindness and interest, to which Lucy had of late been little accustomed; her attentive services and real skill gained her the ear, if not the confidence, of her patient; and under pretence of diverting the solitude of a sick room, she soon led her attention captive by the legends in which she was well skilled, and to which Lucy's habits of reading and reflection induced her to "lend an attentive ear." Dame Gourlay's tales were at first of a mild and interesting character—

Of fays that nightly dance upon the wold,
And lovers doom'd to wander and to weep,
And castles high, where wicked wizzards keep
Their captive thralls.

Gradually, however, they assumed a darker and more mysterious character, and became such as, told by the midnight lamp, and enforced by the tremulous tone, the quivering and livid lip, the uplifted skinny fore-finger, and the shaking head of the blue-eyed hag, might have appalled a less credulous imagination, in an age more hard of belief. The old Sycorax saw her advantage, and gradually narrowed her magic circle around the devoted victim on whose spirit she practised. Her legends began to relate to the fortunes of the Ravenswood family, whose ancient grandeur and portentous authority, credulity had graced with so many superstitious attributes. The story of the fatal fountain was narrated at full length, and with formidable additions, by the ancient sibyl. The prophecy, quoted by Caleb, concerning the dead bride, who was to be won by the last of the Ravenswoods, had its own mysterious commentary; and the singular circumstance of the apparition, seen by the Master of Ravenswood in the forest, having partly transpired through his hasty inquiries in the cottage of old Alice, formed a theme for many exaggerations.

Lucy might have despised these tales, if they had been related concerning another family, or if her own situation had been less despondent. But circumstanced as she was, the idea that an evil fate hung over her attachment, became predominant over her other feelings; and the gloom of superstition darkened a mind, already sufficiently weakened by sorrow, distress, uncertainty, and an oppressive sense of desertion and desolation. Stories were told by her attendant so closely resembling her own in their circumstances, that she was gradually led to converse upon such tragic and mystical subjects with the beldam, and to repose a sort of confidence in the sibyl, whom she still regarded with involuntary shuddering. Dame Gourlay knew how to avail herself of this imperfect confidence. She directed Lucy's thoughts to the means of inquiring into futurity,—the surest mode, perhaps, of shaking the understanding and destroying the spirits. Omens were expounded, dreams were interpreted, and other tricks of jugglery perhaps resorted to, by which the pretended adepts of the period deceived and fascinated their deluded followers. I find it mentioned in the articles of dittay against Ailsie Gourlay,—(for it is some comfort to know that the old hag was tried, condemned, and burned on the top of North-Berwick Law, by sentence of a commission from the Privy Council,)—I find, I say, it was charged against her, among other offences, that she had, by the aid and delusions of Satan, shown to a young person of quality, in a mirror glass, a gentleman then abroad, to whom the said young person was betrothed, and who appeared in the vision to be in the act of bestowing his hand upon another lady. But this and some other parts of the record appear to have been studiously left imperfect in names and dates, probably out of regard to the honour of the families concerned. If Dame Gourlay was able actually to play off such a piece of jugglery, it is clear she must have had better assistance to practise the deception, than her own skill or funds could supply. Mean while, this mysterious visionary traffic had its usual effect, in unsettling Miss Ashton's mind. Her temper became unequal, her health decayed daily, her manners grew moping, melancholy, and uncertain. Her father, guessing partly at the cause of these appearances, and exerting a degree of authority unusual with him, made a point of banishing Dame Gourlay from the castle; but the arrow was shot, and was rankling barb-deep in the side of the wounded deer.

It was shortly after the departure of this woman, that Lucy Ashton, urged by her parents, announced to them, with a vivacity by which they were startled, "that she was conscious heaven and earth and hell had set themselves against her union with Ravenswood; still her contract," she said, "was a binding contract, and she neither would nor could resign it without the consent of Ravenswood. Let me be *assured,*" *she concluded,* "that he will free me from my engagement, and dispose of me as you pleas[e] care not how. When the diamonds are gone, wh[at] signifies the casket?"

The tone of obstinacy with which this was sa[id,] her eyes flashing with unnatural light, and her han[ds] firmly clenched, precluded the possibility of disput[e;] and the utmost length which Lady Ashton's art co[uld] attain, only got her the privilege of dictating t[he] letter, by which her daughter required to know of R[a]venswood whether he intended to abide by, or to su[r]render, what she termed, "their unfortunate enga[ge]ment." Of this advantage Lady Ashton so far and ingeniously availed herself, that, according to t[he] wording of the letter, the reader would have suppos[ed] Lucy was calling upon her lover to renounce a co[n]tract which was contrary to the interests and inclin[a]tions of both. Not trusting even to this point [of] deception, Lady Ashton finally determined to s[up]press the letter altogether, in hopes that Lucy's imp[a]tience would induce her to condemn Ravenswo[od] unheard and in absence. In this she was disappointe[d.] The time, indeed, had long elapsed, when an answ[er] should have been received from the Continent. Th[e] faint ray of hope which still glimmered in Lucy['s] mind was wellnigh extinguished. But the idea nev[er] forsook her, that her letter might not have been du[ly] forwarded. One of her mother's new machinatio[ns] unexpectedly furnished her with the means of asce[r]taining what she most desired to know.

The female agent of hell having been dismiss[ed] from the castle, Lady Ashton, who wrought by a variety of means, resolved to employ, for working t[he] same end on Lucy's mind, an agent of a very diffe[r]ent character. This was no other than the Reveren[d] Mr. Bide-the-bent, a Presbyterian clergyman, fo[r]merly mentioned, of the very strictest order, and t[he] most rigid orthodoxy, whose aid she called in, upo[n] the principle of the tyrant in the tragedy:—

"I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin not to renounce that vow,
Which I'd have broken."

But Lady Ashton was mistaken in the agent she h[ad] selected. His prejudices, indeed, were easily enlist[ed] on her side, and it was no difficult matter to ma[ke] him regard with horror the prospect of a union betwi[xt] the daughter of a God-fearing, professing, and Pre[s]byterian family of distinction, with the heir of a bloo[d]thirsty prelatist and persecutor, the hands of who[se] fathers had been dyed to the wrists in the blood [of] God's saints. This resembled, in the divine's opinio[n,] the union of a Moabitish stranger with a daughter [of] Zion. But with all the more severe prejudices a[nd] principles of his sect, Bide-the-bent possessed a sou[nd] judgment, and had learnt sympathy even in th[e] very school of persecution, where the heart is so fr[e]quently hardened. In a private interview with Mi[ss] Ashton, he was deeply moved by her distress, a[nd] could not but admit the justice of her request to b[e] permitted a direct communication with Ravenswoo[d] upon the subject of their solemn contract. When s[he] urged to him the great uncertainty under which s[he] laboured, whether her letter had been ever forward[ed,] the old man paced the room with long steps, sho[ok] his gray head, rested repeatedly for a space on h[is] ivory-headed staff, and, after much hesitation, co[n]fessed that he thought her doubts so reasonable, th[at] he would himself aid in the removal of them.

"I cannot but opine, Miss Lucy," he said, "th[at] your worshipful lady mother hath in this matter [an] eagerness, whilk, although it ariseth doubtless fr[om] love to your best interests here and hereafter,—for t[he] man is of persecuting blood, and himself a persecut[or,] a cavalier or malignant, and a scoffer, who hath [no] inheritance in Jesse,—nevertheless, we are co[m]manded to do justice unto all, and to fulfil our bo[nd] and covenant, as well to the stranger, as to him w[ho] is in brotherhood with us. Wherefore myself, eve[n] myself, will be aiding unto the delivery of your let[ter] to the man Edgar Ravenswood, trusting that t[he] issue thereof may be your deliverance from the n[et] in which he hath sinfully engaged you. And tha[t I] may do in this neither more nor less than hath be[en] warranted by your honourable parents, I pray you transcribe, without increment or subtraction, the let[ter]

formerly exped-d under the dictation of your right honourable mother; and I shall put it into such sure course of being delivered, that if, honoured young madam, you shall receive no answer, it will be necessary that you conclude that the man meaneth in silence to abandon that naughty contract, which peradventure, he may be unwilling directly to restore."

Lucy eagerly embraced the expedient of the worthy divine. A new letter was written in the precise terms of the former, and consigned by Mr. Bide-the-bent to the charge of Saunders Moonshine, a zealous elder of the church when on shore, and, when on board his brig, as bold a smuggler as ever ran out a sliding bowsprit to the winds that blow betwixt Campvere and the east coast of Scotland. At the recommendation of his pastor, Saunders readily undertook that the letter should be securely conveyed to the Master of Ravenswood at the court where he now resided.

This retrospect became necessary to explain the conference betwixt Miss Ashton, her mother, and Bucklaw, which we have detailed in a preceding chapter.

Lucy was now like the sailor, who, while drifting through a tempestuous ocean, clings for safety to a single plank, his powers of grasping it becoming every moment more feeble, and the deep darkness of the night only checkered by the flashes of lightning, hissing as they show the white tops of the billows, in which he is soon to be engulfed.

Week crept away after week, and day after day. St. Jude's day arrived, the last and protracted term to which Lucy had limited herself, and there was neither letter nor news of Ravenswood.

CHAPTER XXXII.

How fair these names, how much unlike they look
To all the blurr'd subscriptions in my book!
The bridegroom's letters stand in row above,
Tapering, yet straight, like pine-trees in his grove;
While free and fine the bride's appear below,
As light and slender as her jessamines grow.

CRABBE.

ST. JUDE's day came, the term assigned by Lucy herself as the farthest date of expectation, and, as we have already said, there were neither letters from, nor news of, Ravenswood. But there were news of Bucklaw, and of his trusty associate Craigengelt, who arrived early in the morning for the completion of the proposed espousals, and for signing the necessary deeds.

These had been carefully prepared under the revisal of Sir William Ashton himself, it having been resolved, on account of the state of Miss Ashton's health, as it was said, that none save the parties immediately interested should be present when the parchments were subscribed. It was further determined, that the marriage should be solemnized upon the fourth day after signing the articles, a measure adopted by Lady Ashton, in order that Lucy might have as little time as possible to recede, or relapse into intractability. There was no appearance, however, of her doing either. She heard the proposed arrangement with the calm indifference of despair, or rather with an apathy arising from the oppressed and stupified state of her feelings. To an eye so unobserving as that of Bucklaw, her demeanour had little more of reluctance than might suit the character of a bashful young lady, who, however, he could not disguise from himself, was complying with the choice of her friends, rather than exercising any personal predilection in his favour.

When the morning compliments of the bridegroom had been paid, Miss Ashton was left for some time to herself; her mother remarking, that the deeds must be signed before the hour of noon, in order that the marriage might be happy.

Lucy suffered herself to be attired for the occasion as the taste of her attendants suggested, and was of course splendidly arrayed. Her dress was composed of white satin and Brussels lace, and her hair arranged with a profusion of jewels, whose lustre made a strange contrast to the deadly paleness of her complexion, and to the trouble which dwelt in her unsettled eye.

Her toilet was hardly finished, ere Henry appeared, to conduct the passive bride to the state apartment, where all was prepared for signing the contract. "Do you know, sister," he said, "I am glad you are to have Bucklaw after all, instead of Ravenswood, who looked like a Spanish grandee come to cut our throats, and trample our bodies under foot. And I am glad the broad seas are between us this day, for I shall never forget how frightened I was when I took him for the picture of old Sir Malise walked out of the canvass. Tell me true, are you not glad to be fairly shot of him?"

"Ask me no questions, dear Henry," said his unfortunate sister; "there is little more can happen to make me either glad or sorry in this world."

"And that's what all young brides say," said Henry; "and so do not be cast down, Lucy, for you'll tell another tale a twelvemonth hence—and I am to be bride's-man, and ride before you to the kirk, and all our kith, kin, and allies, and all Bucklaw's are to be mounted and in order—and I am to have a scarlet laced coat, and a feathered hat, and a sword-belt, double bordered with gold, and *point d'espagne*, and a dagger instead of a sword; and I should like a sword much better, but my father won't hear of it. All my things, and a hundred besides, are to come out from Edinburgh to-night with old Gilbert, and the sumpter mules—and I will bring them, and show them to you the instant they come."

The boy's chatter was here interrupted by the arrival of Lady Ashton, somewhat alarmed at her daughter's stay. With one of her sweetest smiles, she took Lucy's arm under her own, and led her to the apartment where her presence was expected.

There were only present, Sir William Ashton, and Colonel Douglas Ashton, the last in full regimentals—Bucklaw, in bridegroom trim—Craigengelt, freshly equipt from top to toe by the bounty of his patron, and bedizened with as much lace as might have become the dress of the Copper Captain, together with the Rev. Mr. Bide-the-bent; the presence of a minister being, in strict Presbyterian families, an indispensable requisite upon all occasions of unusual solemnity.

Wines and refreshments were placed on a table, on which the writings were displayed, ready for signature.

But before proceeding either to business or refreshment, Mr. Bide-the-bent, at a signal from Sir William Ashton, invited the company to join him in a short extemporary prayer, in which he implored a blessing upon the contract now to be solemnized between the honourable parties then present. With the simplicity of his times and profession, which permitted strong personal allusions, he petitioned, that the wounded mind of one of these noble parties might be healed, in reward of her compliance with the advice of her right honourable parents; and that as she had proved herself a child after God's commandment, by honouring her father and mother, she and hers might enjoy the promised blessing—length of days in the land here, and a happy portion hereafter in a better country. He prayed farther, that the bridegroom might be weaned from those follies which seduce youth from the path of knowledge; that he might cease to take delight in vain and unprofitable company, scoffers, rioters, and those who sit late at the wine, (here Bucklaw winked to Craigengelt,) and cease from the society that causeth to err. A suitable supplication in behalf of Sir William and Lady Ashton, and their family, concluded this religious address, which thus embraced every individual present, excepting Craigengelt, whom the worthy divine probably considered as past all hopes of grace.

The business of the day now went forward; Sir William Ashton signed the contract with legal solemnity and precision; his son, with military *non-chalance*; and Bucklaw having subscribed as rapidly as Craigengelt could manage to turn the leaves, concluded by wiping his pen on that worthy's new laced cravat.

It was now Miss Ashton's turn to sign the writings, and she was guided by her watchful mother to the table for that purpose. At her first attempt, she began to write with a dry pen, and when the circum-

stance was pointed out, seemed unable, after several attempts, to dip it in the massive silver inkstandish, which stood full before her. Lady Ashton's vigilance hastened to supply the deficiency. I have myself seen the fatal deed, and in the distinct characters in which the name of Lucy Ashton is traced on each page, there is only a very slight tremulous irregularity, indicative of her state of mind at the time of the subscription. But the last signature is incomplete, defaced and blotted; for, while her hand was employed in tracing it, the hasty tramp of a horse was heard at the gate, succeeded by a step in the outer gallery, and a voice, which, in a commanding tone, bore down the opposition of the menials. The pen dropped from Lucy's fingers, as she exclaimed with a faint shriek "He is come—he is come!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

This by his tongue should be a Montague!
Fetch me my rapier, boy;
Now, by the faith and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
Romeo and Juliet.

Hardly had Miss Ashton dropped the pen, when the door of the apartment flew open, and the Master of Ravenswood entered the apartment.

Lockhard and another domestic, who had in vain attempted to oppose his passage through the gallery or antichamber, were seen standing on the threshold transfixed with surprise, which was instantly communicated to the whole party in the state-room. That of Colonel Douglas Ashton was mingled with resentment; that of Bucklaw, with haughty and affected indifference; the rest, even Lady Ashton herself, showed signs of fear, and Lucy seemed stiffened to stone by this unexpected apparition. Apparition it might well be termed, for Ravenswood had more the appearance of one returned from the dead, than of a living visiter.

He planted himself full in the middle of the apartment, opposite to the table at which Lucy was seated, on whom, as if she had been alone in the chamber, he bent his eyes with a mingled expression of deep grief and deliberate indignation. His dark-coloured riding cloak, displaced from one shoulder, hung around one side of his person in the ample folds of the Spanish mantle. The rest of his rich dress was travel-soil'd, and deranged by hard riding. He had a sword by his side, and pistols in his belt. His slouched hat, which he had not removed at entrance, gave an additional gloom to his dark features, which, wasted by sorrow, and marked by the ghastly look communicated by long illness, added to a countenance naturally somewhat stern and wild, a fierce and even savage expression. The matted and dishevelled locks of hair which escaped from under his hat, together with his fixed and unmoved posture, made his head more resemble that of a marble bust than that of a living man. He said not a single word, and there was a deep silence in the company for more than two minutes.

It was broken by Lady Ashton, who in that space partly recovered her natural audacity. She demanded to know the cause of this unauthorized intrusion.

"That is a question, madam," said her son, "which I have the best right to ask—and I must request of the Master of Ravenswood to follow me, where he can answer it at leisure."

Bucklaw interposed, saying, "No man on earth should usurp his previous right in demanding an explanation from the Master.--Craigengelt," he added, in an under tone, "d—n ye, why do ye stand staring as if you saw a ghost? fetch me my sword from the gallery."

"I will relinquish to none," said Colonel Ashton, "my right of calling to account the man who has offered this unparalleled affront to my family."

"Be patient, gentlemen," said Ravenswood, turning sternly towards them, and waving his hand as if to impose silence on their altercation. "If you are as weary of your lives as I am, I will find time and place to pledge mine against one or both; at present, I have no leisure for the disputes of triflers."

"Triflers!" echoed Colonel Ashton, half ur ing his sword, while Bucklaw laid his hand hilt of that which Craigengelt had just him.

Sir William Ashton, alarmed for his ow safety, rushed between the young men and wood, exclaiming, "My son, I command you law, I entreat you keep the peace, in the the Queen and of the law!"

"In the name of the law of God," said b bent, advancing also with uplifted hands Bucklaw, the Colonel, and the object of thei ment—"In the name of Him who brought earth, and good-will to mankind, I implor seech I command you to forbear violence each other! God hateth the blood-thirsty who striketh with the sword, shall perish sword."

"Do you take me for a dog, sir," said Ashton, turning fiercely upon him, "or so more brutally stupid, to endure this insul father's house?—Let me go, Bucklaw! H account to me, or, by Heaven, I will stab hi he stands!"

"You shall not touch him here," said B "he once gave me my life, and were he t come to fly away with the whole house and tion, he shall have nothing but fair play."

The passions of the two young men thus acting each other, gave Ravenswood leisur claim, in a stern and steady voice, "Sile him who really seeks danger, take the fitt when it is to be found; my mission here shortly accomplished.—Is *that* your hand madam?" he added in a softer tone, exten wards Miss Ashton her last letter.

A faltering "Yes," seemed rather to esc her lips, than to be uttered as a voluntary an

"And is *this* also your handwriting?" e towards her the mutual engagement.

Lucy remained silent. Terror, and a yet stro more confused feeling, so utterly disturbed he standing, that she probably scarcely compr the question that was put to her.

"If you design," said Sir William Asht found any legal claim on that paper, sir expect to receive any answer to an extrajudic tion."

"Sir William Ashton," said Ravenswood you, and all who hear me, that you will not my purpose. If this young lady, of her own desires the restoration of this contract, as would seem to imply—there is not a with which this autumn wind strews on the heat more valueless in my eyes. But I must and the truth from her own mouth—without this tion I will not leave this spot. Murder me bers you possibly may; but I am an armed am a desperate man—and I will not die ample vengeance. This is my resolution, ta you may. I will hear her determination from mouth; from her own mouth, alone, and witnesses, will I hear it. Now, choose," drawing his sword with the right hand, and, left by the same motion taking a pistol from and cocking it, but turning the point of one and the muzzle of the other to the ground,— " if you will have this hall floated with blood, will grant me the decisive interview with my a bride, which the laws of God and the coun entitle me to demand."

All recoiled at the sound of his voice, an termined action by which it was accompa the ecstasy of real desperation seldom fails power the less energetic passions by which opposed. The clergyman was the first to spe the name of God," he said, "receive an o peace from the meanest of his servants. W honourable person demands, albeit it is ur over violence, hath yet in it something of rea him hear from Miss Lucy's own lips that dutifully acceded to the will of her parents, penteth her of her covenant with him; an he is assured of this, he will depart in peace

ng, and cumber us no more. Alas! the f the ancient Adam are strong even in the —surely we should have long-suffering with being yet in the gall of bitterness and bond are swept forward by the uncontrollable worldly passion. Let, then, the Master of d have the interview on which he insist- but be as a passing pang to this honoura- since her faith is now irrevocably pledged e of her parents. Let it, I say, be thus: it o my functions to entreat your honour's with this healing overture."

' answered Lady Ashton, whose rage had the her first surprise and terror—"never man speak in private with my daughter, d bride of another! Pass from this room remain here. I fear neither his violence apons, though some" she said, glancing rds Colonel Ashton, "who bear my name, moved by them."

d's sake, madam," answered the worthy d not fuel to firebrands. The Master of d cannot, I am sure, object to your pre- oung lady's state of health being considered naternal duty. I myself will also tarry; re my gray hairs may turn away wrath."

e welcome to do so, sir," said Ravens- d Lady Ashton is also welcome to remain, think proper; but let all others depart."

swood," said Colonel Ashton, crossing him out, "you shall account for this ere long."

you please," replied Ravenswood.

' said Bucklaw, with a half smile, have a nd on your leisure, a claim of some stand-

e it as you will," said Ravenswood; "leave day in peace, and I will have no dearer it on earth, to-morrow, than to give you sfaction you can desire."

r gentlemen left the apartment; but Sir hton lingered.

of Ravenswood," he said, in a conciliating ink I have not deserved that you should scandal and outrage in my family. If you e your sword, and retire with me into my ill prove to you, by the most satisfactory the inutility of your present irregular pro-

-

row, sir—to-morrow—to-morrow, I will t length," reiterated Ravenswood, inter- ; "this day hath its own sacred and indis- siness."

ed to the door, and Sir William left the

ood sheathed his sword, uncocked and re- pistol to his belt, walked deliberately to the e apartment, which he bolted—returned, hat from his forehead, and, gazing upon eyes in which an expression of sorrow heir late fierceness, spread his dishevelled from his face, and said, "Do you know Ashton?—I am still Edgar Ravenswood." lent, and he went on with increasing vehe- am still that Edgar Ravenswood, who, fection, renounced the dear ties by which our bound him to seek vengeance. I am swood, who, for your sake, forgave, nay, nds in friendship with the oppressor and his house—the traducer and murderer of

ughter," answered Lady Ashton," inter- , "has no occasion to dispute the identity son; the venom of your present language t to remind her, that she speaks with the my of her father."

you to be patient, madam," answered Ra- ; "my answer must come from her own e more, Miss Lucy Ashton, I am that Ra- to whom you granted the solemn engage- ch you now desire to retract and cancel."

bloodless lips could only falter out the ; was my mother."

eaks truly," said Lady Ashton, "it *was* I, orised alike by the laws of God and man, advised her, and concurred with her, to set aside an unhappy and precipitate engagement, and to annul it by the authority of Scripture itself."

"Scripture!" said Ravenswood, scornfully.

"Let him hear the text," said Lady Ashton, appealing to the divine, "on which you yourself, with cautious reluctance, declared the nullity of the pretended engagement insisted upon by this violent man."

The clergyman took his clasped Bible from his pocket, and read the following words: "*If a woman vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth; and her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her: then all her vows shall stand, and every vow wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.*"

"And was it not even so with us?" interrupted Ravenswood.

"Control thy impatience, young man," answered the divine, "and hear what follows in the sacred text:—'*But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand; and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her.*'"

"And was not," said Lady Ashton, fiercely and triumphantly breaking in,—"was not ours the case stated in the holy writ? Will this person deny, that the instant her parents heard of the vow, or bond, by which our daughter had bound her soul, we disallowed the same in the most express terms, and informed him by writing of our determination?"

"And is this all?" said Ravenswood, looking at Lucy. "Are you willing to barter sworn faith, the exercise of free will, and the feelings of mutual affection, to this wretched hypocritical sophistry?"

"Hear him!" said Lady Ashton, looking to the clergyman—"hear the blasphemer!"

"May God forgive him," said Bide-the-bent, "and enlighten his ignorance!"

"Hear what I have sacrificed for you," said Ravenswood, still addressing Lucy, "ere you sanction what has been done in your name. The honour of an ancient family, the urgent advice of my best friends, have been in vain used to sway my resolution; neither the arguments of reason, nor the portents of superstition, have shaken my fidelity. The very dead have arisen to warn me, and their warning has been despised. Are you prepared to pierce my heart for its fidelity, with the very weapon which my rash confidence intrusted to your grasp?"

"Master of Ravenswood," said Lady Ashton, "you have asked what questions you thought fit. You see the total incapacity of my daughter to answer you. But I will reply for her, and in a manner which you cannot dispute. You desire to know whether Lucy Ashton, of her own free will, desires to annul the engagement into which she has been trepanned. You have her letter under her own hand, demanding the surrender of it; and, in yet more full evidence of her purpose, here is the contract which she has this morning subscribed, in presence of this reverend gentleman, with Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw."

Ravenswood gazed upon the deed as if petrified. "And it was without fraud or compulsion," said he, looking towards the clergyman, "that Miss Ashton subscribed this parchment?"

"I vouch it upon my sacred character."

"This is indeed, madam, an undeniable piece of evidence," said Ravenswood, sternly; "and it will be equally unnecessary and dishonourable to waste another word in useless remonstrance or reproach. There, madam," he said, laying down before Lucy the signed paper and the broken piece of gold—"there are the evidences of your first engagement; may you be more faithful to that which you have just formed. I will trouble you to return the corresponding tokens of my ill-placed confidence—I ought rather to say, of my egregious folly."

Lucy returned the scornful glance of her lover with a gaze, from which perception seemed to have been banished; yet she seemed partly to have understood his meaning, for she raised her hands as if to undo a blue ribbon which she wore around her neck. She

domestics had feasted in their turn, were distributed among the shouting crowd, with as many barrels of ale as made the hilarity without correspond to that within the castle. The gentlemen, according to the fashion of the times, indulged, for the most part, in deep draughts of the richest wines, while the ladies, prepared for the ball which always closed a bridal entertainment, impatiently expected their arrival in the state gallery. At length the social party broke up at a late hour, and the gentlemen crowded into the saloon, where, enlivened by wine and the joyful occasion, they laid aside their swords, and handed their impatient partners to the floor. The music already rung from the gallery, along the fretted roof of the ancient state apartment. According to strict etiquette, the bride ought to have opened the ball, but Lady Ashton, making an apology on account of her daughter's health, offered her own hand to Bucklaw as substitute for her daughter's.

But as Lady Ashton raised her head gracefully, expecting the strain at which she was to begin the dance, she was so much struck by an unexpected alteration in the ornaments of the apartment, that she was surprised into an exclamation,—"Who has dared to change the pictures?"

All looked up, and those who knew the usual state of the apartment, observed with surprise, that the picture of Sir William Ashton's father was removed from its place, and in its stead that of old Sir Malise Ravenswood seemed to frown wrath and vengeance upon the party assembled below. The exchange must have been made while the apartments were empty, but had not been observed until the torches and lights in the sconces were kindled for the ball. The haughty and heated spirits of the gentlemen led them to demand an immediate inquiry into the cause of what they deemed an affront to their host and to themselves; but Lady Ashton, recovering herself, passed it over as the freak of a crazy wench who was maintained about the castle, and whose susceptible imagination had been observed to be much affected by the stories which Dame Gourlay delighted to tell concerning "the former family," so Lady Ashton named the Ravenswoods. The obnoxious picture was immediately removed, and the ball was opened by Lady Ashton, with a grace and dignity which supplied the charms of youth, and almost verified the extravagant encomiums of the elder part of the company, who extolled her performance as far exceeding the dancing of the rising generation.

When Lady Ashton sat down, she was not surprised to find that her daughter had left the apartment, and she herself followed, eager to obviate any impression which might have been made upon her nerves by an incident so likely to affect them as the mysterious transposition of the portraits. Apparently she found her apprehensions groundless, for she returned in about an hour, and whispered the bridegroom, who extricated himself from the dancers, and vanished from the apartment. The instruments now played their loudest strains—the dancers pursued their exercise with all the enthusiasm inspired by youth, mirth, and high spirits, when a cry was heard so shrill and piercing, as at once to arrest the dance and the music. All stood motionless; but when the yell was again repeated, Colonel Ashton snatched a torch from the sconce, and demanding the key of the bridal-chamber from Henry, to whom, as bride's-man, it had been intrusted, rushed thither, followed by Sir William and Lady Ashton, and one or two others, near relations of the family. The bridal guests waited their return in stupified amazement.

Arrived at the door of the apartment, Colonel Ashton knocked and called, but received no answer except stifled groans. He hesitated no longer to open the door of the apartment, in which he found opposition from something which lay against it. When he had succeeded in opening it, the body of the bridegroom was found lying on the threshold of the bridal chamber, and all around was flooded with blood. A cry of surprise and horror was raised by all present; and the company, excited by this new alarm, began to rush tumultuously towards the sleeping apartment. Colonel Ashton, first whispering to his mother,—

"Search for her—she has murdered h
sword, planted himself in the passage
he would suffer no man to pass excep
gyman, and a medical person present.
ance, Bucklaw, who still breathed, wa
the ground, and transported to anoth
where his friends, full of suspicion an
assembled round him to learn the opin
geon.

In the mean while, Lady Ashton, her
their assistants, in vain sought Lucy in
and in the chamber. There was no p
from the room, and they began to think
have thrown herself from the window
the company, holding his torch lower
discovered something white in the corn
old-fashioned chimney of the apartme
found the unfortunate girl, seated, or
like a hare upon its form—her head-ge
her night-clothes torn and dabbled wi
eyes glazed, and her features convuls
paroxysm of insanity. When she saw
vered, she gibbered, made mouths, a
them with her bloody fingers, with the
of an exulting demoniac.

Female assistance was now hastil
the unhappy bride was overpowered, n
use of some force. As they carried
threshold, she looked down, and utt
articulate words that she had yet spoke
a sort of grinning exultation.—"So, y
up your bonny bridegroom?" She wa
dering assistants conveyed to another
tired apartment, where she was secure
tion required, and closely watched. T
agony of the parents—the horror and c
who were in the castle—the fury of co
sions between the friends of the dif
passions augmented by previous inte
pass description.

The surgeon was the first who obtai
like a patient hearing; he pronounced t
of Bucklaw, though severe and danger
means fatal, but might readily be rend
turbance and hasty removal. This sil
merous party of Bucklaw's friends, who
insisted that he should, at all rates, b
from the castle to the nearest of their l
still demanded, however, that, in co
what had happened, four of their num
main to watch over the sick-bed of th
that a suitable number of their domesti
should also remain in the castle. T
being acceded to on the part of Colon
his father, the rest of the bridegroom's
castle, notwithstanding the hour and t
the night. The cares of the medical r
employed in behalf of Miss Ashton, v
nounced to be in a very dangerous s
medical assistance was immediately su
night she remained delirious. On the
fell into a state of absolute insensibili
evening, the physicians said, would b
her malady. It proved so; for althou
from her trance with some appearance
and suffered her night-clothes to be cl
in order, yet so soon as she put her han
as if to search for the fatal blue ribbon,
lections seemed to rush upon her, wh
and body were alike incapable of bearing
followed convulsion, till they closed in
her being able to utter a word explanato
scene.

The provincial judge of the district a
after the young lady had expired, and exe
with all possible delicacy to the afflict
painful duty of inquiring into this fata
But there occurred nothing to explai
hypothesis, that the bride, in a sudden f
had stabbed the bridegroom at the thr
apartment. The fatal weapon was f
chamber, smeared with blood. It w
poniard which Henry should have worn
ding-day, and which his unhappy sister

l to secrete on the succeeding evening, when en shown to her among other articles of pre- for the wedding.
ends of Bucklaw expected that on his reco- vould throw some light upon this dark story. rly pressed him with inquiries, which for he he evaded under pretext of weakness. owever, he had been transported to his own d was considered as in a state of convales- assembled those persons, both male and ho had considered themselves as entitled to on this subject, and returned them thanks terest they had exhibited in his behalf, and rs of adherence and support. "I wish you said, "my friends, to understand, however, ve neither story to tell, nor injuries to avenge. shall question me henceforward upon the of that unhappy night, I shall remain silent, ture consider her as one who has shown her- ous to break off her friendship with me; in a ill never speak to her again. But if a gentle- l ask me the same question, I shall regard ility as equivalent to an invitation to meet e Duke's Walk,* and I expect that he will elf accordingly."
ration so decisive admitted no commentary; s soon after seen that Bucklaw had arisen bed of sickness a sadder and a wiser man ad hitherto shown himself. He dismissed elt from his society, but not without such a as, if well employed, might secure him ndigence, and against temptation.
w afterwards went abroad, and never re- Scotland; nor was he known ever to hint rcumstances attending his fatal marriage. readers this may be deemed overstrained, and composed by the wild imagination of r, desirous of gratifying the popular appetite rrible; but those who are read in the private story of Scotland during the period in which is laid, will readily discover, through the f borrowed names and added incidents, the articulars of AN OWER TRUE TALE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

e mind's so marbled, and his heart so hard,
Would not, when this huge mishap was heard,
' utmost note of sorrow set their song,
e a gallant, with so great a grace,
ddenly unthought on, so o'erthrown,
so to perish, in so poor a place,
o rash riding in a ground unknown!
Poem, in Nisbet's Heraldry, Vol. II.

re anticipated the course of time to mention s recovery and fate, that we might not in- e detail of events which succeeded the fune- unfortunate Lucy Ashton. This melancholy was performed in the misty dawn of an morning, with such moderate attendance mony as could not possibly be dispensed very few of the nearest relations attended o the same churchyard to which she had so n led as a bride, with as little free will, per- ould be now testified by her lifeless and pas- ins. An aisle adjacent to the church had d up by Sir William Ashton as a family and here, in a coffin bearing neither name were consigned to dust the remains of what lovely, beautiful, and innocent, though ex- to frenzy by a long tract of unremitting per- While the mourners were busy in the vault, village hags, who, notwithstanding the un- rliness of the hour, had snuffed the carrion ires, were seated on the "through-stane." ged in their wonted unhallowed conference.
ot I say," said Dame Gourlay, "that the al would be followed by as braw a funeral?"
k," answered Dame Winnie, "there's little it; neither meat nor drink, and just a wheen pences to the poor folk; it was little worth while to come sae far road for sae sma' profit, and us sae frail."

"Out, wretch!" replied Dame Gourlay, "can a' the dainties they could gie us be half sae sweet as this hour's vengeance? There they are that were capering on their prancing nags four days since, and they are now ganging as dreigh and sober as oursells the day. They were a' glistening wi' gowd and silver—they're now as black as the crook. And Miss Lucy Ashton, that grudged when an honest woman came near her, a taid may sit on her coffin the day, and she can never scunner when he croaks. And Lady Ashton has hell-fire burning in her breast by this time; and Sir William, wi' his gibbets, and his faggots, and his chains, how likes he the witcheries of his ain dwelling-house?"

"And is it true, then," mumbled the paralytic wretch, "that the bride was trailed out of her bed and up the chimley by evil spirits, and that the bride-groom's face was wrung round ahint him?"

"Ye needna care wha did it, or how it was done," said Ailsie Gourlay; "but I'll uphaud it for nae stickit* job, and that the lairds and leddies ken weel this day."

"And was it true," said Annie Winnie, "sin ye ken sae mickle about it, that the picture of Auld Sir Malise Ravenswood came down on the ha' floor, and led out the brawl before them a'?"

"Na," said Ailsie; "but into the ha' came the picture—and I ken weel how it came there—to gie them a warning that pride would get a fa'. But there's as queer a ploy, cummers, as ony o' thae, that's gaun on even now in the burial vault yonder—ye saw twall mourners, wi' crape and cloke, gang down the steps pair and pair?"

"What should ail us to see them?" said the one old woman.

"I counted them," said the other, with the eager-ness of a person to whom the spectacle had afforded too much interest to be viewed with indifference.

"But ye did not see," said Ailsie, exulting in her superior observation, "that there's a thirteenth amang them that they ken naething about; and, if auld freets say true, there's ane o' that company that'll no be lang for this warld. But come awa, cummers; if we bide here, I'se warrant we get the wyte o' whatever ill comes of it, and that gude will come of it nane o' them need ever think to see."

And thus, croaking like the ravens when they anti-cipate pestilence, the ill-boding sibyls withdrew from the churchyard.

In fact, the mourners, when the service of inter-ment was ended, discovered that there was among them one more than the invited number, and the remark was communicated in whispers to each other. The suspicion fell upon a figure, which, muffled in the same deep mourning with the others, was reclined, almost in a state of insensibility, against one of the pillars of the sepulchral vault. The relatives of the Ashton family were expressing in whispers their sur-prise and displeasure at the intrusion, when they were interrupted by Colonel Ashton, who, in his father's absence, acted as principal mourner. "I know," he said in a whisper, "who this person is; he has, or shall soon have, as deep cause of mourning as our-selves—leave me to deal with him, and do not disturb the ceremony by unnecessary exposure." So saying, he separated himself from the group of his relations, and taking the unknown mourner by the cloak, he said to him, in a tone of suppressed emotion, "Follow me."

The stranger, as if starting from a trance at the sound of his voice, mehanically obeyed, and they ascended the broken ruinous stair which led from the sepulchre into the churchyard. The other mourners followed, but remained grouped together at the door of the vault, watching with anxiety the motions of Colonel Ashton and the stranger, who now appeared to be in close conference beneath the shade of a yew-tree, in the most remote part of the burial-ground.

To this sequestered spot Colonel Ashton had guided the stranger, and then turning round, addressed him in a stern and composed tone.—"I cannot doubt that

* In the vicinity of Holyrood-house, so called, because noted by the Duke of York, afterwards James II., residence in Scotland. It was for a long time the of rendezvous for settling affairs of honour.

* Stickit, imperfect.

I speak to the Master of Ravenswood?" No answer was returned. "I cannot doubt," resumed the Colonel, trembling with rising passion, "that I speak to the murderer of my sister?"

"You have named me but too truly," said Ravenswood, in a hollow and tremulous voice.

"If you repent what you have done," said the Colonel, "may your penitence avail you before God; with me it shall serve you nothing. Here," he said, giving a paper, "is the measure of my sword, and a memorandum of the time and place of meeting. Sunrise to-morrow morning, on the links to the east of Wolf's-hope."

The Master of Ravenswood held the paper in his hand, and seemed irresolute. At length he spoke—"Do not," he said, "urge to farther desperation a wretch who is already desperate. Enjoy your life while you can, and let me seek my death from another."

"That you never, never shall!" said Douglas Ashton. "You shall die by my hand, or you shall complete the ruin of my family by taking my life. If you refuse my open challenge, there is no advantage I will not take of you, no indignity with which I will not load you, until the very name of Ravenswood shall be the sign of every thing that is dishonourable, as it is already of all that is villanous."

"That it shall never be," said Ravenswood, fiercely; "if I am the last who must bear it, I owe it to those who once owned it, that the name shall be extinguished without infamy. I accept your challenge, time, and place of meeting. We meet, I presume, alone?"

"Alone we meet," said Colonel Ashton, "and alone will the survivor of us return from that place of rendezvous."

"Then God have mercy on the soul of him who falls!" said Ravenswood.

"So be it!" said Colonel Ashton; "so far can my charity reach even for the man I hate most deadly, and with the deepest reason. Now, break off, for we shall be interrupted. The links by the sea-shore to the east of Wolf's-hope—the hour, sun-rise—our swords our only weapons."

"Enough," said the Master, "I will not fail you."

They separated; Colonel Ashton joining the rest of the mourners, and the Master of Ravenswood taking his horse, which was tied to a tree behind the church. Colonel Ashton returned to the castle with the funeral guests, but found a pretext for detaching himself from them in the evening, when, changing his dress to a riding habit, he rode to Wolf's-hope that night, and took up his abode in the little inn, in order that he might be ready for his rendezvous in the morning.

It is not known how the Master of Ravenswood disposed of the rest of that unhappy day. Late at night, however, he arrived at Wolf's-Crag, and aroused his old domestic, Caleb Balderstone, who had ceased to expect his return. Confused and flying rumours of the late tragical death of Miss Ashton, and of its mysterious cause, had already reached the old man, who was filled with the utmost anxiety, on account of the probable effect these events might produce upon the mind of his master.

The conduct of Ravenswood did not alleviate his apprehensions. To the butler's trembling entreaties, that he would take some refreshment, he at first returned no answer, and then suddenly and fiercely demanding wine, he drank, contrary to his habits, a very large draught. Seeing that his master would eat nothing, the old man affectionately entreated that he would permit him to light him to his chamber. It was not until the request was three or four times repeated that Ravenswood made a mute sign of compliance. But when Balderstone conducted him to an apartment which had been comfortably fitted up, and which, since his return, he had usually occupied, Ravenswood stopped short on the threshold.

"Not here," said he, sternly; "show me the room in which my father died; the room in which SHE slept the night they were at the castle."

"Who, sir?" said Caleb, too terrified to preserve his presence of mind.

"*She*, Lucy Ashton!—would you kill me, old man, by *forcing* me to repeat her name?"

Caleb would have said something of the di[...] the chamber, but was silenced by the irrit[...] patience which was expressed in his maste[...] tenance; he lighted the way trembling and i[...] placed the lamp on the table of the desert[...] and was about to attempt some arrangemen[...] bed, when his master bid him begone in a t[...] admitted of no delay. The old man retire[...] rest, but to prayer; and from time to time cre[...] door of the apartment, in order to find out [...] Ravenswood had gone to repose. His [...] heavy step upon the floor was only inter[...] deep groans; and the repeated stamps of th[...] his heavy boot, intimated too clearly, that the [...] inmate was abandoning himself at such mo[...] paroxysms of uncontrolled agony. The [...] thought that the morning, for which he longe[...] never have dawned; but time, whose cours[...] with equal current, however it may seem m[...] or more slow to mortal apprehension, bro[...] dawn at last, and spread a ruddy light on t[...] verge of the glistening ocean. It was early in[...] ber, and the weather was serene for the seas[...] year. But an easterly wind had prevailed d[...] night, and the advancing tide rolled nearer th[...] to the foot of the crags on which the ca[...] founded.

With the first peep of light, Caleb Ba[...] again resorted to the door of Ravenswood's [...] apartment, through a chink of which he obse[...] engaged in measuring the length of two [...] swords which lay in a closet adjoining to t[...] ment. He muttered to himself, as he select[...] these weapons, "It is shorter—let him have [...] vantage, as he has every other."

Caleb Balderstone knew too well, from wh[...] nessed, upon what enterprise his master wa[...] and how vain all interference on his part mu[...] sarily prove. He had but time to retreat [...] door, so nearly was he surprised by his ma[...] denly coming out, and descending to the stal[...] faithful domestic followed; and, from the di[...] appearance of his master's dress, and his [...] looks, was confirmed in his conjecture tha[...] passed the night without sleep or repose. I[...] him busily engaged in saddling his horse, [...] from which Caleb, though with faltering v[...] trembling hands, offered to relieve him. [...] wood rejected his assistance by a mute sign, [...] ing led the animal into the court, was just [...] mount him, when the old domestic's fear gi[...] to the strong attachment which was the [...] passion of his mind, he flung himself su[...] Ravenswood's feet, and clasped his knees, [...] exclaimed, "Oh, sir! oh, master! kill me if [...] but do not go out on this dreadful errand! [...] dear master, wait but this day—the Marquis [...] comes to-morrow, and a' will be remedied."

"You have no longer a master, Caleb," [...] venswood, endeavouring to extricate himself [...] old man, would you cling to a falling tower?"

"But I *have* a master," cried Caleb, still [...] him fast, "while the heir of Ravenswood [...] I am but a servant; but I was born your f[...] your grandfather's servant—I was born for t[...] I have lived for them—I would die for them [...] but at home, and all will be well!"

"Well, fool! well!" said Ravenswood; "[...] man, nothing hereafter in life will be well [...] and happiest is the hour that shall soonest [...]

So saying, he extricated himself from the [...] hold, threw himself on his horse, and rode [...] gate; but instantly turning back, he threw [...] Caleb, who hastened to meet him, a heavy [...] gold.

"Caleb!" he said, with a ghastly smile, [...] you my executor;" and again turning his [...] resumed his course down the hill.

The gold fell unheeded on the pavemen[...] old man ran to observe the course which w[...] by his master, who turned to the left dow[...] and broken path, which gained the seashor[...] a cleft in the rock, and led to a sort of cov[...] in former times, the boats of the castle wer[...]

l. Observing him take this course, Caleb to the eastern battlement, which com he prospect of the whole sands, very near as village of Wolf's-hope. He could easily aster riding in that direction, as fast as the d carry him. The prophecy at once rushed stone's mind, that the Lord of Ravenswood rish on the Kelpie's Flow, which lay half ixt the tower and the links, or sand knolls, thward of Wolf's hope. He saw him ac- reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him er.

Ashton, frantic for revenge, was already l, pacing the turf with eagerness, and look- mpatience towards the tower for the arrival tagonist. The sun had now risen, and s broad disk above the eastern sea, so that easily discern the horseman who rode nim with speed which argued impatience is own. At once the figure became invisi- it had melted into the air. He rubbed his he had witnessed an apparition, and then to the spot, near which he was met by Bal- who came from the opposite direction. No tever of horse or rider could be discerned; peared, that the late winds and high tides ly extended the usual bounds of the quick- l that the unfortunate horseman, as ap- m the hoof-tracks, in his precipitated haste, attended to keep on the firm sands on the e rock, but had taken the shortest and most s course. One only vestige of his fate ap- A large sable feather had been detached hat, and the rippling waves of the rising ed it to Caleb's feet. The old man took it it, and placed it in his bosom.

abitants of Wolf's hope were now alarmed, ded to the place, some on shore, and some but their search availed nothing. The tena- ths of the quicksand, as is usual in such ained its prey.

Our tale draws to a conclusion. The Marquis of A——, alarmed at the frightful reports that were cur- rent, and anxious for his kinsman's safety, arrived on the subsequent day to mourn his loss; and, after renewing in vain a search for the body, returned to forget what had happened amid the bustle of politics and state affairs.

Not so Caleb Balderstone. If worldly profit could have consoled the old man, his age was better pro- vided for than his earlier years had ever been; but life had lost to him its salt and its savour. His whole course of ideas, his feelings, whether of pride or of apprehension, of pleasure or of pain, had all arisen from his close connexion with the family which was now extinguished. He held up his head no longer— forsook all his usual haunts and occupations, and seem- ed only to find pleasure in moping about those apart ments in the old castle, which the Master of Ravens wood had last inhabited. He ate without refreshment, and slumbered without repose; and, with a fidelity sometimes displayed by the canine race, but seldom by human beings, he pined and died within a year after the catastrophe which we have narrated.

The family of Ashton did not long survive that of Ravenswood. Sir William Ashton outlived his eldest son, the Colonel, who was slain in a duel in Flanders; and Henry, by whom he was succeeded, died un- married. Lady Ashton lived to the verge of extreme old age, the only survivor of the group of unhappy persons, whose misfortunes were owing to her impla- cability. That she might internally feel compunction, and reconcile herself with Heaven whom she had offended, we will not, and we dare not, deny, but to those around her, she did not evince the slightest symptom either of repentance or remorse. In all ex- ternal appearance, she bore the same bold, haughty, unbending character, which she had displayed before these unhappy events. A splendid marble monu- ment records her name, titles, and virtues, while her victims remain undistinguished by tomb or epitaph.

END OF THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

RODUCTION TO A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

END OF MONTROSE was written chiefly with a view ore the reader the melancholy fate of John Lord lest son of William Earl of Airth and Menteith, and circumstances attending the birth and history of art of Ardvoirlich, by whose hand the unfortunate ll.

t leads us to talk of deadly feuds, and we must be still more ancient than that to which our story ng the reign of James IV., a great feud between the milies of Drummond and Murray divided Perthshire. being the most numerous and powerful, cooped up of the Murrays in the kirk of Monivaird, and set fire wives and the children of the ill-fated men, who had helter in the church, perished by the same conflagra- an, named David Murray, escaped by the humanity o Drummonds, who received him in his arms as he amongst the flames. As king James IV. ruled with ty than most of his predecessors, this cruel deed revenged, and several of the perpetrators were be- tirling. In consequence of the prosecution against e Drummond by whose assistance David Murray 1, fled to Ireland, until, by means of the person e had saved, he was permitted to return to Scot- he and his descendants were distinguished by the ummond-Eirinich, or Ernoch, that is, Drummond of d the same title was bestowed on their estate.

mmond-ernoch of James the Sixth's time was a ter in the forest of Glenartney, and chanced to be here in search of venison about the year 1588, or 9. This forest was adjacent to the chief haunts of gors, or a particular race of them, known by the title h, or Children of the Mist. They considered the fo- ling in their vicinity as an aggression, or perhaps m at feud, for the apprehension or slaughter of some n name, or for some similar reason. This tribe of were outlawed and persecuted, as the reader may roduction to Rob Roy; and every man's hand being , their hand was of course directed against every ort, they surprised and slew Drummond-ernoch, cut l, and carried it with them, wrapt in the corner of plaids.

exultation of vengeance, they stopped at the house ch and demanded refreshment, which the lady, a murdered Drummond-ernoch, (her husband being afraid or unwilling to refuse. She caused bread to be placed before them, and gave directions for ntial refreshments to be prepared. While she was this hospitable intention, the barbarians placed the brother on the table, filling the mouth with bread and bidding him eat, for many a merry meal he had t house.

woman returning, and beholding this dreadful sight, nd, and fled into the woods, where, as described in , she roamed a raving maniac, and for some time self from all living society. Some remaining in- ling brought her at length to steal a glance from a the maidens while they milked the cows, which ved, her husband, Ardvoirlich, had her conveyed home, and detained her there till she gave birth to hom she had been pregnant; after which she was dually to recover her mental faculties.

e the outlaws had carried to the utmost their insults regal authority, which indeed, as exercised, they ason for respecting. They bore the same bloody ch they had so savagely exhibited to the lady of into the old church of Balquidder, nearly in the eir country, where the Laird of MacGregor and all g convened for the purpose, laid their hands suc- the dead man's head, and swore, in heathenish and anner, to defend the author of the deed. This fierce ve combination gave the author's late and lamented lexander Boswell, Bart., subject for a spirited poem, lan-Alpin's Vow," which was printed, but not, I lished, in 1811.*

is ascertained by a proclamation from the Privy ed 4th February, 1589, directing letters of fire and st the MacGregors.† This fearful commission was th uncommon fury. The late excellent John Bu- Cambusmore showed the author some correspond en his ancestor, the Laird of Buchanan, and Lord about sweeping certain valleys with their follow- xed time and rendezvous, and "taking sweet re- e death of their cousin, Drummond-ernoch." In however, that could be done, the devoted tribe of still bred up survivors to sustain and to inflict new d injuries.‡

Meanwhile young James Stewart of Ardvoirlich grew up to manhood, uncommonly tall, strong, and active, with such power in the grasp of his hand in particular, as could force the blood from beneath the nails of the persons who contended with him in this feat of strength. His temper was moody, fierce, and irascible; yet he must have had some ostensible good qualities, as he was greatly beloved by Lord Kilpont, the eldest son of the Earl of Airth and Menteith.

This gallant young nobleman joined Montrose in the setting up his standard in 1644, just before the decisive battle at Tippermuir, on the 1st September in that year. At that time, Stewart of Ardvoirlich shared the confidence of the young Lord by day, and his bed by night, when, about four or five days after the battle, Ardvoirlich, either from a fit of sudden fury or deep malice long entertained against his unsuspecting friend, stabbed Lord Kilpont to the heart, and escaped from the camp of Montrose, having killed a sentinel who attempted to detain him. Bishop Guthrie gives as a reason for this villainous action, that Lord Kilpont had rejected with abhorrence a proposal of Ardvoirlich to assassinate Montrose. But it does not appear that there is any authority for this charge, which rests on mere suspicion. Ardvoirlich, the assassin, certainly did fly to the Covenanters, and was employed and promoted by them. He obtained a pardon for the slaughter of Lord Kilpont, confirmed by Parliament in 1644, and was made Major of Argyle's regiment in 1648. Such are the facts of the tale, here given as a Legend of Montrose's wars. The reader will find they are considerably altered in the fictitious narrative.

The author has endeavoured to enliven the tragedy of the tale by the introduction of a personage proper to the time and country. In this he has been held by excellent judges to have been in some degree successful. The contempt of commerce entertained by young men having some pretence to gentility, the poverty of the country of Scotland, the national disposition to wandering and to adventure, all conduced to lead the Scots abroad into the military service of countries which were at war with each other. They were distinguished on the continent by their bravery; but in adopting the trade of mercenary soldiers, they necessarily injured their national character. The tincture of learning, which most of them possessed, degenerated into pedantry; their good breeding became mere ceremonial; their fear of dishonour no longer kept them aloof from that which was really unworthy, but was made to depend on certain punctilious observances totally apart from that which was in itself deserving of praise. A cavalier of honour, in search of his fortune, might, for example, change his service as he would his shirt, fight, like the doughty Captain Dalgetty, in one cause after another, without regard to the justice of the quarrel, and might plunder the peasantry subjected to him by the fate of war with the most unrelenting rapacity; but he must beware how he sustained the slightest reproach, even from a clergyman, if it had regard to neglect on the score of duty. The following occurrence will prove the truth of what I mean:—

"Here I must not forget the memory of one preacher, Master William Forbesse, a preacher for souldiers, yea, and a captaine in neede to lead souldiers on a good occasion, being full of courage, with discretion and good conduct, beyond some captaines I have knowne, that were not so capable as he. At this time he not onely prayed for us, but went on with us, to remarke, as I thinke, men's carriage; and having found a sergeant neglecting his dutie and his honour at such a time, (whose name I will not expresse,) having chidden him, did promise to reveale him unto me, as he did after their service. The sergeant being called before me, and accused, did deny his accusation, alleaging, if he were no pastour that had alledged it, he would not lie under the injury. The preacher offered to fight with him, [in proof,] that it was truth he had spoken of him; whereupon I cashiered the sergeant, and gave his place to a worthier, called Mungo Gray, a gentleman of good worth, and of much courage. The sergeant being cashiered, never called Master William to account, for which he was evill thought of; so that he retired home, and quit the warres."

The above quotation is taken from a work which the author repeatedly consulted while composing the following sheets, and which is in great measure written in the humour of Captain Dugald Dalgetty. It bears the following formidable title:—"MONRO his Expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment,

* Appendix. No I.

† Appendix. No. II.

‡ the opportunity given me by a second mention of this ce an error, which imputes to an individual named Ciar egor, the slaughter of the students at the battle of Glenfruin. d from the authority of John Gregorson, Esq., that the named was dead nearly a century before the battle in ques- ld not, therefore, have done *the cruel action* mentioned. The mistake does not rest with me, as I disclaimed being responsible for the tradition while I quoted it, but with vulgar fame, which is always disposed to ascribe remarkable actions to a remarkable name.—See the erroneous passage, Rob Roy, Introduction, p. 4.; and so soft sleep the offended phantom of Dugald Ciar Mohr.

It is with mingled pleasure and shame that I record the more important error, of having announced as deceased my learned acquaintance, the Rev. Dr. Grahame, minister of Aberfoil.—See Rob Roy, chap. 30. p. 98. I cannot now recollect the precise ground of my depriving my learned and excellent friend of his existence, unless, like Mr Kirke, his predecessor in the parish, the excellent Doctor had made a short trip to Fairy-land, with whose wonders he is so well acquainted. But however I may have been misled, my regret is most sincere for having spread such a rumour; and no one can be more gratified than I that the report, however I have been induced to credit and give it currency, is a false one, and that Dr. Grahame is still the living pastor of Aberfoil, for the delight and instruction of his brother antiquaries.

called MacKeye's regiment, levied in August 1626, by Sir Donald MacKeye Lord Rees Colonel, for his Majestie's service of Denmark, and reduced after the battle of Nerling, in September 1634, at Wormes, in the Palz Discharged in several duties and observations of service, first, under the magnanimous King of Denmark, during his wars against the Empire; afterwards under the invincible King of Sweden, during his Majestie's lifetime; and since under the Director-General, the Rex Chancellor Oxenstierne, and his Generals Collected and gathered together, at spare hours, by Colonel Robert Monro, as First Lieutenant under the said Regiment, to the noble and worthy Captain Thomas MacKenzie of Kildon, brother to the noble Lord, the Lord Earl of Seaforth, for the use of all noble Cavaliers favouring the laudable profession of arms. To which is annexed, the Abridgement of Exercise, and divers Practical Observations for the Younger Officer his consideration. Ending with the Soldier's Meditations on going on Service."—London, 1637.

Another worthy of the same school, and nearly the same views of the military character, is Sir James Turner, a soldier of fortune, who rose to considerable rank in the reign of Charles II, had a command in Galloway and Dumfries shire, for the suppression of Conventicles, and was made prisoner by the insurgent Covenanters in that rising which was followed by the battle of Pentland. Sir James is a person even of superior pretensions to Lieutenant-Colonel Monro, having written a Military Treatise on the Pike Exercise, called "Pallas Armata." Moreover, he was educated at Glasgow College, though he escaped to become an Ensign in the German wars, instead of taking his degree of Master of Arts at that learned seminary.

In latter times, he was author of several discourses on historical and literary subjects, from which the Bannatyne Club have extracted and printed such passages as concern his Life and Times under the title of "Sir James Turner's Memoirs." From this curious book I extract the following passage, as an example of how Captain Dalgetty might have recorded such an incident had he kept a journal, or, to give it a more just character, it is such as the genius of De Foe would have devised, to give the minute and distinguishing features of truth to a fictitious narrative:—

"Heere I will set doun ane accident befell me: for though it was not a very strange one, yet it was a very od one in all its parts My tuo brigads lay in a village within halfe a mile of Applebie, my own quarter was in a gentleman's house, who was a Ritmaster, and at that time with Sir Marmaduke; his wife keepd her chamber readie to be brought to bed. The castle being over, and Lambert farre enough, I resolved to goe to bed everie night, haveing had fatigue enough before. The first night I sleepd well enough; and riseing nixt morning, I misd one linnen stockine, one halfe silke one, and one boothose, the accoustrement under a boote for one leg: neither could they be found for any search. Being provided of more of the same kind, I made myselfe readie, and rode to the head-quarters At my returne, I could heare no newes of my stockins. That night I went to bed, and nixt morning founde myselfe just so used; missing the three stockins for one leg onlie, the other three being left intire as they were the day before A narrower search then the first was made, bot without successe. I had yet in reserve one paire of whole stockings, and a pair of boothose, greater then the former. These I put on my legs. The third morning I found the same usage, the stockins for one leg onlie left me. It was time for me then, and my servants too to imagine it must be rats that had shard my stockins so inequallie with me; and this the mistress of the house knew well enough, but wold not tell it me. The roome, which was a low parlour, being well searched with candles, the top of my great boothose was found at a hole, in which they had drawne all the rest. I went abroad and ordered the boards to be raised, to see how the rats had disposd of my moveables. The mistress sent a servant of her oune to be present at this action, which she knew concernd her. One board being bot a little opend, a litle boy of mine thrust in his hand, and fetchd with him foure [...] peeces of gold, and one angell. The servant af[...] firmed it appertaind to his mistres. The boy br[...] to me. I went immediatlie to the gentlewomans [...] told her, it was probable Lambert haveing qu[...] house, as indeed he had, some of his servants [...] that gold; and if so, it was lawfullie mine: bo[...] make it appeare it belonged to her, I sould ren[...] her. The poore gentlewoman told me with ma[...] her husband being none of the frugalest men, [...] was a spendthrift,) she had had that gold with[...] ledge, to make use of it as she had occasion, es[...] she lay in, and conjured me, as I love the King, [...] husband and she had sufferd much,) not to d[...] She said, if there was either more or lesse then [...] whole peeces, and two halfe ones, it sould be rec[...] that they were put by her in a red velvet purse [...] given her assureance of her gold, a new search [...] other angell is found, the velvet purse all gnawd [...] stockins were, and the gold instantlie restord to [...] man I have often heard that the eating or gna[...] by rats is ominous, and portends some misch[...] these to whom the cloths belong I thank God I [...] dicted to such divinations, or heeded them. [...] more misfortunes then one fell on me shortlie a[...] sure I could have better forseene them myselfe [...] such vermine, and yet did it not. I have hear[...] fine stories told of rats, how they abandon hou[...] when the first are to be burnt, and the second dr[...] ists say they are very sagacious creatures, and [...] are so; bot I shall never be of the opinion they [...] ture contingencies, which I suppose the divel[...] neither forknow nor forteil: these being things [...] mighty hath keepd hidden in the bosom of his [...] ence. And whither the great God hath preordu[...] tinated these things, which to us are contingent [...] and uncontrollable and unavoidable necessitie, [...] yet decided."*

In quoting these ancient authorities, I must [...] more modern sketch of a Scottish soldier of the [...] a master hand, in the character of Lesmahagow [...] istence of that doughty Captain alone must dep[...] author of all claim to absolute originality. Still I [...] production of his own fancy, has been so far a fav[...] parent, that he has fallen into the error of as[...] Captain too prominent a part in the story. This [...] of a critic who encamps on the highest pinnacle [...] and the author is so far fortunate in having me[...] sure, that it gives his modesty a decent apology [...] praise, which it would have ill-befitted him to b[...] an unmingled state. The passage occurs in the [...] view, No. 55, containing a criticism on Ivanhoe[...]

"There is too much, perhaps, of Dalgetty,— [...] engrosses too great a proportion of the work,— [...] we think he is uniformly entertaining,—and [...] nowhere shown more affinity to that matchless s[...] bring out his Falstaffs and his Pistols, to act aft[...] after play, and exercise them every time with [...] bounded loquacity, without either exhausting th[...] varying a note from its characteristic tone, th[...] and reiterated specimens of the eloquence of [...] Ritt-master The general idea of the characte[...] our comic dramatists after the Restoration—and [...] some measure to be compounded of Captain Fl[...] badil;—but the ludicrous combination of the [...] Divinity student of Mareschal College, is entirel[...] the mixture of talent, selfishness, courage, coars[...] ceit, was never so happily exemplified. Nu[...] speeches are, there is not one that is not charact[...] our taste, divertingly ludicrous."

* Sir James Turner's Memoirs, Bannatyne Edit[...]

APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.*

No. I.

HE scarcity of my late friend's poem may be an excuse for adding the spirited conclusion of Clan Alpin's vow. The Clan Gregor has met in the ancient church of Balquidder. The head of Drummond-Ernoch is placed on the altar, covered for a time with the banner of the tribe. The Chief of the tribe advances to the altar:

"And pausing, on the banner gazed;
Then cried in scorn, his finger raised,
'This was the boon of Scotland's king;'
And, with a quick and angry fling,
Tossing the pageant screen away,
The dead man's head before him lay.
Unmoved he scann'd the visage o'er,
The clotted locks were dark with gore,
The features with convulsion grim,
The eyes contorted, sunk, and dim.
But unappall'd, in angry mood,
With lowering brow, unmoved he stood.
Upon the head his bared right hand
He laid, the other grasp'd his brand:
Then kneeling, cried, 'To Heaven I swear
This deed of death I own, and share;
As truly, fully mine, as though
This my right hand had dealt the blow:
Come then, our foemen, one, come all;
If to revenge this caitiff's fall
One blade is bared, one bow is drawn,
Mine everlasting peace I pawn,
To claim from them, or claim from him[...]
In retribution, limb for limb.
In sudden fray, or open strife,
This steel shall render life for life.'

"He ceased; and at his beckoning no[...]
The clansmen to the altar trod;
And not a whisper breathed around,
And nought was heard of mortal soun[...]
Save from the clanking arms they bor[...]
That rattled on the marble floor;
And each, as he approach'd in haste,
Upon the scalp his right hand placed;
With livid lip, and gather'd brow,
Each uttered, in his turn, the vow.
Fierce Malcolm watch'd the passing [...]
And search'd them through with glanc[...]
Then dash'd a tear-drop from his eye;
Unbid it came—he knew not why.
Exulting high, he towering stood:
'Kinsmen,' he cried, 'of Alpin's blo[...]
And worthy of Clan Alpin's name,
Unstain'd by cowardice and shame,
E'en do, spare nocht, in time of ill
Shall be Clan Alpin's legend still!'"

No. II.

isputed whether the Children of the Mist were tors, or whether they were not outlaws named longing to Ardnamurchan. The following act of cil seems to decide the question :—

Edinburgh, 4th February, 1589.

ay, the Lords of Secret Council being credible cruel and mischeivous proceeding of ye wicked ang continueing in blood, slaughters, herships, and stouths committed upon his Hienes' peace-ubjects ; inhabiting ye countries ewest ye braya s, thir money years bygone, but specially heir arder of umqll Jo. Drummond of Drummoney-aties proper tennant, and ane of his fosters of mitted upon ye day of last by-of ye said clan, be ye councill and determination iw and to defend ye authors yrof quever wald age of ye same, qll ye said Jo. was occupied in son to his Hieness, at command of Pat. Lord wart of Stratharne, and principal forrester of Queen, his Majesties dearest spouse, being yn for to arrive in this realm. Likeas, after ye ed, ye authors yrof cutted off ye said umqll Jo. ad, and carried the same to the Laird of M'Gri-gor, who, and the haill surname of M'Grigors, purposely conveined upon the Sunday yrafter, at the Kirk of Buchquhidder ; qr they caused ye said umqll John's head to be pnted to ym, and yr avowing ye sd murder to have been committed by yr communion, council, and determination, laid yr hands upon the pow, and in eithnik, and barbarous manner, swear to defend ye authors of ye sd murder, in maist proud contempt of our sovrn Lord and his authoritie, and in evil example to others wicked limmars to do ye like, give ys sall be suffered to remain unpunished."

Then follows a commission to the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Athole, Montrose, Pat. Lord Drummond, Ja. Commendator of Incheffray, And. Campbel of Lochinnel, Duncan Campbel of Ardkinglas, Lauchlane M'Intosh of Dunnauchtane, Sir Jo. Murrya of Tullibarden, knt., Geo. Buchanan of that Ilk, and And. M'Farlane of Arquocher, to search for and apprehend Alaster M'Grigor of Glenstre, (and a number of others nominatim,) "and all others of the said Clangrigor, or ye assistars, culpable of the said odious murther, or of thift, reset of thift, herships, and sornings, qrever they may be apprehended. And if they refuse to be taken, or flees to strengths and houses, to pursue and assege them with fire and sword ; and this commission to endure for the space of three years."

Such was the system of police in 1589 ; and such the state of Scotland nearly thirty years after the Reformation.

POSTSCRIPT.

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pages were passing through the press, the author r from the present Robert Stewart of Ardvoir-him with the account of the unhappy slaughter it, differing from, and more probable than, that Wishart, whose narrative infers either insanity treachery on the part of James Stewart of Ard-cestor of the present family of that name. It is the entire communication as received from my spondent, which is more minute than the histo-d.

have not the honour of being personally known ou will excuse the liberty I now take, in address-ubject of a transaction more than once alluded hich an ancestor of mine was unhappily con-s to the slaughter of Lord Kilpont, son of the d Monteith, in 1644, by James Stewart of Ard-e cause of this unhappy event, and the quarrel have never been correctly stated in any history which it took place, I am induced, in conse-aving, in the second series of your admirable tory of Scotland, adopted Wishart's version of and being aware that your having done so will authenticity which it does not merit, and with possible, to do justice to the memory of my un or, to send you the account of this affair as it l down in the family.

rt of Ardvoirlich, who lived in the early part of , and who was the unlucky cause of the slaugh-ont, as before mentioned, was appointed to the of several independent companies raised in the e commencement of the troubles in the reign of her of these companies was under the command , and a strong intimacy, strengthened by a dis p, subsisted between them. When Montrose standard, Ardvoirlich was one of the first to and is said to have been a principal means of rd Kilpont to the same cause ; and they accord-n Sir John Drummond and their respective fol-lontrose, as recorded by Wishart, at Buchanty. ed together, so strong was their intimacy, that ept in the same tent

time, Montrose had been joined by the Irish and of Alexander Macdonald ; these, on their ontrose, had committed some excesses on lands dvoirlich, which lay in the line of their march ast. Of this Ardvoirlich complained to Mon-ably wishing as much as possible to conciliate eated it in rather an evasive manner. Ardvoir-a man of violent passions, having failed to re-faction as he required, challenged Macdonald . Before they met, however, Montrose, on the by advice, as it is said, of Kilpont, had them t. Montrose, seeing the evils of such a feud at ime, effected a sort of reconciliation between d them to shake hands in his presence ; when, t Ardvoirlich, who was a very powerful man, d of Macdonald's hand as to make the blood gers. Still, it would appear, Ardvoirlich was onciled.

After the battle of Tippermuir, when Montrose as encamped at Collace, an entertainment was his officers, in honour of the victory he had ob-ont and his comrade Ardvoirlich were of the turning to their quarters, Ardvoirlich, who brood over his quarrel with Macdonald, and th drink, began to blame Lord Kilpont for the n in preventing his obtaining redress, and re-Montrose for not allowing him what he consi-sration. Kilpont of course defended the conduct of himself and his relative Montrose, till their argument came to high words ; and finally, from the state they were both in, by an easy transition, to blows, when Ardvoirlich, with his dirk, struck Kilpont dead on the spot. He immediately fled, and under the cover of a thick mist escaped pursuit, leaving his eldest son Henry, who had been mortally wounded at Tippermuir, on his death-bed.

"His followers immediately withdrew from Montrose, and no course remained for him but to throw himself into the arms of the opposite faction, by whom he was well received. His name is frequently mentioned in Leslie's campaigns, and on more than one occasion he is mentioned as having afforded protection to several of his former friends through his interest with Leslie, when the King's cause became desperate.

"The foregoing account of this unfortunate transaction, I am well aware, differs materially from the account given by Wishart, who alleges that Stewart had laid a plot for the assassination of Montrose, and that he murdered Lord Kilpont in consequence of his refusal to participate in his design. Now, I may be allowed to remark, that besides Wishart having always been regarded as a partial historian, and very questionable authority on any subject connected with the motives or conduct of those who differed from him in opinion, that even had Stewart formed such a design, Kilpont, from his name and connexions, was likely to be the very last man of whom Stewart would choose to make a confidant and accomplice. On the other hand, the above account, though never, that I am aware, before hinted at, has been a constant tradition in the family ; and, from the comparative recent date of the transaction, and the sources from which the tradition has been derived, I have no reason to doubt its perfect authenticity. It was most circumstantially detailed as above, given to my father, Mr. Stewart, now of Ardvoirlich, many years ago, by a man nearly connected with the family, who lived to the age of 100 This man was a great grandson of James Stewart, by a natural son John, of whom many stories are still current in this country, under his appellation of *John dhu Mhor*. This John was with his father at the time, and of course was a witness of the whole transaction ; he lived till a considerable time after the Revolution, and it was from him that my father's informant, who was a man before his grandfather, John dhu Mhor's death, received the information as above stated.

"I have many apologies to offer for trespassing so long on your patience ; but I felt a natural desire, if possible, to correct what I conceive to be a groundless imputation on the memory of my ancestor, before it shall come to be considered as a matter of History. That he was a man of violent passions and singular temper, I do not pretend to deny, as many traditions still current in this country amply verify ; but that he was capable of forming a design to assassinate Montrose, the whole tenor of his former conduct and principles contradict. That he was obliged to join the opposite party, was merely a matter of safety, while Kilpont had so many powerful friends and connexions able and ready to avenge his death.

"I have only to add, that you have my full permission to make what use of this communication you please, and either to reject it altogether, or allow it such credit as you think it deserves ; and I shall be ready at all times to furnish you with any further information on this subject which you may require and which it may be in my power to afford.

"ARDVOIRLICH,
15th *January*, 1830."

The publication of a statement so particular, and probably so correct, is a debt due to the memory of James Stewart, the victim, it would seem, of his own violent passions, but perhaps incapable of an act of premeditated treachery.

ABBOTSFORD,
1st *August*, 1830.

INTRODUCTORY.

SERGEANT MORE M'ALPIN was, during his residence among us, one of the most honoured inhabitants of Gandercleugh. No one thought of disputing his title to the great leathern chair on the "cosiest side of the chimney," in the common room of the Wallace Arms, on a Saturday evening. No less would our sexton, John Duirward, have held it an unlicensed intrusion, to suffer any one to induct himself into the corner of the left-hand pew nearest to the pulpit, which the Sergeant regularly occupied on Sundays. There he sat, his blue invalid uniform brushed with the most scrupulous accuracy. Two medals of merit displayed at his button-hole, as well as the empty sleeve which should have been occupied by his right arm, bore evidence of his hard and honourable service. His weatherbeaten features, his gray hair tied in a thin queue in the military fashion of former days, and the right side of his head a little turned up, the better to catch the sound of the clergyman's voice, were all marks of his profession and infirmities. Beside him sat his sister Janet, a little neat old woman, with a Highland curch and tartan plaid, watching the very looks of her brother, to her the greatest man upon earth, and actively looking out for him, in his silver clasped Bible, the texts which the minister quoted or expounded.

I believe it was the respect that was universally paid to this worthy veteran by all ranks in Gandercleugh which induced him to choose our village for his residence, for such was by no means his original intention.

He had risen to the rank of sergeant-major of artillery, by hard service in various quarters of the world, and was reckoned one of the most tried and trusty men of the Scotch Train. A ball, which shattered his arm in a peninsular campaign, at length procured him an honourable discharge, with an allowance from Chelsea, and a handsome gratuity from the patriotic fund. Moreover, Sergeant More M'Alpin had been prudent as well as valiant; and, from prize-money and savings, had become master of a small sum in the three per cent. consols.

He retired with the purpose of enjoying this income in the wild Highland glen, in which, when a boy, he had herded black cattle and goats, ere the roll of the drum had made him cock his bonnet an inch higher, and follow its music for nearly forty years. To his recollection, this retired spot was unparalleled in beauty by the richest scenes he had visited in his wanderings. Even the Happy Valley of Rasselas would have sunk into nothing upon the comparison. He came—he revisited the loved scene; it was but a sterile glen, surrounded with rude crags, and traversed by a northern torrent. This was not the worst. The fires had been quenched upon thirty hearths—of the cottage of his fathers he could but distinguish a few rude stones—the language was almost extinguished—the ancient race from which he boasted his descent had found a refuge beyond the Atlantic. One southland farmer, three gray-plaided shepherds, and six dogs, now tenanted the whole glen, which in his youth had maintained, in content, if not incompetence, upwards of two hundred inhabitants.

In the house of the new tenant, Sergeant M'Alpin found, however, an unexpected source of pleasure, and a means of employing his social affections. His sister Janet had fortunately entertained so strong a persuasion that her brother would one day return, that she had refused to accompany her kinsfolk upon their emigration. Nay, she had consented, though not without a feeling of degradation, to take service with the intruding Lowlander, who, though a Saxon, she said, had proved a kind man to her. This unexpected meeting with his sister seemed a cure for all the disappointments which it had been Sergeant More's lot to encounter, although it was not without a reluctant fear that he heard told, as a Highland woman alone could tell it, the story of the expatriation of his kinsmen.

She narrated at great length the vain offers they had made of advanced rent, the payment of which must have reduced them to the extremity of poverty, which they were yet contented to face, for permission to live and die on their native soil. Nor did Janet forget the portents which had announced the departure of the Celtic race, and the arrival of the strangers. For two years previous to the emigration, when the night wind howled down the pass of Balachra, its notes were distinctly modelled to the tune of, "*Ha til mi tulidh*," (we return no more,) with which the emigrants usually bid farewell to their native shores. The uncouth cries of the Southland shepherds, and the barking of their dogs, were often heard in the mist of the hills long before their actual arrival. A bard, the last of his race, had commemorated the expulsion of the natives of the glen in a tune, which brought tears into the aged eyes of the veteran, and of which the first stanza may be thus rendered :—

> Wo, wo, son of the Lowlander,
> Why wilt thou leave thine own bonny Border?
> Why comes thou hither, disturbing the Highlander,
> Wasting the glen that was once in fair order?

What added to Sergeant More M'Alpin's distress upon the occasion was, that the chief by whom this change had been effected, was, by tradition and common opinion, held to represent the ancient leaders and fathers of the expelled fugitives: and it had hitherto been one of Sergeant More's principal subjects of pride to prove, by genealogical deduction, in what degree of kindred he stood to this personage. A woful change was now wrought in his sentiments towards him.

"I cannot curse him," he said, as he rose and strode through the room, when Janet's narrative was finished—"I will not curse him; he is the descendant and representative of my fathers. *But never shall mortal man hear me name his name again.*" *And he kept his* word; for, until his dying day, no *man heard him mention his* selfish and hard-hearted chieftain.

After giving a day to sad recollections, the hardy sp
had carried him through so many dangers, manned the
bosom against this cruel disappointment. "He wou
said," to Canada to his kinsfolk, where they had
Transatlantic valley after the glen of their fathers
he said, "should kilt her coats like a leaguer lady;
distance! it was a flea's leap to the voyages and m
had made on a slighter occasion."

With this purpose he left the Highlands, and cam
sister as far as Gandercleugh, on his way to Glasgo
a passage to Canada. But winter was now set in,
thought it advisable to wait for a spring passage, wh
Lawrence should be open, he settled among us for a fe
of his stay in Britain. As we said before, the respe
man met with deference and attention from all ranks o
and when spring returned, he was so satisfied with
ters, that he did not renew the purpose of his voya
was afraid of the sea, and he himself felt the infirmit
and hard service more than he had at first expected.
he confessed to the clergyman, and my worthy prin
Cleishbotham, "it was better staying with kend fri
going farther, and faring worse."

He therefore established himself and his domicil
dercleugh, to the great satisfaction, as we have alrea
all its inhabitants, to whom he became, in respect o
intelligence, and able commentaries upon the newsp
zettes, and bulletins, a very oracle, explanatory of
events, past, present, or to come.

It is true, the Sergeant had his inconsistencies.
steady jacobite, his father and his four uncles havin
in the forty-five; but he was a no less steady adhere
George, in whose service he had made his little fo
lost three brothers; so that you were in equal dan
please him, in terming Prince Charles, the Preten
saying any thing derogatory to the dignity of Kin
Further, it must not be denied, that when the day o
his dividends came round, the Sergeant was apt to t
at the Wallace Arms of an evening, than was
with strict temperance, or indeed with his worldl
for upon these occasions, his compotators sometime
to flatter his partialities by singing jacobite songs,
ing confusion to Bonaparte, and the health of th
Wellington, until the Sergeant was not only flatter
ing the whole reckoning, but occasionally induced to
sums to his interested companions. After such sp
called them, were over, and his temper once more c
dom failed to thank God, and the Duke of York
made it much more difficult for an old soldier to ru
by his folly, than had been the case in his younger d

It was not on such occasions that I made a part o
More M'Alpin's society. But often, when my leis
permit, I used to seek him, on what he called his m
evening parade, on which, when the weather was
peared as regularly as if summoned by tuck of
morning walk was beneath the elms in the church
death," he said, "had been his next-door neighbour
years, that he had no apology for dropping the acq
His evening promenade was on the bleaching-gre
river-side, where he was sometimes to be seen o
bench, with spectacles on nose, conning over the
to a circle of village politicians, explaining military
aiding the comprehension of his hearers by lines dr
ground with the end of his rattan. On other occasi
surrounded by a bevy of school-boys, whom he some
ed to the manual, and sometimes, with less appr
the part of their parents, instructed in the mystery
fire-works; for in the case of public rejoicings, th
was pyrotechnist (as the Encyclopedia calls it) to
of Gandercleugh.

It was in his morning walk that I most frequent
the veteran. And I can hardly yet look upon the
path, overshadowed by the row of lofty elms, witho
I see his upright form advancing towards me wit
step, and his cane advanced, ready to pay me t
salute—but he is dead, and sleeps with his fait
under the third of those very trees, counting from
the west corner of the churchyard

The delight which I had in Sergeant M'Alpin's co
related not only to his own adventures, of which
countered many in the course of a wandering life,
his recollection of numerous Highland traditions, in
youth had been instructed by his parents, and o
would in after life have deemed it a kind of heresy
the authenticity. Many of these belonged to t
Montrose, in which some of the Sergeant's ance
seems, taken a distinguished part. It has happ
although these civil commotions reflect the high
upon the Highlanders, being indeed the first occ
which they showed themselves superior, or eve
their Lowcountry neighbours in military encounter
been less commemorated among them than any
have expected, judging from the abundance of tradi
they have preserved upon less interesting subjec
therefore, with great pleasure, that I extracted from
friend some curious particulars respecting that tim
mixed with that measure of the wild and wonderful
longs to the period and the narrator, but which I do
least object to the reader's treating with disbelief, p
will be so good as give implicit credit to the natur
the story, which, like all those which I have had th
put under his notice, actually rest upon a basis of tr

A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

CHAPTER I.

Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun,
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery,
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks. BUTLER.

was during the period of that great and bloody War which agitated Britain during the seven-h century, that our tale has its commencement. and had as yet remained free from the ravages estine war, although its inhabitants were much ed in political opinions; and many of them, of the control of the Estates of Parliament, and proving of the bold measure which they had ed, by sending into England a large army to the tance of the Parliament, were determined on part to embrace the earliest opportunity of de-ng for the King, and making such a diversion as ld at least compell the recall of General Leslie's r out of England, if it did not recover a great of Scotland to the King's allegiance. This plan chiefly adopted by the northern nobility, who had ed with great obstinacy the adoption of the So-League and Covenant, and by many of the s of the Highland clans, who conceived their st and authority to be connected with royalty, sad, besides, a decided aversion to the Presby-form of religion, and who, finally, were in that savage state of society, in which war is always welcome than peace.

at commotions were generally expected to arise these concurrent causes; and the trade of incur-and depredation, which the Scotch Highlanders times exercised upon the Lowlands, began to e a more steady, avowed, and systematic form, t of a general military system.

se at the head of affairs were not insensible to ril of the moment, and anxiously made prepa-s to meet and to repel it. They considered, er, with satisfaction, that no leader or name sequence had as yet appeared to assemble an of royalists, or even to direct the efforts of those tory bands, whom love of plunder, perhaps, as as political principle, had hurried into mea-of hostility. It was generally hoped that the ring a sufficient number of troops in the Low-adjacent to the Highland line, would have the of restraining the mountain chieftains; while ower of various barons in the north, who had sed the Covenant, as, for example, the Earl schal, the great families of Forbes, Leslie, and s, the Grants, and other Presbyterian clans, counterbalance and bridle, not only the strength Ogilvies and other cavaliers of Angus and Kin-ine, but even the potent family of the Gordons, se extensive authority was only equalled by their me dislike to the Presbyterian model.

the West Highlands the ruling party numbered y enemies; but the power of these disaffected s was supposed to be broken, and the spirit of chieftains intimidated, by the predominating ence of the Marquis of Argyle, upon whom the idence of the Convention of Estates was reposed the utmost security; and whose power in the lands, already exorbitant, had been still further sed by concessions extorted from the King at last pacification. It was indeed well known that was a man rather of political enterprise than al courage, and better calculated to manage igue of state, than to control the tribes of hos-ountaineers; yet the numbers of his clan, and ur of the gallant gentlemen by whom it was led, might, it was supposed, atone for the personal deficiencies of their chief; and as the Campbells had already severely humbled several of the neighbouring tribes, it was supposed these would not readily again provoke and encounter with a body so powerful.

Thus having at their command the whole west and south of Scotland, indisputably the richest part of the kingdom,—Fifeshire being in a peculiar manner their own, and possessing many and powerful friends even north of the Forth and Tay,—the Scottish Convention of Estates saw no danger sufficient to induce them to alter the line of policy they had adopted, or to recall from the assistance of their brethren of the English Parliament that auxiliary army of twenty thousand men, by means of which accession of strength, the King's party had been reduced to the defensive, when in full career of triumph and success.

The causes which moved the Convention of Estates at this time to take such an immediate and active interest in the civil war of England, are detailed in our historians, but may be here shortly recapitulated. They had indeed no new injury or aggression to complain of at the hand of the King, and the peace which had been made between Charles and his subjects of Scotland had been carefully observed; but the Scottish rulers were well aware that this peace had been extorted from the King, as well by the influence of the parliamentary party in England, as by the terror of their own arms. It is true, King Charles had since then visited the capital of his ancient kingdom, had assented to the new organization of the church, and had distributed honours and rewards among the leaders of the party which had shown themselves most hostile to his interests; but it was suspected that distinctions so unwillingly conferred would be resumed as soon as opportunity offered. The low state of the English Parliament was seen in Scotland with deep apprehension; and it was concluded, that should Charles triumph by force of arms against his insurgent subjects of England, he would not be long in exacting from the Scotch the vengeance which he might suppose due to those who had set the example of taking up arms against him. Such was the policy of the measure which dictated the sending the auxiliary army into England; and it was avowed in a manifesto explanatory of their reasons for giving this timely and important aid to the English Parliament. The English Parliament, they said, had been already friendly to them, and might be so again; whereas the King, although he had so lately established religion among them according to their desires, had given them no ground to confide in his royal declaration, seeing they had found his promises and actions inconsistent with each other. "Our conscience," they concluded, "and God, who is greater than our conscience, beareth us record, that we aim altogether at the glory of God, peace of both nations, and honour of the King, in suppressing and punishing in a legal way, those who are the troublers of Israel, the firebrands of hell, the Korahs, the Balaams, the Doegs, the Rabshakehs, the Hamans, the Tobiahs, the Sanballats of our time; which done, we are satisfied. Neither have we begun to use a military expedition to England as a mean for compassing those our pious ends, until all other means which we could think upon have failed us: and this alone is left to us, *ultimum et unicum remedium*, the last and only remedy."

Leaving it to casuists to determine whether one contracting party is justified in breaking a solemn treaty, upon the suspicion that, in certain future contingencies, it might be infringed by the other, we shall proceed to mention two other circumstances that had

at least equal influence with the Scottish rulers and nation, with any doubts which they entertained of the King's good faith.

The first of these was the nature and condition of their army; headed by a poor and discontented nobility, under whom it was officered chiefly by Scottish soldiers of fortune, who had served in the German wars until they had lost almost all distinction of political principle, and even of country, in the adoption of the mercenary faith, that a soldier's principal duty was fidelity to the state or sovereign from whom he received his pay, without respect either to the justice of the quarrel, or to their own connexion with either of the contending parties. To men of this stamp, Grotius applies the severe character *Nullum vitæ genus est improbius, quam eorum, qui sine causa respectu mercede conducti, militant.* To these mercenary soldiers, as well as to the needy gentry with whom they were mixed in command, and who easily imbibed the same opinions, the success of the late short invasion of England in 1641 was a sufficient reason for renewing so profitable an experiment. The good pay and free quarters of England had made a feeling impression upon the recollection of these military adventurers, and the prospect of again levying eight hundred and fifty pounds a-day, came in place of all arguments, whether of state or of morality.

Another cause inflamed the minds of the nation at large, no less than the tempting prospect of the wealth of England animated the soldiery. So much had been written and said on either side concerning the form of church government, that it had become a matter of infinitely more consequence in the eyes of the multitude than the doctrines of that gospel which both churches had embraced. The Prelatists and Presbyterians of the more violent kind became as illiberal as the Papists, and would scarcely allow the possibility of salvation beyond the pale of their respective churches. It was in vain remarked to these zealots, that had the Author of our holy religion considered any peculiar form of church government as essential to salvation, it would have been revealed with the same precision as under the Old Testament dispensation. Both parties continued as violent as if they could have pleaded the distinct commands of Heaven to justify their intolerance. Laud, in the days of his domination, had fired the train, by attempting to impose upon the Scottish people church ceremonies foreign to their habits and opinions. The success with which this had been resisted, and the Presbyterian model substituted in its place, had endeared the latter to the nation, as the cause in which they had triumphed. The Solemn League and Covenant, adopted with such zeal by the greater part of the kingdom, and by them forced, at the sword's point, upon the others, bore in its bosom, as its principal object, the establishing the doctrine and discipline of the Presbyterian church, and the putting down all error and heresy; and having attained for their own country an establishment of this golden candlestick, the Scots became liberally and fraternally anxious to erect the same in England. This they conceived might be easily attained by lending to the Parliament the effectual assistance of the Scottish forces. The Presbyterians, a numerous and powerful party in the English Parliament, had hitherto taken the lead in opposition to the King; while the Independents and other sectaries, who afterwards, under Cromwell, resumed the power of the sword, and overset the Presbyterian model both in Scotland and England, were as yet contented to lurk under the shelter of the wealthier and more powerful party. The prospect of bringing to a uniformity the kingdoms of England and Scotland in discipline and worship, seemed therefore as fair as it was desirable.

The celebrated Sir Henry Vane, one of the commissioners who negotiated the alliance betwixt England and Scotland, saw the influence which this bait had upon the spirits of those with whom he dealt; and although himself a violent Independent, he contrived at once to gratify and to elude the eager desires of the Presbyterians, by qualifying the obligation to reform the Church of England, as a change to be executed "according to the word of God, and the best reformed churches." Deceived by their ow ness, themselves entertaining no doubts on *Divinum* of their own ecclesiastical establi and not holding it possible such doubts adopted by others, the Convention of Estates Kirk of Scotland conceived, that such ex necessarily inferred the establishment of Pre nor were they undeceived, until, when their no longer needful, the sectaries gave them stand, that the phrase might be as well appl dependency, or any other mode of worshi those who were at the head of affairs at might consider as agreeable "to the word and the practice of the reformed churches." were the outwitted Scottish less astonishe that the designs of the English sectaries struc the monarchial constitution of Britain, it hav their intention to reduce the power of the by no means to abrogate the office. They fa ever, in this respect, like rash physicians, w menc by over-physicking a patient, until he to a state of weakness, from which cordials wards unable to recover him.

But these events were still in the womb of As yet the Scottish Parliament held their eng with England consistent with justice, prude piety, and their military undertaking seemed ceed to their very wish. The junction of t tish army with those of Fairfax and Manch abled the Parliamentary forces to besiege Y to fight the desperate action of Long-Marst in which Prince Rupert and the Marquis of N were defeated. The Scottish auxiliaries, in less of the glory of this victory than their men could desire. David Leslie, with their fought bravely, and to them, as well as to Cr brigade of Independents, the honour of the longed; but the old Earl of Leven, the cov general, was driven out of the field by the ir charge of Prince Rupert, and was thirty mile in full flight towards Scotland, when he w taken by the news that his party had gaine plete victory.

The absence of these auxiliary troops, u crusade for the establishment of Presbyteri England, had considerably diminished the the Convention of Estates in Scotland, given rise to those agitations among the a nanters, which we have noticed at the begi this chapter.

CHAPTER II.

> His mother could for him as cradle set
> Her husband's rusty iron corselet;
> Whose jangling sound could hush her babe to
> That never plain'd of his uneasy nest;
> Then did he dream of dreary wars at hand,
> And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could
>
> HALL'S S

It was towards the close of a summer's during the anxious period which we have co rated, that a young gentleman of quality, wel ed and armed, and accompanied by two one of whom led a sumpter horse, rode one of those steep passes, by which the H are accessible from the Lowlands of Per Their course had lain for some time along t of a lake, whose deep waters reflected the beams of the western sun. The broken pa they pursued with some difficulty, was in son shaded by ancient birches and oak-trees, and overhung by fragments of huge rock. Elsew hill, which formed the northern side of this sheet of water, arose in steep, but less pr acclivity, and was arrayed in heath of the purple. In the present times, a scene so would have been judged to possess the highes for the traveller; but those who journey ir doubt and dread, pay little attention to pic scenery.

The master kept, as often as the wood p abreast of one or both of his domestics, and

* The beautiful pass of Leny, near Callender, in would, in some respects, answer the description.

y to converse with them, probably because nctions of rank are readily set aside among io are made to be sharers of common danger. positions of the leading men who inhabit this intry, and the probability of their taking part olitical convulsions that were soon expected. e subjects of their conversation.

had not advanced above half way up the lake, young gentleman was pointing to his atten- e spot where their intended road turned north- ind, leaving the verge of the loch, ascended to the right hand, when they discovered a iorseman coming down the shore, as if to em. The gleam of the sunbeams upon his ce and corslet showed that he was in armour, purpose of the other travellers required that d not pass unquestioned. "We must know is," said the young gentleman, "and whither ng." And putting spurs to his horse, he rode as fast as the rugged state of the road would followed by his two attendants, until he the point where the pass along the side of e was intersected by that which descended e ravine, securing thus against the possibility tranger eluding them, by turning into the lat- before they came up with them.

ingle horseman had mended his pace, when observed the three riders advance rapidly to- im; but when he saw them halt and form a hich completely occupied the path, he checked e, and advanced with great deliberation; so h party had an opportunity to take a full sur- he other. The solitary stranger was mounted able horse, fit for military service, and for t weight which he had to carry, and his rider l his demipique, or war-saddle, with an air wed it was his familiar seat. He had a bright d head-piece, with a plume of feathers, to- vith a cuirass, thick enough to resist a mus- and a back-piece of lighter materials. These e arms he wore over a buff jerkin, along with gauntlets, or steel gloves, the tops of which up to his elbow, and which, like the rest of our, were of bright steel. At the front of his saddle hung a case of pistols, far beyond the r size, nearly two feet in length, and carrying of twenty to the pound. A buff belt, with a ilver buckle, sustained on one side a long double-edged broadsword, with a strong ind a blade calculated either to strike or push. right side hung a dagger of about eighteen in length; a shoulder-belt sustained at his musketoon or blunderbuss, and was crossed ndelier containing his charges of ammunition. ieces of steel, then termed taslets, met the his huge jack-boots, and completed the equi- a well-armed trooper of the period.

ppearance of the horseman himself corres- well with his military equipage, to which he air of having been long inured. He was e middle size, and of strength sufficient to th ease the weight of his weapons, offensive nsive. His age might be forty and upwards, countenance was that of a resolute weather- eteran, who had seen many fields, and brought token more than one scar. At the distance t thirty yards he halted and stood fast, rais- self on his stirrups, as if to reconnoitre and n the purpose of the opposite party, and his musketoon under his right arm, ready for ccasion should require it. In every thing but s, he had the advantage of those who seemed to interrupt his passage.

eader of the party was, indeed, well mounted d in a buff coat, richly embroidered, the half- dress of the period; but his domestics had rse jackets of thick felt, which could scarce ed to turn the edge of a sword, if wielded ong man; and none of them had any wea- ve swords and pistols, without which gentle- their attendants, during those disturbed times, stirred abroad.

they had stood at gaze for about a minute, nger gentleman gave the challenge which was then common in the mouth of all strangers who met in such circumstances—"For whom are you?"

"Tell me first," answered the soldier, "for whom are you?—the strongest party should speak first."

"We are for God and King Charles," answered the first speaker.—"Now tell your faction, you know ours."

"I am for God and my standard," answered the single horseman.

"And for which standard?" replied the chief of the other party—"Cavalier or Roundhead, King or Convention?"

"By my troth, sir," answered the soldier, "I would be loath to reply to you with an untruth, as a thing unbecoming a cavalier of fortune and a soldier. But to answer your query with beseeming veracity, it is necessary I should myself have resolved to whilk of the present divisions of the kingdom I shall ultimately adhere, being a matter whereon my mind is not as yet precessely ascertained."

"I should have thought," answered the gentleman, "that, when loyalty and religion are at stake, no gentleman or man of honour could be long in choosing his party."

"Truly, sir," replied the trooper, "if ye speak this in the way of vituperation, as meaning to impugn my honour or gentility, I would blithely put the same to issue, venturing in that quarrel with my single person against you three. But if you speak it in the way of logical ratiocination, whilk I have studied in my youth at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, I am ready to prove to ye *logice*, that my resolution to defer, for a certain season, the taking upon me either of these quarrels, not only becometh me as a gentleman and a man of honour, but also as a person of sense and prudence, one imbued with humane letters in his early youth, and who, from thenceforward, has followed the wars under the banner of the invincible Gustavus, the Lion of the North, and under many other heroic leaders, both Lutheran and Calvinists, Papist and Arminian."

After exchanging a word or two with his domestics, the younger gentleman replied, "I should be glad, sir, to have some conversation with you upon so interesting a question, and should be proud if I can determine you in favour of the cause I have myself espoused. I ride this evening to a friend's house not three miles distant, whither, if you choose to accompany me, you shall have good quarters for the night, and free permission to take your own road in the morning, if you then feel no inclination to join with us."

"Whose word am I to take for this?" answered the cautious soldier—"A man must know his guarantee, or he may fall into an ambuscade."

"I am called," answered the younger stranger, "the Earl of Menteith, and, I trust, you will receive my honour as a sufficient security."

"A worthy nobleman," answered the soldier, "whose parole is not to be doubted." With one motion he replaced his musketoon at his back, and with another made his military salute to the young nobleman, and continuing to talk as he rode forward to join him—"And I trust," said he, "my own assurance, that I will be *bon camarado* to your lordship in peace or in peril, during the time we shall abide together, will not be altogether vilipended in these doubtful times, when, as they say, a man's head is safer in a steel-cap than in a marble palace."

"I assure you, sir," said Lord Menteith, "that to judge from your appearance, I most highly value the advantage of your escort; but, I trust, we shall have no occasion for any exercise of valour, as I expect to conduct you to good and friendly quarters."

"Good quarters, my lord," replied the soldier, "are always acceptable, and are only to be postponed to good pay or good booty,—not to mention the honour of a cavalier, or the needful points of commanded duty. And truly, my lord, your noble proffer is not the less welcome, in that I knew not preceesly this night where I and my poor companion" (patting his horse) "were to find lodgments."

"May I be permitted to ask, then," said Lord Menteith, "to whom I have the good fortune to stand quarter-master?"

"Truly, my lord," said the trooper, "my name is Dalgetty—Dugald Dalgetty, Ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, at your honourable service to command. It is a name you may have seen in *Gallo Belgicus*, the *Swedish Intelligencer*, or, if you read High Dutch, in the *Fliegenden Mercour* of Leipsic. My father, my lord, having by unthrifty courses reduced a fair patrimony to a nonentity, I had no better shift, when I was eighteen years auld, than to carry the learning whilk I had acquired at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, my gentle bluid and designation of Drumthwacket, together with a pair of stalworth arms, and legs conform, to the German wars, there to push my way as a cavalier of fortune. My lord, my legs and arms stood me in more stead than either my gentle kin or my book-lear, and I found myself trailing a pike as a private gentleman under old Sir Ludovick Leslie, where I learned the rules of service so tightly, that I will not forget them in a hurry. Sir, I have been made to stand guard eight hours, being from twelve at noon to eight o'clock of the night, at the palace, armed with back and breast, head-piece and bracelets, being iron to the teeth, in a bitter frost, and the ice was as hard as ever was flint; and all for stopping an instant to speak to my landlady, when I should have gone to roll-call."

"And, doubtless, sir," replied Lord Menteith, "you have gone through some hot service, as well as this same cold duty you talk of?"

"Surely, my lord, it doth not become me to speak; but he that hath seen the fields of Leipsic and of Lutzen, may be said to have seen pitched battles. And one who hath witnessed the intaking of Frankfort, and Spanheim, and Nuremberg, and so forth, should know somewhat about leaguers, storms, onslaughts and outfalls."

"But your merit, sir, and experience, were doubtless followed by promotion?"

"It came slow, my lord, dooms slow," replied Dalgetty; "but as my Scottish countrymen, the fathers of the war, and the raisers of those valorous Scottish regiments that were the dread of Germany, began to fall pretty thick, what with pestilence and what with the sword, why we, their children, succeeded to their inheritance. Sir, I was six years first private gentleman of the company, and three years lance speisade; disdaining to receive a halberd, as unbecoming my birth. Wherefore I was ultimately promoted to be a fahn-dragger, as the High Dutch call it, (which signifies an ancient,) in the King's Leif Regiment of Black Horse, and thereafter I arose to be lieutenant and ritt-master, under that invincible monarch, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, the Lion of the North, the terror of Austria, Gustavus the Victorious."

"And yet, if I understand you, Captain Dalgetty,—I think that rank corresponds with your foreign title of ritt-master"——

"The same grade preceesely," answered Dalgetty; "ritt-master signifying literally file-leader."

"I was observing," continued Lord Menteith, "that if I understood you right, you had left the service of this great Prince."

"It was after his death—it was after his death, sir," said Dalgetty, "when I was in no shape bound to continue mine adherence. There are things, my lord, in that service, that cannot but go against the stomach of any cavalier of honour. In especial, albeit the pay be none of the most superabundant, being only about sixty dollars a-month to a ritt-master, yet the invincible Gustavus never paid above one third of that sum, whilk was distributed monthly by way of loan; although, when justly considered, it was, in fact, a borrowing by that great monarch of the additional two thirds which were due to the soldier. And I have seen some whole regiments of Dutch and Holsteiners mutiny on the field of battle, like base scullions, crying out Gelt, gelt, signifying their desire of pay, instead of falling to blows like our noble Scottish blades, who ever disdained, my lord, postponing of honour to filthy lucre."

"But were not these arrears," said Lord Menteith, "paid to the soldiery at some stated period?"

"My lord," said Dalgetty, "I take it on science, that at no period, and by no possible could one creutzer of them ever be recoverec self never saw twenty dollars of my owi time I served the invincible Gustavus, unle from the chance of a storm or victory, or the in some town or doorp, when a cavalier of who knows the usage of wars, seldom f make some small profit."

"I begin rather to wonder, sir," said Lo teith, "that you should have continued so the Swedish service, than that you shou ultimately withdrawn from it."

"Neither I should," answered the Ritt "but that great leader, captain, and king, of the North, and the bulwark of the Protest had a way of winning battles, taking towi running countries, and levying contributio made his service irresistibly delectable to all cavaliers who follow the noble profession Simple as I ride here, my lord, I have mys manded the whole stift of Dunklespiel on th Rhine, occupying the Palsgrave's palace, co his choice wines with my comrades, calling tributions, requisitions, and caduacs, and no to lick my fingers, as became a good cook. all this glory hastened to decay, after our gre ter had been shot with three bullets on th Lutzen; wherefore, finding that Fortune had sides, that the borrowings and lendings we before out of our pay, while the caduacs and c were all cut off, I e'en gave up my commiss took service with Wallenstein, in Walter Irish regiment."

"And may I beg to know of you," said Lo teith, apparently interested in the adventure soldier of fortune, "how you liked this cl masters?"

"Indifferent well," said the Captain—" different well. I cannot say that the Empe much better than the great Gustavus. F knocks, we had plenty of them. I was ofte to run my head against my old acquaintar Swedish feathers, whilk your honour must to be double-pointed stakes, shod with iron end, and planted before the squad of pikes to an onfall of the cavalry. The whilk Swedish although they look gay to the eye, resemb shrubs or lesser trees of ane forest, as the pikes, arranged in battalia behind them, co to the tall pines thereof, yet, nevertheless, altogether so soft to encounter as the plum goose. Howbeit, in despite of heavy blews a pay, a cavalier of fortune may thrive ind well in the Imperial service, in respect his casualties are nothing so closely looked to a Swede; and so that an officer did his dut field, neither Wallenstein nor Pappenheim, Tilly before them, would likely listen to th gations of boors or burghers against any con or soldado, by whom they chanced to be sc closely shorn. So that an experienced cavalie ing how to lay, as our Scottish phrase ru head of the sow to the tail of the grice,' m out of the country the pay whilk he could n from the Emperor."

"With a full hand, sir, doubless, and with i said Lord Menteith.

"Indubitably, my lord," answered Dalget posedly; "for it would be doubly disgracefu soldado of rank to have his name called in for any petty delinquency."

"And pray, sir," continued Lord Menteith made you leave so gainful a service?"

"Why, truly, sir," answered the soldier, ' cavalier, called O'Quilligan, being major o giment, and I having had words with him t before, respecting the worth and precedenc several nations, it pleased him the next day his orders to me with the point of his batoon a and held aloof, instead of declining and tr same, as is the fashion from a courteous co ing officer towards his equal in rank, thoug be, his inferior in military grade. Upon this

ı private rencontre; and as, in the
:h followed, it pleased Walter Butler,
onel, to give the lighter punishment
n. and the heavier to me, whereupon,
ıch partiality, I exchanged my com-
nder the Spaniard."
found yourself better off by the
ord Menteith.
m," answered the Ritt-master, "I
omplain of. The pay was somewhat
urnished by the rich Flemings and
Low Country. The quarters were
nd wheaten loaves of the Flemings
the Provant rye-bread of the Swede,
ıe was more plenty with us than ever
beer of Rostock in Gustavus's camp.
as none, duty there was little; and
ught do, or leave undone, at our
ellent retirement for a cavalier some-
eld and leaguer, who had purchased
ıs much honour as might serve his
sirous of a little ease and good living."
sk," said Lord Menteith, "why you,
as I suppose, in the situation you
rom the Spanish service also?"
nsider, my lord, that your Spaniard,"
Dalgetty, "is a person altogether
his own conceit, wherethrough he
ccount of such foreign cavaliers of
ased to take service with him. And
t is to every honourable soldado, to
postponed, and obliged to yield pre-
puffing signor, who, were it the
hould first mount a breach at push
apt to yield willing place to a Scot-
Moreover, sir, I was pricked in con-
g a matter of religion."
I have thought, Captain Dalgetty,"
obleman, "that an old soldier, who
rvice so often, would have been too
at head."
n, my lord," said the Captain, "since
e duty of the chaplain of the regiment
atters for me, and every other brave
ich as he does nothing else that I
ay and allowances. But this was a
my lord, a *casus improvisus*, as I
k I had no chaplain of my own per-
s my adviser. I found, in short, that
ng a Protestant might be winked at,
was a man of action, and had more
all the Dons in our *tertia* put together,
rison, it was expected I should go to
regiment. Now, my lord, as a true
nd educated at the Mareschal-College
as bound to uphold the mass to be
l papistry and utter idolatry, whilk I
unwilling to homologate by my
it is, that I consulted on the point
countryman of my own, one Father
Scottish Convent in Wurtzburg"——
' observed Lord Menteith, "you ob-
inion from this same ghostly father?"
could be," replied Captain Dalgetty,
e had drunk six flasks of Rhenish,
utchkins of Kirchen-wasser. Father
ed me, that, as nearly as he could
etic like myself, it signified not much
o mass or not, seeing my eternal per-
d and sealed at any rate, in respect
t and obdurate perseverance in my
r. Being discouraged by this response,
sch pastor of the reformed church,
thought I might lawfully go to mass,
the prophet permitted Naaman, a
valour, and an honourable cavalier of
his master into the house of Rimmon,
idol, to whom he had vowed service,
wn when the king was leaning upon
neither was this answer satisfactory
use there was an unco difference be-
ted King of Syria and our Spanish
I could have blown away like the
gan, and chiefly because I could not
find the thing was required of me by any of the articles of war; neither was I proffered any consideration, either in perquisite or pay, for the wrong I might thereby do to my conscience."

"So you again changed your service?" said Lord Menteith.

"In troth did I, my lord; and after trying for a short while two or three other powers, I even took on for a time with their High Mightinesses the States of Holland."

"And how did their service jump with your humour?" again demanded his companion.

"O! my lord," said the soldier, in a sort of enthusiasm, "their behaviour on pay-day might be a pattern to all Europe—no borrowings, no lendings, no offsets, no arrears—all balanced and paid like a banker's book. The quarters, too, are excellent, and the allowances unchallengeable; but then, sir, they are a precese, scrupulous people, and will allow nothing for peccadilloes. So that if a boor complains of a broken head, or a beer-seller of a broken can, or a daft wench does but squeak loud enough to be heard above her breath, a soldier of honour shall be dragged, not before his own court-martial, who can best judge of and punish his demerits, but before a base mechanical burgo-master, who shall menace him with the rasp-house, the cord, and what not, as if he were one of their own mean, amphibious, twenty-breeched boors. So not being able to dwell longer among those ungrateful plebeians, who, although unable to defend themselves by their proper strength, will nevertheless allow the noble foreign cavalier who engages with them nothing beyond his dry wages, which no honourable spirit will put in competition with a liberal license and honourable countenance, I resolved to leave the service of the Mynheers. And hearing at this time, to my exceeding satisfaction, that there is something to be doing this summer in my way in this my dear native country, I am come hither, as they say, like a beggar to a bridal, in order to give my loving countrymen the advantage of that experience which I have acquired in foreign parts. So your lordship has an outline of my brief story, excepting my deportment in those passages of action in the field, in leaguers, storms, and onslaughts, whilk would be wearisome to narrate, and might, peradventure, better befit any other tongue than mine own."

CHAPTER III.

> For pleas of right let statesmen vex their head,
> Battle's my business, and my guerdon bread;
> And, with the sworded Switzer, I can say,
> The best of cause is the best of pay. DONNE.

The difficulty and narrowness of the road had by this time become such as to interrupt the conversation of the travellers, and Lord Menteith, reining back his horse, held a moment's private conversation with his domestics. The Captain, who now led the van of the party, after about a quarter of a mile's slow and toilsome advance up a broken and rugged ascent, emerged into an upland valley, to which a mountain stream acted as a drain, and afforded sufficient room upon its greensward banks for the travellers to pursue their journey in a more social manner.

Lord Menteith accordingly resumed the conversation, which had been interrupted by the difficulties of the way. "I should have thought," said he to Captain Dalgetty, "that a cavalier of your honourable mark, who hath so long followed the valiant King of Sweden, and entertains such a suitable contempt for the base mechanical States of Holland, would not have hesitated to embrace the cause of King Charles, in preference to that of the low-born, roundheaded, canting knaves, who are in rebellion against his authority?"

"Ye speak reasonably, my lord," said Dalgetty, "and, *cæteris paribus*, I might be induced to see the matter in the same light. But, my lord, there is a southern proverb,—fine words butter no parsnips. I have heard enough since I came here, to satisfy me that a cavalier of honour is free to take any part in this civil embroilment whilk he may find most convenient for his own peculiar. Loyalty is your pass-word, my lord—Liberty, roars another chield from

the other side of the strath—the King, shouts one war-cry—the Parliament, roars another—Montrose, for ever, cries Donald, waving his bonnet—Argyle and Leven, cries a south-country Saunders, vapouring with his hat and feather. Fight for the bishops, says a priest, with his gown and rochet—Stand stout for the Kirk, cries a minister, in a Geneva cap and band.—Good watchwords all—excellent watchwords. Whilk cause is the best I cannot say. But sure am I, that I have fought knee-deep in blood many a day for one that was ten degrees worse than the worst of them all."

"And pray, Captain Dalgetty," said his lordship, "since the pretensions of both parties seem to you so equal, will you please to inform us by what circumstances your preference will be determined?"

"Simply upon two considerations, my lord," answered the soldier. "Being, first, on which side my services would be in most honourable request;—And, secondly, whilk is a corollary of the first, by whilk party they are likely to be most gratefully requited. And, to deal plainly with you, my lord, my opinion at present doth on both points rather incline to the side of the Parliament."

"Your reasons, if you please," said Lord Menteith, "and perhaps I may be able to meet them with some others which are more powerful."

"Sir, I shall be amenable to reason," said Captain Dalgetty, "supposing it addresses itself to my honour and my interest. Well, then, my lord, here is a sort of Highland host assembled, or expected to assemble, in these wild hills, in the King's behalf. Now, sir, you know the nature of our Highlanders. I will not deny them to be a people stout in body and valiant in heart, and courageous enough in their own wild way of fighting, which is as remote from the usages and discipline of war as ever was that of the ancient Scythians, or of the salvage Indians of America that now is. They havena sae mickle as a German whistle, or a drum, to beat a march, an alarm, a charge, a retreat, a reveillé, or the tattoo, or any other point of war; and their damnable skirlin' pipes, whilk they themselves pretend to understand, are unintelligible to the ears of any cavaliero accustomed to civilized warfare. So that, were I undertaking to discipline such a breechless mob, it were impossible for me to be understood; and if I were understood, judge ye, my lord, what chance I had of being obeyed among a band of half salvages, who are accustomed to pay to their own lairds and chiefs, allenarly, that respect and obedience whilk ought to be paid to commissionate officers. If I were teaching them to form battalia by extracting the square root, that is, by forming your square battalion of equal number of men of rank and file, corresponding to the square root of the full number present, what return could I expect for communicating this golden secret of military tactic, except it may be a dirk in my wame, on placing some M'Alister More, M'Shemei or Capperfae, in the flank or rear, when he claimed to be in the van? Truly, well saith holy writ, 'if ye cast pearls before swine, they will turn again and rend ye.'"

"I believe, Anderson," said Lord Menteith, looking back to one of his servants, for both were close behind him, "you can assure this gentleman, we shall have more occasion for experienced officers, and be more disposed to profit by their instructions, than he seems to be aware of."

"With your honour's permission," said Anderson, respectfully raising his cap, "when we are joined by the Irish infantry, who are expected, and who should be landed in the West Highlands before now, we shall have need of good soldiers to discipline our levies."

"And I should like well—very well, to be employed in such service," said Dalgetty; "the Irish are pretty fellows—very pretty fellows—I desire to see none better in the field. I once saw a brigade of Irish, at the taking of Frankfort upon the Oder, stand to it with sword and pike until they beat off the blue and yellow Swedish brigades, esteemed as stout as any that fought under the immortal Gustavus. And although stout Hepburn, valiant Lumsdale, courageous Monroe, with myself and other cavaliers, made entry elsewhere at point of pike, yet, had we all met with such opposition, we had returned with great loss and little profit. Wherefore these valiant Irishes, being all p
sword, as is usual in such cases, did neverth
immortal praise and honour; so that, for th
I have always loved and honoured those of th
next to my own country of Scotland."

"A command of Irish," said Menteith, "
could almost promise you, should you be dis
embrace the royal cause."

"And yet," said Captain Dalgetty, "my se
greatest difficulty remains behind; for, al
hold it a mean and sordid thing for a soldad
nothing in his mouth but pay and gelt, like
callions, the German lanz-knechts, whom I
ed before; and although I will maintain it
sword, that honour is to be preferred before
quarters, and arrears, yet, *e contrario*, a sold
being the counterpart of his engagement of s
becomes a wise and considerate cavalier to
what remuneration he is to receive for his ser
from what funds it is to be paid. And truly,
from what I can see and hear, the Conventio
pursemasters. The Highlanders, indeed, ma
in humour, by allowing them to steal cattle;
the Irishes, your lordship and your noble a
may, according to the practice of the wars
cases, pay them as seldom or as little as
your pleasure or convenience; but the same
treatment doth not apply to a cavalier like
must keep up his horses, servants, arms, an
age, and who neither can, nor will, go to
upon his own charges."

Anderson, the domestic who had before
now respectfully addressed his master.—"I t
lord," he said, "that, under your lordship's
could say something to remove Captain Dalg
cond objection also. He asks us where we a
leet our pay; now, in my poor mind, the
are as open to us as to the covenanters. The
country according to their pleasure, and d
the estates of the King's friends; now, were
in the Lowlands, with our Highlanders and
at our backs, and our swords in our hands
find many a fat traitor, whose ill-gotten wea
fill our military chest and satisfy our soldie
sides, confiscations will fall in thick; and, in g
nations of forfeited lands to every adventurous
who joins his standard, the King will at onc
his friends and punish his enemies. In short
joins these Roundhead dogs may get some
pittance of pay—he that joins our standa
chance to be knight, lord, or earl, if luck ser

"Have you ever served, my good friend?"
Captain to the spokesman.

"A little, sir, in these our domestic quarr
swered the man, modestly.

"But never in Germany or the Low Cou
said Dalgetty.

"I never had the honour," answered Ande

"I profess," said Dalgetty, addressing Lo
teith, "your lordship's servant has a sensible
pretty idea of military matters; somewhat
though, and smells a little too much of se
bear's skin before he has hunted him.—I will
matter, however, into my consideration."

"Do so, Captain," said Lord Menteith; "you
the night to think of it, for we are now near t
where I hope to ensure you a hospitable recep

"And that is what will be very welcom
the Captain, "for I have tasted no food si
break but a farl of oat-cake, which I divided
horse. So I have been fain to draw my sw
three bores tighter for very extenuation, lest
and heavy iron should make the gird slip."

CHAPTER IV.

> Once on a time, no matter when,
> Some Glunimies met in a glen;
> As deft and tight as ever wore
> A durk, a targe, and a claymore,
> Short hose, and belted plaid or trews,
> In Uist, Lochaber, Skye, or Lewes,
> Or cover'd hard head with his bonnet;
> Had you but known them, you would own it.

A HILL was now before the travellers, cove
an ancient forest of Scottish firs, the topmost

ner scathed branches across the western ...leamed ruddy in the setting sun. In the cen... wood rose the towers, or rather the chim... house, or castle, as it was called, destined ...l of their journey.

...l at that period, one or two high-ridged nar... ...ngs, intersecting and crossing each other, ...e corps de logis. A projecting bartizan or ... the addition of small turrets at the angles, ...embling pepper-boxes, had procured for ...rsuch the dignified appellation of a castle. It ...anded by a low court-yard wall, within ...re the usual offices.

...avellers approached more nearly, they dis... ...arks of recent additions to the defences of ... which had been suggested, doubtless, by ...rity of those troublesome times. Additional ... for musketry were struck out in different ...e building, and of its surrounding wall. The ...had just been carefully secured by stan... ...iron, crossing each other athwart and end... ... the grates of a prison. The door of the ... was shut; and it was only after cautious ... that one of its leaves was opened by two ... both strong Highlanders, and both under ... Bitias and Pandarus in the Æneid, ready to ... entrance if ought hostile had ventured an ...

...he travellers were admitted into the court, ...l additional preparations for defence. The ...e scaffolded for the use of fire-arms, and one ... the small guns, called sackers, or falcons, ...nted at the angles and flanking turrets. ...mestics, both in the Highland and Lowland ...tantly rushed from the interior of the man... ... some hastened to take the horses of the ... while others waited to marshal them a way ...welling-house. But Captain Dalgetty refu... ...offered assistance of those who wished to ... of the charge of his horse. "It is my cus... ...ends, to see Gustavus (for so I have called ...my invincible master) accommodated my... ...re old friends and fellow-travellers, and as ...d the use of his legs, I always lend him in ...e service of my tongue, to call for whatever ...rdon for;" and accordingly he strode into ...after his steed without farther apology.

...Lord Menteith nor his attendants paid the ...ntion to their horses, but, leaving them to ...al care of the servants of the place, walked ...to the house, where a sort of dark vaulted ...isplayed, among other miscellaneous arti... ...ge barrel of two-penny ale, beside which ...d two or three wooden queichs, or bickers, ...would appear, for the service of whoever ...pper to employ them. Lord Menteith appli... ...to the spigot, drank without ceremony, and ...ed the stoup to Anderson, who followed his ...example, but not until he had flung out the ...e which remained, and slightly rinsed the ...p.

...he deil, man," said an old highland servant ...to the family, "can she no drink after her ... without washing the cup and spilling the ...e tanned to her!"

... bred in France," answered Anderson, ...body drinks after another out of the same ...it be after a young lady."

...'s in their nicety!" said Donald; "and if ...gude, fat the waur is't that another man's ...en in the queich before ye?"

...'s companion drank without observing the ...which had given Donald so much offence, ...of them followed their master into the low... ...one hall, which was the common rendez... ...Highland family. A large fire of peats in the ...mey at the upper end shed a dim light ...e apartment, and was rendered necessary ...op, by which, even during the summer, the ... was rendered uncomfortable. Twenty ...argets, as many claymores, with dirks, and ...l guns, both match-lock and fire-lock, and ..., and cross-bows, and Lochaber axes, ... of plate armour, and steel bonnets, and head-pieces, and the more ancient habergeons, or shirts of reticulated mail, with hood and sleeves corresponding to it, all hung in confusion about the walls, and would have formed a month's amusement to a member of a modern antiquarian society. But such things were too familiar, to attract much observation on the part of the present spectators.

There was a large clumsy oaken table, which the hasty hospitality of the domestic who had before spoken, immediately spread with milk, butter, goat-milk cheese, a flagon of beer, and a flask of usquebaugh, designed for the refreshment of Lord Menteith; while an inferior servant made similar preparations at the bottom of the table for the benefit of his attendants. The space which intervened between them was, according to the manners of the times, sufficient distinction between master and servant, even though the former was, as in the present instance, of high rank. Meanwhile the guests stood by the fire—the young nobleman under the chimney, and his servants at some little distance.

"What do you think, Anderson," said the former, "of our fellow-traveller?"

"A stout fellow," replied Anderson, "if all be good that is upcome. I wish we had twenty such, to put our Teagues into some sort of discipline."

"I differ from you, Anderson," said Lord Menteith; "I think this fellow Dalgetty is one of those horse-leeches, whose appetite for blood being only sharpened by what he has sucked in foreign countries, he is now returned to batten upon that of his own. Shame on the pack of these mercenary swordmen! they have made the name of Scot through all Europe equivalent to that of a pitiful mercenary, who knows neither honour nor principle but his month's pay, who transfers his allegiance from standard to standard, at the pleasure of fortune or the highest bidder; and to whose insatiable thirst for plunder and warm quarters we owe much of that civil dissension which is now turning our swords against our own bowels. I had scarce patience with the hired gladiator, and yet could hardly help laughing at the extremity of his impudence."

"Your lordship will forgive me," said Anderson, "if I recommend to you, in the present circumstances, to conceal at least a part of this generous indignation; we cannot, unfortunately, do our work without the assistance of those who act on baser motives than our own. We cannot spare the assistance of such fellows as our friend the soldado. To use the canting phrase of the saints in the English Parliament, the sons of Zeruiah are still too many for us."

"I must dissemble, then, as well as I can," said Lord Menteith, "as I have hitherto done, upon your hint. But I wish the fellow at the devil with all my heart."

"Ay, but still you must remember, my lord," resumed Anderson, "that to cure the bite of a scorpion you must crush another scorpion on the wound—But stop, we shall be overheard."

From a side-door in the hall glided a Highlander into the apartment, whose lofty stature and complete equipment, as well as the eagle's feather in his bonnet, and the confidence of his demeanour, announced him to be a person of superior rank. He walked slowly up to the table, and made no answer to Lord Menteith, who, addressing him by the name of Allan, asked him how he did.

"Ye maunna speak to her e'en now," whispered the old attendant.

The tall Highlander, sinking down upon the empty settle next the fire, fixed his eyes upon the red embers and the huge heap of turf, and seemed buried in profound abstraction. His dark eyes, and wild and enthusiastic features, bore the air of one who, deeply impressed with his own subjects of meditation, pays little attention to exterior objects. An air of gloomy severity, the fruit perhaps of ascetic and solitary habits, might, in a Lowlander, have been ascribed to religious fanaticism; but by that disease of the mind, then so common both in England and the Lowlands of Scotland, the Highlanders of this period were rarely infected. They had, however, their own peculiar superstitions, which overclouded the mind with thick

coming fancies, as completely as the puritanism of their neighbours.

"His lordship's honour," said the Highland servant, sidling up to Lord Menteith, and speaking in a very low tone, "his lordship maunna speak to Allan even now, for the cloud is upon his mind."

Lord Menteith nodded, and took no further notice of the reserved mountaineer.

"Said I not," asked the latter, suddenly raising his stately person upright, and looking at the domestic — "said I not that four were to come, and here stand but three on the hall floor?"

"In troth and ye say sae, Allan," said the old Highlander, "and here's the fourth man coming clanking up the stair e'en now frae the stable, for he's shielded like a partan, wi' airn on back and breast, haunch and shanks. And am I to set her chair up near the Menteith's, or down wi' the honest gentlemen at the foot of the board?"

Lord Menteith himself answered the inquiry, by pointing to a seat beside his own.

"And here he comes," said Donald, as Captain Dalgetty entered the room; "and I hope gentlemen will all tak a bite at bread and cheese, as we say in the glens, until better meat be ready, until the Tanaiste comes back frae the hill wi' the other gentlefolks, and then Dugald Cook will show himsell wi' his kid and hill venison."

In the meantime Captain Dalgetty had entered the apartment, and walked up to the seat placed next Lord Menteith, was leaning on the back of it with his arms folded. Anderson and his companion waited at the bottom of the table, in a respectful attitude, until they should receive permission to seat themselves; while three or four Highlanders, under the direction of old Donald, ran hither and thither to bring additional articles of food, or stood still to give attendance upon the guests.

In the midst of these preparations, Allan suddenly started up, and snatching a lamp from the hand of an attendant, held it close to Dalgetty's face, while he perused his features with the most heedful and grave attention.

"By my honour," said Dalgetty, half displeased, as, mysteriously shaking his head, Allan gave up the scrutiny "I trow that lad and I will ken each other when we meet again."

Meanwhile Allan strode to the bottom of the table, and having, by the aid of his lamp, subjected Anderson and his companion to the same investigation, stood a moment as if in deep reflection; then, touching his forehead, suddenly seized Anderson by the arm, and before he could offer any effectual resistance, half led and half dragged him to the vacant seat at the upper end, and having made a mute intimation that he should there place himself, he hurried the soldado with the same unceremonious precipitation to the bottom of the table. The Captain, exceedingly incensed at this freedom, endeavoured to shake Allan from him with violence; but, powerful as he was, he proved in the struggle inferior to the gigantic mountaineer, who threw him off with such violence, that after reeling a few paces, he fell at full length, and the vaulted hall rang with the clash of his armour. When he arose, his first impulse was to draw his sword and to fly at Allan, who, with folded arms, seemed to await his onset with calm and scornful indifference. Lord Menteith and his attendants interposed to preserve peace, while the Highlanders snatching weapons from the walls, seemed prompt to increase the broil.

"He is mad," whispered Lord Menteith, "he is perfectly mad; there's no use in quarrelling with him."

"If your lordship is assured that he is *non compos mentis*," said Captain Dalgetty, "the whilk his conduct and behaviour seem to testify, the matter must end here; seeing that a madman can neither give an affront, nor render honourable satisfaction. But by my soul, if I had my provant and a bottle of Rhenish under my belt, I should have stood otherways to him. And yet it's a pity he should be sae weak in the intellectuals, being a strong proper man of body, fit to handle pike, morgenstern,* or any other military *implement whatsoever*."

Peace was thus restored, and the party seat
selves agreeably to their former arrangem
which Allan, who had now returned to his
the fire, and seemed once more immersed in
tion, did not again interrupt. Lord Menteith,
ing the principal domestic, hastened to st
theme of conversation which might obliterat
recollection of the fray that had taken place. "
is at the hall then, Donald, I understand, a
English strangers with him?"

"At the hall he is, an it like your honour,
Saxon cabaleros are with him sure enough;
is Sir Miles Musgrave and Christopher H
from the Cumrek, as I think they call them

"Hall and Musgrave!" said Lord Menteit
ing at his attendants, "the very men that w
to see."

"Troth," said Donald, "an' I wish I h
seen them between the een, for they're come
us out o' house and ha'."

"Why, Donald," said Lord Menteith, "yo
use to be so churlish of your beef and ale; s
though they be, they'll scarce eat up all t
that's going on the castle mains."

"Tell care an they did," said Donald, "
were the warst o't, for we have a wheen cann
men here that wadna let us want if there wa
a beast atween this and Perth. But this is
job — it's nae less than a wager."

"A wager!" repeated Lord Menteith, w
surprise.

"Troth," continued Donald, to the full as
tell his news as Lord Menteith was curious
them, "as your lordship is a friend and ki
the house, an' as ye'll hear enough o't in les
hour, I may as weel tell ye mysell. Ye sall b
then to know, that when our Laird was up
land, where he gangs oftener than his fri
wish, he was biding at the house o' this
Musgrave, an' there was putten on the tabl
candlesticks, that they tell me were twice as m
the candlesticks in Dunblane kirk, and nei
brass, nor tin, but a' solid silver, nae less
their English pride, has sae muckle, and
little how to guide it! Sae they began to
Laird, that he saw nae sic graith in his ain p
try; and the Laird, scorning to hae his cou
down without a word for its credit, swore, li
Scotsman, that he had mair candlesticks, a
candlesticks, in his ain castle at hame, than
lighted in a hall in Cumberland, an Cumb
the name o' the country."

"That was patriotically said," observed L
teith.

"Fery true," said Donald; "but her hon
better hae hauden her tongue; for if ye say
amang the Saxons, that's a wee by ordir
clink ye down for a wager as fast as a Lowla
would hammer shoon on a Highland sheltie.
the Laird behoved either to gae back o' his
wager twa hunder merks; and so he e'en
wager, rather than be shamed wi' the like
And now he's like to get it to pay, and I'm
that's what makes him sae swear to come
e'en."

"Indeed," said Lord Menteith, "from n
your family plate, Donald, your master is
lose such a wager."

"Your honour may swear that; an' whe
get the siller I kenna, although he borrov
twenty purses. I advised him to pit the tv
gentlemen and their servants cannily into
the tower till they gae up the bargain o' fre
but the Laird winna hear reason."

Allan here started up, strode forward, and
ed the conversation, saying to the domestic

* This was a sort of club or mace, used in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, in the defence of breache
When the Germans insulted a Scotch regiment th
in Trailsund, saying they heard there was a ship
Denmark to them laden with tobacco pipes, "One
ouers," says Colonel Robert Munro, "showing th
with a morgenstern, made of a large stock bande
like the shaft of a halberd, with a round globe at t
cross iron pikes, saith, 'Here is one of the tob
wherewith we will beat out your brains when yo
storm us.'"

; "And how dared you to give my brother ιourable advice? or how dare you to say se this or any other wager which it is his lay?"

llan M'Aulay," answered the old man, my father's son to gainsay what your fa- thinks fit to say, an' so the Laird may no is wager. A' that I ken against it is, that dlestick, or ony thing like it is in the house, uld airn branches that hae been here since eth's time, and the tin sconces that your be made by auld Willie Winkie the tinkler, an that deil an unce of siller plate is about t a', forby the lady's auld posset dish, that over and aboon o' the legs."

old man!" said Allan, fiercely; "and do men, if your refection is finished, leave this lear; I must prepare it for the reception thern guests."

way," said the domestic, pulling Lord Men- sleeve; "his hour is on him," said he, look- Allan, "and he will not be controlled."

the hall accordingly, Lord Menteith and being ushered one way by old Donald, o attendants conducted elsewhere by an- lander. The former had scarcely reached thdrawing apartment ere they were joined ot the mansion, Angus M'Aulay by name, glish guests. Great joy was expressed by for Lord Menteith and the English gentle- well known to each other; and on Lord introduction, Captain Dalgetty was well re- be Laird. But after the first burst of hos- gratulation was over, Lord Menteith could it there was a shade of sadness on the brow land friend.

st have heard," said Sir Christopher Hall, fine undertaking in Cumberland is all The militia would not march into Scot- our prick-ear'd Covenanters have been too r friends in the southern shires. And so, ing there is some stirring work here, Mus- , rather than sit idle at home, are come to paign among your kilts and plaids."

you have brought arms, men, and money said Lord Menteith, smiling.

me dozen or two of troopers, whom we st Lowland village," said Musgrave, "and ugh we had to get them so far."

money," said his companion, "we expect ply from our friend and host here."

now, colouring highly, took Menteith a and expressed to him his regret that he nto a foolish blunder.

it from Donald," said Lord Menteith, to suppress a smile.

take that old man," said M'Aulay, "he every thing, were it to cost one's life; but ng matter to you neither, my lord, for I your friendly and fraternal benevolence, as man of our house, to help me out with the to these pock-puddings; or else, to be , the deil a M'Aulay will there be at the curse me if I do not turn Covenanter rather ese fellows without paying them; and, at shall be ill enough off, getting both the the scorn."

y suppose, cousin," said Lord Menteith, "I well equipt just now; but you may be assur- deavour to help you as well as I can, for the kindred, neighbourhood, and alliance."

ye—thank ye—thank ye," reiterated M'Au- as they are to spend the money in the ice, what signifies whether you, they, or we are a' one man's bairns, I hope? But elp me out too with some reasonable ex- e I shall be for taking to Andrew Fer- ike not to be treated like a liar or a brag- own board-end, when, God knows, I only pport my honour, and that of my family r."

s they were speaking, entered, with rather e than he might have been expected to lering the impending fate of his master's purse and credit. "Gentlemens, her dinner is ready, *and her candles are lighted too,*" said Donald, with a strong guttural emphasis on the last clause of his speech.

"What the devil can he mean?" said Musgrave, looking to his countryman.

Lord Menteith put the same question with his eyes to the Laird, which M'Aulay answered by shaking his head.

A short dispute about precedence somewhat delayed their leaving the apartment. Lord Menteith insisted upon yielding up that which belonged to his rank, on consideration of his being in his own country, and of his near connexion with the family in which they found themselves. The two English strangers, therefore, were first ushered into the hall, where an unexpected display awaited them. The large oaken table was spread with substantial joints of meat, and seats were placed in order for the guests. Behind every seat stood a gigantic Highlander, completely dressed and armed after the fashion of his country, holding in his right hand his drawn sword, with the point turned downwards, and in the left a blazing torch made of the bog-pine. This wood, found in the morasses, is so full of turpentine, that, when split and dried, it is frequently used in the Highlands instead of candles. The unexpected and somewhat startling apparition was seen by the red glare of the torches, which displayed the wild features, unusual dress, and glittering arms of those who bore them, while the smoke, eddying up to the roof of the hall, overcanopied them with a volume of vapor. Ere the strangers had recovered from their surprise, Allan stept forward, and pointing with his sheathed broadsword to the torch-bearers, said, in a deep and stern tone of voice, "Behold, gentlemen cavaliers, the chandeliers of my brother's house, the ancient fashion of our ancient name; not one of these men knows any law but their Chief's command—Would you dare to compare to THEM in value the richest ore that ever was dug out of the mine? How say you, cavaliers?—is your wager won or lost?"

"Lost, lost," said Musgrave, gayly—"my own silver candlesticks are all melted and riding on horseback by this time, and I wish the fellows that enlisted were half as trusty as these.—Here, sir," he added to the Chief, "is your money; it impairs Hall's finances and mine somewhat, but debts of honour must be settled."

"My father's curse upon my father's son," said Allan, interrupting him, "if he receive from you one penny! It is enough that you claim no right to exact from him what is his own."

Lord Menteith eagerly supported Allan's opinion, and the elder M'Aulay readily joined, declaring the whole to be a fool's business, and not worth speaking more about. The Englishmen, after some courteous opposition, were persuaded to regard the whole as a joke.

"And now, Allan," said the Laird, "please to remove your candles; for, since the Saxon gentlemen have seen them, they will eat their dinner as comfortably by the light of the old tin sconces, without scomfishing them with so much smoke."

Accordingly, at a sign from Allan, the living chandeliers, recovering their broadswords, and holding the point erect, marched out of the hall, and left the guests to enjoy their refreshment.*

CHAPTER V.

> Thareby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
> That his own syre and maister of his guise
> Did often tremble at his horrid view;
> And if for dread of hurt would him advise,
> The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
> Nor too much to provoke: for he would learne
> The lion stoup to him in lowly wise,
> (A lesson hard,) and make the libbard sterne
> Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.
>
> SPENSER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverbial epicurism of the English,—proverbial, that is to say, in Scotland at

* Such a bet as that mentioned in the text is said to have been taken by MacDonald of Keppoch, who extricated himself in the manner there narrated.

the period,—the English visitors made no figure whatever at the entertainment, compared with the portentous voracity of Captain Dalgetty, although that gallant soldier had already displayed much steadiness and pertinacity in his attack upon the lighter refreshment set before them at their entrance, by way of forlorn hope. He spoke to no one during the time of his meal; and it was not until the victuals were nearly withdrawn from the table, that he gratified the rest of the company, who had watched him with some surprise, with an account of the reasons why he ate so very fast and so very long.

"The former quality," he said, "he had acquired while he filled a place at the bursar's table at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen; where," said he, "if you did not move your jaws as fast as a pair of castanets, you were very unlikely to get any thing to put between them. And as for the quantity of my food, be it known to this honourable company," continued the Captain, "that it is the duty of every commander of a fortress, on all occasions which offer, to secure as much munition and vivers as their magazines can possibly hold, not knowing when they may have to sustain a siege or a blockade. Upon which principle, gentlemen," said he, "when a cavalier finds that provant is good and abundant, he will, in my estimation, do wisely to victual himself for at least three days, as there is no knowing when he may come by another meal."

The Laird expressed his acquiescence in the prudence of this maxim, and recommended to the veteran to add a cup of brandy and a flagon of claret to the substantial provisions he had already laid in, to which proposal the Captain readily agreed.

When dinner was removed, and the servants had withdrawn, excepting the Laird's page, or henchman, who remained in the apartment to call for or bring whatever was wanted, or, in a word, to answer the purposes of a modern bell-wire, the conversation began to turn upon politics, and the state of the country; and Lord Menteith inquired anxiously and particularly what clans were expected to join the proposed muster of the King's friends.

"That depends much, my lord, on the person who lifts the banner," said the Laird; "for you know we Highlanders, when a few clans are assembled, are not easily commanded by any but our own Chiefs, or, to say the truth, by any other body. We have heard a rumour, indeed, that Colkitto that is, young Colkitto, or Alaster M'Donald, is come over the Kyle from Ireland, with a body of the Earl of Antrim's people, and that they had got as far as Ardnamurchan. They might have been here before now, but, I suppose, they loitered to plunder the country as they came along."

"Will Colkitto not serve you for a leader, then?" said Lord Menteith.

"Colkitto!" said Allan M'Aulay, scornfully; "who talks of Colkitto? There lives but one man whom we will follow, and that is Montrose."

"But Montrose, sir," said Sir Christopher Hall, "has not been heard of since our ineffectual attempt to rise in the north of England. It is thought he has returned to the King at Oxford for farther instructions."

"Returned!" said Allan, with a scornful laugh; "I could tell ye, but it is not worth my while; ye will know soon enough."

"By my honour, Allan," said Lord Menteith, "you will weary out your friends with this intolerable, froward, and sullen humour—But I know the reason," added he, laughing; "you have not seen Annot Lyle to-day."

"Whom did you say I had not seen?" said Allan, sternly.

"Annot Lyle, the fairy queen of song and minstrelsy," said Lord Menteith.

"Would to God I were never to see her again," said Allan, sighing, "on condition the same weird were laid on you!"

"And why on me?" said Lord Menteith, carelessly.

"Because," said Allan, "it is written on your forehead, that you are to be the ruin of each other." So saying, he rose up and left the room.

"Has he been long in this way?" askec teith, addressing his brother.

"About three days," answered Angus wellnigh over. He will be better to-m come, gentlemen, don't let the tappit-her be emptied. The King's health, King Char and may the covenanting dog that refu Heaven by the road of the Grassmarket."

The health was quickly pledged, and succeeded by another, and another, and an a party cast, and coloured in an earn Captain Dalgetty, however, thought it enter a protest.

"Gentlemen cavaliers," he said, "I healths, *primo*, both out of respect to this and hospitable house, and, *secundo*, be it not good to be precise in such matters, but I protest, agreeable to the warrant and this honourable Lord, that it shall be free withstanding my present complaisance, vice with the Covenanters to-morrow, shall be so minded."

M'Aulay and his English guests stare declaration, which would have certainly inflame a Lord Menteith had not taken and explained the circumstances and con tract." he concluded, "we shall be ab Captain Dalgetty's assistance to our owr

"And if not," said the Laird, "I pro Captain's eyes, that nothing that has pass me, not even his having eaten my bre and pledged me in many Bourdeaux, or shall prevent me cleaving him to the sa

"You shall be heartily welcome," said "providing my sword cannot keep my he has done in worse quarters than your feu make for me."

Here Lord Menteith again interposed. cord of the company being with no sm restored, was cemented by some deep car Menteith, however, contrived to break earlier than was the usage of the Castle tence of fatigue and indisposition. This what to the disappointment of the vali who, among other habits acquired in the tries, had acquired both a disposition to capacity to bear, an exorbitant quanti liquors.

Their landlord ushered them in person sleeping gallery, in which there was a fe with tartan curtains, and a number of c hampers, placed along the wall, three of stuffed with blooming heather, were pre reception of guests.

"I need not tell your lordship," said Lord Menteith, a little apart, "our Hig of quartering. Only that, not liking you in the room alone with this German l have caused your servants' beds to be the gallery. By G—d, my lord, these are men go to bed with a throat half and s swallowed brandy, and before next mo be gaping like an oyster-shell."

Lord Menteith thanked him sincerely was just the arrangement he would hav for, although he had not the least app violence from Captain Dalgetty, yet An better kind of person, a sort of gentlema always liked to have near his person."

"I have not seen this Anderson," sa "did you hire him in England?"

"I did so," said Lord Menteith; "yo man to-morrow; in the meantime, I wi night."

His host left the apartment after the c tation, and was about to pay the same to Captain Dalgetty, but observing hir gaged in the discussion of a huge pitche brandy posset he thought it a pity to di so laudable an employment, and took hi out farther ceremony.

Lord Menteith's two attendants enter ment almost immediately after his dep good Captain, who was now somewhat

er, began to find the unlacing of the
our a task somewhat difficult, and
on in these words, intermixed by a
Anderson, my good friend, you may
that he that putteth off his armour
himself like he that putteth it on
s not the right word of command;
th of it is, I am like to sleep in my
an honest fellow that never waked
unloose this buckle."
our, Sibbald," said Anderson to the

w!" exclaimed the Captain, turning
tonishment, "here's a common fel-
y with four pounds a-year and a
ks himself too good to serve Ritt-
algetty of Drumthwacket, who has
at the Mareschal-College of Aber-
half the princes of Europe!"
etty," said Lord Menteith, whose lot
eacemaker throughout the evening,
stand that Anderson waits upon no
or I will help Sibbald to undo your
h pleasure."
ouble for you, my lord," said Dal-
it would do you no harm to practise
harness is put on and put off. I
out of mine like a glove; only to-
ot *forsan*, I mean the classic phrase,
atus."
was unshelled, and stood before the
a face of drunken wisdom on the
ning. What seemed chiefly to inter-
character of Allan M'Aulay. "To
nglishmen so cleverly with his High-
se eight bare boarded Borders for six
s! it was a master-piece—a *tour de*
feet legerdemain—and to be a mad-
doubt greatly, my lord." (Shaking
I must allow him, notwithstanding
o your lordship, the privileges of a
nd either batoon him sufficiently to
ce offered to my person, or else bring
mortal arbitrement, as becometh an
"

hear a long story," said Lord Men-
ne et night, I can tell you how the
Allan's extraordinary so well for his
r, as to put such satisfaction entirely
n."
, my lord," said Captain Dalgetty,
good pipe of tobacco and a warm
st shoeing horn for drawing on a
d since your lordship is pleased to
o tell it, I shall rest your patient and

aid Lord Menteith, "and you, Sib-
bald, I ... serving-man
e I must indulge your curiosity, that
ow to behave to him in time of need.
tep to the fire then."
assembled an audience about him,
it down upon the edge of the four-
Captain Dalgetty, wanting the relics
om his beard and mustaches, and
verses of the Lutheran psalm, *All*
n den Herrn, &c. rolled himself into
of rose, and thrusting his shock
en the blankets, listened to Lord
m in a most luxurious state, between
ing.
said Lord Menteith, "of the two
and Allan M'Aulay, was a gentle-
tion and family, being the chief of a
of good account, though not nume-
he mother of these young men, was a
good family, if I may be permitted to
arly connected with my own. Her
urable and spirited young man, obe-
es the Sixth a grant of forestry, and
over a royal chase adjacent to this
xercising and defending these rights,
unate as to involve himself in a quar-
our Highland freebooters or cater-

ans, of whom I think, Captain Dalgetty, you must have heard."

"And that I have," said the Captain, exerting himself to answer the appeal. "Before I left the Mareschal College of Aberdeen, Dugald Garr was playing the devil in the Garioch, and the Farquharsons on Dee-side, and the Clan Chattan on the Gordons lands, and the Grants and Camerons in Moray-land. And since that, I have seen the Cravats and Pandours in Pannonia and Transylvania, and the Cossacks from the Polish frontier, and robbers, banditti, and barbarians of all countries besides, so that I have a distinct idea of your broken Highlandmen."

"The clan," said Lord Menteith, "with whom the maternal uncle of the M'Aulays had been placed in feud, was a small sept of banditti, called, from their houseless state, and their incessantly wandering among the mountains and glens, the Children of the Mist. They are a fierce and hardy people, with all the irritability, and wild and vengeful passions, proper to men who have never known the restraint of civilized society. A party of them lay in wait for the unfortunate Warden of the Forest, surprised him while hunting alone and unattended, and slew him with every circumstance of inventive cruelty. They cut off his head, and resolved, in a bravado, to exhibit it at the castle of his brother-in-law. The laird was absent, and the lady reluctantly received as guests, men against whom, perhaps, she was afraid to shut her gates. Refreshments were placed before the Children of the Mist, who took an opportunity to take the head of their victim from the plaid in which it was wrapt, placed it on the table, put a piece of bread between the lifeless jaws, bidding them do their office now, since many a good meal they had eaten at that table. The lady, who had been absent for some household purpose, entered at this moment, and, upon beholding her brother's head, fled like an arrow out of the house into the woods, uttering shriek upon shriek. The ruffians, satisfied with this savage triumph, withdrew. The terrified menials, after overcoming the alarm to which they had been subjected, sought their unfortunate mistress in every direction, but she was nowhere to be found. The miserable husband returned next day, and, with the assistance of his people, undertook a more anxious and distant search, but to equally little purpose. It was believed universally, that, in the ecstasy of her terror, she must either have thrown herself over one of the numerous precipices which overhang the river, or into a deep lake about a mile from the castle. Her loss was the more lamented, as she was six months advanced in her pregnancy; Angus M'Aulay, her eldest son, having been born about eighteen months before.—But I tire you, Captain Dalgetty, and you seem inclined to sleep."

"By no means," answered the soldier; "I am no whit somnolent; I always hear best with my eyes shut. It is a fashion I learned when I stood sentinel."

"And I dare say," said Lord Menteith, aside to Anderson, "the weight of the halberd of the sergeant of the rounds often made him open them."

Being apparently, however, in the humour of story-telling, the young nobleman went on, addressing himself chiefly to his servants, without minding the slumbering veteran.

"Every baron in the country," said he, "now swore revenge for this dreadful crime. They took arms with the relations and brother-in-law of the murdered person, and the Children of the Mist were hunted down, I believe, with as little mercy as they themselves had manifested. Seventeen heads, the bloody trophies of their vengeance, were distributed among the allies, and fed the crows upon the gates of their castles. The survivors sought out more distant wildernesses, to which they retreated."

"To your right hand, counter-march and retreat to your former ground," said Captain Dalgetty; the military phrase having produced the corresponding word of command; and then starting up, professed he had been profoundly attentive to every word that had been spoken.

"It is the custom in summer," said Lord Menteith, without attending to his apology, "to send

to the upland pastures to have the benefit of the grass; and the maids of the village, and of the family, go there to milk them in the morning and evening. While thus employed, the females of this family, to their great terror, perceived that their motions were watched at a distance by a pale, thin, meagre figure, bearing a strong resemblance to their deceased mistress, and passing, of course, for her apparition. When some of the boldest resolved to approach this faded form, it fled from them into the woods with a wild shriek. The husband, informed of this circumstance, came up to the glen with some attendants, and took his measures so well as to intercept the retreat of the unhappy fugitive, and to secure the person of his unfortunate lady, though her intellect proved to be totally deranged. How she supported herself during her wandering in the woods could not be known—some supposed she lived upon roots and wild-berries, with which the woods at that season abounded; but the greater part of the vulgar were satisfied that she must have subsisted upon the milk of the wild does, or been nourished by the fairies, or supported in some manner equally marvellous. Her re-appearance was more easily accounted for. She had seen from the thicket the milking of the cows, to superintend which had been her favourite domestic employment, and the habit had prevailed even in her deranged state of mind.

"In due season the unfortunate lady was delivered of a boy, who not only showed no appearance of having suffered from his mother's calamities, but appeared to be an infant of uncommon health and strength. The unhappy mother, after her confinement, recovered her reason—at least in a great measure, but never her health and spirits. Allan was her only joy. Her attention to him was unremitting; and unquestionably she must have impressed upon his early mind many of those superstitious ideas to which his moody and enthusiastic temper gave so ready a reception. She died when he was about ten years old. Her last words were spoken to him in private; but there is little doubt that they conveyed an injunction of vengeance upon the Children of the Mist, with which he has since amply complied.

"From this moment, the habits of Allan M'Aulay were totally changed. He had hitherto been his mother's constant companion, listening to her dreams, and repeating his own, and feeding his imagination, which, probably from the circumstances preceding his birth, was constitutionally deranged, with all the wild and terrible superstitions so common to the mountaineers, to which his unfortunate mother had become much addicted since her brother's death. By living in this manner, the boy had gotten a timid, wild, startled look, loved to seek out solitary places in the woods, and was never so much terrified as by the approach of children of the same age. I remember, although some years younger, being brought up here by my father upon a visit, nor can I forget the astonishment with which I saw the infant-hermit shun every attempt I made to engage him in the sports natural to our age. I can remember his father bewailing his disposition to melancholy, and alleging, at the same time, that it was impossible for him to take from his wife the company of the boy, as he seemed to be the only consolation that remained to her in this world, and as the amusement which Allan's society afforded her seemed to prevent the recurrence, at least in its full force, of that fearful malady by which she had been visited. But, after the death of his mother, the habits and propensities of the boy seemed at once to change. It is true he remained as thoughtful and serious as before; and long fits of silence and abstraction showed plainly that his disposition, in this respect, was in no degree altered. But at other times, he sought out the rendezvous of the youth of the clan, which he had hitherto seemed anxious to avoid. He took share in all their exercises; and, from his very extraordinary personal strength, soon excelled his brother and others of the tribe whose age considerably exceeded his own. They who had hitherto held him in contempt, now feared, if they did not love him; and, instead of Allan's being esteemed a dreaming, womanish, and feeble-minded boy, those who

encountered him in sports or military e
complained that, when heated by the s
too apt to turn game into earnest, and t
he was only engaged in a friendly trial o
But I speak to regardless ears," said Lo
interrupting himself, for the Captain's no
the most indisputable signs that he was
in the arms of oblivion.

"If you mean the ears of that snorin
lord," said Anderson, "they are, indeed,
tion; that you can say; nevertheless, the
unfit for more private conference, I b
have the goodness to proceed, for Sibb
and for mine. The history of this poor y
has a deep and wild interest in it."

"You must know, then," proceeded
teith, "that Allan continued to increase
and activity till his fifteenth year, about
he assumed a total independence of ev
impatience of control, which much alar
viving parent. He was absent in the
whole days and nights, under pretence
though he did not always bring home
father was the more alarmed, because s
Children of the Mist, encouraged by th
troubles of the state, had ventured back
haunts, nor did he think it altogether s
any attack upon them. The risk of A
wanderings, sustaining injury from the
freebooters, was a perpetual source of ap

"I was myself upon a visit to the cast
matter was brought to a crisis. Allan had
since daybreak in the woods, where I ha
him in vain; it was a dark stormy nigh
not return. His father expressed the utm
and spoke of detaching a party at the da
ing in quest of him; when, as we were
supper-table, the door suddenly opene
entered the room with a proud, firm, a
air. His intractibility of temper, as wel
settled state of his mind, had such an i
his father, that he suppressed all other t
pleasure, excepting the observation that
a fat buck, and had returned before sun
supposed Allan, who had been on the
night, had returned with empty hand
sure of that?' said Allan fiercely: 'here
will tell you another tale.'

"We now observed his hands were
that there were spots of blood on his fac
the issue with impatience; when sudde
the corner of his plaid he rolled down o
human head, bloody and new severed,
same time, 'Lie thou where the head of
lay before ye.' From the haggard featur
ted red hair and beard, partly grizzled
father and others present recognised the
tor of the Mist, a well-known leader am
laws, redoubted for strength and fero
been active in the murder of the unfortu
ter, uncle to Allan and had escaped b
defence and extraordinary agility when
his companions were destroyed. We
may be believed, struck with surprise,
used to gratify our curiosity; and we
tured that he must have overcome the o
desperate struggle, because we discovere
sustained several wounds from the
measures were now taken to ensure hi
vengeance of the freebooters; but neithe
nor the positive commands of his father,
locking of the gates of the castle and the
apartment were precautions adequate
Allan from seeking out the very persons
was peculiarly obnoxious. He made h
night from the window of the apartmen
ing at his father's vain care, produced on
the head of one, and upon another tho
the Children of the Mist. At length
ders as they were, became appalled b
rate animosity and audacity with which
out their recesses. As he never hesitat
any odds, they concluded that he must b
ed life, or fight under the guardianship of

fluence. Neither gun, dirk, nor dourlach,* availed aught against him. They imputed remarkable circumstances under which he and at length five or six of the stoutest f the Highlanders would have fled at Allan's the blast of his horn

meanwhile, however, the Children of the ed on their old trade, and with the M'Aulays, s their kinsmen and allies, as much as possible could. This provoked an other expedition against the tribe, in which I had my share; we them effectually by besetting at once the [illegible] passes of the country, and made t work as is used in such occasions, hunting right before us. In this terrible spe- r, even the females and the helpless do not escape. One little maiden alone, who smiled n's drawn dirk, escaped his vengeance upon it entreaty. She was brought to the castle, bred up under the name of Annot Lyle, the itiful little fairy certainly that ever danced ath by moon-light. It was long ere Allan ure the presence of the child, until it occur- s imagination, from her features perhaps, lid not belong to the hated blood of his en- t had become their captive in some of their s; a circumstance not in itself impossible, nich he believes as firmly as in holy writ. rticularly delighted by her skill in music, so exquisite, that she far exceeds the best per- n this country in playing on the clairshach, It was discovered that this produced upon bled spirits of Allan, in his gloomiest moods, l effects, similar to those experienced by the monarch of old; and so engaging is the [illegible] nnot Lyle, so fascinating the innocence and her disposition, that she is considered and the castle rather as the sister of the propri- as a dependant upon his charity. Indeed, it sible for any one to see her without being iterested by the ingenuity, liveliness, and s of her disposition."

care, my lord," said Anderson, smiling; danger in such violent commendations. Aulay, as your lordship describes him, would very safe rival."

! pooh!" said Lord Menteith, laughing, yet at the same time; "Allan is not accessible ssion of love, and for myself," said he, more "Annot's unknown birth is a sufficient rea- ist serious designs, and her unprotected cludes every other."

spoken like yourself my lord," said Ander- but I trust you will proceed with your inter- ry."

well-nigh finished," said Lord Menteith; "I to add, that from the great strength and of Allan M'Aulay, from his energetic and llable disposition, and from an opinion gene- ertained and encouraged by himself that he mmunion with supernatural beings and can ture events, the clan pay a much greater de- deference to him than even to his brother, bold-hearted rattling Highlander, but with which can possibly rival the extraordinary of his younger brother."

a character," said Anderson, "cannot but deepest effect on the minds of a Highland e must seem Allan, my lord, at all events, ween his bravery and his second sight '- — i!" said Lord Menteith, "that owl is awa-

ou talk of the second sight, or *deuteroscopy*," id the soldier; "I remember memorable unro telling me how Murdock Mackenzie, esant, a private gentleman in a company, and oldier, foretold the death of Donald Tough, er man, and certain other persons, as well art, of the major himself at a certain onfall ge of Trailsund."

e often heard of this faculty," observed An- but I have always thought those pretending either enthusiasts or impostors."

rlach—quiver; literally satchel of arrows.

"I should be loath," said Lord Menteith, "to apply either character to my kinsman, Allan M'Aulay. He has shown on many occasions too much acuteness and sense, of which you this night had an instance, for the character of an enthusiast; and his high sense of honour, and manliness of disposition, free him from the charge of imposture."

"Your lordship, then," said Anderson, "is a believer in his supernatural attributes?"

"By no means," said the young nobleman; "I think that he persuades himself that the predictions which are, in reality, the result of judgment and reflection, are supernatural impressions on his mind, as fanatics conceive the workings of their own imagination to be divine inspiration—at least, if this will not serve you, Anderson, I have no better explanation to give; and it is time we were all asleep after the toilsome journey of the day."

CHAPTER VI.

Coming events cast their shadows before.
CAMPBELL.

At an early hour in the morning the guests of the castle sprung from their repose; and, after a moment's private conversation with his attendants, Lord Menteith addressed the soldier, who was seated in a corner burnishing his corslet with rot-stone and shamois-leather, while he hummed the old song in honour of the victorious Gustavus Adolphus:—

When cannons are roaring, and bullets are flying,
The lad that would have honour, boys, must never fear dying.

"Captain Dalgetty," said Lord Menteith, "the time is come that we must part, or become comrades in service."

"Not before breakfast, I hope?" said Captain Dalgetty.

"I should have thought," replied his lordship, "that your garrison was victualled for three days at least."

"I have still some stowage left for beef and bannocks," said the Captain; "and I never miss a favourable opportunity of renewing my supplies."

"But," said Lord Menteith, "no judicious commander allows either flags of truce or neutrals to remain in his camp longer than is prudent; and therefore we must know your mind exactly, according to which you shall either have a safe-conduct to depart in peace, or be welcome to remain with us."

"Truly," said the Captain, "that being the case, I will not attempt to protract the capitulation by a counterfeited parley, (a thing excellently practised by Sir James Ramsey at the siege of Hannau, in the year of God 1636,) but I will frankly own, that if I like your pay as well as your provant and your company, I care not how soon I take the oath to your colours."

"Our pay," said Lord Menteith, "must at present be small, since it is paid out of the common stock raised by the few amongst us who can command some funds. As major and adjutant, I dare not promise Captain Dalgetty more than half a dollar a-day."

"The devil take all halves and quarters!" said the Captain; "were it in my option, I could no more consent to the halving of that dollar, than the woman in the Judgment of Solomon to the dissevernment of the child of her bowels."

"The parallel will scarce hold, Captain Dalgetty, for I think you would rather consent to the dividing of the dollar, than give it up entire to your competitor. However, in the way of arrears, I may promise you the other half-dollar at the end of the campaign."

"Ah! these arrearages!" said Captain Dalgetty, "that are always promised, and always go for nothing! Spain, Austria, and Sweden, all sing one song. Oh! long life to the Hoganmogans! if they were no officers or soldiers, they were good paymasters.—And yet, my lord, if I could but be made certiorate that my natural hereditament of Drumthwacket had fallen into possession of any of these loons of Covenanters, who could be, in the event of our success, conveniently made a traitor of, I have so much value for that fertile and pleasant spot, that I would e'en take on with you for the campaign."

"I can resolve Captain Dalgetty's question," said Sibbald, Lord Menteith's second attendant; "for if his estate of Drumthwacket be, as I conceive, the long waste moor so called, that lies five miles south of Aberdeen, I can tell him it was lately purchased by Elias Strachan, as rank a rebel as ever swore the Covenant."

"The crop-eared whigamore!" said Captain Dalgetty, in a rage; "what the devil gave him the assurance to purchase the inheritance of a family of four hundred years standing? *Cynthius aurem vellit*, as we used to say at Mareschal-College; that is to say, I will pull him out of my father's house by the ears. And so, my Lord Menteith, I am yours, body and soul, till death do us part, or till the end of the next campaign, whichsoever event shall first come to pass."

"And I," said the young nobleman, "ratify the bargain by a month's pay in advance."

"That is more than necessary," said Dalgetty, pocketing the money however. "But now I must go down, look after my war-saddle and abuilzements, and see that Gustavus has his morning, and tell him we have taken new service."

"There goes your precious recruit," said Lord Menteith to Anderson, as the Captain left the room; "I fear we shall have little credit of him."

"He is a man of the times, however," said Anderson; "and without such we should hardly be able to carry on our enterprise."

"Let us go down," answered Lord Menteith, "and see how our muster is likely to thrive, for I hear a good deal of bustle in the castle."

When they entered the hall, the domestics keeping modestly in the back-ground, morning greetings passed between Lord Menteith, Angus M'Aulay, and the English guests, while Allan, occupying the same settle which he had filled the preceding evening, paid no attention whatever to any one.

Old Donald hastily rushed into the apartment. "A message from Vich Alister More;* he is coming up in the evening."

"With how many attendants?" said M'Aulay.

"Some five-and-twenty or thirty," said Donald, "his ordinary retinue."

"Shake down plenty of straw in the great barn," said the Laird.

Another servant here stumbled hastily in, announcing the expected approach of Sir Hector M'Lean, "who is arriving with a large following."

"Put them in the malt-kiln," said M'Aulay; "and keep the breadth of the middenstead between them and the M'Donalds; they are but unfriends to each other."

Donald now re-entered, his visage considerably lengthened—"The teil's i' the folk," he said; "the haill Hielands are asteer, I think. Evan Dhu, of Lochiel, will be here in an hour, with Lord kens how many gillies."

"Into the great barn with them beside the M'Donalds," said the Laird.

More and more chiefs were announced, the least of whom would have accounted it derogatory to his dignity to stir without a retinue of six or seven persons. To every new annunciation, Angus M'Aulay answered by naming some place of accommodation, the stables, the loft, the cow-house, the sheds, every domestic office, were destined for the night to some hospitable purpose or other. At length the arrival of M'Dougal of Lorn, after all his means of accommodation were exhausted, reduced him to some perplexity. "What the devil is to be done, Donald?" said he; "the great barn would hold fifty more, if they would lie heads and thraws; but there would be drawn dirks amang them which should be uppermost, and so we should have bloody puddings before morning!"

"What needs all this?" said Allan, starting up, and coming forward with the stern abruptness of his usual manner; "are the Gael to-day of softer flesh or whiter blood than their fathers were? Knock the head out of a cask of usquebae; let that be their night-gear—their plaids their bed-clothes—the blue sky their canopy, and the heath their pillow. Come a thousand more, and they would not quarrel on the [illegible] for want of room!"

"A[illegible] his [illegible] Allan, w[illegible] [illegible]

"Ye[illegible]

"D[illegible]

"A[illegible] Allan; and [illegible] from their sockets, [illegible] the arms of Donald [illegible] knowing the nature of his fits, had caught him [illegible] supported him until he came to himself, [illegible] about to speak.

"For God's sake, Allan," said his brother, who knew the construction which would be put upon his words by many of the guests, "say nothing [illegible] to make on many of the guests, "say noth[illegible] courage us."

"Am I he who discourages [illegible]?" said A[llan]. "Let every man face his weird as I shall face mine. We [illegible] gallantly over [illegible] ... what song [illegible]

"What song [illegible] what sort of [illegible] is?" [illegible] several voices; for Allan's renown as a [illegible] was well known in the Highlands.

"You will know that [illegible] enough," answered Allan. "Speak to me no more. I am weary of questions." He then pressed [illegible] rested his elbow upon his knee, and sank into reverie.

"Send for Annot Lyle, and the harp," said Angus in a whisper, to his servant; "and let the men follow me who do not [illegible] a tune [illegible]

All accompanied their host [illegible] only Lord Menteith, who had [illegible] one of the embrasures formed by the window [illegible] the [illegible] Annot Lyle shortly after glided into the room, [illegible] described by Lord Menteith as [illegible] the most fairy figure that ever trod the turf [illegible] Her stature, considerably less than any size of women, gave [illegible] extreme youth, insomuch, that though she was eighteen, she might have passed for four years younger. Her figure, hands, and feet, were formed upon a model of exquisite symmetry with the size [and light]ness of her person, so that Titania herself could scarce have found a more fitting representative. Her hair was a dark shade of the colour usually termed flaxen, whose clustering ringlets suited admirably her fair complexion, and with the playful, [illegible] expression of her features. When we add [to these] charms, that Annot, in her orphan state, [seemed the] gayest and happiest of maidens, the reader [will al]low us to claim for her the interest of almost [all who] looked on her. In fact, it was impossible [to find a] more universal favourite, and she often came [among] the rude inhabitants of the castle, as Allan [illegible] a [illegible] sullen [illegible] to all others the [illegible] ness that filled his own breast.

Annot [Lyle, such] as we have [described] her, [illegible] blushed when [illegible] entered the apartment, [illegible] with [illegible] from his [illegible] retirement, a[nd] wished her good morning.

"And good morning to you, my lord," re[turned she], extending her hand to her friend; "we have seen you of late at the castle, and now I fear [you come with] no peaceful purpose."

"At least, let me not interrupt your harm[ony, if it be] not," said Lord Menteith, "though my ar[rival may] breed discord elsewhere. My cousin Allan [requires the] assistance of your voice and music."

* *The patronymic of MacDonell of Glengarry.*

† *Wowf, i.e. crazed.*

"My preserver," said Annot Lyle, "has a right to my poor exertions; and you, too, my lord,—you, too, are my preserver, and were the first to save a life that is worthless enough, unless it can benefit my protectors."

So saying, she sate down at a little distance upon the bench on which Allan M'Aulay was placed, and tuning her clairshach, a small harp, about thirty inches in height, she accompanied it with her voice. The air was an ancient Gaelic melody, and the words, which were supposed to be very old, were in the same language; but we subjoin a translation of them, by Secundus MacPherson, Esq. of Glenforgen, which, although submitted to the fetters of English rhythm, we trust will be found nearly as genuine as the version of Ossian by his celebrated namesake.

1.

"Birds of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream—
All night long he heard your scream—
Haste to cave and ruin'd tower,
Ivy, tod, or dingled bower,
There to wink and mope, for hark!
In the mid air sings the lark.

2.

"Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
Prowling wolf and wily fox,—
Hie you fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trains, and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo borne
Comes the hunter's early horn.

3.

"The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
Ghost-like she fades in morning beams;
Hie hence each peevish imp and fay,
That scare the pilgrim on his way:—
Quench, kelpy! quench, in bog and fen,
Thy torch that cheats benighted men;
Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

4.

"Wild thoughts, that, sinful, dark, and deep,
O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
Like night-mists from the brow of day:
Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone!
Thou darest not face the godlike sun."

As the strain proceeded, Allan M'Aulay gradually gave signs of recovering his presence of mind, and attention to the objects around him. The deep-knit furrows of his brow relaxed and smoothed themselves; and the rest of his features, which had seemed convulsed with internal agony, relapsed into a more natural state. When he raised his head and sat upright, his countenance, though still deeply melancholy, was divested of its wildness and ferocity; and in its composed state, although by no means handsome, the expression of his features was striking, manly, and even noble. His thick brown eyebrows, which had hitherto been drawn close together, were now slightly separated, as in the natural state; and his gray eyes, which had rolled and flashed from under them with an unnatural and portentous gleam, now recovered a steady and determined expression.

"Thank God!" he said, after sitting silent for about a minute, until the very last sounds of the harp had ceased to vibrate, "my soul is no longer darkened—the mist hath passed from my spirit."

"You owe thanks, cousin Allan," said Lord Menteith, coming forward, "to Annot Lyle, as well as to Heaven, for this happy change in your melancholy mood."

"My noble cousin Menteith," said Allan, rising and greeting him very respectfully, as well as kindly, "has known my unhappy circumstances so long, that his goodness will require no excuse for my being thus late in bidding him welcome to the castle."

"We are too old acquaintances, Allan," said Lord Menteith, "and too good friends, to stand on the ceremonial of outward greeting; but half the Highlands will be here to-day, and you know, with our mountain gentlemen, ceremony must not be neglected. What will you give little Annot for making you fit company to meet Evan Dhu, and I know not how many bonnets and feathers?"

"What will he give me?" said Annot, smiling; "nothing less, I hope, than the best ribbon at the Fair of Doune."

"The Fair of Doune, Annot?" said Allan sadly; "there will be bloody work before that day, and I may never see it; but you have well reminded me of what I have long intended to do."

Having said this, he left the room.

"Should he talk long in this manner," said Lord Menteith, "you must keep your harp in tune, my dear Annot."

"I hope not," said Annot, anxiously; "this fit has been a long one, and probably will not soon return. It is fearful to see a mind, naturally generous and affectionate, afflicted by this constitutional malady."

As she spoke in a low and confidential tone, Lord Menteith naturally drew close, and stooped forward, that he might the better catch the sense of what she said. When Allan suddenly entered the apartment, they as naturally drew back from each other with a manner expressive of consciousness, as if surprised in a conversation which they wished to keep secret from him. This did not escape Allan's observation; he stopt short at the door of the apartment—his brows were contracted—his eyes rolled; but it was only the paroxysm of a moment. He passed his broad sinewy hand across his brow, as if to obliterate these signs of emotion, and advanced towards Annot, holding in his hand a very small box made of oak-wood, curiously inlaid. "I take you to witness," he said, "cousin Menteith, that I give this box and its contents to Annot Lyle. It contains a few ornaments that belonged to my poor mother—of trifling value, you may guess, for the wife of a Highland laird has seldom a rich jewel-casket."

"But these ornaments," said Annot Lyle, gently and timidly refusing the box, "belong to the family—I cannot accept"——

"They belong to me alone, Annot," said Allan, interrupting her; "they were my mother's dying bequest. They are all I can call my own, except my plaid and my claymore. Take them, therefore—they are to me valueless trinkets—and keep them for my sake—should I never return from these wars."

So saying, he opened the case, and presented it to Annot. "If," said he, "they are of any value, dispose of them for your own support, when this house has been consumed with hostile fire, and can no longer afford you protection. But keep one ring in memory of Allan, who has done, to requite your kindness, if not all he wished, at least all he could."

Annot Lyle endeavoured in vain to restrain the gathering tears, when she said, "*One* ring, Allan, I will accept from you as a memorial of your goodness to a poor orphan, but do not press me to take more; for I cannot, and will not, accept a gift of such disproportioned value."

"Make your choice, then," said Allan; "your delicacy may be well founded; the others will assume a shape in which they may be more useful to you."

"Think not of it," said Annot, choosing from the contents of the casket a ring, apparently the most trifling in value which it contained; "keep them for your own, or your brother's bride.—But, good heavens!" she said, interrupting herself, and looking at the ring, "what is this that I have chosen?"

Allan hastened to look upon it, with eyes of gloomy apprehension; it bore, in enamel, a death's head above two crossed daggers. When Allan recognised the device, he uttered a sigh so deep, that she dropped the ring from her hand, which rolled upon the floor. Lord Menteith picked it up, and returned it to the terrified Annot.

"I take God to witness," said Allan, in a solemn tone, "that *your* hand, young lord, and not mine, has again delivered to her this ill-omened gift. It was the mourning ring worn by my mother in memorial of her murdered brother."

"I fear no omens," said Annot, smiling through her tears; "and nothing coming through the hands of my two patrons," so she was wont to call Lord

Menteith and Allan, "can bring bad luck to the poor orphan."

She put the ring on her finger, and, turning to her harp, sung, to a lively air, the following verses of one of the fashionable songs of the period, which had found its way, marked as it was with the quaint hyperbolical taste of King Charles' time, from some court masque to the wilds of Perthshire:—

"Gaze not upon the stars, fond sage,
In them no influence lies;
To read the fate of youth or age,
Look on my Helen's eyes.

"Yet, rash astrologer, refrain!
Too dearly would be won
The prescience of another's pain,
If purchased by thine own."

"She is right, Allan," said Lord Menteith; "and this end of an old song is worth all we shall gain by our attempt to look into futurity."

"She is WRONG, my lord," said Allan, sternly, "though you, who treat with lightness the warnings I have given you, may not live to see the event of the omen. Laugh not so scornfully," he added, interrupting himself, "or rather laugh on as loud and as long as you will; your term of laughter will find a pause ere long."

"I care not for your visions, Allan," said Lord Menteith; "however short my span of life, the eye of no Highland seer can see its termination."

"For heaven's sake," said Annot Lyle, interrupting him, "you know his nature, and how little he can endure"— —

"Fear me not," said Allan, interrupting her—"my mind is now constant and calm.—But for you, young lord," said he, turning to Lord Menteith, "my eye has sought you through fields of battle, where Highlanders and Lowlanders lay strewed as thick as ever the rooks sat on those ancient trees," pointing to a rookery which was seen from the window—"my eye sought you, but your corpse was not there—my eye sought you among a train of unresisting and disarmed captives, drawn up within the bounding walls of an ancient and rugged fortress,—flash after flash—platoon after platoon—the hostile shot fell amongst them, they dropped like the dry leaves in autumn, but you were not among their ranks; scaffolds were prepared—blocks were arranged, saw-dust was spread—the priest was ready with his book, the heads-man with his axe—but there, too, mine eye found you not."

"The gibbet, then, I suppose, must be my doom?" said Lord Menteith. "Yet I wish they had spared me the halter, were it but for the dignity of the peerage."

He spoke this scornfully, yet not without a sort of curiosity, and a wish to receive an answer; for the desire of prying into futurity frequently has some influence even on the minds of those who disavow all belief in the possibility of such predictions.

"Your rank, my lord, will suffer no dishonour in your person, or by the manner of your death. Three times have I seen a Highlander plant his dirk in your bosom—and such will be your fate."

"I wish you would describe him to me," said Lord Menteith, "and I shall save him the trouble of fulfilling your prophecy, if his plaid be passable to sword or pistol."

"Your weapons," said Allan, "would avail you little; nor can I give you the information you desire. The face of the vision has been ever averted from me."

"So be it then," said Lord Menteith, "and let it rest in the uncertainty in which your augury has placed it. I shall dine not the less merrily among plaids, and dirks and kilts, to-day."

"It may be so," said Allan; "and, it may be, you do well to enjoy these moments, which to me are poisoned by auguries of future evil. But I," he continued—"I repeat to you, that this weapon—that is, such a weapon as this," touching the hilt of the dirk which he wore, "carries your fate."

"In the meanwhile," said Lord Menteith, "you, Allan, have frightened the blood from the cheeks of Annot Lyle—let us leave this discourse, my friend, and go to see what we both understand,—the progress of our military preparations."

They joined Angus M'Aulay and his En
and, in the military discussions which
took place, Allan showed a clearness of un
of judgment, and precision of thought, t
sistent with the mystical light in which l
has been hitherto exhibited.

CHAPTER VII.

When Albin her claymore indignantly draws,
When her bonneted chieftains around her shal
Clan-Ranald the dauntless, and Moray the pro
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—
Lochie

WHOEVER saw that morning the Castl
varach, beheld a busy and a gallant sig
The various Chiefs, arriving with their
tinues, which, notwithstanding the num
no more than their usual equipage and
upon occasions of solemnity, saluted th
castle and each other with overflowing
with haughty and distant politeness, acc
circumstances of friendship or hostility i
clans had recently stood to each other.
however small his comparative importa
the full disposition to exact from the rest
due to a separate and independent prin
stronger and more powerful, divided a
selves by recent contentions or ancien
constrained in policy to use great deferen
ings of their less powerful brethren, in
of need, to attach as many well-wisher
to their own interest and standard. Thu
of Chiefs resembled not a little those an
the Empire, where the smallest *Frey*
possessed a castle perched upon a barr
a few hundred acres around it, claimed t
honours of a sovereign prince, and a seat
his rank among the dignitaries of the E

The followers of the different leader
rately arranged and accommodated, a
circumstances best permitted, each retai
his henchman, who waited, close as the
his person, to execute whatever might
his patron.

The exterior of the castle afforded a si
The Highlanders, from different island
straths, eyed each other at a distance
emulation, inquisitive curiosity, or hos
lence; but the most astounding part of
at least to a Lowland ear, was the rival
of the bagpipers. These warlike minst
the highest opinion, each, of the superior
tribe, joined to the most overweening id
portance connected with his profession
formed their various pibrochs in front ea
clan. At length, however, as the black-c
the end of the season, when, in sportsma
they are said to flock or crowd, attract
the sound of each other's triumphant c
did the pipers, swelling their plaids and
same triumphant manner in which the b
their feathers, begin to approach each
such distance as might give to their breth
of their skill. Walking within a short
evening each other with looks in which se
and defiance might be traced, they str
and plied their screaming instruments,
his own favourite tune with such a din, t
lian musician had lain buried within
them, he must have risen from the dead
hearing.

The Chieftains meanwhile had assen
conclave in the great hall of the castle.
were the persons of the greatest conseq
Highlands, some of them attracted by
royal cause, and many by aversion to th
general domination which the Marqu
since his rising to such influence in the st
cised over his Highland neighbours. Th
indeed, though possessed of considerabl
great power, had failings, which render
pular among the Highland chiefs. T
which he professed was of a morose

is ambition appeared to be insatiable, and [illegible] complained of his want of beauty and [illegible] add to this, that although a Highlander, [illegible] only distinguished for valour before and [illegible] Gramach* [illegible] [illegible] was the personal [illegible] [illegible] known [illegible] [illegible] He [illegible] the M'Donalds and the M'Leans, two [illegible] who, [illegible] by ancient feuds, [illegible] intense dislike to the Campbells, or, as [illegible] called, the Children of Diarmid.

[illegible] the assembled [illegible] [illegible] he should open the business of [illegible] [illegible] length one of the most powerful of the [illegible] the [illegible] by saying, "We have been [illegible] hither, M'Aulay, to consult on weighty [illegible] concerning the King's affairs, and those of [illegible] and we crave to know by whom they are [illegible] to us?"

[illegible] whose strength did not lie in oratory, inti-[illegible] wish that Lord Menteith should open the [illegible] the council. With great modesty, and at [illegible] with spirit, that young lord said, "he [illegible] he was about to propose had come from [illegible] of better known and more established [illegible] Since, however, it lay with him to be [illegible] he had to state to the Chiefs assembled, [illegible] who wished to throw off the base yoke [illegible] [illegible] to wreath round [illegible] had not a moment to lose. The Cove-[illegible] said, "after having twice made war [illegible] sovereign, and having extorted from him [illegible] it, reasonable or unreasonable, which [illegible] proper to demand—after their Chiefs [illegible] loaded with dignities and favours—after [illegible] [illegible] declared, when his majesty, after a [illegible] to the land of his nativity, was upon his [illegible] [illegible] that he returned a contented king [illegible] [illegible] people, after all this, and without [illegible] pretext for a national grievance, the same [illegible] upon doubts and suspicions, equally disho-[illegible] the King, and groundless in themselves, [illegible] strong army to assist his rebels in Eng-[illegible] quarrel with which Scotland had no more [illegible] she has with the wars in Germany. It [illegible] he said, "that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] able purpose was pursued, had blinded the [illegible] now usurped the government of Scotland [illegible] which they were about to incur. The army [illegible] had dispatched to England under old Le-[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] two former was [illegible]

[illegible] Dalgetty [illegible] for the [illegible] explanation how many veteran officers, [illegible] the German wars, were, to his certain [illegible] in the [illegible] of the Earl of Leven. But [illegible] [illegible] at with one [illegible] the [illegible] of the other upon his [illegible] though with some difficulty, prevented [illegible] Captain Dalgetty looked up at him [illegible] scornful and [illegible] air, by which the [illegible] was in no way moved, and Lord Men-[illegible] [illegible] interruption.

[illegible] [illegible] was most favourable for [illegible] and [illegible] Scotchmen to show, that [illegible] the country had lately undergone arose [illegible] ambition of a few turbulent and sedi-[illegible] [illegible] to the absurd fanaticism which, [illegible] a [illegible] hundred pulpits, had spread [illegible] over the Lowlands of Scotland. He [illegible] the Marquis of Huntly in the north, [illegible] to the Chiefs separately. That [illegible] loyal and powerful, was determined [illegible] utmost energy in the common cause, and [illegible] Earl of Seaforth was prepared to join [illegible] [illegible] From the Earl of Airly, and the [illegible] Angusshire, he had had communications [illegible] [illegible]ed; and there was no doubt that these, [illegible] the Hays, Leiths, Burnets, and other loyal [illegible] would be soon on horseback, would form a body far more than sufficient to overawe the northern Covenanters, who had already experienced their valour in the well known rout which was popularly termed the Trot of Turiff. "South of Forth and Tay," he said, "the King had many friends, who, oppressed by enforced oaths, compulsatory levies, heavy taxes, [illegible] [illegible] and unequally levied, by the tyranny of the Committee of Estates, and the inquisitorial insolence of the Presbyterian Divines, waited but the [illegible] royal banner to take up arms. Douglas, [illegible] Roxburgh, Hume, all friendly to the royal cause, would counterbalance," he said, "the cove-[illegible] [illegible] in the south; and two gentlemen, of [illegible] and [illegible] present, from the north of England, would answer for the zeal of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland. Against so many gallant gentlemen the southern Covenanters could but arm raw levies; the Whigamores of the [illegible] shires, and the ploughmen and mechanics of the Low country. For the West Highlands, he knew no interest which the Covenanters possessed there, except that of one individual, as well known as he was odious. But was there a single man, who, on casting his eye round this hall, and recognising the power, the gallantry, and the dignity of the Chiefs assembled, could entertain a moment's doubt of their success against the utmost force which Gillespie Grumach could collect against them? He had only further to add, that considerable funds, both of money and ammunition, had been provided for the army"—(Here Dalgetty pricked up his ears)—"that officers of ability and experience in the foreign wars, one of whom was now present," (the Captain drew himself up, and looked round,) "had engaged to train such levies as might require to be disciplined;—and that a numerous body of auxiliary forces from Ireland, having been detached from the Earl of Antrim, from Ulster, had successfully accomplished their descent upon the main land, and, with the assistance of Clanranald's people, having taken and fortified the Castle of Mingarry, in spite of Argyle's attempts to intercept them, were in full march to this place of rendezvous. It only remained," he said, "that the noble Chiefs assembled, laying aside every lesser consideration, should unite, heart and hand, in the common cause; send the fiery cross through their clans, in order to collect their utmost force, and form their junction [illegible] to leave the enemy no time, either for preparation, or recovery from the panic which would spread at the first sound of their pibroch. He himself," he said, "though neither among the richest nor the most powerful of the Scottish nobility, [illegible] that he had to support the dignity of an ancient and honourable house, the independence of an [illegible] and honourable nation, and to that cause he was determined to devote both life and fortune. If [illegible] more powerful were equally prompt, [illegible] trusted they would deserve the thanks of their King, and the gratitude of posterity."

Loud applause followed this speech of Lord Menteith, and testified the general acquiescence of all present in the sentiments which he had expressed; but when the sound had died away, the assembled [illegible] continued to gaze upon each other as if something yet remained to be settled. After some whispers among themselves, an aged man, whom his grey hairs rendered respectable, although he was not of the highest order of Chiefs, replied to what had been said.

"Thane of Menteith," he said, "you have well spoken; nor is there one of us in whose bosom the same sentiments do not burn like fire. But it is not strength alone that wins the fight; it is the head of the commander, as well as the arm of the soldier, that brings victory. I ask of you who is to raise and sustain the banner under which we are invited to rise and muster ourselves? Will it be expected that we should risk our children, and the flower of our kinsmen, ere we know to whose guidance they are to be intrusted? This were leading those to slaughter, whom by the laws of God and man, it is our duty to protect. Where is the royal commission, under which the lieges are to be convocated in arms? Simple and [illegible] as we may be deemed, we know something of

* *Grumach*—ill-favoured.

the established rules of war, as well as the laws of our country; nor will we admit any one to act as general, unless by the express commands of the King, and a person fit to command such men as are here assembled."

"Where would you find such a person," said another Chief, starting up, "saving the representative of the Lord of the Isles, entitled by birth and hereditary descent to lead forth the array of every clan of the Highlands; and where is that dignity lodged, but in the house of Vich Alister More?"

"I acknowledge," said another Chieftain, eagerly, "the truth of what has been first said, but not the inference. If Vich Alister More desires to be held representative of the Lord of the Isles, let him first show his blood is redder than mine."

"That is soon tried," said Vich Alister More, laying his hand upon the basket-hilt of his claymore. Lord Menteith threw himself between them, entreating and imploring each to remember that the enemies of Scotland, the liberty of their country, and the cause of their King, ought to be superior in their eyes to any personal disputes respecting descent, rank, and precedence. Several of the Highland Chiefs, who had no desire to admit the claims of either chieftain, interfered to the same purpose, and none with more emphasis than the celebrated Evan Dhu.

"I have come from my lakes," he said, "as a stream descends from the hills, not to turn again, but to accomplish my course. It is not by looking back to our own pretensions that we shall serve Scotland or King Charles. My voice shall be for that general whom the King shall name, who will doubtless possess those qualities which are necessary to command men like us. High-born he must be, or we shall lose our rank in obeying him—wise and skilful, or we shall endanger the safety of our people—bravest among the brave, or we shall peril our own honour—temperate, firm, and manly, to keep us united. Such is the man that must command us. Are you prepared, Thane of Menteith, to say where such a general is to be found?"

"There is but ONE," said Allan M'Aulay; "and here," he said, laying his hand upon the shoulder of Anderson, who stood behind Lord Menteith, "here he stands!"

The general surprise of the meeting was expressed by an impatient murmur; when Anderson, throwing back the cloak in which his face was muffled, and stepping forward, spoke thus:—"I did not long intend to be a silent spectator of this interesting scene, although my hasty friend has obliged me to disclose myself somewhat sooner than was my intention. Whether I deserve the honour reposed in me by this parchment will best appear from what I shall be able to do for the King's service. It is a commission, under the great seal, to James Graham, Earl of Montrose, to command those forces which are to be assembled for the service of his Majesty in this kingdom."

A loud shout of approbation burst from the assembly. There was, in fact, no other person to whom, in point of rank, these proud mountaineers would have been disposed to submit. His inveterate and hereditary hostility to the Marquis of Argyle insured his engaging in the war with sufficient energy, while his well-known military talents, and his tried valour, afforded every hope of his bringing it to a favourable conclusion.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. *Henry IV. Part I.*

No sooner had the general acclamation of joyful surprise subsided, than silence was eagerly demanded for reading the royal commission; and the bonnets, which hitherto each Chief had worn, probably because unwilling to be the first to uncover, were now *at once vailed in honour of the royal warrant. It was couched in the most full* and ample terms, au-
thorizing the Earl of Montrose to assemble
ects in arms, for the putting down the pre
bellion, which divers traitors and seditious
have levied against the King, to the manifest
ture, as it stated, of their allegiance, and to the
of the pacification between the two kingd
directed all subordinate authorities to be obed
assisting to Montrose in his enterprise; gave
power of making ordinances and procla
punishing misdemeanours, pardoning crimin
cing and displacing governors and commande
fine, it was as large and full a commission
with which a prince could intrust a subject.
as it was finished, a shout burst from the as
Chiefs, in testimony of their ready submissio
will of their sovereign. Not contented with g
thanking them for a reception so favourabl
trose hastened to address himself to individua
most important Chiefs had already been k
sonally known to him, but even to those of
consequence he now introduced himself, and
acquaintance he displayed with their peculia
nations, and the circumstances and history
clans, he showed how long he must have stu
character of the mountaineers, and prepared
for such a situation as he now held.

While he was engaged in these acts of cour
graceful manner, expressive features, and d
deportment, made a singular contrast w
coarseness and meanness of his dress. M
possessed that sort of form and face, in wh
beholder, at the first glance, sees nothing ex
nary, but of which the interest becomes m
pressive the longer we gaze upon them. His
was very little above the middle size, but in p
was uncommonly well-built, and capable
exerting great force, and enduring much fatig
fact, he enjoyed a constitution of iron, withou
he could not have sustained the trials of his
dinary campaigns, through all of which he s
himself to the hardships of the meanest soldi
was perfect in all exercises, whether peaceful
tial, and possessed, of course, that graceful
deportment proper to those to whom habit
dered all postures easy.

His long brown hair, according to the cu
men of quality among the Royalists, was p
the top of his head, and trained to hang o
each side in curled locks, one of which, des
two or three inches lower than the others, ir
Montrose's compliance with that fashion
which it pleased Mr. Prynne, the puritan, to
treatise, entitled, "The Unloveliness of Love
The features which these tresses enclosed,
that kind which derive their interest from t
racter of the man, rather than from the regu
their form. But a high nose, a full, decide
opened, quick gray eye, and a sanguine com
made amends for some coarseness and irregu
the subordinate parts of the face; so that, alt
Montrose might be termed rather a handsom
a hard-featured man. But those who saw hi
his soul looked through those eyes with all t
gy and fire of genius—those who heard hi
with the authority of talent, and the eloq
nature, were impressed with an opinion eve
external form, more enthusiastically favoura
the portraits which still survive would entit
ascribe to it. Such, at least, was the impre
made upon the assembled Chiefs of the moun
over whom, as upon all persons in their
society, personal appearance has no small in

In the discussions which followed his disc
himself, Montrose explained the various risk
he had run in his present undertaking. His
tempt had been to assemble a body of loyalis
north of England, who, in obedience to the c
the Marquis of Newcastle, he expected wou
marched into Scotland; but the disinclinatio
English to cross the Border, and the dela
Earl of Antrim, who was to have landed in
way Frith with his Irish army, prevented hi
ting this design. Other plans having in like
failed, he stated that he found himself under

assuming a disguise to render his passage rough the Lowlands, in which he had been ssisted by his kinsman of Menteith. By ins Allan M'Aulay had come to know him, not pretend to explain. Those who knew rophetic pretensions, smiled mysteriously; nself only replied, that "the Earl of Mond not be surprised if he was known to s, of whom he himself could retain no

e honour of a cavalier," said Captain Dalling at length an opportunity to thrust in his am proud and happy in having an opportu awing a sword under your lordship's comnd I do forgive all grudge, or grievance, and my heart, to Mr. Allan M'Aulay, for having down to the lowest seat of the board yesettes, he hath this day spoken so like a man ll command of his senses, that I had resolvssert purpose that he was no way entitled the privilege of insanity. But since I was poned to a noble earl, my future commander f, I do, before you all, recognise the mistace, and heartily salute Allan as one he his *non-sequendo*."
made this speech, which was little underttended to, without putting off his military seized on Allan's hand, and began to shake ol ter, which Allan, with a gripe like a s, returned with such force, as to drive ejoints of the gauntlet into the hand of the

n Dalgetty might have construed this into a nt, had not his attention, as he stood blowshaking the injured member, been suddenly Montrose himself.
this news," he said, "Captain Dalgetty—I ay Major Dalgetty, the Irish, who are to your military experience, are now within a es of us."
er-stalkers," said Angus M'Aulay, "who to bring in venison for this honourable ve heard of a band of strangers, speaking Saxon nor pure Gaelic, and with difficulty hemselves understood by the people of the who are marching this way in arms, under ng, it is said, of Alaster M'Donald, who is y called Young Colkitto."
must be our men," said Montrose; "we ten to send messengers forward, both to act and to relieve their wants."
ast," said Angus M'Aulay, "will be no easy for I am informed, that, excepting muskets, y little ammunition, they want every thing ers should have; and they are particularly in money, in shoes, and in raiment."
is at least no use in saying so," said Monn so loud a tone. The puritan weavers of shall provide them plenty of broad-cloth, make a descent from the Highlands; and isters could formerly preach the old women ottish boroughs out of their webs of napery, tents to the fellows on Dunse Law,* I will er I have not a little interest both to make ly dames renew their patriotic gift, and eared knaves, their husbands, open their

respecting arms," said Captain Dalgetty, lordship will permit an old cavalier to speak so that the one-third have muskets, my eapon would be the pike for the remainder, or resisting a charge of horse, or for breaking try. A common smith will make a hundred ls in a day; here is plenty of wood for shafts: l uphold, that, according to the best usages strong battalion of pikes, drawn up in the f the Lion of the North, the immortal Gusould beat the Macedonian phalanx, of which o read in the Mareschal-College, when I n the ancient town of Bon-accord; and will venture to predicate"——
aptain's lecture upon tactics was here suddenly interrupted by Allan M'Aulay, who said, hastily,—"Room for an unexpected and unwelcome guest!"

At the same moment, the door of the hall opened, and a gray-haired man, of a very stately appearance, presented himself to the assembly. There was much dignity, and even authority, in his manner. His stature was above the common size, and his looks such as were used to command. He cast a severe, and almost stern glance upon the assembly of Chiefs. Those of the higher rank among them returned it with scornful indifference; but some of the western gentlemen of inferior power, looked as if they wished themselves elsewhere.

"To which of this assembly," said the stranger, "am I to address myself as leader? or have you not fixed upon the person who is to hold an office at least as perilous as it is honourable?"

"Address yourself to me, Sir Duncan Campbell," said Montrose, stepping forward.

"To you!" said Sir Duncan Campbell, with some scorn.

"Yes,—to me," repeated Montrose, "to the Earl of Montrose, if you have forgot him."

"I should now, at least," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "have had some difficulty in recognising him in the disguise of a groom. And yet I might have guessed that no evil influence inferior to your lordship's, distinguished as one who troubles Israel, could have collected together this rash assembly of misguided persons."

"I will answer unto you," said Montrose, "in the manner of your own Puritans. I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house. But let us leave an altercation, which is of little consequence but to ourselves, and hear the tidings you have brought from your Chief of Argyle; for I must conclude that it is in his name that you have come to this meeting."

"It is in the name of the Marquis of Argyle," said Sir Duncan Campbell,—"in the name of the Scottish Convention of Estates, that I demand to know the meaning of this singular convocation. If it is designed to disturb the peace of the country, it were but acting like neighbours, and men of honour, to give us some intimation to stand upon our guard."

"It is a singular, and new state of affairs in Scotland," said Montrose, turning from Sir Duncan Campbell to the assembly, "when Scottish men of rank and family cannot meet in the house of a common friend without an inquisitorial visit and demand, on the part of our rulers, to know the subject of our conference. Methinks our ancestors were accustomed to hold Highland huntings, or other purposes of meeting, without asking the leave either of the great M'Callum More himself, or any of his emissaries or dependants."

"The times have been such in Scotland," answered one of the Western Chiefs, "and such they will again be, when the intruders on our ancient possessions are again reduced to be Lairds of Lochow instead of overspreading us like a band of devouring locusts."

"Am I to understand, then," said Sir Duncan, "that it is against *my* name alone that these preparations are directed? or are the race of Diarmid only to be sufferers in common with the whole of the peaceful and orderly inhabitants of Scotland?"

"I would ask," said a wild-looking Chief, starting hastily up, "one question of the Knight of Ardenvohr, ere he proceeds farther in his daring catechism.—Has he brought more than one life to this castle, that he ventures to intrude among us for the purposes of insult?"

"Gentlemen," said Montrose, "let me implore your patience; a messenger who comes among us for the purpose of embassy, is entitled to freedom of speech and a safe-conduct. And since Sir Duncan Campbell is so pressing, I care not if I inform him, for his guidance, that he is in an assembly of the King's loyal subjects, convoked by me, in his Majesty's name and authority, and as empowered by his Majesty's royal commission."

"We are to have, then, I presume," said Sir Dun

* ...venanters encamped on Dunse Law, during the trou...

can Campbell, "a civil war in all its forms? I have been too long a soldier to view its approach with anxiety; but it would have been for my Lord of Montrose's honour, if, in this matter, he had consulted his own ambition less, and the peace of the country more."

"Those consulted their own ambition and self-interest, Sir Duncan," answered Montrose, "who brought the country to the pass in which it now stands, and rendered necessary the sharp remedies which we are now reluctantly about to use."

"And what rank among these self-seekers," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "shall we assign to a noble Earl, so violently attached to the Covenant, that he was the first, in 1639, to cross the Tyne, wading middle deep at the head of his regiment, to charge the royal forces? It was the same, I think, who imposed the Covenant upon the burgesses and colleges of Aberdeen, at the point of sword and pike."

"I understand your sneer, Sir Duncan," said Montrose, temperately; "and I can only add, that if sincere repentance can make amends for youthful error, and for yielding to the artful representation of ambitious hypocrites, I shall be pardoned for the crimes with which you taunt me. I will at least endeavour to deserve forgiveness, for I am here, with my sword in my hand, willing to spend the best blood of my body to make amends for my error; and mortal man can do no more."

"Well, my lord," said Sir Duncan, "I shall be sorry to carry back this language to the Marquis of Argyle. I had it in further charge from the Marquis, that, to prevent the bloody feuds which must necessarily follow a Highland war, his lordship will be contented if terms of truce could be arranged to the north of the Highland line, as there is ground enough in Scotland to fight upon, without neighbours destroying each other's families and inheritances."

"It is a peaceful proposal," said Montrose, smiling, "such as it should be, coming from one whose personal actions have always been more peaceful than his measures. Yet, if the terms of such a truce could be equally fixed, and if we can obtain security, for that, Sir Duncan, is indispensable, that your Marquis will observe those terms with strict fidelity, I, for my part, should be content to leave peace behind us, since we must needs carry war before us. But, Sir Duncan, you are too old and experienced a soldier for us to permit you to remain in our leaguer, and witness our proceedings; we shall therefore, when you have refreshed yourself, recommend your speedy return to Inverary, and we shall send with you a gentleman on our part to adjust the terms of the Highland armistice, in case the Marquis shall be found serious in proposing such a measure." Sir Duncan Campbell assented by a bow.

"My Lord of Menteith," continued Montrose, "will you have the goodness to attend Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, while we name the person who shall return with him to his Chief? M'Aulay will permit us to request that he be entertained with suitable hospitality."

"I will give orders for that," said Allan M'Aulay, rising and coming forward. "I love Sir Duncan Campbell; we have been joint sufferers in former days, and I do not forget it now."

"My Lord of Menteith," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "I am grieved to see you at your early age engaged in such desperate and rebellious courses."

"I am young," answered Menteith, "yet old enough to distinguish between loyalty and rebellion; and the sooner a good course is begun, the longer and the better have I a chance of running it."

"And you too, my friend, Allan M'Aulay," said Sir Duncan, taking his hand, "must we also call each other enemies, that have been so often allied against a common foe?" Then turning round to the meeting, he said, "Farewell, gentlemen; there are so many of you to whom I wish well, that your rejection of all terms of mediation gives me deep affliction. May Heaven," he said, looking upwards, "judge between our motives, and those of the movers of this civil commotion!"

"Amen," said Montrose; "to that tribun[al] [we] submit us."

Sir Duncan Campbell left the hall, acc[ompanied] by Allan M'Aulay and Lord Menteith. "T[here goes] a true bred Campbell," said Montrose, as t[he door closed on him]; "for they are ever fair and false."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Evan Dhu; [heredi]tary enemy as I am to their name, I have e[ver found] the Knight of Ardenvohr brave in war, [honest in] peace, and true in council."

"Of his own disposition," said Montrose, [that] is undoubtedly; but he now acts as the mouth-piece of his Chief, the Marquis, the fal[sest man] that ever drew breath. And, M'Aulay," he c[ontinued] in a whisper to his host, "lest he should m[ake] impression upon the inexperience of Mentei[th, or the] singular disposition of your brother, you h[ad better] send musicians into their chamber, to prevent [their] leading them into any private conference."

"The devil a musician have I," answered [M'Aulay], "excepting the piper, who has nearly broke[n his wind] by an ambitious contention for superiority w[ith one] of his own craft; but I can send Annot Ly[le with her] harp." And he left the apartment to give o[rders ac]cordingly.

Meanwhile a warm discussion took pl[ace, who] should undertake the perilous task of returi[ning with] Sir Duncan to Inverary. To the higher d[ignitaries], accustomed to consider themselves upon an [equality] even with M'Callum More, this was an offi[ce not to] be proposed; unto others who could not [plead the] same excuse, it was altogether unaccepta[ble. One] would have thought Inverary had been th[e valley] of the Shadow of Death, the inferior chief[s showed] such reluctance to approach it. After a con[siderable] hesitation, the plain reason was at length sp[oken out], namely, that whatever Highlander should u[ndertake] an office so distasteful to M'Callum More, [might] be sure to treasure the offence in his rem[embrance], and one day or other to make him bitterly re[pent it].

In this dilemma, Montrose, who considere[d the pro]posal armistice as a mere stratagem on t[he part of] Argyle, although he had not ventured bl[untly to re]ject it in presence of those whom it conc[erned so] nearly, resolved to impose the danger an[d labour] upon Captain Dalgetty, who had neither [clan nor] estate in the Highlands upon which the wra[th of Ar]gyle could wreak itself.

"But I have a neck, though," said Dalgetty, "and what if he chooses to avenge himself u[pon that?] I have known a case where an honourable [ambassa]dor has been hanged as a spy before now. [Neither] did the Romans use ambassadors much mo[re civil]ly at the siege of Capua, although I read [they] only cut off their hands and noses, put out t[heir eyes], and suffered them to depart in peace."

"By my honour, Captain Dalgetty," said [Montrose], "should the Marquis, contrary to the rule[s of war], dare to practise any thing against you, yo[u may de]pend upon my taking such signal vengeance [that all] Scotland shall ring of it."

"That will do but little for Dalgetty," re[plied the] Captain; "but corragio! as the Spaniard sa[ys. With] the Land of Promise full in view, the Moor [of Drum]thwacket, mea paupera regna, as we said [at Mare]schal-College, I will not refuse your excellen[cy's com]mission, being conscious it becomes a cava[lier of ho]nour to obey his commander's orders, to the [utmost] of his hand and sword."

"Gallantly resolved," said Montrose; "[and if you] will come apart with me, I will furnish you [with the] conditions to be laid before M'Callum M[ore, upon] which we are willing to grant him a tru[ce in his] Highland dominions."*

With these we need not trouble our reade[rs. They] were of an evasive nature, calculated to m[eet a pro]posal which Montrose considered to have b[een made] only for the purpose of gaining time. Wh[en he had] put Captain Dalgetty in complete possessio[n of his in]structions, and when that worthy, making [a mili]tary obeisance, was near the door of his a[partment], Montrose made him a sign to return.

"I presume," said he, "I need not remi[nd an offi]cer who has served under the great Gustav[us]

e is required of a person sent with a flag of a mere discharge of his instructions, and that ll will expect from him, on his return, some of the state of the enemy's affairs, as far as under his observation. In short, Captain you must be *un peu clair-voyant*."

.! your Excellency," said the Captain, twisting features into an inimitable expression of and intelligence, "if they do not put my head which I have known practised upon hosoldados who have been suspected to come n errands as the present, your Excellency on a precese narration of whatever Dugald shall hear or see, were it even how many me there are in M'Callum More's pibroch, or checks in the sett of his plaid and trews."

gh," answered Montrose; "farewell, Capetty: and as they say that a lady's mind is expressed in her postscript, so I would have that the most important part of your comes in what I have last said to you."

y once more grinned intelligence, and withctual his charger and himself, for the fanis approaching mission.

door of the stable,—for Gustavus always is first care,—he met Angus M'Aulay and Musgrave, who had been looking at his d, after praising his points and carriage, d in strongly dissuading the Captain from animal of such value with him upon his ry fatiguing journey.

painted in the most alarming colours the rather wild tracks, by which it would be for him to travel into Argyleshire, and the huts or bothies where he would be condemns the night, and where no forage could be or his horse, unless he could eat the stumps ther. In short, he pronounced it absolutely , that, after undertaking such a pilgrimage, l could be in any case for military service. ishman strongly confirmed all that Angus and gave himself, body and soul, to the devil, ght it was not an act little short of absolute carry a horse worth a farthing into such a l inhospitable desert. Captain Dalgetty for t looked steadily, first at one of the gentlenext at the other, and then asked them, as e of indecision, what they would advise him n Gustavus under such circumstances.

e hand of my father, my dear friend," an-['Aulay, "if you leave the beast in my keepnay rely on his being fed and sorted accordis worth and quality, and that, upon your urn, you will find him as sleek as an onion butter."

said Sir Miles Musgrave, "if this worthy hooses to part with his charger for a reanm, I have some part of the silver candlell dancing the heys in my purse, which I ery willing to transfer to his."

ef. mine honourable friends," said Captain again eyeing them both with an air of conne n, "I find it would not be altogether unre o either of you, to have some token to rehe old soldier by, in case it shall please 1 More to hang him up at the gate of .. s e. And doubtless it would be no small satisme, in such an event, that a ..., and alier like Sir Miles Musgrave, or a worthy table chieftain like our excellent landlord, t as my executor."

stened to protest that they had no such ol nsisted again upon the impassable ... ighland paths. Angus M'Aulay mumbled umber of hard Gaelic names, descriptive of alt passes, precipices, corries, and beals, which he said the road lay to Inverary, when ld, who had now entered, sanctioned his account of these difficulties, by holding up , and elevating his eyes, and shaking his very guttural which M'Aulay pronounced. is did not move the inflexible captain.

orthy friends," said he, "Gustavus is not e dangers of travelling, and the mountains of Bohemia; and (no disparagement to the beals and corries Mr. Angus is pleased to mention, and of which Sir Miles, who never saw them, confirms the horrors,) these mountains may compete with the vilest roads in Europe. In fact, my horse hath a most excellent and social quality; for although he cannot pledge in my cup, yet we share our loaf between us, and it will be hard if he suffers famine where cakes or bannocks are to be found. And, to cut this matter short, I beseech you, my good friends, to observe the state of Sir Duncan Campbell's palfrey, which stands in that stall before us, fat and fair; and, in return for your anxiety on my account, I give you my honest asseveration, that while we travel the same road, both that palfrey and his rider shall lack for food before either Gustavus or I."

Having said this, he filled a large measure with corn, and walked up with it to his charger, who, by his low whinnying neigh, his pricked ears, and his pawing, showed how close the alliance was betwixt him and his rider. Nor did he taste his corn until he had returned his master's caresses, by licking his hands and face. After this interchange of greeting, the steed began to his provender with an eager dispatch, which showed old military habits; and the master, after looking on the animal with great complacency for about five minutes, said,—"Much good may it do your honest heart, Gustavus;—now must I go and lay in provant myself for the campaign."

He then departed, having first saluted the Englishman and Angus M'Aulay, who remained looking at each other for some time in silence, and then burst out into a fit of laughter.

"That fellow," said Sir Miles Musgrave, "is formed to go through the world."

"I shall think so too," said M'Aulay, "if he can slip through M'Callum More's fingers as easily as he has done through ours."

"Do you think," said the Englishman, "that the Marquis will not respect, in Captain Dalgetty's person, the laws of civilized war?"

"No more than I would respect a Lowland proclamation," said Angus M'Aulay.—"But come along, it is time I were returning to my guests."

CHAPTER IX.

> ————In a rebellion,
> When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
> Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
> Let what is meet be said it must be meet,
> And throw their power i' the dust.
>
> *Coriolanus.*

In a small apartment, remote from the rest of the guests assembled at the castle, Sir Duncan Campbell was presented with every species of refreshment, and respectfully attended by Lord Menteith, and by Allan M'Aulay. His discourse with the latter turned upon a sort of hunting campaign, in which they had been engaged together against the Children of the Mist, with whom the Knight of Ardenvohr, as well as the M'Aulays, had a deadly and irreconcilable feud. Sir Duncan, however, speedily endeavoured to lead back the conversation to the subject of his present errand to the castle of Darnlinvarach.

"It grieved him to the very heart," he said, "to see that friends and neighbours, who should stand shoulder to shoulder, were likely to be engaged hand to hand in a cause which so little concerned them. What signifies it," he said, "to the Highland Chiefs, whether King or Parliament got uppermost? Were it not better to let them settle their own differences without our interference, while the Chiefs, in the meantime, took the opportunity of establishing their own authority in a manner not to be called in question hereafter by either King or Parliament?" He reminded Allan M'Aulay that the measures taken in the last reign to settle the peace, as was alleged, of the Highlands, were in fact levelled at the patriarchal power of the Chieftains; and he mentioned the celebrated settlement of the Fife Undertakers, as they were called, in the Lewis, as part of a deliberate plan, formed to introduce strangers among the Celtic tribes, to destroy by degrees their ancient customs and mode of govern

ment, and to despoil them of the inheritance of their fathers.* "And yet," he continued, addressing Allan, "it is for the purpose of giving despotic authority to the monarch by whom these designs have been pursued, that so many Highland Chiefs are upon the point of quarrelling with, and drawing the sword against, their neighbours, allies, and ancient confederates."

"It is to my brother," said Allan, "it is to the eldest son of my father's house, that the Knight of Ardenvohr must address these remonstrances. I am, indeed, the brother of Angus; but in being so, I am the first of his clansmen, and bound to show an example to the others by my cheerful and ready obedience to his command."

"The cause also," said Lord Menteith, interposing, "is far more general than Sir Duncan Campbell seems to suppose it. It is neither limited to Saxon nor to Gael, to mountain or to strath, to Highlands or to Lowlands. The question is, if we will continue to be governed by the unlimited authority assumed by a set of persons in no respect superior to ourselves, instead of returning to the natural government of the Prince against whom they have rebelled. And respecting the interest of the Highlands in particular," he added, "I crave Sir Duncan Campbell's pardon for my plainness; but it seems very clear to me, that the only effect produced by the present usurpation will be the aggrandisement of one overgrown clan at the expense of every independent Chief in the Highlands."

"I will not reply to you, my lord," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "because I know your prejudices, and from whom they are borrowed; yet you will permit me to say, that being at the head of a rival branch of the House of Graham, I have both read of and known an Earl of Menteith, who would have disdained to have been tutored in politics, or to have been commanded in war, by an Earl of Montrose."

"You will find it in vain, Sir Duncan," said Lord Menteith, haughtily, "to set my vanity in arms against my principles. The King gave my ancestors their title and rank; and these shall never prevent my acting in the royal cause, under any one who is better qualified than myself to be a commander-in-chief. Least of all, shall any miserable jealousy prevent me from placing my hand and sword under the guidance of the bravest, the most loyal, the most heroic spirit among our Scottish nobility."

"Pity," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "that you cannot add to his panegyric the further epithets of the most steady, and the most consistent. But I have no purpose of debating these points with you, my lord," waving his hand, as if to avoid further discussion; "the die is cast with you; allow me only to express my sorrow for the disastrous fate to which Angus M'Aulay's natural rashness, and your lordship's influence, are dragging my gallant friend Allan here, with his father's clan, and many a brave man besides."

"The die is cast for us all, Sir Duncan," replied Allan, looking gloomily, and arguing on his own hypochondriac feelings; "the iron hand of destiny branded our fate upon our forehead long ere we could form a wish, or raise a finger in our own behalf. Were this otherwise, by what means does the Seer ascertain the future from those shadowy presages which haunt his waking and his sleeping eye? Nought can be foreseen but that which is certain to happen."

Sir Duncan Campbell was about to reply, and the darkest and most contested point of metaphysics might have been brought into discussion betwixt two Highland disputants, when the door opened, and Annot Lyle, with her clarshach in her hand, entered the apartment. The freedom of a Highland maiden was in her step and in her eye; for, bred up in the closest intimacy with the Laird of M'Aulay and his brother, with Lord Menteith, and other young men who frequented Darnlinvarach, she possessed none of the timidity which a female, educated chiefly among her own sex, would either have felt, or thought necessary to assume, on an occasion like the present.

Her dress partook of the antique, for new fashions seldom penetrated into the Highlands, nor would they easily have found their way to a castle inhabited chiefly by men, whose sole occupation was war and the chase. Yet Annot's garments were not only becoming, but even rich. Her open jacket, with a high collar, was composed of blue cloth, richly embroidered, and had silver clasps to fasten, when it pleased the wearer. Its sleeves, which were wide, came no lower than the elbow, and terminated in golden fringe; under this upper coat, if it can be so termed, she wore an under dress of blue satin, also richly embroidered, but which was several shades lighter than the upper garment. The petticoat was formed of tartan silk, in the sett, or pattern, of which the colour of blue greatly predominated, so as to remove the gaudy effect too frequently produced by the mixture of strong colours [illegible]. A [illegible] chain hung round her neck, supporting the [illegible] key, with which she tuned her instrument. A small ruff rose above her collar, and was secured by a brooch of some value, an old keepsake from Lord Menteith. Her profusion of light hair almost hid her laughing eyes, while, with a smile and a blush, she mentioned that she had [illegible] directions [illegible]. Sir Duncan Campbell gazed with [illegible] at the lovely apparition, which thus [illegible] his debate with Allan M'Aulay.

"Can this," he said to Allan, in a whisper, "a creature so beautiful and so elegant, be a domestic of your brother's establishment?"

"By no means," answered Allan, hastily, yet with some hesitation; "she is a — near relation of our family, and treated," he added, more firmly, "as an adopted daughter of our father's house."

As he spoke thus, he arose from his seat, and with that air of courtesy which every Highlander can assume when it suits him to practise it, he resigned it to Annot, and offered to her, at the same time, such refreshments as the table afforded, with an assiduity which was probably designed to give Sir Duncan an impression of her rank and consequence. If such was Allan's purpose, however, it was unnecessary. Sir Duncan kept his eyes fixed upon Annot with an expression of much deeper interest than could have arisen from any impression that she was a person of consequence. Annot even felt embarrassed under the old knight's steady gaze; and it was not without considerable hesitation, that, tuning her instrument, and receiving an assenting look from Lord Menteith and Allan, she executed the following ballad, which a friend, Mr Secundus M'Pherson, whose goodness I had before to acknowledge, has thus translated into the English tongue:

THE ORPHAN MAID

November's hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sun-beam wan
Looks coldly on the castle grey,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet, were bare;
The hail-drops had not melted yet
Amid her raven hair.

"And, Dame," she said, "by all the ties
That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys,
Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan's state
Is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widow'd mother's fate,
Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped,
Since, when from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's Chief I fled,
Forth's eddies whelm'd my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has bor[ne],"
The wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers on St. Bridget's morn
Drew nets on Campsie side.

* In the reign of James VI., an attempt of rather an extraordinary kind was made to civilize the extreme northern part of the Hebridean Archipelago. That monarch granted the property of the Island of Lewis, as if it had been an unknown and savage country, to a number of Lowland gentlemen, called undertakers, chiefly natives of the shire of Fife, that they might colonize and settle there. The enterprise was at first successful, but the natives of the island, MacLeods and MacKenzies, rose on the Lowland adventurers, and put most of them to the sword.

St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil ;—
An infant wellnigh dead,
hey saved, and rear'd in want and toil,
To beg from you her bread.'

hat orphan maid the lady kiss'd
"My husband's looks you bear ;
[illegible] and [illegible] be bless'd!
You are his widow's heir."

hey [illegible] that maid so poor and pale,
In [illegible],
[illegible] for drops of frozen hail,
Are glistening in [illegible]

[illegible] song proceeded, Lord Menteith observed, [illegible] appeared to produce a [illegible] upon the mind of Sir Duncan [illegible] could possibly have anticipated [illegible]. He well knew that the [illegible] of that period possessed a much greater [illegible] both for tale [illegible] song than was found [illegible] Lowlanders [illegible]; but even this, h[illegible] hardly [illegible] for the embarrassment [illegible] the old man [illegible] his eyes from the [illegible] to rest on [illegible]. Still less was it to be ex[illegible] features which [illegible] pride, stern[illegible], and the [illegible] of authority, [illegible] so much [illegible] by so trivial a cir[illegible]. As the Chief's brow became clouded, in [illegible] large shaggy grey eyebrows until they [illegible] of which some[illegible] a tear [illegible] to glisten. He remain[illegible] fixed in the same posture for a minute [illegible] the last note had ceased to vibrate. He [illegible] his head, and having looked at Annot [illegible] purposing to speak to her, he as suddenly [illegible] that purpose, and was about to address Al[illegible] the door opened, and the Lord of the Castle [illegible] appearance.

CHAPTER X.

their journey to[illegible] the gloomy day,
[illegible] the hills, [illegible] grew the way :
[illegible]k, more gloomy, and more [illegible] show'd
[illegible]sion, which receiv'd them from the road
[illegible], a Romance.

M'AULAY was charged with a message [illegible] seemed to find some difficulty in communi[illegible]r it was not till after he had framed his [illegible]eral different ways, and blundered them all, [illegible]ceeded in [illegible] Sir Duncan Campbell [illegible] the cavalier who was to accompany

[illegible]irers of pure Celtic antiquity, notwithstanding the [illegible] the above [illegible] may be desirous to see a lite[illegible] from the original [illegible], which we therefore sub[illegible] only [illegible] that the original is deposited with [illegible] Chisholm.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

[illegible] had drifted away upon the wings of the gale [illegible] The sun looked [illegible] between the clouds, pale as [illegible] the heath when [illegible]
[illegible] Lady of the Castle came forth to see her maidens [illegible] with [illegible]*
[illegible] orphan [illegible] beneath the old oak tree of [illegible] withered [illegible] around her, and her heart [illegible]
[illegible] of [illegible] taken for the feast [illegible] were like the specks of [illegible] boughs of the blackened and half[illegible] that blazes in the hall
[illegible] said, "Give me comfort, Lady, I am an or[illegible]
And the Lady replied, "How can I give that [illegible]? I am the widow [illegible] lord, the mother [illegible] When I fled in fear from the [illegible] foe, our [illegible] was [illegible] in the tide and [illegible]. This was on St Bridget's morn, near the [illegible] of Campsie. May ill luck light upon the day." [illegible] answered, "It was on St Bridget's morn, and [illegible] before this time, that the fishermen of Campsie [illegible] neither grilse nor salmon, but an infant half [illegible] since lived in misery, and must die, unless she [illegible]." And the Lady answered, "Blessed be Saint [illegible] morn, for these are the dark eyes and the fal[illegible] my slain lord, and thine shall be the inheritance of [illegible]
And she called for her waiting attendants, and [illegible] clothe that maiden in silk, and in samite ; and [illegible] which they wove among her black tresses, were [illegible] the frozen hail-drops.

* Milk-pails.

V

him was waiting in readiness, and that all was prepared for his return to Inverary. Sir Duncan Campbell rose up very indignantly ; the affront which this message implied immediately driving out of his recollection the sensibility which had been awakened by the music.

"I little expected this," he said, looking indignantly at Angus M'Aulay. "I little thought that there was a Chief in the West Highlands, who, at the pleasure of a Saxon, would have bid the Knight of Ardenvohr leave his castle, when the sun was declining from the meridian, and ere the second cup had been filled. But farewell, sir, the food of a churl does not satisfy the appetite ; when I next revisit Darnlinvarach, it shall be with a naked sword in one hand, and a fire-brand in the other."

"And if you so come," said Angus, "I pledge myself to meet you fairly, though you brought five hundred Campbells at your back, and to afford you and them such entertainment, that you shall not again complain of the hospitality of Darnlinvarach."

"Threatened men," said Sir Duncan, "live long. Your turn for gasconading, Laird of M'Aulay, is too well known, that men of honour should regard your vaunts. To you, my lord, and to Allan, who have supplied the place of my churlish host, I leave my thanks. And to you, pretty mistress," he said, addressing Annot Lyle, "this little token, for having opened a fountain which hath been dry for many a year." So saying, he left the apartment, and commanded his attendants to be summoned. Angus M'Aulay, equally embarrassed and incensed at the charge of inhospitality, which was the greatest possible affront to a Highlander, did not follow Sir Duncan to the court-yard, where, mounting his palfrey, which was in readiness, followed by six mounted attendants, and accompanied by the noble Captain Dalgetty, who had also awaited him, holding Gustavus ready for action, though he did not draw his girths and mount till Sir Duncan appeared, the whole cavalcade left the castle.

The journey was long and toilsome, but without any of the extreme privations which the Laird of M'Aulay had prophesied. In truth, Sir Duncan was very cautious to avoid those nearer and more secret paths, by means of which the county of Argyle was accessible from the westward; for his relation and chief, the Marquis, was used to boast, that he would not for a hundred thousand crowns any mortal should know the passes by which an armed force could penetrate into his country.

Sir Duncan Campbell, therefore, rather shunned the Highlands, and falling into the Low-country, made for the nearest seaport in the vicinity, where he had several half-decked galleys, or birlings, as they were called, at his command. In one of these they embarked, with Gustavus in company, who was so seasoned to adventure, that land and sea seemed as indifferent to him as to his master.

The wind being favourable, they pursued their way rapidly with sails and oars ; and early the next morning it was announced to Captain Dalgetty, then in a small cabin beneath the half deck, that the galley was under the walls of Sir Duncan Campbell's castle.

Ardenvohr, accordingly, rose high above him, when he came upon the deck of the galley. It was a gloomy square tower, of considerable size and great height, situated upon a headland projecting into the salt-water lake, or arm of the sea, which they had entered on the preceding evening. A wall, with flanking towers at each angle, surrounded the castle to landward; but, towards the lake, it was built so near the brink of the precipice as only to leave room for a battery of seven guns, designed to protect the fortress from any insult from that side, although situated too high to be of any effectual use according to the modern system of warfare.

The eastern sun, rising behind the old tower flung its shadow far on the lake, darkening the deck of the galley, on which Captain Dalgetty now walked, waiting with some impatience the signal to land. Sir Duncan Campbell, as he was informed by his attendants, was already within the walls of the castle ; but no one encouraged the Captain's proposal of following

him ashore, until, as they stated, they should receive the direct permission or order of the Knight of Ardenvohr.

In a short time afterwards the mandate arrived, while a boat, with a piper in the bow, bearing the Knight of Ardenvohr's crest in silver upon his left arm, and playing with all his might the family march, entitled, "The Campbells are coming," approached to conduct the envoy of Montrose to the castle of Ardenvohr. The distance between the galley and the beach was so short as scarce to require the assistance of the eight sturdy rowers, in bonnets, short coats, and trews, whose efforts sent the boat to the little creek in which they usually landed, before one could have conceived that it had left the side of the birling. Two of the boatmen, in spite of Dalgetty's resistance, horsed the Captain on the back of a third Highlander, and, wading through the surf with him, landed him high and dry upon the beach beneath the castle-rock. In the face of this rock there appeared something like the entrance of a low-browed cavern, towards which the assistants were preparing to hurry our friend Dalgetty, when, shaking himself loose from them with some difficulty, he insisted upon seeing Gustavus safely landed before he proceeded one step further. The Highlanders could not comprehend what he meant, until one who had picked up a little English, or rather Lowland Scotch, exclaimed, "Houts! it's a' about her horse, ta useless baste." Further remonstrance on the part of Captain Dalgetty was interrupted by the appearance of Sir Duncan Campbell himself, from the mouth of the cavern which we have described, for the purpose of inviting Captain Dalgetty to accept of the hospitality of Ardenvohr, pledging his honour, at the same time, that Gustavus should be treated as became the hero from whom he derived his name, not to mention the important person to whom he now belonged. Notwithstanding this satisfactory guarantee, Captain Dalgetty would still have hesitated, such was his anxiety to witness the fate of his companion Gustavus, had not two Highlanders seized him by the arms, two more pushed him on behind, while a fifth exclaimed, "Hout awa wi' the daft Sassenach! does she no hear the Laird bidding her up to her ain castle, wi' her ain special voice, and isna that very mickle honour for the like o' her?"

Thus impelled, Captain Dalgetty could only for a short space keep a reverted eye towards the galley in which he had left the partner of his military toils. In a few minutes afterwards he found himself involved in the total darkness of a staircase, which, entering from the low-browed cavern we have mentioned, winded upwards through the entrails of the living rock.

"The cursed Highland salvages!" muttered the Captain, half aloud; "what is to become of me, if Gustavus, the namesake of the invincible Lion of the Protestant League, should be lamed among their unthrifty hands!"

"Have no fear of that," said the voice of Sir Duncan, who was nearer to him than he imagined; "my men are accustomed to handle horses, both in embarking and dressing them, and you will soon see Gustavus as safe as when you last dismounted from his back."

Captain Dalgetty knew the world too well to offer any further remonstrance, whatever uneasiness he might suppress within his own bosom. A step or two higher up the stair showed light and a door, and an iron-grated wicket led him out upon a gallery cut in the open face of the rock, extending a space of about six or eight yards, until he reached a second door, where the path re-entered the rock, and which was also defended by an iron portcullis. "An admirable traverse," observed the Captain; "and it commanded by a field-piece, or even a few muskets, quite sufficient to ensure the place against a storming party."

Sir Duncan Campbell made no answer at the time; but, the moment afterwards, when they had entered the second cavern, he struck with the stick which he had in his hand, first on the *one* side, and then on the *other of the wicket*, and the sullen ringing sound *which replied to the blows*, made Captain Dalgetty sensible that there was a gun placed on eac the purpose of raking the gallery through w had passed, although the embrasures, throu they might be fired on occasion, were mask outside with sods and loose stones. Havin ed the second staircase, they found themsel on an open platform and gallery, exposed both to musketry and wall guns, if, being c hostile intent, they had ventured further. flight of steps, cut in the rock like the forme caverned over, led them finally into the batt foot of the tower. This last stair also wa and steep, and, not to mention the fire wh be directed on it from above, one or two reso with pikes and battle-axes, could have made good against hundreds; for the staircase w admit two persons abreast, and was not se any sort of balustrade, or railing, from the abrupt precipice, on the foot of which the roiled with a voice of thunder. So that, jealous precautions used to secure this anci fortress, a person of weak nerves, and a br to become dizzy, might have found it some ficult to have achieved the entrance to the ca supposing no resistance had been offered.

Captain Dalgetty, too old a soldier to feel mors, had no sooner arrived in the court-y he protested to God the defences of Sir castle reminded him more of the notable f Spandau, situated in the March of Brandenb of any place whilk it had been his fortune to the course of his travels. Nevertheless, he considerably the mode of placing the guns on tery we have noticed, observing, that "whe were perched, like to scarts or sea-gulls, on a rock, he had ever observed that they a more by their noise than they dismayed by t or damage which they occasioned."

Sir Duncan, without replying, conducted t into the tower; the defences of which wer cullis and iron-clenched oaken door, the thi the wall being the space between them. H sooner arrived in a hall hung with tapestry, Captain prosecuted his military criticism. deed suspended by the sight of an excellent of which he partook with great avidity; but er had he secured this meal, than he made t the apartment, examining the ground ar Castle very carefully from each window in t He then returned to his chair, and throwin back into it at his length, stretched out one and tapping his jack-boot with the riding-r he carried in his hand, after the manner of a man who affects ease in the society of hi he delivered his masked opinion as follows house of yours, now, Sir Duncan, is a very fensible sort of a tenement, and yet it is ha as a cavaliero of honour would expect to his credit by holding out for many days. Duncan, if it pleases you to notice, your overcrowed, and slighted, or commanded, itary men say, by yonder round hillock to ward, whereon an enemy might stell such of cannon as would make ye glad to beat a within forty-eight hours, unless it pleased extraordinarily to show mercy."

"There is no road," replied Sir Duncan, s shortly, "by which cannon can be brough Ardenvohr. The swamps and morasses ar house would scarce carry your horse and you creeping by such paths as could be rendere sable within a few hours."

"Sir Duncan," said the Captain, "it is y sure to suppose so; and yet we martial men where there is a sea-coast there is always side, seeing that cannon and munition, wh cannot be transported by land, may be rig brought by sea near to the place where they put in action. Neither is a castle, however its situation, to be accounted altogether invi as they say, impregnable; for I protest t'ye, can, that I have known twenty-five men, by surprise and audacity of the attack, win, at pike, as strong a hold as this of Ardenvohr,

ord, captivate, or hold to the ransom, the being ten times their own number."

standing Sir Duncan Campbell's knowle world, and his power of concealing his notion, he appeared piqued and hurt at ·ctions, which the Captain made with the nscious gravity, having merely selected the conversation as one upon which he thought aable of shining, and, as they say, of laying law, without exactly recollecting that the t not be equally agreeable to his landlord.

: this matter short," said Sir Duncan, with sion of voice and countenance somewhat ' it is unnecessary for you to tell me, Capetty, that a castle may be stormed if it is asly defended, or surprised if it is not heedhed. I trust this poor house of mine will nd in any of these predicaments, should ain Dalgetty himself choose to beleaguer

l that, Sir Duncan," answered the persemmander, "I would premonish you as a trace out a sconce upon that round hill, d graffe, or ditch, whilk may be easily acd by compelling the labour of the boors in y; it being the custom of the valorous Guslphus to fight as much by the spade and by sword, pike, and musket. Also, I would a to fortify the said sconce, not only by a r graffe, but also by certain stackets, or "—(Here Sir Duncan, becoming impatient, partment, the Captain following him to the raising his voice as he retreated, until he ' out of hearing.)—" The whilk stackets, or should be artificially framed with re-enter- and loopholes, or crenelles, for musketry. shall arise that the foemen—— The Highe! the old Highland brute! They are as peacocks, and as obstinate as tups—and as missed an opportunity of making his retty an irregular fortification as an invaever broke their teeth upon.—But I see," ed, looking down from the window upon of the precipice, "they have got Gustavus e—Proper fellow! I would know that toss l among a whole squadron. I must go to hey are to make of him."

no sooner reached, however, the court to the nd put himself in the act of descending the than two Highland sentinels, advancing aber axes, gave him to understand that service of danger.

lo!" said the soldier, "and I have got no . I could not speak a syllable of their salrish, an it were to save me from the probal."

be your surety, Captain Dalgetty," said Sir who had again approached him without his from whence;" and we will go together, w your favourite charger is accommodated." lucted him accordingly down the staircase h, and from thence by a short turn behind k, which concealed the stables and other nging to the castle. Captain Dalgetty beible, at the same time, that the side of the he land was rendered totally inaccessible by artly natural and partly scarped with great abour, so as to be only passed by a drawtill, however, the Captain insisted, notwithhe triumphant air with which Sir Duncan t his defences, that a sconce should be erectmsnab, the round eminence to the east of in respect the house might be annoyed from burning bullets full of fire, shot out of canrding to the curious invention of Stephen ing of Poland, whereby that prince utterly great Muscovite city of Moscow. This inaptain Dalgetty owned, he had not yet but observed, "that it would give him delectation to witness the same put to the ast Ardenvohr, or any other castle of simih;" observing, "that so curious an experil not but afford the greatest delight to all f the military art."

Sir Duncan Campbell diverted this conversation by carrying the soldier into his stables, and suffering him to arrange Gustavus according to his own will and pleasure. After this duty had been carefully performed, Captain Dalgetty proposed to return to the castle, observing, it was his intention to spend the time betwixt this and dinner, which, he presumed, would come upon the parade about noon, in burnishing his armour, which having sustained some injury from the sea-air, might, he was afraid, seem discreditable in the eyes of M'Callum More. Yet, while they were returning to the castle, he failed not to warn Sir Duncan Campbell against the great injury he might sustain by any sudden onfall of an enemy, whereby his horses, cattle, and gararas, might be cut off and consumed, to his great prejudice; wherefore he again strongly conjured him to construct a sconce upon the round hill called Drumsnab, and offered his own friendly services in laying out the same. To this disinterested advice Sir Duncan only replied by ushering his guest to his apartment, and informing him that the tolling of the castle bell would make him aware when dinner was ready.

CHAPTER XI.

> Is this thy castle, Baldwin? Melancholy
> Displays her sable banner from the donjon,
> Darkening the foam of the whole surge beneath.
> Were I a habitant, to see this gloom
> Pollute the face of nature, and to hear
> The ceaseless sound of wave, and seabird's scream,
> I'd wish me in the hut that poorest peasant
> E'er framed, to give him temporary shelter.
> BROWN.

The gallant Ritt-master would willingly have employed his leisure in studying the defences of Sir Duncan's castle, and verifying his own military ideas upon the nature of its defences. But a stout sentinel, who mounted guard with a Lochaber-axe at the door of his apartment, gave him to understand, by very significant signs, that he was in a sort of honourable captivity.

It is strange, thought the Ritt-master to himself, how well these salvages understand the rules and practique of war. Who would have pre-supposed their acquaintance with the maxim of the great and godlike Gustavus Adolphus, that a flag of truce should be half a messenger half a spy?- And, having finished burnishing his arms, he sate down patiently to compute how much half a dollar per diem would amount to at the end of a six months' campaign; and, when he had settled that problem, proceeded to the more abstruse calculations necessary for drawing up a brigade of two thousand men on the principle of extracting the square root.

From his musings, he was roused by the joyful sound of the dinner bell, on which the Highlander, lately his guard, became his gentleman-usher, and marshalled him to the hall, where a table with four covers bore ample proofs of Highland hospitality. Sir Duncan entered, conducting his lady, a tall, faded, melancholy female, dressed in deep mourning. They were followed by a Presbyterian clergyman, in his Geneva cloak, and wearing a black silk skull-cap, covering his short hair so closely, that it could scarce be seen at all, so that the unrestricted ears had an undue predominance in the general aspect. This ungraceful fashion was universal at the time, and partly led to the nicknames of roundheads, prick-eared curs, and so forth, which the insolence of the cavaliers liberally bestowed on their political enemies.

Sir Duncan presented his military guest to his lady, who received his technical salutation with a stiff and silent reverence, in which it could scarce be judged whether pride or melancholy had the greater share. The churchman, to whom he was next presented, eyed him with a glance of mingled dislike and curiosity.

The Captain, well accustomed to worse looks from more dangerous persons, cared very little either for those of the lady or the divine, but bent his whole soul upon assaulting a huge piece of beef, which smoked at the nether end of the table. But the onslaught, as he would have termed it, was delayed, until the conclusion of a very long grace, betwixt every section of

which Dalgetty handled his knife and fork, as he might have done his musket or pike when going upon action, and as often resigned them unwillingly when the prolix chaplain commenced another clause of his benediction. Sir Duncan listened with decency, though he was supposed rather to have joined the Covenanters out of devotion to his chief, than real respect for the cause either of liberty or of Presbytery. His lady alone attended to the blessing, with symptoms of deep acquiescence.

The meal was performed almost in Carthusian silence; for it was none of Captain Dalgetty's habits to employ his mouth in talking, while it could be more profitably occupied. Sir Duncan was absolutely silent, and the lady and clergyman only occasionally exchanged a few words, spoken low, and indistinctly.

But, when the dishes were removed, and their place supplied by liquors of various sorts, Captain Dalgetty no longer held himself, the same weighty reasons for silence, and began to tire of that of the rest of the company. He commenced a new attack upon his landlord, upon the former ground.

"Touching that round mount, or hill, or elevation, named Drumsnab, I would be proud to hold some discourse with you, Sir Duncan, on the nature of the ... to be there constructed; and whether the angles thereof should be acute or obtuse. anent whilk I have heard the great Velt-Mareschal Bannier hold a learned argument with General Tiefenbach during a still-stand of arms."

"Captain Dalgetty," answered Sir Duncan very dryly, "it is not our Highland usage to debate military points with strangers. This castle is like to hold out against a stronger enemy than any force which the unfortunate gentlemen we left at Darnlinvarach are able to bring against it."

A deep sigh from the lady accompanied the conclusion of her husband's speech, which seemed to remind her of some painful circumstance.

"He who gave," said the clergyman, addressing her in a solemn tone, "hath taken away. May you, honourable lady, be long enabled to say, Blessed be his name!"

To this exhortation, which seemed intended for her sole behoof, the lady answered by an inclination of her head, more humble than Captain Dalgetty had yet observed her make. Supposing he should now find her in a more conversible humour, he proceeded to accost her.

"It is indubitably very natural that your ladyship should be downcast at the mention of military preparations, whilk I have observed to spread perturbation among women of all nations, and almost all conditions. Nevertheless, Penthesilea, in ancient times, and also Joan of Arc, and others, were of a different kidney. And, as I have learned while I served the Spaniard, the Duke of Alva in former times had the leaguer-lasses who followed his camp marshalled into *tertias*, (whilk we call regiments,) and officered and commanded by those of their own feminine gender, and regulated by a commander-in-chief, called in German Hureweibler, or, as we would say vernacularly, Captain of the Queans. True it is, they were persons not to be named as paralleled to your ladyship, being such *quæ quæstum corporibus faciebant*, as we said of Jean Drochiels at Mareschal-College; the same whom the French term *courtisannes*, and we in Scottish"— —

"The lady will spare you the trouble of farther exposition, Captain Dalgetty," said his host, somewhat sternly; to which the clergyman added, "that such discourse better befitted a watch-tower guarded by profane soldiery than the board of an honourable person, and the presence of a lady of quality."

"Craving your pardon, Dominie, or Doctor, *aut quocunque alio nomine gaudes*, for I would have you to know I have studied polite letters," said the unabashed envoy, filling a great cup of wine, "I see no ground for your reproof, seeing I did not speak of those *turpes personæ*, as if their occupation or character was a proper subject of conversation for this lady's presence, but simply *par accidens*, as illustrating the matter in hand, namely, their natural courage and audacity, much enhanced, doubtless, ... desperate circumstances of their condition."

"Captain Dalgetty," said Sir Duncan C... "to break short this discourse, I must acqua... that I have some business to dispatch to-... order to enable me to ride with you to-mo... wards Inverary; and therefore"— —

"To ride with this person to-morrow!" ex... his lady; "such cannot be your purpose, S... can, unless you have forgotten that the mo... sad anniversary, and dedicated to as sad a sol...

"I had not forgotten," answered Sir I... "how is it possible I can ever forget? but ... cessity of the times requires I should send th... onward to Inverary, without loss of time."

"Yet, surely, not that you should accomp... in person?" inquired the lady.

"It were better I did," said Sir Duncan ... can write to the Marquis, and follow on th... quent day.—Captain Dalgetty, I will dispatch ... for you, explaining to the Marquis of Arg... character and commission, with which you w... to prepare to travel to Inverary early to-... morning."

"Sir Duncan Campbell," said Dalgetty, ... doubtless at your discretionary disposal in t... ter; not the less, I pray you to remember ... which will fall upon your own escutcheon, i... in any way suffer me, being a commissionat... truce, to be circumvented in this matter, ... *clam, vi, vel precario*; I do not say by your ... any wrong done to me, but even through al... any due care on your part to prevent the san...

"You are under the safeguard of my hon... answered Sir Duncan Campbell, "and that ... than a sufficient security. And now," conti... rising, "I must set the example of retiring."

Dalgetty saw himself under the necessity o... ing the hint, though the hour was early; b... skilful general, he availed himself of every ... delay which circumstances permitted. "Tr... your honourable parole," said he, filling his ... drink to you, Sir Duncan, and to the contir... your honourable house." A sigh from Sir ... was the only reply. "Also, madam," said th... replenishing the quaigh with all possible ... "I drink to your honourable health, and f... of all your virtuous desires—and, reverend ... forgetting to fit the action to the words,) " ... cup to the drowning of all unkindness bet... and Captain Dalgetty—I should say Major ... respect the flagon contains but one cup mor... to the health of all honourable cavaliers a... soldados—and, the flask being empty, I a... Sir Duncan, to attend your functionary or s... my place of private repose."

He received a formal permission to retir... assurance, that as the wine seemed to be to ... another measure of the same vintage shou... him presently, in order to soothe the hou... solitude.

No sooner had the Captain reached the a... than this promise was fulfilled; and, in a s... afterwards, the added comforts of a pasty o... venison rendered him very tolerant both of ... ment and want of society. The same do... sort of chamberlain, who placed this good ... his apartment, delivered to Dalgetty a pack... and tied up with a silken thread, accordir... custom of the time, addressed with many ... respect to the High and Mighty Prince, A... Marquis of Argyle, Lord of Lorne, and so fo... chamberlain at the same time apprized ... master, that he must take horse at an earl... Inverary, where the packet of Sir Duncan ... at once his introduction and his passport. ... getting that it was his object to collect inf... as well as to act as an envoy, and desiro... own sake, to ascertain Sir Duncan's re... sending him onward without his personal at... the Ritt-master inquired of the domestic, wi... precaution that his experience suggested, w... the reasons which detained Sir Duncan at ... the succeeding day. The man, who was

ide, replied, "that it was the habit of Sir [illegible] and his lady, to observe as a day of solemn [illegible] humiliation the anniversary on which their [illegible] had been taken by surprise, and their children, [illegible] number of five, destroyed cruelly by a band of [illegible] Macaulays [illegible] Sir Duncan's absence [illegible] expedition which the Marquis of Argyle had [illegible] against the Macleans of the Isle of Mull."

[illegible]," said the soldier, "your lord and lady have [illegible] cause for fast and humiliation. Nevertheless, [illegible] to pronounce that had he taken the [illegible] of any experienced soldier, having skill in the [illegible] of fortifying places of advantage, he would [illegible] a sconce [illegible] the small hill which is to [illegible] the drawbridge. And this I can easily [illegible] in the most [illegible] [illegible] that [illegible] the castle. What's your master's errand?"

[illegible] sir," replied the man.

[illegible] is to your health, honest Lorimer. I [illegible] [illegible] that pasty to the [illegible] body or [illegible] of the place to be [illegible] and taking the [illegible] for [illegible]

[illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] cannot stay to hear the rest of your [illegible]; but the bell will presently ring. As worthy [illegible] Macangowl, the Marquis's own chaplain, does [illegible] worship, and only seven of our household out [illegible] persons understand the Scottish tongue, it [illegible] unbecoming [illegible] to be absent, and [illegible] me in the opinion of my lady. [illegible] are pipes and tobacco, sir, if you please to [illegible] a whiff of smoke, and if you want any thing [illegible] shall be forthcoming two hours hence, when [illegible] are over." So saying, he left the apartment.

[illegible] sooner was he gone, than the heavy toll of the [illegible] bell summoned its inhabitants together; and [illegible] answered by the shrill clamour of the females, [illegible] with the deeper tones of the men, as, talking [illegible] at the top of their throats, they hurried from [illegible] quarters by a long but narrow gallery, [illegible] served as a communication to many rooms, [illegible] among others, to that in which Captain Dal-[illegible] was stationed. "There they go as if they were [illegible] to the roll-call," thought the soldier to him-[illegible] they all attend the parade, I will look out, [illegible] mouthful of fresh air, and make mine own ob-[illegible] on the capabilities of this place.

[illegible] dingly, when all was quiet, he opened his [illegible] door and proposed to leave it, when he saw [illegible] with a Lochaber axe advancing towards him from [illegible] distant end of the gallery, half whistling, half [illegible] a Gaelic [illegible]. To have shown any want [illegible] confidence, would have been at once impolitic, and [illegible] becoming his military character; so the Captain, [illegible] the best face upon his situation he could, [illegible] a Swedish retreat, in a tone still louder [illegible] notes of his sentinel; and retreating pace [illegible] [illegible] as if his only [illegible] had been to breathe a little fresh air, he shut [illegible] door in the face of his guard, when the fellow [illegible] approached within a few paces of him.

[illegible] Very well, thought the Ritt-master to himself; [illegible] doubts my parole by putting guards upon me, for, [illegible] used to say at Mareschal-College, *fides et fidu-* [illegible] *relativæ*;* and if he does not trust my word, [illegible] see how I am bound to keep it, if any motive [illegible] occur for my desiring to depart from it. Surely [illegible] moral obligation of the parole is relaxed, in as far [illegible] physical force is substituted instead thereof.

[illegible] military men of the times agreed upon dependencies of [illegible] as they called them, with all the metaphysical argu- [illegible] of civilians or school divines. [illegible] English officer, to whom Sir James Turner was prisoner [illegible] rout at Uttoxeter, demanded his parole of honour not [illegible] beyond the walls of Hull without liberty. "He brought [illegible] message himself. I told him I was ready to do so, pro- [illegible] removed his guards from me, for *fides et fiducia sunt* [illegible] and, if he took my word for my fidelity, he was [illegible] to trust it, otherwise it was needless for him to seek it, [illegible] vain for me to give it; and therefore I beseeched him [illegible] to trust to my word, which I would not break, or [illegible] guards, when I supposed he had not deceive him. In [illegible] manner I dealt with him, because I knew him to be a scho- [illegible] Turner's *Mem*oirs, p. [illegible] The English officer allowed [illegible] strength of the reasoning; but that concise reasoner, Crom- [illegible] soon put an end to the dilemma: "Sir James Turner [illegible] give his parole, or be laid in irons."

Thus comforting himself in the metaphysical im-munities which he deduced from the vigilance of his sentinel, Ritt-master Dalgetty retired to his apart-ment, where, amid the theoretical calculation of fac-tors, and the occasional more practical attacks on the [illegible] and pasty, he consumed the evening until it was time to go to repose. He was summoned by Lorimer at break of day, who gave him to understand, that, when he had broken his fast, for which he produced ample materials, his guide and a horse were in attend-ance for his journey to Inverary. After complying with the hospitable hint of the chamberlain, the soldier proceeded to take horse. In passing through the apartments, he observed that domestics were busily employed in hanging the great hall with black cloth, a ceremony which, he said, he had seen prac-tised when the immortal Gustavus Adolphus lay in state in the Castle of Wolgast, and which, therefore, he opined, was a testimonial of the strictest and deep-est mourning.

When Dalgetty mounted his steed, he found him-self attended, or perhaps guarded, by five or six Camp-bells, well armed, commanded by one who, from the target at his shoulder, and the short cock's feather in his bonnet, as well as from the state which he took upon himself, claimed the rank of a Duinhewassel, or clansman of superior rank; and indeed, from his dignity of deportment, could not stand in a more dis-tant degree of relationship to Sir Duncan, than that of tenth or twelfth cousin at farthest. But it was im-possible to extract positive information on this or any other subject, inasmuch as neither this commander, nor any of his party, spoke English. The Captain rode, and his military attendants walked; but such was their activity, and so numerous the impediments which the nature of the road presented to the eques-trian mode of travelling, that far from being retarded by the slowness of their pace, his difficulty was rather in keeping up with his guides. He observed that they occasionally watched him with a sharp eye, as if they were jealous of some effort to escape; and once, as he lingered behind at crossing a brook, one of the gil-lies began to blow the match of his piece, giving him to understand that he would run some risk in case of an attempt to part company. Dalgetty did not augur much good from the close watch thus maintained upon his person; but there was no remedy, for an at-tempt to escape from his attendants in an impervious and unknown country, would have been little short of insanity. He therefore plodded patiently on through a waste and savage wilderness, treading paths which were only known to the shepherds and cattle-drivers, and passing with much more of discomfort than satis-faction many of those sublime combinations of moun-tainous scenery which now draw visiters from every corner of England, to feast their eyes upon Highland grandeur, and mortify their palates upon Highland fare.

At length they arrived on the southern verge of that noble lake upon which Inverary is situated; and a bugle, which the Duinhewassel winded till rock and greenwood rang, served as a signal to a well-manned galley, which, starting from a creek where it lay con-cealed, received the party on board, including Gusta-vus; which sagacious quadruped, an experienced tra-veller both by water and land, walked in and out of the boat with the discretion of a Christian.

Embarked on the bosom of Loch Fine, Captain Dal-getty might have admired one of the grandest scenes which nature affords. He might have noticed the rival rivers Aray and Shiray, which pay tribute to the lake, each issuing from its own dark and wooded re-treat. He might have marked, on the soft and gentle slope that ascends from the shores, the noble old Gothic castle, with its varied outline, embattled walls, towers, and outer and inner courts, which, so far as the picturesque is concerned, presented an aspect much more striking than the present massive and uniform mansion. He might have admired those dark woods which for many a mile surrounded this strong and princely dwelling, and his eye might have dwelt on the picturesque peak of Duniquoich, starting abruptly from the lake, and raising its scathed brow into the mists of middle sky, while a solitary watch-tower, perched on its top like an eagle's nest, gave

dignity to the scene by awakening a sense of possible danger. All these, and every other accompaniment of this noble scene, Captain Dalgetty might have marked, if he had been so minded. But, to confess the truth, the gallant Captain, who had eaten nothing since daybreak, was chiefly interested by the smoke which ascended from the castle chimneys, and the expectations which this seemed to warrant of his encountering an abundant stock of provant, as he was wont to call supplies of this nature.

The boat soon approached the rugged pier, which abutted into the loch from the little town of Inverary, then a rude assemblage of huts, with a very few stone mansions interspersed, stretching upwards from the banks of Loch Fine to the principal gate of the castle, before which a scene presented itself that might easily have quelled a less stout heart, and turned a more delicate stomach, than those of Ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty, titular of Drumthwacket.

CHAPTER XII.

> For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
> Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
> Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
> In power unpleased, impatient in disgrace.
> *Absalom and Achitophel.*

THE village of Inverary, now a neat country town, then partook of the rudeness of the seventeenth century, in the miserable appearance of the houses, and the irregularity of the unpaved street. But a stronger and more terrible characteristic of the period appeared in the market-place, which was a space of irregular width, half way betwixt the harbour or pier, and the frowning castle-gate, which terminated with its gloomy archway, portcullis, and flankers, the upper end of the vista. Midway this space was erected a rude gibbet, on which hung five dead bodies, two of which from their dress seemed to have been Lowlanders, and the other three corpses were muffled in their Highland plaids. Two or three women sate under the gallows, who seemed to be mourning, and singing the coronach of the deceased in a low voice. But the spectacle was apparently of too ordinary occurrence to have much interest for the inhabitants at large, who, while they thronged to look at the military figure, the horse of an unusual size, and the burnished panoply of Captain Dalgetty, seemed to bestow no attention whatever on the piteous spectacle which their own market-place afforded.

The envoy of Montrose was not quite so indifferent; and, hearing a word or two of English escape from a Highlander of decent appearance, he immediately halted Gustavus and addressed him. "The Provost-Marshal has been busy here, my friend. May I crave of you what these delinquents have been justified for?"

He looked towards the gibbet as he spoke; and the Gael, comprehending his meaning rather by his action than his words, immediately replied, "Three gentlemen caterans. God sain them' (crossing himself)—"twa Sassenach bits o' bodies, that wadna do something that M'Callum More bade them;" and turning from Dalgetty with an air of indifference, away he walked, staying no further question.

Dalgetty shrugged his shoulders and proceeded, for Sir Duncan Campbell's tenth or twelfth cousin had already shown some signs of impatience.

At the gate of the castle another terrible spectacle of feudal power awaited him. Within a stockade or palisade, which seemed lately to have been added to the defences of the gate, and which was protected by two pieces of light artillery, was a small enclosure, where stood a huge block, on which lay an axe. Both were smeared with recent blood, and a quantity of saw-dust strewed around, partly retained and partly obliterated the marks of a very late execution.

As Dalgetty looked on this new object of terror, his principal guide suddenly twitched him by the skirt of his jerkin, and having thus attracted his attention, winked and pointed with his finger to a pole fixed on the stockade, which supported a human head, being that, doubtless, of the late sufferer. There was a leer on the Highlander's face, as he pointed to this ghastly spectacle, which seemed to his fellow-traveller o nous of nothing good.

Dalgetty dismounted from his horse at the gatew and Gustavus was taken from him without his bei permitted to attend him to the stable, according to custom.

This gave the soldier a pang which the appara of death had not conveyed. "Poor Gustavus!" s he to himself, "if anything but good happens to t I had better have left him at Darnlinvarach th brought him here among these Highland salva who scarce know the head of a horse from his t But duty must part a man from his nearest and de est—

> 'When the cannons are roaring, lads, and the colours flying,
> The lads that seek honour must never fear dying;
> Then, stout cavaliers, let us toil our brave trade in,
> And fight for the Gospel and the bold King of Sweden.'"

Thus silencing his apprehensions with the burden a military ballad, he followed his guide into a sort guard-room filled with armed Highlanders. It w intimated to him that he must remain here until h arrival was communicated to the Marquis. To ma this communication the more intelligible, the dough Captain gave to the Dunniewassel Sir Duncan Cam bell's packet, desiring, as well as he could, by sig that it should be delivered into the Marquis's ow hand. His guide nodded, and withdrew.

The Captain was left about half an hour in th place, to endure with indifference, or return wi scorn, the inquisitive, and, at the same time, t inimical glances of the armed Gael, to whom h exterior and equipage were as much subject of cu osity, as his person and country seemed matter dislike. All this he bore with military nonchalan until, at the expiration of the above period, a pers dressed in black velvet, and wearing a gold chain li a modern magistrate of Edinburgh, but who was, fact, steward of the household to the Marquis Argyle, entered the apartment, and invited, with s lemn gravity, the Captain to follow him to his ma ter's presence.

The suite of apartments through which he passe were filled with attendants or visiters of various d scriptions, disposed, perhaps, with some ostentatio in order to impress the envoy of Montrose with idea of the superior power and magnificence belon ing to the rival house of Argyle. One anteroom wa filled with lacqueys, arrayed in brown and yellow, th colours of the family, who, ranged in double file, gaz in silence upon Captain Dalgetty as he passed betw their ranks. Another was occupied by Highland ge tlemen and chiefs of small branches, who were am sing themselves with chess, backgammon, and oth games, which they scarce intermitted to gaze wit curiosity upon the stranger. A third was filled wit Lowland gentlemen and officers, who seemed also i attendance; and, lastly, the presence-chamber of th Marquis himself showed him attended by a lev which marked his high importance.

This apartment, the folding doors of which we opened for the reception of Captain Dalgetty, was long gallery, decorated with tapestry and family p traits, and having a vaulted ceiling of open woo work, the extreme projections of the beams bei richly carved and gilded. The gallery was lighted long lanceolated Gothic casements, divided by hea shafts, and filled with painted glass, where the su beams glimmered dimly through boars'-heads, a galleys, and batons, and swords, armorial bearin of the powerful house of Argyle, and emblems of t high hereditary offices of Justiciary of Scotland, a Master of the Royal Household, which they long e joyed. At the upper end of this magnificent gal stood the Marquis himself, the centre of a splen circle of Highland and Lowland gentlemen, all ric dressed, among whom were two or three of the cler called in, perhaps, to be witnesses of his lordshi zeal for the Covenant.

The Marquis himself was dressed in the fash of the period, which Vandyke has so often paint but his habit was sober and uniform in colour a rather rich than gay. His dark complexion, furrow

l downcast look, gave him the appear-
frequently engaged in the consideration
affairs and who has acquired, by long
of gravity and mystery, which he can-
f even where there is nothing to be con
cast with his eyes which had procured
nigname of Gillespie Gru-
grim) was less perceptible when he
was silent, which perhaps was one cause of
bserving that habit. In person, he was tall
not without that dignity of deportment and
which became his high rank. Some-
was cold in his address, and sinister in
though he spoke and behaved with the
f a man of sagacity. He was adored
lan, whose advancement he had greatly
ough he was in proportion disliked by
ers of other septs, some of whom he
tripped of their possessions, while others
emselves in danger from his future
l all dreaded the height to which he was

already noticed, that in displaying him-
his counsellors, his officers of the house-
train of vassals, allies, and dependents,
of Argyle probably wished to make an
n the nervous system of Captain Dugald
ut that doughty person had fought his
epartment or another, through the great-
e Thirty Years' War in Germany, a pe-
brave and successful soldier was a com-
rinces. The King of Sweden, and, after
even the haughty Princes of the Em-
nd themselves fain, frequently to com-
heir dignity, and silence, when they could
he pecuniary claims of their soldiers, by
em to unusual privileges and familiarity.
ald Dalgetty had it to boast, that he had
nces at feasts made for monarchs, and
not a person to be overawed even by
hich surrounded M'Callum More. In-
naturally by no means the most modest
orld, but, on the contrary, had so good
f himself, that into whatever company
be thrown, he was always proportion-
n his own conceit; so that he felt as
in the most exalted society as among
ary companions. In this high opinion
nk, he was greatly fortified by his ideas
y profession, which, in his phrase, made
alier a camarado to an emperor.
oduced, therefore, into the Marquis's
mber, he advanced to the upper end with
ore confidence than grace, and would
se up to Argyle's person before speak-
the latter waved his hand, as a signal
p short. Captain Dalgetty did so ac-
d having made his military congee with
ce, he thus accosted the Marquis: "Give
orrow, my lord,—or rather I should say,
Beso a usted las manos, as the Spaniard

you, sir, and what is your business?"
Marquis, in a tone which was intended
he offensive familiarity of the soldier.
fair interrogative, my lord," answered
hich I shall forthwith answer as be-
lier, and that *peremptorie*, as we used to
chal-College."
or what he is, Neal," said the Marquis
gentleman who stood near him.
e the honourable gentleman the labour
ion," continued the Captain. "I am
etty, of Drumthwacket, that should be,
ster in various services, and now Major
ot what or whose regiment of Irishes;
ne with a flag of truce from a high and
l, James, Earl of Montrose, and other
s now in arms for his Majesty. And so,
ng Charles!"
now where you are, and the danger of
us, sir," again demanded the Marquis,
ly to me as if I were a child or a fool?
Montrose is with the English malignants;
and I suspect you are one of those Irish runagates, who are come into this country to burn and slay, as they did under Sir Phelim O'Neale."

"My lord," replied Captain Dalgetty, "I am no runagate, though a Major of Irishes, for which I might refer your lordship to the invincible Gustavus Adolphus the Lion of the North, to Banner, to Oxenstern, to the warlike Duke of Saxe Weimar, Tilly, Wallenstein, Piccolomini, and other great captains, both dead and living; and touching the noble Earl of Montrose, I pray your lordship to peruse these my full powers for treating with you in the name of that right honourable commander."

The Marquis looked slightingly at the signed and sealed paper which Captain Dalgetty handed to him, and throwing it with contempt upon a table, asked those around him what he deserved who came as the avowed envoy and agent of malignant traitors, in arms against the state?

"A high gallows and a short shrift," was the ready answer of one of the bystanders.

"I will crave of that honourable cavalier who hath last spoken," said Dalgetty, "to be less hasty in forming his conclusions, and also of your lordship to be cautelous in adopting the same, in respect such threats are to be held out only to base bisognos, and not to men of spirit and action, who are bound to peril themselves as freely in services of this nature, as upon sieges, battles, or onslaughts of any sort. And albeit I have not with me a trumpet or a white flag, in respect our army is not yet equipped with its full appointments, yet the honourable cavaliers and your lordship must concede unto me, that the sanctity of an envoy who cometh on matter of truce or parle, consisteth not in the fanfare of a trumpet, whilk is but a sound, or in the flap of a white flag, whilk is but an old rag in itself, but in the confidence reposed by the party sending, and the party sent, in the honour of those to whom the message is to be carried, and their full reliance that they will respect the *jus gentium*, as weel as the law of arms, in the person of the commissionate."

"You are not come hither to lecture us upon the law of arms, sir," said the Marquis, "which neither does nor can apply to rebels and insurgents; but to suffer the penalty of your insolence and folly for bringing a traitorous message to the Lord Justice General of Scotland, whose duty calls upon him to punish such an offence with death."

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, who began much to dislike the turn which his mission seemed about to take, "I pray you to remember, that the Earl of Montrose will hold you and your possessions liable for whatever injury my person, or my horse, shall sustain by these unseemly proceedings, and that he will be justified in executing retributive vengeance on your persons and possessions."

This menace was received with a scornful laugh, while one of the Campbells replied, "It is a far cry to Lochow;" a proverbial expression of the tribe, meaning that their ancient hereditary domains lay beyond the reach of an invading enemy. "But, gentlemen," further urged the unfortunate Captain, who was unwilling to be condemned, without at least the benefit of a full hearing, "although it is not for me to say how far it may be to Lochow, in respect I am a stranger to these parts, yet, what is more to the purpose, I trust you will admit that I have the guarantee of an honourable gentleman of your own name Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, for my safety on this mission; and I pray you to observe, that in breaking the truce towards me, you will highly prejudicate his honour and fair fame."

This seemed to be new information to many of the gentlemen, for they spoke aside with each other, and the Marquis's face, notwithstanding his power of suppressing all external signs of his passions, showed impatience and vexation.

"Does Sir Duncan of Ardenvohr pledge his honour for this person's safety, my lord?" said one of the company, addressing the Marquis.

"I do not believe it," answered the Marquis; "but I have not yet had time to read his letter."

"We will pray your lordship to do so," said ano

ther of the Campbells; "our name must not suffer discredit through the means of such a fellow as this."

"A dead fly," said a clergyman, "maketh the ointment of the apothecary to stink."

"Reverend sir," said Captain Dalgetty, "in respect of the use to be derived, I forgive you the unsavouriness of your comparison; and also remit to the gentleman in the red bonnet, the disparaging epithet of *fellow* which he has discourteously applied to me, who am no way to be distinguished by the same, unless in so far as I have been called fellow-soldier by the great Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and other chosen commanders, both in Germany and the Low Countries. But, touching Sir Duncan Campbell's guarantee of my safety, I will gage my life upon his making my words good thereanent, when he comes hither to-morrow."

"If Sir Duncan be soon expected, my Lord," said one of the intercessors, "it would be a pity to anticipate matters with this poor man."

"Besides that," said another, "your lordship—I speak with reverence—should, at least, consult the Knight of Ardenvohr's letter, and learn the terms on which this Major Dalgetty, as he calls himself, has been sent hither by him."

They closed around the Marquis, and conversed together in a low tone, both in Gaelic and English. The patriarchal power of the Chiefs was very great, and that of the Marquis of Argyle, armed with all his grants of hereditary jurisdiction, was particularly absolute. But there interferes some check of one kind or other even in the most despotic government. That which mitigated the power of the Celtic Chiefs, was the necessity which they lay under of conciliating the kinsmen, who, under them, led out the lower orders to battle, and who formed a sort of council of the tribe in time of peace. The Marquis on this occasion thought himself under the necessity of attending to the remonstrances of this senate, or, more properly *Comhaltai*, of the name of Campbell, and, slipping out of the circle, gave orders for the prisoner to be removed to a place of security.

"Prisoner!" exclaimed Dalgetty, exerting himself with such force as wellnigh to shake off two Highlanders, who for some minutes past had waited the signal to seize him, and kept for that purpose close at his back. Indeed the soldier had so nearly attained his liberty, that the Marquis of Argyle changed colour, and stepped back two paces, laying, however, his hand on his sword, while several of his clan, with ready devotion, threw themselves betwixt him and the apprehended vengeance of the prisoner. But the Highland guards were too strong to be shaken off, and the unlucky Captain, after having had his offensive weapons taken from him, was dragged off and conducted through several gloomy passages to a small side-door grated with iron, within which was another of wood. These were opened by a grim old Highlander with a long white beard, and displayed a very steep and narrow flight of steps leading downward. The Captain's guards pushed him down two or three steps, then, unloosing his arms, left him to grope his way to the bottom as he could; a task which became difficult and even dangerous, when the two doors being successively locked left the prisoner in total darkness.

CHAPTER XIII.

Whatever stranger visits here,
We pity his sad case,
Unless to worship he draw near
The King of Kings—his Grace.
Burns's *Lines on a Visit to Inveraray.*

The Captain finding himself deprived of light in the manner we have described, and placed in a very uncertain situation, proceeded to descend the narrow and broken stair with all the caution in his power, hoping that he might find at the bottom some place to repose himself. But with all his care he could not finally avoid making a false step, which brought him down the four or five last steps too hastily to preserve *his equilibrium*. At the bottom he stumbled over a bundle of something soft, which stirred and uttered a groan, so deranging the Captain's descent, floundered forward, and finally fell upon hi and knees on the floor of a damp and sto dungeon.

When Dalgetty had recovered, his first dem to know over whom he had stumbled.

"He was a man a month since," answered and broken voice.

"And what is he now, then," said Dalgett he thinks it fitting to lie upon the lowest st stairs, and clew up like a hurchin, that hon cavaliers, who chance to be in trouble, ma their noses over him?"

"What is he now?" replied the same voi is a wretched trunk, from which the boug one by one been lopped away, and which ca how soon it is torn up and hewed into billet furnace."

"Friend," said Dalgetty, "I am sorry for y *patienza*, as the Spaniards says. If you had as quiet as a log, as you call yourself, I shou saved some excoriations on my hands and kn

"You are a soldier," replied his fellow-p "do you complain on account of a fall for boy would not bemoan himself?"

"A soldier?" said the Captain; "and how know, in this cursed dark cavern, that I am a s

"I heard your armour clash as you fell," the prisoner, "and now I see it glimmer. W have remained as long as I in this darkne eyes will distinguish the smallest eft that cr the floor."

"I had rather the devil picked them out Dalgetty; "if this be the case, I shall wis short turn of the rope, a soldier's prayer, an from a ladder. But what sort of provant h got here—what food, I mean, brother in affli

"Bread and water once a-day," replied the

"Prithee, friend, let me taste your loaf," sa getty; "I hope we shall play good comrade we dwell together in this abominable pit."

"The loaf and jar of water," answered th prisoner, "stand in the corner, two steps right hand. Take them, and welcome. With food I have well nigh done."

Dalgetty did not wait for a second invitati groping out the provisions, began to munc stale black oaten loaf with as much heartines have seen him play his part at better viands.

"This bread," he said, muttering, (with his full at the same time,) "is not very savoury theless, it is not much worse than that whic at the famous leaguer at Werben, where the v Gustavus foiled all the efforts of the celebrat that terrible old hero, who had driven two ki of the field—namely, Ferdinand of Bohem Christian of Denmark. And anent this wate is none of the most sweet, I drink to the your speedy deliverance, comrade, not forgetti own, and devoutly wishing it were Rhenish humming Lubeck beer, at the least, were it honour of the pledge."

While Dalgetty ran on in this way, his te time with his tongue, and he speedily finis provisions which the benevolence or indiffe his companion had abandoned voracity. When this task was accomplis wrapped himself in his cloak, and seating hi a corner of the dungeon in which he could support on each side, (for he had always admirer of elbow-chairs, he remarked, even f youth upward,) he began to question his captive.

"Mine honest friend," said he, "you and comrades at bed and board, should be better ac ed. I am Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket forth, Major in a regiment of loyal Irishes, an Extraordinary of a High and Mighty Lord Earl of Montrose. Pray, what may your nar

"It will avail you little to know," replied taciturn companion.

"Let me judge of that matter," answered the

"Well, then Ranald MacEagh is my nan is, Ranald Son of the Mist."

· Mist!" ejaculated Dalgetty. "Son of , say I. But, Ranald, since that is your une you in possession of the provost s ? what the devil brought you here, that

·tunes and my crimes," answered Ra- v y the Knight of Ardenvohr?"

' that honourable person," replied Dal-

ye where he now is?" replied Ranald. his day at Ardenvohr," answered the he may feast to-morrow at Inverary; purpose if he chance to fail, my lease ·nce will be something precarious."

un know, on, claims his intercession, orst foe and his best friend," answered

nll desire to carry a less questionable swered Dalgetty. "Sir Duncan is not ay at reading riddles with."

axon," said the prisoner, "tell him I that, fifteen years since, stood on his igth and the pledges he had left there · er that found out the wolf's den on the royed his offspring · I am the leader of ch surprised Ardenvohr, yesterday was nd gave his four children to the sword."

honest friend," said Dalgetty' "if that commendation to Sir Duncan's favour, mit my pleading thereupon, in respect d that even the animal creation are nst those who intromit with their off- , much more any rational and Christian) have had violence done upon their But I pray you in courtesy to tell me, ssailed the castle from the hillock called nilk I uphold to be the true point of at- were to be protected by a sconce."

ded the cliff by ladders of withies or d the prisoner, "drawn up by an ac- clansman, who had served six months to enjoy that one night of unlimited The owl whooped around us as we hung n and earth; the tide roared against rock, and dashed asunder our skiff, yet t failed him. In the morning there was es, where there had been peace and joy "

pretty camisade, I doubt not, Ranald very sufficient onslaught, and not un- harged. Nevertheless, I would have ase from that little hillock called Drum- ars is a pretty irregular Scythian fashion nald, much resembling that of Turks, ther Asiatic people. But the reason, cause of this war · the *teterrima causa*, ! Deliver me that, Ranald."

een pushed at by the M'Aulays, and tribes," said Ranald, "till our posses- unsafe for us"

said Dalgetty; "I have faint remem- ing heard of that matter. Did you not cheese into a man's mouth, when he stomach whereunto to transmit the

heard, then," said Ranald, "the tale of n the haughty forester?"

me that I have," said Dalgetty, "and old date. It was a merry jest that, of · bread into the dead man's mouth, but wild and salvage for civilized accepta- vasting the good victuals. I have seen e, or a leaguer, Ranald, a living soldier en the better, Ranald, for that crust of you threw away on a dead pow."

attacked by Sir Duncan," continued nd my brother was slain · his head was the battlements which we sealed—I e, and it is a vow I have never broken."

· so," said Dalgetty; "and every tho- oldier will confess that revenge is a ; but in what manner this story will Duncan in your justification, unless it him to intercede with the Marquis to change the manner thereof from hanging, or simple suspension, to breaking your limbs on the roue or wheel, with the coulter of a plough, or otherwise putting you to death by torture, surpasses my comprehension. Were I you, Ranald, I would be for miskenning Sir Duncan, keeping my own secret, and departing quietly by suffocation, like your ancestors before you."

"Yet hearken, stranger," said the Highlander, "Sir Duncan of Ardenvohr had four children. Three died under our dirks, but the fourth survives; and more would he give to dandle on his knee the fourth child which remains, than to rack these old bones, which care little for the utmost indulgence of his wrath. One word, if I list to speak it, could turn his day of humiliation and fasting into a day of thankfulness and rejoicing, and breaking of bread. O, I know it by my own heart! Dearer to me is the child Kenneth, who chaseth the butterfly on the banks of the Aven, than ten sons who are mouldering in earth, or are preyed on by the fowls of the air."

"I presume, Ranald," continued Dalgetty, "that the three pretty fellows whom I saw yonder in the market-place, strung up by the head like rizzer'd haddocks, claimed some interest in you?"

There was a brief pause ere the Highlander replied, in a tone of strong emotion,—"They were my sons, stranger · they were my sons! · blood of my blood—bone of my bone! fleet of foot—unerring in aim · unvanquished by foemen till the sons of Diarmid overcame them by numbers! Why do I wish to survive them? The old trunk will less feel the rending up of its roots, than it has felt the lopping off of its graceful boughs. But Kenneth must be trained to revenge—the young eagle must learn from the old how to stoop on his foes. I will purchase for his sake my life and my freedom, by discovering my secret to the Knight of Ardenvohr."

"You may attain your end more easily," said a third voice, mingling in the conference, "by entrusting it to me."

All Highlanders are superstitious. "The Enemy of Mankind is among us!" said Ranald MacEagh, springing to his feet. His chains clattered as he rose, while he drew himself as far as they permitted from the quarter whence the voice appeared to proceed. His fear in some degree communicated itself to Captain Dalgetty, who began to repeat, in a sort of polyglot gibberish, all the exorcisms he had ever heard of, without being able to remember more than a word or two of each.

"*In nomine domini*, as we said at Mareschal College—*santissima madre di dios*, as the Spaniard has it · *alle guten geister loben den Herrn*, saith the blessed Psalmist, in Dr. Luther's translation"——

"A truce with your exorcisms," said the voice they had heard before; "though I come strangely among you, I am mortal like yourselves, and my assistance may avail you in your present streight, if you are not too proud to be counselled."

While the stranger thus spoke, he withdrew the shade of a dark lantern, by whose feeble light Dalgetty could only discern that the speaker who had thus mysteriously united himself to their company, and mixed in their conversation, was a tall man, dressed in a livery cloak of the Marquis. His first glance was to his feet, but he saw neither the cloven foot which Scottish legends assign to the foul fiend, nor the horse's hoof by which he is distinguished in Germany. His first inquiry was, how the stranger had come among them?

"For," said he, "the creak of these rusty bars would have been heard had the door been made patent; and if you passed through the keyhole, truly, sir, put what face you will on it, you are not fit to be enrolled in a regiment of living men."

"I reserve my secret," answered the stranger, "until you shall merit the discovery by communicating to me some of yours. It may be that I shall be moved to let you out where I myself came in."

"It cannot be through the keyhole, then," said Captain Dalgetty, "for my corslet would stick in the passage, were it possible that my head-piece could get through. As for secrets, I have none of my own,

and but few appertaining to others. But impart to us what secrets you desire to know; or, as Professor Snufflegreek used to say at the Marischal-College, Aberdeen, speak that I may know thee."

"It is not with you I have first to do," replied the stranger, turning his eyes full on the wild and wasted features and the large limbs of the Highlander, Ranald MacEagh, who, drawn so against the walls of the dungeon, seemed yet uncertain whether his guest was a living being.

"I have brought you something, my friend," said the stranger, in a more soothing tone, "to mend your fare; if you are to die to-morrow, it is no reason why you should not live to-night."

"None at all—no reason in the creation," replied the ready Captain Dalgetty, who forthwith began to unpack the contents of a small basket which the stranger had brought under his cloak, while the Highlander, either in suspicion or disdain, paid no attention to the good cheer.

"Here's to thee, my friend," said the Captain, who having already despatched a huge piece of roasted kid, was now taking a pull at the wine-flask. "What is thy name, my good friend?"

"Murdoch Campbell, sir," answered the servant, "a lackey of the Marquis of Argyle, and occasionally acting as under-warden."

"Then here is to thee once more, Murdoch," said Dalgetty, "drinking to you by your proper name for the better luck sake. This wine I take to be Calcavella. Well, honest Murdoch, I take it on me to say, thou deservest to be upper-warden, since thou showest thyself twenty times better acquainted with the way of victualling honest gentlemen that are under misfortune, than thy principal. Bread and water? out upon him! It was enough, Murdoch, to destroy the credit of the Marquis's dungeon. But I see you would converse with my friend, Ranald MacEagh here. Never mind my presence; I'll get me into this corner with the basket, and I will warrant my jaws make noise enough to prevent my ears from hearing you."

Notwithstanding this promise, however, the veteran listened with all the attention he could to gather their discourse, or, as he described it himself, "laid his ears back in his neck, like Gustavus, when he heard the key turn in the girnell-kist." He could, therefore, owing to the narrowness of the dungeon, easily overhear the following dialogue.

"Are you aware, Son of the Mist," said the Campbell, "that you will never leave this place excepting for the gibbet?"

"Those who are dearest to me," answered MacEagh, "have trode that path before me."

"Then you would do nothing," asked the visiter, "to shun following them?"

The prisoner writhed himself in his chains before returning an answer.

"I would do much," at length he said; "not for my own life, but for the sake of the pledge in the glen of Strath-Aven."

"And what would you do to turn away the bitterness of the hour?" again demanded Murdoch; "I care not for what cause ye mean to shun it."

"I would do what a man might do, and still call himself a man."

"Do ye call yourself a man," said the interrogator, "who have done the deeds of a wolf?"

"I do," answered the outlaw; "I am a man like my fathers—while wrapt in the mantle of peace, we were lambs—it was rent from us, and ye now call us wolves. Give us the huts ye have burned, our children whom ye have murdered, our widows whom ye have starved—collect from the gibbet and the pole the mangled carcasses, and whitened skulls of our kinsmen—bid them live and bless us, and we will be your vassals and brothers—till then, let death, and blood, and mutual wrong, draw a dark veil of division between us."

"You will then do nothing for your liberty?" said the Campbell.

"Any thing but call myself the friend of your tribe," answered MacEagh.

"We scorn the friendship of banditti and caterans," retorted Murdoch, "and would not stoop to it. What I demand to know from you, in ex for your liberty, is, where the daughter and he the Knight of Ardenvohr is now to be found?"

"That you may wed her to some beggarly k of your great master," said Ranald, "after the of the Children of Diarmid! Does not the v Glenorquhy, to this very hour, cry shame on lence offered to a helpless infant whom at k were conveying to the court of the Sovereign not her escort compelled to hide her beneath dron, round which they fought till not one re to tell the tale? and was not the girl brough fatal castle, and afterwards wedded to the bro M'Callum More, and all for the sake of he lands?"*

"And if the tale be true," said Murdoch, " a preferment beyond what the King of Sco have conferred on her. But this is far from t pose. The daughter of Sir Duncan of Arden of our own blood, not a stranger; and who good a right to know her fate as M'Callum M chief of her clan?"

"It is on his part, then, that you demand it the outlaw." The domestic of the Marquis as

"And you will practise no evil against the en?—I have done her wrong enough already."

"No evil, upon the word of a Christian m plied Murdoch.

"And my guerdon is to be life and liberty the Child of the Mist."

"Such is our paction," replied the Campbel

"Then know, that the child whom I save compassion at the spoiling of her father's t strength, was bred as an adopted daughter tribe, until we were worsted at the pass of B thil, by the fiend incarnate and mortal enem tribe, Allan M'Aulay of the Bloody hand, and horsemen of Lennox, under the heir of Ment

"Fell she into the power of Allan of the hand," said Murdoch, "and she a reputed dau thy tribe? Then her blood has gilded the dirk, hast said nothing to rescue thine own forfeit

"If my life rest on hers," answered the out is secure, for she still survives; but it has a secure reliance—the frail promise of a son of Di

"That promise shall not fail you," said the bell, "if you can assure me that she surviv where she is to be found."

"In the Castle of Darnlinvarach," said Ran Eagh, "under the name of Annot Lyle. I ha heard of her from my kinsmen, who have ap proached their native woods, and it is not lo mine old eyes beheld her."

"You!" said Murdoch, in astonishment, chief among the Children of the Mist, and so near your mortal foe?"

"Son of Diarmid, I did more," replied the "I was in the hall of the castle, disguised as from the wild shores of Skianach. My purp to have plunged my dirk in the body of the with the Bloody hand, before whom our race t and to have taken thereafter what fate God send me. But I saw Annot Lyle, even when r was on the hilt of my dagger. She touched h shach to a song of the Children of the Mist she had learned when her dwelling was amo The woods in which we had dwelt pleasantly their green leaves in the song, and our stre there with the sound of all their waters. M forsook the dagger; the fountains of mine ey opened, and the hour of revenge passed awa now, Son of Diarmid, have I not paid the ra my head?"

"Ay," replied Murdoch, "if your tale be tr what proof can you assign for it?"

"Bear witness, heaven and earth," exclai outlaw, "he already looks how he may step word!"

* Such a story is told of the heiress of the clan of Cal was made prisoner in the manner described, and a wedded to Sir Duncan Campbell, from which union t bells of Cawdor have their descent.

* Way.

" replied Murdoch; "every promise shall ... ou when I am assured you have told me ... But I must speak a few words with your ... r captivity."

... false—ever fair and false," muttered the ... he threw himself down on the floor ... on.

..., Captain Dalgetty, who had attended ... of this dialogue, was framing his own ... it in private. "What the devil can this ... ave to say to me? I have no dealings ... so far as I know, or of any other person. ... a tale about. But let him come on; he ... ome manœuvring ere he turn the flank of ... ier."

... gy, as if he had stood pike in hand to de- ... ch, he waited with caution, but without ... mmencement of the attack.

... a citizen of the world, Captain Dalgetty," ... ch Campbell, "and cannot be ignorant of ... tch proverb, *gif-gaf*,* which goes through ... and all services."

... should know something of it," said Dal- ... except the Turks, there are few powers ... whom I have not served; and I have ... thought of taking a turn either with Beth- ... or with the Janizaries."

... of your experience and unprejudiced ideas, ... understand me at once," said Murdoch. ... ay, I mean that your freedom shall depend ... ue and upright answer to a few trifling ... respecting the gentlemen you have left; ... of preparation; the number of their men, ... e of their appointments; and as much ... nce to know about their plan of opera- ...

... satisfy your curiosity," said Dalgetty. ... out any further purpose?"

... n the world," replied Murdoch; "what ... ould a poor devil like me take in their ...?"

... your interrogations, then," said the Cap- ... I will answer them *peremptorie*."

... any Irish may be on their march to join ... name the delinquent?"

... ly ten thousand," said Captain Dalgetty. ... ousand!" replied Murdoch angrily; "w... scarce two thousand landed at Ardnamur- ...

... ou know more about them than I do," an- ... tain Dalgetty, with great composure. "I ... hem mustered yet, or even under arms."

... w many men of the clans may be expect- ... aded Murdoch.

... y as they can make," replied the Captain. ... answering from the purpose, sir," said ... speak plainly, will there be five thousand ...

... and thereabouts," answered Dalgetty.

... playing with your life, sir, if you trifle ... pipe the call; a single whistle of mine, ... than ten minutes your head hangs on the ...

... peak candidly, Mr. Murdoch," replied the ... o you think it is a reasonable thing to ask ... secrets of our army, and I engaged to ... whole campaign? If I tell you how ... ntrose, what becomes of my pay, arrears, ... of booty?"

... on," said Campbell, "but if you be stub- ... ampaign ... in a ... k at the castle-gate, where stones many ... d-lairds; but if you answer my questions ... will receive ... the service ... n Mor..."

... e service a... good pay?" said Captain ...

... double yours, if you will return to Mon- ... t under his direction."

... had seen you, sir, before taking on with ... Dalgetty, appearing to meditate.

... contrary, I can afford you more advanta- geous terms now," said the Campbell; "always sup- posing that you are faithful."

"Faithful, that is, to you, and a traitor to Mon- trose," answered the Captain.

"Faithful to the cause of religion and good order," answered Murdoch, "which sanctifies any deception you may employ to serve it."

"And the Marquis of Argyle—should I incline to enter his service, is he a kind master?" demanded Dalgetty.

"Never man kinder," quoth Campbell.

"And bountiful to his soldiers?" pursued the Captain.

"The most open hand in Scotland," replied Mur- doch.

"True and faithful to his engagements?" continued Dalgetty.

"As honourable a nobleman as breathes," said the clansman.

"I never heard so much good of him before," said Dalgetty; "you must know the Marquis well—or ra- ther you must be the Marquis himself! Lord of Ar- gyle," he added, throwing himself suddenly on the disguised nobleman, "I arrest you in the name of King Charles, as a traitor. If you venture to call for assistance, I will wrench round your neck."

The attack which Dalgetty made upon Argyle's person was so sudden and unexpected, that he easily prostrated him on the floor of the dungeon, and held him down with one hand, while his right, grasping the Marquis's throat, was ready to strangle him on the slightest attempt to call for assistance.

"Lord of Argyle," he said, "it is now my turn to lay down the terms of capitulation. If you list to show me the private way by which you entered the dungeon, you shall escape, on condition of being my *locum tenens*, as we said at the Mareschal-Col- lege, until your warder visits his prisoners. But if not, I will first strangle you—I learned the art from a Polonian heyduck, who had been a slave in the Otto- man seraglio—and then seek out a mode of retreat."

"Villain! you would not murder me for my kind- ness," murmured Argyle.

"Not for your kindness, my lord," replied Dalget- ty; "but first to teach your lordship the *jus gentium* towards cavaliers who come to you under safe-con- duct; and secondly, to warn you of the danger of proposing dishonourable terms to any worthy sol- dado, in order to tempt him to become false to his standard during the term of his service."

"Spare my life," said Argyle, "and I will do as you require."

Dalgetty maintained his gripe upon the Marquis's throat, compressing it a little, while he asked ques- tions, and relaxing it so far as to give him the power of answering them.

"Where is the secret door into the dungeon?" he demanded.

"Hold up the lantern to the corner on your right hand, you will discern the iron which covers the spring," replied the Marquis.

"So far so good. Where does the passage lead to?"

"To my private apartment behind the tapestry," answered the prostrate nobleman.

"From thence how shall I reach the gateway?"

"Through the grand gallery, the anteroom, the lackeys' waiting-hall, the grand guardroom"——

"All crowded with soldiers, factionaries, and at- tendants! that will never do for me, my lord;—have you no secret passage to the gate, as you have to your dungeons? I have seen such in Germany."

"There is a passage through the chapel," said the Marquis, "opening from my apartment."

"And what is the pass-word at the gate?"

"The sword of Levi," replied the Marquis; "but if you will receive my pledge of honour, I will go with you, escort you through every guard, and set you at full liberty with a passport."

"I might trust you, my lord, were your throat not already black with the grasp of my fingers," as it is, *beso los manos a usted*, as the Spaniard says. Yet you may grant me a passport; are there writing materials in your apartment?"

"Surely; and blank passports ready to be signed. I will attend you there," said the Marquis, "instantly."

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* ... glish, *ka me ka thee*, i. e. mutually serving each

"It were too much honour for the like of me," said Dalgetty; "your lordship shall [illegible] of an old honest friend [illegible] Ranald MacEagh [illegible] [illegible] Honest Ranald [illegible] now make [illegible] I [illegible] freedom. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] or [illegible] Ranald [illegible] [illegible] your [illegible]."

"It [illegible] at speech or struggle," said Ranald, "he dies by my hand."

"That is right, Ranald [illegible] spirited! A thorough-going friend that understands a hint is worth a million!"

Thus resigning the charge of the Marquis to his new confederate, Dalgetty pressed the spring, by which the secret door flew open, though so well was its hinges polished and oiled, that it made not the slightest noise in revolving. The opposite side of the door was secured by very strong bolts and bars, beside which hung one or two keys, designed apparently to undo fetterlocks. A narrow staircase ascended up through the thickness of the castle-wall, and led, as the Marquis had truly informed him, behind the tapestry of his private apartment. Such communications were frequent in old feudal castles, as they gave the lord of the fortress, like a second Dionysius, the means of hearing the conversation of his prisoners, or, if he pleased, of visiting them in disguise, an experiment which had terminated so inauspiciously on the present occasion for Gillespie Grumach. Having examined previously whether there was any one in the apartment, and finding the coast clear, the Captain entered, and hastily possessing himself of a blank passport, several of which lay on the table, and of writing materials, securing, at the same time, the Marquis's dagger, and a silk cord from the hangings, he again descended into the cavern, where, listening a moment at the door, he could hear the half-stifled voice of the Marquis making great proffers to MacEagh, on condition he would suffer him to give an alarm.

"Not for a forest of deer—not for a thousand head of cattle," answered the freebooter; "not for all the lands that ever called a son of Diarmid master, will I break the troth I have plighted to him of the iron-garment!"

"He of the iron-garment," said Dalgetty, entering, "is bounden unto you, MacEagh, and this noble lord shall be bounden also; but first he must fill up this passport with the names of Major Dugald Dalgetty and his guide, or he is like to have a passport to another world."

The Marquis subscribed, and wrote, by the light of the dark lantern, as the soldier prescribed to him.

"And now, Ranald," said Dalgetty, "strip thy upper garment—thy plaid I mean, Ranald, and in it will I muffle the M'Callum More, and make of him, for a time, a Child of the Mist;—Nay, I must bring it over your head, my lord, so as to secure us against your untimed clamour. So, now he is sufficiently muffled;—hold down your hands, or, by Heaven, I will stab you to the heart with your own dagger!—nay, you shall be bound with nothing less than silk, as your quality deserves.—So, now he is secure till some one comes to relieve him. If he ordered us a late dinner, Ranald, he is like to be the sufferer;—at what hour, my good Ranald, did the jailer usually appear?"

"Never till the sun was beneath the western wave," said MacEagh.

"Then, my friend, we shall have three hours good," said the cautious Captain. "In the mean time, let us labour for your liberation."

To examine Ranald's chain was the next occupation. It was undone by means of one of the keys which hung behind the private door, probably deposited there, that the Marquis might, if he pleased, *dismiss a prisoner, or remove him elsewhere without the necessity of summoning* the warden. The outlaw stretched his benumbed arms, and boun[ded on] the floor of the dungeon in all the ecstasy of [illegible] freedom.

"Take the livery coat of that noble person[age]," said Captain Dalgetty; "put it on, and follow [my] steps."

The outlaw obeyed. They ascended th[e] stair, having first secured the door behind t[hem], [illegible] safely reached the apartment of the Ma[rquis].

CHAPTER XIV.

Th[illegible] was [illegible] stairs—but whithe
[illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible] without [illegible]

[illegible]

"Look out for the private way through th[e] Ranald," said the Captain, "while I give a [illegible] to these matters."

Thus speaking, he seized with one hand [a bundle] of Argyle's most private papers, and with [the other] a purse of gold, both of which lay in a dra[wer of a] rich cabinet, which stood invitingly open. [Nor] did he neglect to possess himself of a sw[ord and] pistols, with powder-flask and balls, whic[h hung in] the apartment. "Intelligence and booty," [said the] veteran, as he pouched the spoils, "each ho[nest] cavalier should look to, the one on his gene[ral's be]half, and the other on his own. This sw[ord is an] Andrew Ferrara, and the pistols better th[an my] own. But a fair exchange is no robbery. [My own] are not to be endangered, and endangere[d cer]tainly, my Lord of Argyle.—But soft, soft[ly,] wise Man of the Mist whither art thou bou[nd?"]

It was indeed full time to stop MacEagh's [proceed]ings; for not finding the private passage re[adily,] impatient, it would seem, of further delay, [he had] caught down a sword and target, and was [about to] enter the great gallery, with the purpose, [appa]rently, of fighting his way through all opposition.

"Hold, while you live," whispered Dalget[ty, laying] hold on him. "We must lie perdue, if poss[ible. Let us] bar we this door, that it may be thought [M'Callum] More would be private—and now let me m[ake a] connoissance for the private passage."

By looking behind the tapestry in vario[us places,] the Captain at length discovered a private [door, and] behind that a winding passage, terminated b[y another] door, which doubtless entered the chapel. [But great] was his disagreeable surprise to hear, on [the other] side of this second door, the sonorous voice [of a di]vine in the act of preaching.

"This made the villain," he said, "recom[mend it] to us as a private passage. I am strongly t[empted to] return and cut his throat."

He then opened very gently the door, w[hich led] into a latticed gallery used by the Marquis[, and] the curtains of which were drawn, perhaps [for the] purpose of having it supposed that he was [present] in attendance upon divine worship, when, [in fact, he] was absent upon his secular affairs. The[re was no] other person in the seat; for the family of [the Mar]quis,—such was the high state maintained [in those] days,—sate during service in another galle[ry,] somewhat lower than that of the great ma[n himself.] This being the case, Captain Dalgetty ve[ntured to] ensconce himself in the gallery, of which he [carefully] secured the door.

Never (although the expression be a bold [one) was] a sermon listened to with more impatience[, or less] edification, on the part of one, at least, of [the audi]ence. The Captain heard *sixteenthly*—*se[venteenth]ly*—*eighteenthly*, and *to conclude*, with a s[ens]ing like protracted despair. But no man c[...]

* The precarious state of the feudal nobles introd[uced a great] deal of espionage into their castles. Sir Robert Car[ey mentions] his having put on the cloak of one of his own wa[rders, to ob]tain a confession from the mouth of Geordie Bourne, whom he caused presently to be hanged in return f[or the frank]ness of his communication. The fine old Border c[astle of Nay]worth contains a private stair from the apartment [of Lord] William Howard, by which he could visit the du[ngeon, as is] alleged in the preceding chapter to have been prac[tised by the] Marquis of Argyle.

vice was called a lecture) for ever; and se was at length closed, the clergyman to make a profound bow towards the lat r, little suspecting whom he honoured by ice. To judge from the haste with which sed, the domestics of the Marquis were pleased with their late occupation than Captain Dalgetty; indeed, many of them landmen, had the excuse of not under-single word which the clergyman spoke, ey gave their attendance on his doctrine ial order of M'Callum More, and would had the preacher been a Turkish Imaum.

ugh the congregation thus dispersed the vine remained behind in the chapel, and, and down its Gothic precincts, seemed meditating on what he had just been de-preparing a fresh discourse for the next . Bold as he was, Dalgetty hesitated for ght to do. Time, however, pressed, and ent increased the chance of their escape ted by the jailor visiting the dungeon ore his wont, ... which had been made there. At length, Ranald, who watched all his motions, to and preserve his countenance, Captain with a very composed air, descended a ps which led from the gallery into the chapel. A less experienced adventurer endeavoured to pass the worthy clergy, in hopes to escape unnoticed. But the ho foresaw the imminent danger of failing attempt, ... his walk in the midst of the chancel, and his cap, was about to pass him after a rence. But what was his surprise to view her the very same person with whom he the castle of Ardenvohr! Yet he speed-d his composure; and ere the clergyman , was the first to address him. "I could d, "leave this mansion without bequeath-my very reverend brother my humble thanks ily with which you have this evening fa-

t observe, sir," said the clergyman, "that the chapel."

ed the honourable Marquis," said Dalget-, "to grace me with a seat in his own The divine bowed low at this intimation, at such an honour was only vouchsafed of very high rank. "It has been my fate, Captain, "in the sort of wandering life led, to have heard different preachers religions—as for example, Lutheran, Reformed, Calvinistical, and so forth—have I listened to such a homily as

a lecture, worthy sir," said the divine, e phrase of our church."

or homily," said Dalgetty, "it was, as Germans say, *ganz fürtreflich*; and I leave this place without testifying unto you rd emotions I have undergone during ig prelection; and how I am touched to hat I should yesterday, during the refec-seemed to infringe on the respect due to on as yourself."

ny worthy sir," said the clergyman, "we world as in the Valley of the Shadow of knowing against whom we may chance r. In truth, it is no matter of marvel if es jostle those, to whom, if known, we all respect. Surely, sir, I would rather you for a profane malignant than for such erson as you prove, who reverences the er even in the meanest of his servants."

lways my custom to do so, learned sir," Dalgetty, "for in the service of the im-stavus—but I detain you from your medi-his desire to speak of the King of Sweden once overpowered by the necessity of his ices.

means, my worthy sir," said the clergy-hat was, I pray you, the order of that great Prince, whose memory is so dear to every Protestant bosom?"

"Sir, the drums beat to prayers morning and evening, as regularly as for parade; and if a soldier passed without saluting the chaplain, he had an hour's ride on the wooden mare for his pains. Sir, I wish you a very good evening. I am obliged to depart the castle under M'Callum More's passport."

"Stay one instant, sir," said the preacher; "is there nothing I can do to testify my respect for the pupil of the great Gustavus, and so admirable a judge of preaching?"

"Nothing, sir," said the Captain, "but to show me the nearest way to the gate—and if you would have the kindness," he added, with great effrontery, "to let a servant bring my horse with him—the dark gray gelding—call him Gustavus, and he will prick up his ears—for I know not where the castle-stables are situated, and my guide," he added, looking at Ranald, "speaks no English."

"I hasten to accommodate you," said the clergyman; "your way lies through that cloistered passage."

"Now, Heaven's blessing upon your vanity!" said the Captain to himself. "I was afraid I would have had to march off without Gustavus."

In fact, so effectually did the chaplain exert himself in behalf of so excellent a judge of composition, that while Dalgetty was parleying with the sentinels at the drawbridge, showing his passport, and giving the watchword, a servant brought him his horse ready saddled for the journey. In another place, the Captain's sudden appearance at large after having been so publicly sent to prison, might have excited suspicion and inquiry; but the officers and domestics of the Marquis were accustomed to the mysterious policy of their master, and never supposed aught else than that he had been liberated and intrusted with some private commission by their master. In this belief, and having received the parole, they gave him free passage.

Dalgetty rode slowly through the town of Inverary, the outlaw attending upon him like a foot-page at his horse's shoulder. As they passed the gibbet, the old man looked on the bodies and wrung his hands. The look and gesture were momentary, but expressive of indescribable anguish. Instantly recovering himself, Ranald, in passing, whispered somewhat to one of the females, who, like Rizpah the daughter of Aiah, seemed engaged in watching and mourning the victims of feudal injustice and cruelty. The woman started at his voice, but immediately collected herself, and returned for answer a slight inclination of the head.

Dalgetty continued his way out of the town, uncertain whether he should try to seize or hire a boat and cross the lake, or plunge into the woods, and there conceal himself from pursuit. In the former event he was liable to be instantly pursued by the galleys of the Marquis, which lay ready for sailing, their long yard-arms pointing to the wind, and what hope could he have in an ordinary Highland fishing-boat to escape from them? If he made the latter choice, his chance either of supporting or concealing himself in those waste and unknown wildernesses, was in the highest degree precarious. The town lay now behind him, yet what hand to turn to for safety he was unable to determine, and began to be sensible, that in escaping from the dungeon at Inverary, desperate as the matter seemed, he had only accomplished the easiest part of a difficult task. If retaken, his fate was now certain; for the personal injury he had offered to a man so powerful and so vindictive, could be atoned for only by instant death. While he pondered these distressing reflections, and looked around with a countenance which plainly expressed indecision, Ranald MacEagh suddenly asked him, "which way he intended to journey?"

"And that, honest comrade," answered Dalgetty, "is precisely the question which I cannot answer you. Truly I begin to hold the opinion, Ranald, that we had better have stuck by the brown loaf and water-pitcher until Sir Duncan arrived, who, for his own honour, must have made some fight for me."

"Saxon," answered MacEagh, "do not regret

having exchanged the foul breath of yonder dungeon for the free air of heaven. Above all, repent not that you have served a Son of the Mist. Put yourself under my guidance, and I will warrant your safety with my head."

"Can you guide me safe through these mountains, and back to the army of Montrose?" said Dalgetty.

"I can," answered MacEagh; "there lives not a man to whom the mountain passes, the caverns, the glens, the thickets, and the corries are known, as they are to the Children of the Mist. While others crawl on the level ground, by the sides of lakes and streams, ours are the steep hollows of the inaccessible mountains, the birth-place of the desert springs. Not all the bloodhounds of Argyle can trace the fastnesses through which I can guide you."

"Say'st thou so, honest Ranald?" replied Dalgetty; "then have on with thee; for of a surety I shall never save the ship by my own pilotage."

The outlaw accordingly led the way into the wood, by which the castle is surrounded for several miles, walking with so much dispatch as kept Gustavus at a round trot, and taking such a number of cross cuts and turns, that Captain Dalgetty speedily lost all idea where he might be, and all knowledge of the points of the compass. At length, the path, which had gradually become more difficult, altogether ended among thickets and underwood. The roaring of a torrent was heard in the neighbourhood, the ground became in some places broken, in others boggy, and every where unfit for riding.

"What the foul fiend," said Dalgetty, "is to be done here? I must part with Gustavus, I fear."

"Take no care for your horse," said the outlaw; "he shall soon be restored to you."

As he spoke, he whistled in a low tone, and a lad, half dressed in tartan, half naked, having only his own shaggy hair, tied with a thong of leather, to protect his head and face from sun and weather, lean, and half-starved in aspect, his wild gray eyes appearing to fill up ten times the proportion usually allotted to them in the human face, crept out, as a wild beast might have done, from a thicket of brambles and briars.

"Give your horse to the gillie," said Ranald MacEagh; "your life depends upon it."

"Och! och!" exclaimed the despairing veteran; "Eheu! as we used to say at Mareschal-College, must I leave Gustavus in such grooming?"

"Are you frantic, to lose time thus?" said his guide; "do we stand on friend's ground, that you should part with your horse as if he were your brother? I tell you, you shall have him again; but if you never saw the animal, is not life better than the best colt ever mare foaled?"

"And that is true too, mine honest friend," sighed Dalgetty; "yet if you knew but the value of Gustavus, and the things we two have done and suffered together—See, he turns back to look at me!—Be kind to him, my good breechless friend, and I will requite you well." So saying, and withal snuffling a little to swallow his grief, he turned from the heart-rending spectacle in order to follow his guide.

To follow his guide was no easy matter, and soon required more agility than Captain Dalgetty could master. The very first plunge after he had parted from his charger cost him, with little assistance from a few overhanging boughs, or projecting roots of trees, a eight foot sheer down into the course of a torrent, up which the Son of the Mist led the way. Huge stones, over which they scrambled, thickets of thorn and brambles, through which they had to drag themselves,—rocks which were to be climbed on the one side with much labour and pain, for the purpose of an equally precarious descent upon the other; all these, and many such interruptions, were surmounted by the light-footed and half-naked mountaineer, with an ease and velocity which excited the surprise and envy of Captain Dalgetty, who, encumbered by his head-piece, corslet, and other armour, not to mention his ponderous jack-boots, found himself at length so much exhausted by fatigue, and the difficulties of the road, that he sate down upon a stone in order to recover his breath, while he explained to

Ranald MacEagh the difference betwixt tr
expeditus and *impeditus*, as these two milita
s s were accounted at Mareschal-College. Al
The sole answer of the mountaineer was to
hand on the soldier's arm, and point backwar
direction of the wind. Dalgetty could spy
for evening was closing fast, and they wer
bottom of a dark ravine. But at length h
distinctly hear at a distance the sullen toll of
bell.

"That" said he, "must be the alarm—the
clock, as the Germans call it."

"It strikes the hour of your death," answe
nald, "unless you can accompany me a little
For every toll of that bell a brave man has yi
his soul."

"Truly, Ranald, my trusty friend," said D
"I will not deny that the case may be soon n
for I am so fortoughten, (being, as I explained
impeditus, for had I been *expeditus*, I mind
destrian exercise the flourish of a life,) that I
had better ensconce myself in one of these
and even lie quiet there to abide what fortu
shall send me. I entreat you, mine honest fri
nald, to shift for yourself, and leave me to say
as the Lion of the North, the immortal G
Adolphus, my never-to-be-forgotten master,
you must surely have heard of, Ranald, tho
may have heard of no one else,) said to Fra
bert, Duke of Saxe Lauenburgh, when he w
tally wounded on the plains of Lutzen.
despair altogether of my safety, Ranald, seein
been in as great pinches as this in Germany
especially, I remember me, that at the fatal
Nerlingen—after which I changed service"—

"If you would save your father's son's b
help his child out of trouble, instead of wa
upon the tales of Seannachies," said Rana
now grew impatient of the Captain's loquacit
your feet could travel as fast as your tongue, yo
yet lay your head on an unbloody pillow to

"Something there is like military skill i
replied the Captain, "although wantonly a
verently spoken to an officer of rank. But I
good to pardon such freedoms on a march, in
of the Saturnalian license indulged in such
the troops of all nations. And now, resum
office, friend Ranald, in respect I am well-bi
or, to be more plain, *I prae, sequar*, as we use
at Mareschal-College."

Comprehending his meaning rather from
tions than his language, the Son of the Mis
led the way, with an unerring precision that
like instinct, through a variety of ground th
difficult and broken that could well be im
Dragging along his ponderous boots, enc
with thigh-pieces, gauntlets, corslet, and bac
not to mention the buff jerkin which he wor
all these arms, talking of his former expl
whole way, though Ranald paid not the sligl
tention to him, Captain Dalgetty contrived t
his guide a considerable space further, when t
mouthed baying of a hound was heard comin
the wind, as if opening on the scent of its pre

"Black hound," said Ranald, "whose thro
boded good to a Child of the Mist, ill fortun
who littered thee! hast thou already found ou
But thou art too late, swart hound of darkn
the deer has gained the herd."

So saying, he whistled very softly, and v
swered in a tone equally low from the top of
up which they had for some time been asc
Mounting their pace, they reached the top, wh
moon, which had now risen bright and clear,
to Dalgetty a party of ten or twelve Highland
about as many women and children, by whom
MacEagh was received with such transports
as made his companion easily sensible that t
whom he was surrounded, must of course be
ren of the Mist. The place which they occup
suited their name and habits. It was a beetli
round which winded a very narrow and brok
path, commanded in various places by the
which they held.

...ke anxiously and hastily to the children and the men came one by one to shake Dalgetty, while the women, clamorous ...ade, pressed round to kiss even the hem ...t.

...ght their faith to you," said Ranald ...for requital of the good deed you have ...ibe this day."

...said, Ranald," answered the soldier, ...d—tell them I love not this shaking of ...fists, ranks and degrees in military ser... to kissing of gauntlets, poldrons, and ...member that the immortal Gustavus, ...rough the streets of Nuremberg, being ...ped by the populace, (being doubtless ...thy of it than a poor though honourable ...myself) did say unto them, in the way ...f you idolize me thus like a god, who ...you that the vengeance of Heaven will ...ve me to be a mortal?—And so here, I ...intend to make a stand against your fol... ...bit *sobra D...*, as the Spaniard says; ...ty post on as pretty a position for a ...of men as I have seen in my service— ...t come towards it by the road without ...ncy of cannon and musket. But then, ...rusty comrades, you have no cannon, I ...and I do not see that any of these f... ...uskets either. So with what art here ...making good the pass, before you come ...es, truly, Ranald, it passeth my appre... [illegible]

...weapons and with the courage of our ...MacEagh; and made the Captain ob... ...e men of his party were armed with ...ows.

...d arrows!" exclaimed Dalgetty; "ha! ...we Robin Hood and Little John back ...s and arrows! why, the sight has not ...civilized war for a hundred years. Bows ...and why not weavers'-beams, as in the ...? Ah! that Dugald Dalgetty, of Drum... ...ould live to see a man a fight with bows and ...e immortal Gustavus would never have ...nor Wallenstein nor Butler—nor old ...Ranald, a cat can have but its claws ...nd arrows are the word, even let us make ...Only, as I do not understand the scope ...such old-fashioned artillery, you must ...st dispositions you can out of your own ...taking the command, which I would ...done had you been to fight with any ...apons, is out of the question, when you ...t like uprovided Nemeans. I will, how... ...t part with my pistols in the approach... [illegible] ...s said... M... service and thanks to ...tained, ... [illegible] mountaineer who ...a bow; "Dugald Dalgetty may say of ...e learned at Mareschal-College,

[illegible]

...ty"—

...acEagh a second time [illegible] silence [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ...ages of ... [illegible] ...nor en... [illegible] ...their ... [illegible] ... Mac... ...on ... Captain Dalgetty ...ents ... [illegible] ... the women should transport it to ...fety.

...our pardon," ... Dalgetty; "such is ...of our foreign service; in respect I re... ...regiment of Finland ... repre... ...their kettle-drums taken from them by ...d Gustavus, because they had ... ...ed to march without their corslets, and

to leave them with the baggage. Neither did they strike kettle-drums again at the head of that famous regiment until they behaved themselves so notably at the field of Leipsic; a lesson which is not to be forgotten, any more than that exclamation of the immortal Gustavus, 'Now shall I know if my officers love me, by their putting on their armour; since, if my officers are slain, who shall lead my soldiers unto victory?' Nevertheless, friend Ranald, this is without prejudice to my being rid of these somewhat heavy boots, providing I can obtain any other secondary means; for I presume not to say that my bare soles are fortified so as to endure the flints and thorns, as seems to be the case with your followers."

To rid the Captain of his cumbrous greaves, and case his feet in a pair of brogues made out of deer-skin, which a Highlander stripped off for his accommodation, was the work of a minute, and Dalgetty found himself much lightened by the exchange. He was in the act of recommending to Ranald MacEagh, to send two or three of his followers a little lower to reconnoitre the pass, and at the same time, somewhat to extend his front, placing two detached archers at each flank by way of posts of observation, when the near cry of the hound apprised them that the pursuers were at the bottom of the pass. All was then dead silence; for, loquacious as he was on other occasions, Captain Dalgetty knew well the necessity of an ambush keeping itself under covert.

The moon gleamed on the broken path-way, and on the projecting cliffs of rock round which it winded, its light intercepted here and there by the branches of bushes and dwarf-trees, which, finding nourishment in the crevices of the rocks, in some places overshadowed the brow and ledge of the precipice. Below, a thick copse-wood lay in deep and dark shadow, somewhat resembling the billows of a half seen ocean. From the bosom of that darkness, and close to the bottom of the precipice, the hound was heard at intervals baying fearfully, sounds which were redoubled by the echoes of the woods and rocks around. At intervals, these sunk into deep silence, interrupted only by the plashing noise of a small runnel of water, which partly fell from the rock, partly found a more silent passage to the bottom along its projecting surface. Voices of men were also heard in stifled converse below; it seemed as if the pursuers had not discovered the narrow path which led to the top of the rock, or that, having discovered it, the peril of the ascent, joined to the imperfect light, and the uncertainty whether it might not be defended, made them hesitate to attempt it.

At length a shadowy figure was seen, which raised itself up from the abyss of darkness below, and, emerging into the pale moonlight, began cautiously and slowly to ascend the rocky path. The outline was so distinctly marked, that Captain Dalgetty could discover not only the person of a Highlander, but the long gun which he carried in his hand and the plume of feathers which decorated his bonnet. "*Tausend teufel!* that I should say so, and so live to be near my latter end!" ejaculated the Captain, but under his breath, "what will become of us, now they have brought musketry, to encounter our archers!"

But just as the pursuer had attained a projecting ... of rock about half way up the ascent, and, pausing, ... a signal for those who were still at the ... below him, an arrow whistled from the ... [illegible] ... the Child of the Mist, and transfixed him with so fatal a wound, that, without a single effort ... to save himself, he lost his balance, and fell ... from the cliff on which he stood, into the dark ... [illegible] ... The crash of the boughs which received him, and the heavy sound of his fall from ... to ..., ... followed by a cry of horror and ... from his followers. The Children of the Mist, encouraged in proportion to the alarm this first success had caused among the pursuers, echoed back the clamour with a loud and shrill yell of exultation, and, showing themselves on the brow of the precipice, with wild cries and menacing gestures, endeavoured to impress on the ... a sense of one of their courage, ... [illegible] ... their state of defence. Even Captain Dalgetty ... [illegible]

[illegible] could not prevent his rising up, and [illegible] to Ranald. [illegible] than [illegible] the Span[illegible] have! [illegible] ever! [illegible] advance [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] A[illegible] said that [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] fortitude, [illegible] Lancashire [illegible] stand of [illegible] two-handed swords. Stand fast [illegible] I! [illegible] Ranald [illegible] commanded to retreat, have some [illegible] on the branches of the [illegible] as if they were [illegible] with shot. But I forget [illegible] have no match-locks nor half-[illegible] bows and arrows! bows and arrows! ha! ha! ha!"

Here the Captain sunk back in an exhausted condition, altogether unable to resist the sense of the ludicrous which, as a modern man at arms, he connected with the idea of these ancient weapons of war. It was a long time ere he recovered his senses; and [illegible] the meantime, we leave him in the care of the Daughters of the Mist; [illegible] were wild and uncouth in outward [illegible]

CHAPTER XV.

[illegible]

WE must now leave, with whatever [illegible] Captain Dalgetty to recover of his wounds [illegible] and [illegible] in order briefly [illegible] of Montrose, worthy as it is of a more important page, and a better historian. By the assistance of the chieftains whom we have mentioned, and more especially by the junction of the Murrays, Stewarts, and other clans of Athole, which were peculiarly zealous in the royal cause, he soon assembled an army of two or three thousand Highlanders, to whom he successfully united the Irish under Colkitto. This last leader, who, to the great embarrassment of Milton's commentators, is commemorated in one of that great [illegible]

[illegible] was properly named Alaster M'Donald, by birth a Scottish [illegible] Earl of Antrim, to whose [illegible] assistance [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the Lowland [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] that Donald [illegible] musket. [illegible] with [illegible] rapidity [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] M'Donald [illegible]
That would have made Quintilian stare [illegible]

[illegible] says Bishop Newton [illegible] of note among the Scottish [illegible] the Covenant [illegible] barbarism of Scottish [illegible] and quotes [illegible] that of Gillespie [illegible] of the Covenant, and those of Colkitto and [illegible] belonging to one person,) one of its bitterest en[illegible]

n aside in his army, and exchanged for fire-
A circumstance which necessarily accompa-
his change, as well as the establishment of
ng armies, whereby war became a trade, was
troduction of a laborious and complicated sys-
discipline, combining a variety of words of
and with corresponding operations and ma-
res, the neglect of any one of which was sure
ow the whole into confusion. War, therefore,
ctised among most nations of Europe, had as-
much more than formerly the character of a
sion or mystery, to which previous practice and
ence were indispensable requisites. Such was
tural consequence of standing armies, which
most every where, and particularly in the long
in wars, superseded what may be called the
l discipline of the feudal militia.

Scottish Lowland militia, therefore, laboured
a double disadvantage when opposed to High-
s. They were divested of the spear, a weapon
, in the hands of their ancestors, had so often
d the impetuous assaults of the mountaineer;
ey were subjected to a new and complicated
s of discipline, well adapted, perhaps, to the use
ular troops, who could be rendered completely
rs of it, but tending only to confuse the ranks
zen soldiers, by whom it was rarely practised,
perfectly understood. So much has been done
own time in bringing back tactics to their first
ples, and in getting rid of the pedantry of war,
t is easy for us to estimate the disadvantages
which a half-trained militia laboured, who
taught to consider success as depending upon
exercising with precision a system of tactics,
t they probably only so far comprehended as to
out when they were wrong, but without the
of getting right again. Neither can it be de-
hat, in the material points of military habits
arlike spirit, the Lowlanders of the seventeenth
y had sunk far beneath their Highland coun-
s.

n the earliest period down to the union of the
s, the whole kingdom of Scotland, Lowlands as
Highlands had been the constant scene of war,
and domestic; and there was probably scarce
its hardy inhabitants, between the age of six-
d sixty, who was not as willing in point of
he was literally bound in law, to assume arms
first call of his liege lord, or of a royal procla-
. The law remained the same in sixteen hun-
d forty-five as a hundred years before, but the
those subjected to it had been bred up under
fferent feelings. They had sat in quiet under
ine and under their fig-tree, and a call to battle
d a change of life as new as it was disagreea-
uch of them, also, who lived near unto the
nds, were in continual and disadvantageous
t with the restless inhabitants of those moun-
by whom their cattle were driven off, their
gs plundered, and their persons insulted, and
d acquired over them that sort of superiority
from a constant system of aggression. The
nders, who lay more remote, and out of reach
e depredations, were influenced by the exag-
l reports circulated concerning the Highland-
om, as totally differing in laws, language, and
they were induced to regard as a nation of
s, equally void of fear and of humanity. These
s prepossessions, joined to the less warlike
of the Lowlanders, and their imperfect know-
f the new and complicated system of discipline
ich they had exchanged their natural mode of
g, placed them at great disadvantage when
d to the Highlander in the field of battle. The
taineers, on the contrary, with the arms and
s of their fathers, possessed also their simple
tural system of tactics, and bore down with
llest confidence upon an enemy, to whom any
they had been taught of discipline was, like
armour upon David, a hinderance rather than
, "because they had not proved it."

as with such disadvantages on the one side,
ch advantages on the other, to counterbalance
ference of superior numbers and the presence
of artillery and cavalry, that Montrose encountered
the army of Lord Elcho upon the field of Tipper-
muir. The Presbyterian clergy had not been wanting
in their efforts to rouse the spirit of their followers;
and one of them, who harangued the troops on the
very day of battle, hesitated not to say, that if ever
God spoke by his mouth, he promised them, in His
name, that day, a great and assured victory. The ca-
valry and artillery were also reckoned sure warrants of
success, as the novelty of their attack had upon former
occasions been very discouraging to the Highlanders.
The place of meeting was an open heath, and the
ground afforded little advantage to either party, ex-
cept that it allowed the horse of the Covenanters to
act with effect.

A battle, upon which so much depended, was ne-
ver more easily decided. The Lowland cavalry
made a show of charging; but, whether thrown into
disorder by the fire of musketry, or deterred by a
disaffection to the service said to have prevailed
among the gentlemen, they made no impression on
the Highlanders whatever, and recoiled in disorder
from ranks which had neither bayonets nor pikes to
protect them. Montrose saw, and instantly availed
himself of this advantage. He ordered his whole
army to charge, which they performed with the wild
and desperate valour peculiar to mountaineers. One
officer of the Covenanters alone, trained in the Ita-
lian wars, made a desperate defence upon the right
wing. In every other point their line was penetrated
at the first onset; and this advantage once obtained,
the Lowlanders were utterly unable to contend at
close quarters with their more agile and athletic
enemies. Many were slain on the field, and such a
number in the pursuit, that above one third of the
Covenanters were reported to have fallen; in which
number, however, must be computed a great many
fat burgesses who broke their wind in the flight, and
thus died without stroke of sword.*

The victors obtained possession of Perth, and ob-
tained considerable sums of money, as well as ample
supplies of arms and ammunition. But these ad-
vantages were to be balanced against an almost in-
surmountable inconvenience that uniformly attended
a Highland army. The clans could be in no respect
induced to consider themselves as regular soldiers, or
to act as such. Even so late as the year 1745-6, when
the Chevalier Charles Edward, by way of making an
example, caused a soldier to be shot for desertion, the
Highlanders, who composed his army, were affected
as much by indignation as by fear. They could not
conceive any principle of justice upon which a man's
life could be taken, for merely going home when it
did not suit him to remain longer with the army.
Such had been the uniform practice of their fathers.
When a battle was over, the campaign was, in their
opinion, ended; if it was lost, they sought safety in
their mountains—if won, they returned there to
secure their booty. At other times they had their
cattle to look after, and their harvests to sow or reap,
without which their families would have perished for
want. In either case, there was an end of their ser-
vices for the time; and though they were easily enough
recalled by the prospect of fresh adventures and more
plunder, yet the opportunity of success was, in the
meantime, lost, and could not afterwards be recovered.
This circumstance serves to show, even if history had
not made us acquainted with the same fact, that the
Highlanders had never been accustomed to make war
with the view of permanent conquest, but only with
the hope of deriving temporary advantage, or deciding
some immediate quarrel. It also explains the reason
why Montrose, with all his splendid successes, never
obtained any secure or permanent footing in the Low-
lands, and why even those Lowland noblemen and
gentlemen, who were inclined to the royal cause,
showed diffidence and reluctance to join an army of
a character so desultory and irregular, as might lead
them at all times to apprehend that the Highlanders,
securing themselves by a retreat to their mountains,

* We choose to quote our authority for a fact so singular:—"A great many burgesses were killed—twenty five householders in St. Andrews—many were bursten in the flight, and died without stroke."—See BAILLIE's Letters, vol. II. page 92.

would leave whatever Lowlanders might have joined them to the mercy of an offended and predominant enemy. The same consideration will also serve to account for the sudden marches which Montrose was obliged to undertake, in order to recruit his army in the mountains, and for the rapid changes of fortune, by which we often find him obliged to retreat from before those enemies over whom he had recently been victorious. If there should be any who read these tales for any further purpose than that of immediate amusement, they will find these remarks not unworthy of their recollection.

It was owing to such causes, the slackness of the Lowland loyalists, and the temporary desertion of his Highland followers, that Montrose found himself, even after the decisive victory of Tippermuir, in no condition to face the second army with which Argyle advanced upon him from the westward. In this emergency, supplying by velocity the want of strength, he moved suddenly from Perth to Dundee, and being refused admission into that town, fell northward upon Aberdeen, where he expected to be joined by the Gordons and other loyalists. But the zeal of these gentlemen was, for the time, effectually bridled by a large body of Covenanters, commanded by the Lord Burleigh, and supposed to amount to three thousand men. These Montrose boldly attacked with half their number. The battle was fought under the walls of the city, and the resolute valour of Montrose's followers was again successful against every disadvantage.

But it was the fate of this great commander always to gain the glory, but seldom to reap the fruits of victory. He had scarcely time to repose his small army in Aberdeen, ere he found, on the one hand, that the Gordons were likely to be deterred from joining him, by the reasons we have mentioned, with some others peculiar to their chief, the Marquis of Huntly; on the other hand, Argyle, whose forces had been augmented by those of several Lowland noblemen, advanced towards Montrose at the head of an army much larger than he had yet had to cope with. These troops moved, indeed, with slowness, corresponding to the cautious character of their commander; but even that caution rendered Argyle's approach formidable, since his very advance implied, that he was at the head of an army irresistibly superior.

There remained one mode of retreat open to Montrose, and he adopted it. He threw himself into the Highlands, where he could set pursuit at defiance, and where he was sure, in every glen, to recover those recruits who had left his standard to deposit their booty in their native fastnesses. It was thus that the singular character of the army which Montrose commanded, while, on the one hand, it rendered his victory in some degree nugatory, enabled him, on the other, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, to secure his retreat, recruit his forces, and render himself more formidable than ever to the enemy before whom he had lately been unable to make a stand.

On the present occasion he threw himself into Badenoch, and rapidly traversing that district, as well as the neighbouring country of Athole, he alarmed the Covenanters by successive attacks upon various unexpected points, and spread such general dismay, that repeated orders were dispatched by the Parliament to Argyle, their commander, to engage, and disperse Montrose at all rates.

These commands from his superiors neither suited the haughty spirit, nor the temporizing and cautious policy, of the nobleman to whom they were addressed. He paid, accordingly, no regard to them, but limited his efforts to intrigues among Montrose's few Lowland followers, many of whom had become disgusted with the prospect of a Highland campaign, which exposed their persons to intolerable fatigue, and left their estates at the Covenanters' mercy. Accordingly, several of them left Montrose's camp at this period. He was joined, however, by a body of forces of more congenial spirit, and far better adapted to the situation in which he found himself. This reinforcement *consisted of a large body* of Highlanders, whom Colkitto, dispatched for that purpose, had levied in Argyleshire. Among the more distinguished wa of Moidart, called the Captain of Clan Ranal the Stewarts of Appin, the Clan Gregor, th M'Nab, and other tribes of inferior distinctio these means, Montrose's army was so formida creased, that Argyle cared no longer to remain command of that opposed to him, but retu Edinburgh, and there threw up his commission pretence that his army was not supplied wi forcements and provisions in the manner in they ought to have been. From thence the M returned to Inverary, there, in full security, to his feudal vassals, and patriarchal followers, repose himself in safety on the faith of the C verb already quoted—"It is a far cry to Loch

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CHAPTER XVI.

> Such mountains steep, such craggy hills,
> His army on one side enclose:
> The other side, great griesly gills
> Did fence with fenny mire and moss.
>
> Which when the Earl understood,
> He council craved of captains all,
> Who bade set forth with mournful mood,
> And take such fortune as would fall.
>
> *Flodden Field, an Ancient*

MONTROSE had now a splendid career in hi provided he could obtain the consent of his but desultory troops, and their independent chi The Lowlands lay open before him without a adequate to check his career; for Argyle's fo had left the Covenanters' host when their threw up his commission, and many other tired of the war, had taken the same opportu disband themselves. By descending Stra therefore, one of the most convenient passes fr Highlands, Montrose had only to present him the Lowlands, in order to rouse the slumberin of chivalry and of loyalty which animated the men to the north of the Forth. The posses these districts, with or without a victory, wou him the command of a wealthy and fertile par kingdom, and would enable him, by regular place his army on a more permanent footing netrate as far as the capital, perhaps from th the Border, where he deemed it possible to com cate with the yet unsubdued forces of King C

Such was the plan of operations by wh truest glory was to be acquired, and the m portant success insured for the royal cause. ingly it did not escape the ambitious and darin of him whose services had already acquired h title of the Great Marquis. But other motiv ated many of his followers, and perhaps w without their secret and unacknowledged in upon his own feelings.

The Western Chiefs in Montrose's army, to a man, regarded the Marquis of Argyle as th direct and proper object of hostilities. Almo them had felt his power; almost all, in withd their fencible men from their own glens, left t milies and property exposed to his vengean without exception, were desirous of diminish sovereignty; and most of them lay so near h tories, that they might reasonably hope to be g by a share of his spoil. To these Chiefs the sion of Inverary and its castle was an event i more important and desirable than the ca Edinburgh. The latter event could only affo clansmen a little transitory pay or plunder; mer insured to the Chiefs themselves indem the past, and security for the future. Besid personal reasons, the leaders, who favoured t nion, plausibly urged, that though, at his first into the Lowlands, Montrose might be su the enemy, yet every day's march he made fr hills must diminish his own forces, and exp to the accumulated superiority of any arm the Covenanters could collect from the Low vies and garrisons. On the other hand, by c Argyle effectually, he would not only permit sent western friends to bring out that propo their forces which they must otherwise leave

:on of their families; but further, he would is standard several tribes already friendly se, but who were prevented from joining r of M'Callum More.

rguments, as we have already hinted. ething responsive in Montrose's own bo- uite consonant with the general heroism acter. The houses of Argyle and Montrose n former times, repeatedly opposed to each ar and in politics, and the superior advan- red by the former, had made them the sub- y and dislike to the neighbouring family, cious of equal desert, had not been so arded. This was not all. The existing ese rival families had stood in the most position to each other since the commence- e present troubles.

e, conscious of the superiority of his ta- of having rendered great service to the rs at the beginning of the war, had ex- n that party the supereminence of council and, which they judged it safer to intrust re limited faculties, and more extensive his rival Argyle. They having awarded ence, was an injury which Montrose never ; Covenanters; and he was still less likely ais pardon to Argyle, to whom he had been He was therefore stimulated by every hatred which could animate a fiery temper age, to seek for revenge upon the enemy of and person; and it is probable that these otives operated not a little upon his mind, found the principal part of his followers d rather to undertake an expedition against ries of Argyle, than to take the far more ep of descending at once into the Low-

atever temptation Montrose found to carry his attack upon Argyleshire, he could not g himself to renounce the splendid achieve- descent upon the Lowlands. He held one council with the principal Chiefs, , perhaps, his own secret inclination as ieirs. He laid before them the extreme f marching even a Highland army from rd into Argyleshire, through passes scarcely for shepherds and deer-stalkers, and over with which even the clans lying nearest not pretend to be thoroughly acquainted. culties were greatly enhanced by the sea- year, which was now advancing towards when the mountain-passes, in themselves , might be expected to be rendered utterly by snow-storms. These objections nei- ied nor silenced the Chiefs, who insisted ancient mode of making war, by driving which, according to the Gaelic phrase, the grass of their enemy." The council ssed late at night, and without coming to on, excepting that the Chiefs, who sup- opinion that Argyle should be invaded, o seek out among their followers those who most capable of undertaking the office of n the expedition.

e had retired to the cabin which served tent, and stretched himself upon a bed of e only place of repose which it afforded. rted sleep in vain, for the visions of ambi- led those of Morpheus. In one moment d himself displaying the royal banner from ucred Castle of Edinburgh, detaching as- a monarch whose crown depended upon s, and receiving in requital all the advan- preferments which could be heaped upon a king delighteth to honour. At another ream, splendid as it was, faded before the ratified vengeance, and personal triumph sonal enemy. To surprise Argyle in his l of Inverary—to crush in him at once the s own house and the chief support of the ans—to show the Covenanters the differ- en the preferred Argyle and the postponed was a picture too flattering to feudal ven- be easily relinquished.

While he lay thus busied with contradictory thoughts and feelings, the soldier who stood sentinel upon his quarters announced to the Marquis that two persons desired to speak with his Excellency.

"Their names?" answered Montrose, "and the cause of their urgency at such a late hour."

On these points, the sentinel, who was one of Colkitto's Irishmen, could afford his General little information; so that Montrose, who at such a period durst refuse access to no one, lest he might have been neglecting some important intelligence, gave directions, as a necessary precaution, to put the guard under arms, and then prepared to receive his untimely visiters. His groom of the chambers had scarce lighted a pair of torches, and Montrose himself had scarce risen from his couch, when two men entered, one wearing a Lowland dress, of shamoy leather worn almost to tatters; the other a tall upright old Highlander, of a complexion which might be termed iron-gray, wasted and worn by frost and tempest.

"What may be your commands with me, my friends?" said the Marquis, his hand almost unconsciously seeking the but of one of his pistols; for the period, as well as the time of night, warranted suspicions which the good mien of his visiters was not by any means calculated to remove.

"I pray leave to congratulate you," said the Lowlander, "my most noble General, and right honourable lord, upon the great battles which you have achieved since I had the fortune to be detached from you. It was a pretty affair that tulzie at Tippermuir; nevertheless, if I might be permitted to counsel"——

"Before doing so," said the Marquis, "will you be pleased to let me know who is so kind as to favour me with his opinion?"

"Truly, my lord," replied the man, "I should have hoped that was unnecessary, seeing it is not so long since I took on in your service, under promise of a commission as Major, with half a dollar of daily pay and half a dollar of arrears; and I am to trust your lordship has not forgotten my pay as well as my person?"

"My good friend, Major Dalgetty," said Montrose, who by this time perfectly recollected his man, "you must consider what important things have happened to put my friends' faces out of my memory, besides this imperfect light; but all conditions shall be kept.—And what news from Argyleshire, my good Major? We have long given you up for lost, and I was now preparing to take the most signal vengeance upon the old fox who infringed the law of arms in your person."

"Truly, my noble lord," said Dalgetty, "I have no desire that my return should put any stop to so proper and becoming an intention; verily it is in no shape in the Earl of Argyle's favour or mercy that I now stand before you, and I shall be no intercessor for him. But my escape is, under Heaven, and the excellent dexterity which, as an old and accomplished cavalier, I displayed in effecting the same,—I say, under these, it is owing to the assistance of this old Highlander, whom I venture to recommend to your lordship's special favour, as the instrument of saving your lordship's to command, Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket."

"A thankworthy service," said the Marquis, gravely, "which shall certainly be requited in the manner it deserves."

"Kneel down, Ranald," said Major Dalgetty, (as we must now call him,) "kneel down, and kiss his Excellency's hand."

The prescribed form of acknowledgment not being according to the custom of Ranald's country, he contented himself with folding his arms on his bosom, and making a low inclination of his head.

"This poor man, my lord," said Major Dalgetty, continuing his speech with a dignified air of protection towards Ranald MacEagh, "has strained all his slender means to defend my person from mine enemies, although having no better weapons of a missile sort than bows and arrows, whilk your lordship will hardly believe."

"You will see a great many such weapons in my

camp," said Montrose, "and we find them serviceable."*

"Serviceable, my lord!" said Dalgetty; "I trust your lordship will permit me to be surprised—bows and arrows!—I trust you will forgive my recommending the substitution of muskets, the first convenient opportunity. But besides defending me, this honest Highlander also was at the pains of curing me, in respect that I had got a touch of the wars in my retreat, which merits my best requital in this special introduction of him to your lordship's notice and protection."

"What is your name, my friend?" said Montrose, turning to the Highlander.

"It may not be spoken," answered the mountaineer.

"That is to say," interpreted Major Dalgetty, "he desires to have his name concealed, in respect he hath in former days taken a castle, slain certain children, and done other things, whilk, as your good lordship knows, are often practised in war time, but excite no benevolence towards the perpetrator in the friends of those who sustain injury. I have known, in my military experience, many brave cavaliers put to death by the boors, simply for having used military license upon the country."

"I understand," said Montrose: "This person is at feud with some of our followers. Let him retire to the court of guard, and we will think of the best mode of protecting him."

"You hear, Ranald," said Major Dalgetty, with an air of superiority, "his Excellency wishes to hold privy council with me, you must go to the court of guard.—He does not know where that is, poor fellow!—he is a young soldier for so old a man; I will put him under the charge of a sentinel, and return to your lordship incontinent." He did so, and returned accordingly.

Montrose's first inquiry respected the embassy to Inverary; and he listened with attention to Dalgetty's reply, notwithstanding the prolixity of the Major's narrative. It required an effort from the Marquis to maintain his attention; but no one better knew, that where information is to be derived from the report of such agents as Dalgetty, it can only be obtained by suffering them to tell their story in their own way. Accordingly the Marquis's patience was at length rewarded. Among other spoils which the Captain thought himself at liberty to take, was a packet of Argyle's private papers. These he consigned to the hands of his General; a humour of accounting, however, which went no further, for I do not understand that he made any mention of the purse of gold which he had appropriated at the same time that he made seizure of the papers aforesaid. Snatching a torch from the wall, Montrose was in an instant deeply engaged in the perusal of these documents, in which it is probable he found something to animate his personal resentment against his rival Argyle.

"Does he not fear me?" said he; "then he shall feel me. Will he fire my castle of Murdoch?—Inverary shall raise the first smoke.—O for a guide through the skirts of Strath-Fillan!"

Whatever might be Dalgetty's personal conceit, he understood his business sufficiently to guess at Montrose's meaning. He instantly interrupted his own prolix narration of the skirmish which had taken place, and the wound he had received in his retreat, and began to speak to the point which he saw interested his General.

"If," said he, "your Excellency wishes to make an infall into Argyleshire, this poor man, Ranald, of whom I told you, together with his children and companions, know every pass into that land, both leading from the east and from the north."

"Indeed!" said Montrose; "what reason have you to believe their knowledge so extensive?"

"So please your Excellency," answered Dalgetty, "during the weeks that I remained with them for cure of my wound, they were repeatedly obliged to

shift their quarters, in respect of Argyle'
attempts to repossess himself of the per
officer who was honoured with your E:
confidence; so that I had occasion to :
singular dexterity and knowledge of the
country with which they alternately achi
retreat and their advance; and when, a
was able to repair to your Excellency's sta
honest simple creature, Ranald MacEagh,
by paths which my steed Gustavus (which
ship may remember) trode with perfect saf
I said to myself, that where guides, spies,
gineers, were required in a Highland ca
that western country, more expert person
and his attendants could not possibly be d

"And can you answer for this man's fid
Montrose; "what is his name and conditi

"He is an outlaw and robber by professi
thing also of a homicide or murderer," ansv
getty; "and by name, called Ranald
whilk signifies, Ranald, the Son of the Mi

"I should remember something of that n
Montrose, pausing; "Did not these Child
Mist perpetrate some act of cruelty upon
lays?"

Major Dalgetty mentioned the circumsta
murder of the forester, and Montrose's acti
ry at once recalled all the circumstances of

"It is most unlucky," said Montrose, "
piable quarrel between these men and the
Allan has borne himself bravely in these
possesses, by the wild mystery of his beha
language, so much influence over the min
countrymen, that the consequences of disobl
might be serious. At the same time, these
so capable of rendering useful service, and
you say, Major Dalgetty, perfectly trust-wo

"I will pledge my pay and arrears, my
arms, my head and neck, upon their fidel
the Major; "and your Excellency knows,
dado could say no more for his own father.

"True," said Montrose; "but as this is
of particular moment, I would willingly
grounds of so positive an assurance."

"Concisely then, my lord," said the Ma
only did they disdain to profit by a handson
which Argyle did me the honour to place
poor head of mine, and not only did they abs
pillaging my personal property, whilk w
amount that would have tempted regular s
any service of Europe; and not only did th
me my horse, whilk your excellency knows
value, but I could not prevail on them to a
stiver, doit, or maravedi, for the trouble and
of my sick bed. They actually refused n
money when freely offered,—a tale seldom
in a Christian land."

"I admit," said Montrose, after a momen
tion, "that their conduct towards you is
dence of their fidelity; but how to secure ag
breaking out of this feud?" He paused.
suddenly added, "I had forgot I had supp
you, Major, have been travelling by moonli

He called to his attendants to fetch a stou
and some refreshments. Major Dalgetty,
the appetite of a convalescent returned from
quarters, needed not any pressing to partake
was set before him, but proceeded to desp
food with such alacrity, that the Marquis,
cup of wine, and drinking to his health, c
help remarking, that coarse as the provisio
camp were, he was afraid Major Dalgetty
much worse during his excursion into Argyl

"Your Excellency may take your corpo
upon that," said the worthy Major, speaking
mouth full; "for Argyle's bread and water ar
and mouldy in my recollection, and though
their best, yet the viands that the children of
procured for me, poor helpless creatures as t
were so unrefreshful to my body, that when
in my armour, whilk I was fain to leave b
for expedition's sake, I rattled therein like
velled kernel in a nut that hath been kept
second Hallowe'en."

* In fact, for the admirers of archery it may be stated, not only that many of the Highlanders in Montrose's army used these antique missiles, but even in England the bow and quiver, once the glory of the bold yeomen of that land, were occasionally used during the great civil wars.

You must take the due means to repair these, Major Dalgetty."

"In troth," answered the soldier, "I shall hardly be able to compass that, unless my arrears are to be changed for present pay; for I protest to your Excellency, that the three stone weight which I have were simply raised upon the regular accountings of the States of Holland."

"In that case," said the Marquis, "you are only put in good marching order. As for the pay, let us have victory—victory, Major, and your wishes, and all our wishes, shall be amply fulfilled. Meanwhile fill up yourself to another cup of wine."

"To your Excellency's health," said the Major, filling the cup to the brim, to show the zeal with which he drank the toast, "and victory over all our enemies, particularly over Argyle! I hope to twitch another handful from his beard myself—I have had one pluck at it already."

"Very true," answered Montrose; "but to return to the men of the Mist. You understand, Dalgetty, that their presence here, and the purpose for which they come, is a secret between you and me?"

Delighted, as Montrose had anticipated, with this mark of his General's confidence, the Major laid his finger upon his nose, and nodded intelligence.

"How many may there be of Ranald's followers?" demanded the Marquis.

"They are reduced, as far as I know, to some eight or ten men," answered Major Dalgetty, "and a few women and children."

"Where are they now?" demanded Montrose.

"In a valley at three miles' distance," answered the soldier, "awaiting your Excellency's command; I judged it not fit to bring them to your leaguer without your Excellency's orders."

"You judged very well," said Montrose; "it would be proper that they remain where they are, or seek some more distant place of refuge. I will send them money though it is a scarce article with me at present."

"It is quite unnecessary," said Major Dalgetty; "your Excellency has only to hint that the M'Aulays are coming in that direction, and my friends of the Mist will instantly make volte-face, and go to the right-about."

"That were scarce courteous," said the Marquis. "Better send them a few dollars to purchase them cattle for the support of the women and children."

"They know how to come by their cattle at a far cheaper rate," said the Major; "but let it be as your Excellency wills."

"Let Ranald MacEagh," said Montrose, "select one or two of his followers, men whom he can trust, who are capable of keeping their own secret and these, with their chief for scout-master-general, shall serve for our guides. Let them be at my tent to-morrow at daybreak, and see, if possible, that they neither guess my purpose, nor hold any communication with each other in private. This old man, has he children?"

"They have been killed or hanged," answered the Major, "to the number of a round dozen, as I believe—but he hath left one grand-child, a smart and active youth, whom I have noted to be never without a pebble in his plaid nook, to fling at whatsoever may come in his way; being a symbol, that, like David, who was accustomed to sling smooth stones taken from the brook, he may afterwards prove an adventurous warrior."

"That boy, Major Dalgetty," said the Marquis, "I will have to attend upon my own person. I presume he will have sense enough to keep his name secret?"

"Your Excellency need not fear that," answered Dalgetty; "these Highland imps, from the moment they chip the shell"——

"Well," interrupted Montrose, "that boy shall be a pledge for the fidelity of his parent, and if he prove faithful, the child's preferment shall be his reward.—And now, Major Dalgetty, I will license your departure for the night; to-morrow you will introduce MacEagh, under any *name or character* he may please to assume. I presume his profession has rendered him sufficiently expert in all sort of disguises; or we may admit John of Moidart into our schemes, who has sense, practicability, and intelligence, and will probably allow this man for a time to be disguised as one of his followers. For you, Major, my groom of the chambers will be your quarter-master for this evening."

Major Dalgetty took his leave with a joyful heart, greatly elated with the reception he had met with, and much pleased with the personal manners of his new General, which, as he explained at great length to Ranald MacEagh, reminded him in many respects of the demeanour of the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and Bulwark of the Protestant Faith.

CHAPTER XVII.

> The march begins in military state,
> And nations on his eyes suspended wait;
> Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
> And winter barricades the realms of frost.
> He comes.—nor want, nor cold, his course delay.
>
> *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

By break of day Montrose received in his cabin old MacEagh, and questioned him long and particularly as to the means of approaching the country of Argyle. He made a note of his answers, which he compared with those of two of his followers, whom he introduced as the most prudent and experienced. He found them to correspond in all respects; but, still unsatisfied where precaution was so necessary, the Marquis compared the information he had received with that he was able to collect from the Chiefs who lay most near to the destined scene of invasion, and being in all respects satisfied of its accuracy, he resolved to proceed in full reliance upon it.

In one point Montrose changed his mind. Having judged it unfit to take the boy Kenneth into his own service, lest, in case of his birth being discovered, it should be resented as an offence by the numerous clans who entertained a feudal enmity to this devoted family, he requested the Major to take him in attendance upon himself; and as he accompanied this request with a handsome *douceur*, under pretence of clothing and equipping the lad, this change was agreeable to all parties.

It was about breakfast-time, when Major Dalgetty, being dismissed by Montrose, went in quest of his old acquaintances, Lord Menteith and the M'Aulays, to whom he longed to communicate his own adventures, as well as to learn from them the particulars of the campaign. It may be imagined he was received with great glee by men to whom the late uniformity of their military life had rendered any change of society an interesting novelty. Allan M'Aulay alone seemed to recoil from his former acquaintance, although, when challenged by his brother, he could render no other reason than a reluctance to be familiar with one who had been so lately in the company of Argyle, and other enemies. Major Dalgetty was a little alarmed by this sort of instinctive consciousness which Allan seemed to entertain respecting the society he had been lately keeping; he was soon satisfied, however, that the perceptions of the seer in this particular were not infallible.

As Ranald MacEagh was to be placed under Major Dalgetty's protection and superintendence, it was necessary he should present him to those persons with whom he was most likely to associate. The dress of the old man had, in the mean time, been changed from the tartan of his clan to a sort of clothing peculiar to the men of the distant Isles, resembling a waistcoat with sleeves, and a petticoat, all made in one piece. This dress was laced from top to bottom in front, and bore some resemblance to that called Polonaise, still worn by children in Scotland of the lower rank. The tartan hose and bonnet completed the dress, which old men of the last century remembered well to have seen worn by the distant Islesmen who came to the Earl of Mar's standard in the year 1715.

Major Dalgetty, keeping his eye on Allan as he

poke, introduced Ranald MacEagh under the fictitious name of Ranald MacGilliburon in Benbecula, who had escaped with him out of Argyle's prison. He recommended him as a person skilful in the arts of the harper and the senachie, and by no means contemptible in the quality of a second-sighted person or seer. While making this exposition, Major Dalgetty stammered and hesitated in a way so unlike the usual glib forwardness of his manner, that he could not have failed to have given suspicion to Allan M'Aulay, had not that person's whole attention been engaged in steadily perusing the features of the person thus introduced to him. This steady gaze so much embarrassed Ranald MacEagh, that his hand was beginning to sink down towards his dagger, in expectation of a hostile assault, when Allan, suddenly crossing the floor of the hut, extended his hand to him in the way of friendly greeting. They sat down side by side, and conversed in a low mysterious tone of voice. Menteith and Angus M'Aulay were not surprised at this, for there prevailed among the Highlanders who pretended to the second-sight, a sort of freemasonry, which generally induced them, upon meeting, to hold communication with each other on the nature and extent of their visionary experiences.

"Does the sight come gloomy upon your spirits?" said Allan to his new acquaintance.

"As dark as the shadow upon the moon," replied Ranald, "when she is darkened in her midcourse in heaven, and prophets foretel of evil times."

"Come hither," said Allan, "come more this way, I would converse with you apart; for men say that in your distant islands the sight is poured forth with more clearness and power than upon us, who dwell near the Sassenach."

While they were plunged into their mystic conference, the two English cavaliers entered the cabin in the highest possible spirits, and announced to Angus M'Aulay that orders had been issued that all should hold themselves in readiness for an immediate march to the westward. Having delivered themselves of their news with much glee, they paid their compliments to their old acquaintance Major Dalgetty, whom they instantly recognised, and inquired after the health of his charger, Gustavus.

"I humbly thank you, gentlemen," answered the soldier, "Gustavus is well, though, like his master, somewhat barer on the ribs than when you offered to relieve me of him at Darnlinvarach; and let me assure you, that before you have made one or two of those marches which you seem to contemplate with so much satisfaction in prospect, you will leave, my good knights, some of your English beef, and probably an English horse or two, behind you."

Both exclaimed that they cared very little what they found or what they left, provided the scene changed from dogging up and down Angus and Aberdeenshire, in pursuit of an enemy who would neither fight nor run away.

"If such be the case," said Angus M'Aulay, "I must give orders to my followers, and make provision too for the safe conveyance of Annot Lyle; for an advance into M'Callum More's country will be a further and fouler road than these pinks of Cumbrian knighthood are aware of." So saying, he left the cabin.

"Annot Lyle!" repeated Dalgetty, "is she following the campaign?"

"Surely," replied Sir Giles Musgrave, his eye glancing slightly from Lord Menteith to Allan M'Aulay; "we could neither march nor fight, advance nor retreat, without the influence of the Princess of Harps."

"The Princess of Broadswords and Targets, I say," answered his companion; "for the Lady of Montrose herself could not be more courteously waited upon; she has four Highland maidens, and as many bare legged gillies, to wait upon her orders."

"And what would you have, gentlemen?" said Allan, turning suddenly from the Highlander with whom he was in conversation; "would you yourselves have left an innocent female, the companion of your infancy, to die by violence, or perish by famine? There is not, by this time, a roof upon the
habitation of my fathers—our crops have b
stroyed, and our cattle have been driven—a
gentlemen, have to bless God, that, coming
milder and more civilized country, you expo
your own lives in this remorseless war, with
prehension that your enemies will visit wi
vengeance the defenceless pledges you may l
behind you."

The Englishmen cordially agreed that they
superiority in this respect; and the compa
dispersing, went each to his several charge
pation.

Allan lingered a moment behind, still que
the reluctant Ranald MacEagh upon a poi
supposed visions, by which he was greatly p
"Repeatedly," he said, "have I had the si
Gael, who seemed to plunge his weapon into t
of Menteith,—of that young nobleman in the
laced cloak, who has just now left the bothy.
no effort, though I have gazed till my eyes
most fixed in the sockets, can I discover the
this Highlander, or even conjecture who he
although his person and air seem familiar to

"Have you reversed your own plaid," said
"according to the rule of the experienced
such case?"

"I have," answered Allan, speaking lo
shuddering as if with internal agony.

"And in what guise did the phantom the
to you?" said Ranald.

* *Wraith*.- A species of apparition, similar to wha
mans call a Double Ganger, was believed in by the Cel
and is still considered as an emblem of misfortune
Mr. Kirke. (See Note to Rob Roy, page 90.) the m
Aberfoil, who will no doubt be able to tell us more o
ter should he ever come back from Fairy land, gives t
lowing:—

"Some men of that exalted sight, either by art c
have told me they have seen at these meetings a doub
the shape of some man in two places, that is, a supe
and a subterranean inhabitant perfectly resembling on
in all points, whom he, notwithstanding, could eas
guish one from another by some secret tokens and o
and so go speak to the man his neighbour and familia
by the apparition or resemblance of him. They av
every element and different state of being have anima
bling those of another element, as there be fishes at s
bling Monks of late order in all their hoods and dre
the Roman invention of good and bad Dæmons and
angels particularly assigned, is called by them ane ign
take, springing only from this originall. They call t
man a Co-Walker, every way like the man, as a twi
and companion haunting him as his shadow, as is tha
known among men resembling the originall both befo
ter the originall is dead, and was also often seen of ol
a hous, by which the people knew that the person of t
was to visit them within a few days. This copy, echo
picture, goes at last to his own herd. It accompanie
son so long and frequently for ends best known to
whether to guard him from the secret assaults of so
own folks or only as an sportfull ape to counterfeit
tions." Kirke's *Secret Commonwealth*, p. 3.

The two following apparitions, resembling the visi
lan M'Aulay in the text, occur in Theophilus Insula
Mr. Fraser's Treatise on the Second Sight. Relatio
xvi.)

"Barbara Macpherson, relict of the deceased Mr.
MacLeod, late minister of St. Kilda, informed me the
that island had a particular kind of second sight, wh
ways a forerunner of their approaching end. Some m
fore they sicken they are haunted with an appariti
bling themselves in all respects as to their person, fe
clothing. This image, seemingly animated, walks v
in the field in broad daylight; and if they are employ
ving, harrowing, seed sowing, or any other occupatio
at the same time mimicked by this ghostly visitant
former added further, that having visited a sick pers
inhabitants, she had the curiosity to inquire of him
time he had seen any resemblance of himself as above
he answered in the affirmative, and told her, that to
ther trial, as he was going out of his house of a morn
on straw rope garters instead of those he formerly
having gone to the fields, his other self appeared in su
The conclusion was, the sick man died of that ailmen
no longer questioned the truth of those remarkable pr

"Margaret MacLeod, an honest woman advanced
informed me, that when she was a young woman in t
of Grishornish, a dairy maid, who daily used to herd t
in a park close to the house, observed, at different ti
man resembling herself in shape and attire, walking s
no great distance from her, and being surprised at the a
to make further trial, she put the back part of her upp
foremost, and anon the phantom was dressed in the s
ner, which made her uneasy, believing it portended s
consequence to herself. In a short time thereafter she
ed with a fever, which brought her to her end, and t
sickness and on her deathbed, declared the second
several."

plaid also reversed," answered Allan, in ' and convulsive tone.
assured," said Ranald, "that your own one other, will do the deed of which you ed the shadow."
ny anxious soul a hundred times surmis- Allan. "But it is impossible! Were I to ... in the eternal book of fate, I would ... possible— we are bound by the ties of ... a hundred ties more intimate —we have ... side in battle, and our swords have ... the blood of the same enemies—it is im- ... could ... harm him!"
... will do so," answered Ranald, "is cer- the cause be hid in the darkness of ... say," he continued, suppressing his ... with difficulty, "that side by side you ... your prey like bloodhounds—have you ... bloodhounds turn their fangs against each ... ght over the body of a throttled deer?"
e!" said M'Aulay, starting up, "these ... forebodings of fate, but the temptation of ... rit from the bottomless pit!" So say- ... out of the cabin.
... st it!" said the Son of the Mist, looking ... h an air of exultation; "the baited ar- side! Spirits of the slaughtered, rejoice! ... our murderers' swords be dyed in each ..."

... ceeding morning all was prepared, and ... advanced by rapid marches up the river ... red his desultory forces into the roman- ... and the lake of the same name, which ... ead of that river. The inhabitants were ... not indeed the vassals of Argyle, but of ... d kindred house of Glenorchy, which ... e name of Breadalbane. Being taken ... they were totally unprepared for resist- ... re compelled to be passive witnesses of ... which took place among their flocks ... Advancing in this manner to the vale of ... t, and laying waste the country around ... se reached the most difficult point of his ...

... rn army, even with the assistance of the ... road which now leads up by Teinedrum ... f Loch Awe, the passage of these exten- ... would seem a task of some difficulty. ... riod, and for long afterwards, there was ... th whatsoever; and to add to the diffi- ... mountains were already covered with ... is a sublime scene to look up to them. ... t masses, one upon another, the front ... ing whiteness, while those which arose ... caught a rosy tint from the setting of a ... sun. Ben Cruachan, superior in mag- ... seeming the very citadel of the Genius of ... ose high above the others, showing his ... and scathed peak to the distance of many ...

... ers of Montrose were men not to be ... e sublime, yet terrible prospect before ... of them were of that ancient race of ... who not only willingly made their ... snow, but considered it as effeminate ... a snowball for a pillow. Plunder and ... eyond the frozen mountains which they ... they did not permit themselves to be ... e difficulty of traversing them. Mon- ... allow their spirits time to subside. He ... pes to play in the van the ancient pibroch ... ggil nam bo," &c. (that is, We come ... -drift to drive the prey;) the shrilling ... hich had often struck the vales of the ... terror.* The troops advanced with the ... ty of mountaineers, and were soon in- ... dangerous pass, through which Ranald ... r guide, going before them with a select ... k out the way.
... of man at no time appears more con- ... n when it is placed in contrast with scenes of natural terror and dignity. The victorious army of Montrose, whose exploits had struck terror into all Scotland, when ascending up this terrific pass, seemed a contemptible handful of stragglers, in the act of being devoured by the jaws of the mountain, which appeared ready to close upon them. Even Montrose half repented the boldness of his attempt, as he looked down from the summit of the first eminence which he attained, upon the scattered condition of his small army. The difficulty of getting forward was so great, that considerable gaps began to occur in the line of march, and the distance between the van, centre, and rear, was each moment increased in a degree equally incommodious and dangerous. It was with great apprehension that Montrose looked upon every point of advantage which the hill afforded, in dread it might be found occupied by an enemy prepared for defence; and he often afterwards was heard to express his conviction, that had the passes of Strath-Fillan been defended by two hundred resolute men, not only would his progress have been effectuallly stopped, but his army must have been in danger of being totally cut off. Security, however, the bane of many a strong country, and many a fortress, betrayed, on this occasion, the district of Argyle to his enemies. The invaders had only to contend with the natural difficulties of the path, and with the snow, which, fortunately, had not fallen in any great quantity. The army no sooner reached the summit of the ridge of hills dividing Argyleshire from the district of Breadalbane, than they rushed down upon the devoted vales beneath them with a fury sufficiently expressive of the motives which had dictated a movement so difficult and hazardous.

Montrose divided his army into three bodies, in order to produce a wider and more extensive terror, one of which was commanded by the Captain of Clan Ranald, one intrusted to the leading of Colkitto, and the third remained under his own direction. He was thus enabled to penetrate the country of Argyle at three different points. Resistance there was none. The flight of the shepherds from the hills had first announced in the peopled districts this formidable irruption, and wherever the clansmen were summoned out, they were killed, disarmed, and dispersed, by an enemy who had anticipated their motions. Major Dalgetty, who had been sent forward against Inverary with the few horse of the army that were fit for service, managed his matters so well, that he had very nearly surprised Argyle, as he expressed it, *inter pocula;* and it was only a rapid flight by water which saved that chief from death or captivity. But the punishment which Argyle himself escaped fell heavily upon his country and clan, and the ravages committed by Montrose on that devoted land, although too consistent with the genius of the country and times, have been repeatedly and justly quoted as a blot on his actions and character.

Argyle in the meantime had fled to Edinburgh, to lay his complaints before the Convention of Estates. To meet the exigence of the moment, a considerable army was raised under General Baillie, a Presbyterian officer of skill and fidelity, with whom was joined in command the celebrated Sir John Urrie, a soldier of fortune like Dalgetty, who had already changed sides twice during the Civil War, and was destined to turn his coat a third time before it was ended. Argyle also, burning with indignation, proceeded to levy his own numerous forces, in order to avenge himself of his feudal enemy. He established his head-quarters at Dunbarton, where he was soon joined by a considerable force, consisting chiefly of his own clansmen and dependants. Being there joined by Baillie and Urrie, with a very considerable army of regular forces, he prepared to march into Argyleshire, and chastise the invader of his paternal territories.

But Montrose, while these two formidable armies were forming a junction, had been recalled from that ravaged country by the approach of a third, collected in the north under the Earl of Seaforth, who, after some hesitation, having embraced the side of the Covenanters, had now, with the assistance of the veteran garrison of Inverness, formed a considerable army

... mily march of the M'Farlanes, a warlike and ... who inhabited the western banks of Loch-Lo- ... e on Waverley, page 85.

with which he threatened Montrose from Inverness-shire. Enclosed in a wasted and unfriendly country, and menaced on each side by advancing enemies of superior force, it might have been supposed that Montrose's destruction was certain. But these were precisely the circumstances under which the active and enterprising genius of the Great Marquis was calculated to excite the wonder and admiration of his friends, the astonishment and terror of his enemies. As if by magic, he collected his scattered forces from the wasteful occupation in which they had been engaged; and scarce were they again united, ere Argyle and his associate generals were informed, that the royalists, having suddenly disappeared from Argyleshire, had retreated northwards among the dusky and impenetrable mountains of Lochaber.

The sagacity of the generals opposed to Montrose, immediately conjectured, that it was the purpose of their active antagonist to fight with, and, if possible, to destroy Seaforth, ere they could come to his assistance. This occasioned a corresponding change in their operations. Leaving this chieftain to make the best defence he could, Urrie and Baillie again separated their forces from those of Argyle; and, having chiefly horse and Lowland troops under their command, they kept the southern side of the Grampian ridge, moving along eastward into the county of Angus, resolving from thence to proceed into Aberdeenshire, in order to intercept Montrose, if he should attempt to escape in that direction.

Argyle, with his own levies and other troops, undertook to follow Montrose's march; so that, in case he should come to action either with Seaforth, or with Baillie and Urrie, he might be placed between two fires by this third army, which, at a secure distance, was to hang upon his rear.

For this purpose, Argyle once more moved towards Inverary, having an opportunity, at every step, to deplore the severities which the hostile clans had exercised on his dependants and country. Whatever noble qualities the Highlanders possessed, and they had many, clemency in treating a hostile country was not of the number; but even the ravages of hostile troops combined to swell the number of Argyle's followers. It is still a Highland proverb, He whose house is burnt must become a soldier; and hundreds of the inhabitants of these unfortunate valleys had now no means of maintenance, save by exercising upon others the severities they had themselves sustained, and no future prospect of happiness, excepting in the gratification of revenge. His bands were, therefore, augmented by the very circumstances which had desolated his country, and Argyle soon found himself at the head of three thousand determined men, distinguished for activity and courage, and commanded by gentlemen of his own name, who yielded to none in those qualities. Under himself, he conferred the principal command upon Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, and another Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchenbreck,* an experienced and veteran soldier, whom he had recalled from the wars of Ireland for this purpose. The cold spirit of Argyle himself, however, clogged the military councils of his more intrepid assistants; and it was resolved, notwithstanding their increased force, to observe the same plan of operations, and to follow Montrose cautiously, in whatever direction he should march, avoiding an engagement until an opportunity should occur of falling upon his rear, while he should be engaged with another enemy in front.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Piobrachd an Donail dhu,
Piobrachd an Donail,
Piobrachd agus Sbrettach
Feacht an Inverlochy.

The war tune of Donald the Black,
The war-tune of Black Donald,
The pipes and the banner
Are up in the rendezvous of Iverlochy.

The military road connecting the chain of forts, as it is called, and running in the general line of the present Caledonian canal, has now completely opened, the great glen, or chasm, extending almost across the whole island, once doubtless filled by the sea, and still affording basins for that long line of lakes, by means of which modern art has united the German and Atlantic Oceans. The paths or tracks by which the natives traversed this extensive valley, were, in 1645-6, in the same situation as when they awaked the strain of an Irish engineer officer, who had been employed in converting them into practicable military roads, and whose eulogium begins, and, for aught I know, ends, as follows:

"Had you seen but these roads before they were made,
You would have held up your hands and bless'd General Wade."

But, bad as the ordinary paths were, Montrose avoided them, and led his army, like a herd of wild deer, from mountain to mountain, and from forest to forest, where his enemies could learn nothing of his motions, while he acquired the most perfect knowledge respecting theirs from the friendly clans of Cameron and M'Donnell, whose mountainous districts he now traversed. Strict orders had been given that Argyle's advance should be watched, and that all intelligence respecting his motions should be communicated instantly to the General himself.

It was a moonlight night, and Montrose, worn out by the fatigues of the day, was laid down to sleep in a miserable shieling. He had only slumbered two hours, when some one touched his shoulder. He looked up, and, by the stately form and deep voice, easily recognised the Chief of the Camerons.

"I have news for you," said that leader, "which is worth while to arise and listen to."

"M'Ilduy† can bring no other," said Montrose, addressing the Chief by his patronymic title—"are they good or bad?"

"As you may take them," said the Chieftain.

"Are they certain?" demanded Montrose.

"Yes," answered M'Ilduy, "or another messenger should have brought them. Know that, tired with the task imposed upon me of accompanying that unhappy Dalgetty and his handful of horse, who detained me for hours on the march at the pace of a crippled badger, I made a stretch of four miles with six of my people in the direction of Inverlochy, and there met with Ian of Glenroy, who had been out for intelligence. Argyle is moving upon Inverlochy with three thousand chosen men, commanded by the flower of the sons of Diarmid.—These are my news—they are certain—it is for you to construe their purport."

"Their purport must be good," answered Montrose, readily and cheerfully; "the voice of M'Ilduy is ever pleasant in the ears of Montrose, and most pleasant when it speaks of some brave enterprise at hand—What are our musters?"

He then called for light, and easily ascertained that a great part of his followers having, as usual, dispersed to secure their booty, he had not with him above twelve or fourteen hundred men.

"Not much above a third," said Montrose, pausing, "of Argyle's force, and Highlanders opposed to Highlanders. With the blessing of God upon the royal cause, I would not hesitate were the odds but one to two."

"Then do not hesitate," said Cameron; "for when your trumpets shall sound to attack M'Callum More, not a man of these glens will remain deaf to the summons. Glengarry, Keppoch—I myself—would destroy, with fire and sword, the wretch who should remain behind under any pretence whatsoever. To-morrow, or the next day, shall be a day of battle to all who bear the name of M'Donnell or Cameron, whatever be the event."

"It is gallantly said, my noble friend," said Montrose, grasping his hand, "and I were worse than a coward did I not do justice to such followers, by entertaining the most indubitable hopes of success. We will turn back on this M'Callum More, who follows us like a raven to devour the relics of our army, should we meet braver men who may be able to break its strength! Let the Chiefs and leaders be called together as quickly as possible; and you, who have

* This last character is historical.

† Mhich-Connel Dhu, the descendant of Black Donald

first news of this joyful event, -for
-you, M'Ilduy, shall bring it to a joy-
ding us the best and nearest road
ly."

illingly do," said M'Ilduy; "if I have
s by which to retreat through these
h far more readiness will I teach you
against your foe."

the now prevailed, and the leaders
started from the rude couches on
sought temporary repose.
sent," said Major Dalgetty, when
on a handful of rugged heather roots,
from a bed as hard as a stable-broom
ill; but indubitably, having but one
experience in his army, his Excel-
s may be vindicated in putting him

repaired to the council, where, not-
s pedantry, Montrose seemed always
with considerable attention; partly
jor really possessed military know-
ience, and often made suggestions
d of advantage, and partly because
neral from the necessity of deferring
union of the Highland Chiefs, and
itional ground for disputing it when
ble to his own. On the present oc-
joyfully acquiesced in the proposal
k and confronting Argyle, which he
valiant resolution of the great Gus-
ed against the Duke of Bavaria, and
ps by the plunder of that fertile coun-
enaced from the northward by the
a Wallenstein had assembled in Bo-

Glengarry, Keppoch, and Lochiel,
ial in courage and military fame to
lands lay within the neighbourhood
action, dispatched the fiery cross
sals, to summon every one who could
t the King's Lieutenant and to join
of their respective Chiefs as they
s Inverlochy. As the order was em-
it was speedily and willingly obeyed.
ove of war their zeal for the royal
viewed the King in the light of a
clansmen had deserted, as well as
ed'ence to their own patriarch, drew
army not only all in the neighbour-
able to bear arms, but some who, in
ht have been esteemed past the use of
the next day's march, which, being
through the mountains of Lochaber,
l by the enemy, his forces were aug-
nds of men issuing from each glen,
mselves under the banners of their
s. This was a circumstance highly
e rest of the army, who, by the time
the enemy, found their strength in-
rably more than one-fourth, as had
by the valiant leader of the Camerons.
ose executed this counter-march, Ar-
head of his gallant army, advanced
side of Loch-Eil, and reached the
nich combines that lake with Loch-
cient Castle of Inverlochy, once, as
yal fortress, and still, although dis-
of some strength and consideration,
nt head-quarters, and there was am-
gyle's army to encamp around him in
e the Lochy joins Loch-Eil. Several
nded, loaded with provisions, so that

"I cannot rejoice in the prospect, my lord" sa
Auchenbreck, "that James Graham will be crush
with little assistance of ours. He has left a hea
account in Argyleshire against him, and I long
reckon with him drop of blood for drop of blood.
love not the payment of such debts by third hands.

"You are too scrupulous," said Argyle; "what si
nifies it by whose hands the blood of the Grahames
spilt? It is time that of the sons of Diarmid shou
cease to flow. What say you, Ardenvohr?"

"I say, my lord," replied Sir Duncan, "that I thi
Auchenbreck will be gratified, and will himself ha
a personal opportunity of settling accounts with Mo
trose for his depredations. Reports have reached o
outposts that the Camerons are assembling their f
strength on the skirts of Ben-Nevis; this must be
join the advance of Montrose, and not to cover h
retreat."

"It must be some scheme of harassing and dep
dation," said Argyle, "devised by the inveterate m
lignity of M'Ilduy, which he terms loyalty. They c
intend no more than an attack on our outposts,
some annoyance to to-morrow's march."

"I have sent out scouts," said Sir Duncan, "
every direction, to procure intelligence; and we mu
soon hear whether they really do assemble any for
upon what point, or with what purpose."

It was late ere any tidings were received; but wh
the moon had arisen, a considerable bustle in t
camp, and a noise immediately after heard in the ca
tle, announced the arrival of important intelligen
Of the scouts first dispersed by Ardenvohr, so
had returned without being able to collect any thi
save uncertain rumours concerning movements
the country of the Camerons. It seemed as if t
skirts of Ben-Nevis were sending forth those u
accountable and portentous sounds with which th
sometimes announce the near approach of a stor
Others, whose zeal carried them further upon th
mission, were entrapped and slain, or made priso
ers, by the inhabitants of the fastnesses into wh
they endeavoured to penetrate. At length, on
rapid advance of Montrose's army, his advanc
guard and the outposts of Argyle became aware
each other's presence, and after exchanging a f
musket-shots and arrows, fell back to their resp
tive main bodies, to convey intelligence and rece
orders.

Sir Duncan Campbell, and Auchenbreck, instan
threw themselves on horseback, in order to visit
state of the outposts; and Argyle maintained
character of commander-in-chief with reputati
by making a respectable arrangement of his for
in the plain, as it was evident that they might n
expect a night alarm, or an attack in the mornin
farthest. Montrose had kept his forces so cautiou
within the defiles of the mountain, that no eff
which Auchenbreck or Ardenvohr thought it prud
to attempt, could ascertain his probable streng
They were aware, however, that, at the utmost co
putation, it must be inferior to their own, and th
returned to Argyle to inform him of the amoun
their observations; but that nobleman refused to
lieve that Montrose could be in presence himself.
said, "It was a madness of which even James G
hame, in his height of presumptuous frenzy, was
capable; and he doubted not that their march v
only impeded by their ancient enemies, Glenco, K
poch, and Glengarry; and perhaps M'Vourigh, v
his M'Phersons, might have assembled a force, w
he knew must be greatly inferior in numbers t
own, a... whom, therefore, he doubted not to dr
by force, or by terms of capitulation."

the second of February, 1645-6. The clansmen of Argyle were arranged in two lines, not far from the angle between the river and the lake, and made an appearance equally resolute and formidable. Auchenbreck would willingly have commenced the battle by an attack on the outposts of the enemy, but Argyle, with more cautious policy, preferred receiving to making the onset. Signals were soon heard, that they would not long wait for it in vain. The Campbells could distinguish, in the gorge of the mountains, the war-tunes of various clans as they advanced to the onset. That of the Camerons, which bears the ominous words, addressed to the wolves and ravens, "Come to me, and I will give you flesh," was loudly re-echoed from their native glens. In the language of the Highland bards, the war voice of Glengarry was not silent; and the gathering tunes of other tribes could be plainly distinguished, as they successively came up to the extremity of the passes from which they were to descend into the plain.

"You see," said Argyle to his kinsmen, "it is as I said, we have only to deal with our neighbours; James Grahame has not ventured to show us his banner."

At this moment there resounded from the gorge of the pass a lively flourish of trumpets, in that note with which it was the ancient Scottish fashion to salute the royal standard.

"You may hear, my lord, from yonder signal," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "that he who pretends to be the King's Lieutenant, must be in person among these men."

"And has probably horse with him," said Auchenbreck, "which I could not have anticipated. But shall we look pale for that, my lord, when we have foes to fight and wrongs to revenge?"

Argyle was silent, and looked upon his arm, which hung in a sash, owing to a fall which he had sustained in a preceding march.

"It is true," interrupted Ardenvohr, eagerly, "my Lord of Argyle you are disabled from using either sword or pistol; you must retire on board the galleys —your life is precious to us as a head—your hand cannot be useful to us as a soldier."

"No," said Argyle, pride contending with irresolution, "it shall never be said that I fled before Montrose; if I cannot fight, I will at least die in the midst of my children."

Several other principal Chiefs of the Campbells, with one voice, conjured and obtested their Chieftain to leave them for that day to the leading of Ardenvohr and Auchenbreck, and to behold the conflict from a distance and in safety.—We dare not stigmatize Argyle with poltroonery; for, though his life was marked by no action of bravery, yet he behaved with so much composure and dignity in the final and closing scene, that his conduct upon the present and similar occasions, should be rather imputed to indecision than to want of courage. But when the small still voice within a man's own breast, which tells him that his life is of consequence to himself, is seconded by that of numbers around him, who assure him that it is of equal advantage to the public, history affords many examples of men more habitually daring than Argyle, who have consulted self-preservation when the temptations to it were so powerfully increased.

"See him on board, if you will, Sir Duncan," said Auchenbreck to his kinsman; "It must be my duty to prevent this spirit from spreading farther among us."

So saying he threw himself among the ranks, entreating, commanding, and conjuring the soldiers, to remember their ancient fame and their present superiority; the wrongs they had to revenge, if successful, and the fate they had to dread, if vanquished; and imparting to every bosom a portion of the fire which glowed in his own. Slowly, meanwhile, and apparently with reluctance, Argyle suffered himself to be forced by his officious kinsmen to the verge of the lake, and was transported on board of a galley, from the deck of which he surveyed with more safety than credit the scene which ensued.

Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, notwithstanding *the urgency of the* occasion, stood with his eyes riveted on the boat which bore his Chieftain from the field of battle. There were feelings in his bosom which could not be expressed; for the character of a Chief was that of a father, and the heart of a clansman durst not dwell upon his failings with critical severity as upon those of other men. Argyle, too, harsh and severe to others, was generous and liberal among his kinsmen, and the noble heart of Ardenvohr was wrung with bitter anguish, when he reflected to what interpretation his present conduct might subject him.

"It is better it should be so," said he to himself, devouring his own emotion; "but —of his line of a hundred sires, I know not one who would have retired while the banner of Diarmid waved in the wind, in the face of its most inveterate foes!"

A loud shout now compelled him to turn, and to hasten with all dispatch to his post, which was on the right flank of Argyle's little army.

The retreat of Argyle had not passed unobserved by his watchful enemy, who, occupying the superior ground, could mark every circumstance which passed below. The movement of three or four horsemen to the rear showed that those who retreated were men of rank.

"They are going," said Dalgetty, "to put their horses out of danger, like prudent cavaliers. Yonder goes Sir Duncan Campbell, riding a brown bay gelding, which I had marked for my own second charger."

"You are wrong, Major," said Montrose, with a bitter smile, "they are saving their precious Chief.—Give the signal for assault instantly—send the word through the ranks.—Gentlemen, noble Chiefs, Glengarry, Keppoch, M'Vourigh, upon them instantly!—Ride to M'Ilduy, Major Dalgetty, and tell him to charge as he loves Lochaber—return and bring our handful of horse to my standard. They shall be placed with the Irish as a reserve."

CHAPTER XIX.

As meets a rock a thousand waves, so Inisfail met Lochlin.
Ossian.

The trumpets and bagpipes, those clamorous harbingers of blood and death, at once united in the signal for onset, which was replied to by the cry of more than two thousand warriors, and the echoes of the mountain glens behind them. Divided into three bodies, or columns, the Highland followers of Montrose poured from the defiles which had hitherto concealed them from their enemies, and rushed with the utmost determination upon the Campbells, who waited their charge with the greatest firmness. Behind these charging columns marched in line the Irish, under Colkitto, intended to form the reserve. With them was the royal standard, and Montrose himself; and on the flanks were about fifty horse, under Dalgetty, which by wonderful exertions had been kept in some sort fit for service.

The right column of Royalists was led by Glengarry, the left by Lochiel, and the centre by the Earl of Menteith, who preferred fighting on foot in a Highland dress to remaining with the cavalry.

The Highlanders poured on with the proverbial fury of their country, firing their guns, and discharging their arrows, at a little distance from the enemy, who received the assault with the most determined gallantry. Better provided with musketry than their enemies, stationary also, and therefore taking the more decisive aim, the fire of Argyle's followers was more destructive than that which they sustained. The royal clans, perceiving this, rushed to close quarters, and succeeded on two points in throwing their enemies into disorder. With regular troops this must have achieved a victory; but here Highlanders were opposed to Highlanders, and the nature of the weapons, as well as the agility of those who wielded them, was equal on both sides.

Their strife was accordingly desperate; and the clash of the swords and axes, as they encountered each other, or rung upon the targets, was mingled with the short, wild, animating shrieks with which Highlanders accompany the battle, the dance, or indeed

ertion of any kind. Many of the foes op-re personally acquainted, and sought to emselves with each other from motives of r a more generous emulation of valour. arty would retreat an inch while the place who fell (and they fell fast on both sides) ly supplied by others, who thronged to the nger. A steam, like that which arises from cauldron, rose into the thin, cold, frosty overed above the combatants.

l the fight on the right and the centre, with liate consequence, except mutual wounds

right of the Campbells, the Knight of Ar-btained some advantage, through his mili-and by strength of numbers. He had moved bliquely the extreme flank of his line at the e Royalists were about to close, so that ened a fire at once on front and in flank, te the utmost efforts of their leader, were nto some confusion. At this instant, Sir Campbell gave the word to charge, and pectedly made the attack at the very mo-eemed about to receive it. Such a change stances is always discouraging, and often t the disorder was remedied by the advance sh reserve, whose heavy and sustained fire l the Knight of Ardenvohr to forego his e, and content himself with repulsing the The Marquis of Montrose, in the mean-ailing himself of some scattered birch trees, s of the smoke produced by the close fire of musketry, which concealed the operation, on Dalgetty to follow him with the horse, ding round so as to gain the right flank and rear of the enemy, he commanded his six to sound the charge. The clang of the umpets, and the noise of the galloping of produced an effect upon Argyle's right wing other sounds could have impressed them e mountaineers of that period had a super-ead of the war-horse, like that entertained ruvians, and had many strange ideas res-e manner in which that animal was train-mbat. When, therefore, they found their expectedly broken, and that the objects of test terror were suddenly in the midst of panic, in spite of Sir Duncan's attempts, became universal. Indeed, the figure of lgetty alone, sheathed in impenetrable ar-making his horse caracole and bound, so weight to every blow which he struck, re been a novelty in itself sufficient to ter-who had never seen any thing more nearly g such a cavalier, than a *shelty* waddling Highlander far bigger than itself. The re-oyalists returned to the charge; the Irish heir ranks, maintained a fire equally close active. There was no sustaining the fight rgyle's followers began to break and fly, most he lake, the remainder in different direc-he defeat of the right wing, of itself deci-rendered irreparable by the death of Auch-who fell while endeavouring to restore order. ight of Ardenvohr, with two or three hun-all gentlemen of descent and distinguished - for the Campbells are supposed to have gentlemen in their ranks than any of the clans,-endeavoured, with unavailing he-cover the tumultuary retreat of the common ir resolution only proved fatal to themselves, re charged again and again by fresh advers-d forced to separate from each other, until their aim seemed only to be to purchase an le death by resisting to the very last.

quarter, Sir Duncan," called out Major when he discovered his late host, with one others, defending himself against several ers; and, to enforce his offer, he rode up to his sword uplifted. Sir Duncan's reply ischarge of a reserved pistol, which took on the person of the rider, but on that of it horse, which, shot through the heart, fell er him. Ranald MacEagh, who was one of those who had been pressing Sir Duncan hard, took the opportunity to cut him down with his broad-sword, as he turned from him in the act of firing the pistol.

Allan M'Aulay came up at this moment. They were, excepting Ranald, followers of his brother who were engaged on that part of the field. "Villains!" he said, "which of you has dared to do this, when it was my positive order that the Knight of Ardenvohr should be taken alive?"

Half-a-dozen of busy hands, which were emulously employed in plundering the fallen knight, whose arms and accoutrements were of a magnificence befitting his quality, instantly forbore the occupation, and half the number of voices exculpated themselves, by laying the blame on the Skyeman, as they called Ranald MacEagh.

"Dog of an Islander!" said Allan, forgetting, in his wrath, their prophetic brotherhood, "follow the chase, and harm him no farther, unless you mean to die by my hand." They were at this moment left almost alone; for Allan's threats had forced his own clan from the spot, and all around had pressed onwards toward the lake, carrying before them noise, terror, and confusion, and leaving behind only the dead and dying. The moment was tempting to MacEagh's vengeful spirit. "That I should die by your hand, red as it is with the blood of my kindred," said he, answering the threat of Allan in a tone as menacing as his own, "is not more likely than that you should fall by mine." With that, he struck at M'Aulay with such unexpected readiness, that he had scarce time to intercept the blow with his target.

"Villain!" said Allan, in astonishment, "what means this?"

"I am Ranald of the Mist!" answered the Isles-man, repeating the blow; and with that word, they engaged in close and furious conflict. It seemed to be decreed, that in Allan M'Aulay had arisen the avenger of his mother's wrongs upon this wild tribe, as was proved by the issue of the present, as well as of former combats. After exchanging a few blows, Ranald MacEagh was prostrated by a deep wound on the skull; and M'Aulay, setting his foot on him, was about to pass the broadsword through his body, when the point of the weapon was struck up by a third party, who suddenly interposed. This was no other than Major Dalgetty, who, stunned by the fall, and encumbered by the dead body of his horse, had now recovered his legs and his understanding. "Hold up your sword," said he to M'Aulay, "and prejudice this person no farther, in respect that he is here in my safe-conduct, and in his excellency's service; and in regard that no honourable cavalier is at liberty, by the law martial, to avenge his own private injuries, *flagrante bello, multo majus flagrante prælio*."

"Fool!" said Allan, "stand aside, and dare not to come between the tiger and his prey!"

But, far from quitting his point, Dalgetty stept across the fallen body of MacEagh, and gave Allan to understand, that if he called himself a tiger, he was likely, at present, to find a lion in his path. There required no more than the gesture and tone of defiance to turn the whole rage of the military Seer against the person who was opposing the course of his vengeance, and blows were instantly exchanged without farther ceremony.

The strife betwixt Allan and MacEagh had been unnoticed by the stragglers around, for the person of the latter was known to few of Montrose's followers; but the scuffle betwixt Dalgetty and him, both so well known, attracted instant attention; and fortunately, among others, that of Montrose himself, who had come for the purpose of gathering together his small body of horse, and following the pursuit down Loch-Eil. Aware of the fatal consequences of dissension in his little army, he pushed his horse up to the spot, and seeing MacEagh on the ground, and Dalgetty in the attitude of protecting him against M'Aulay, his quick apprehension instantly caught the cause of quarrel, and as instantly devised means to stop it. "For shame," he said, "gentlemen cavaliers, brawling together in so glorious a field of vic-

tory!—Are you mad? Or are you intoxicated with the glory which you have both this day gained?"

"It is not my fault, so please your Excellency," said Dalgetty. "I have been known a *bonus socius*, a *bon camarado* in all the services of Europe; but he that touches a man under my safeguard" —

"And he," said Allan, speaking at the same time, "who dares to bar the course of my just vengeance" —

"For shame, gentlemen!" again repeated Montrose; "I have other business for you both, business of deeper importance than any private quarrel, which you may easily find a more fitting time to settle. For you, Major Dalgetty, kneel down."

"Kneel!" said Dalgetty; "I have not learned to obey that word of command, saving when it is given from the pulpit. In the Swedish discipline, the front rank do indeed kneel, but only when the regiment is drawn up six files deep."

"Nevertheless," repeated Montrose, "kneel down, in the name of King Charles and of his representative."

When Dalgetty reluctantly obeyed, Montrose struck him lightly on the neck with the flat of his sword, saying,—"In reward of the gallant service of this day, and in the name and authority of our Sovereign, King Charles, I dub thee knight; be brave, loyal, and fortunate. And now, Sir Dugald Dalgetty, to your duty. Collect what horsemen you can, and pursue such of the enemy as are flying down the side of the lake. Do not disperse your force, nor venture too far; but take heed to prevent their rallying, which very little exertion may do. Mount, then, Sir Dugald, and do your duty."

"But what shall I mount?" said the new made chevalier. "Poor Gustavus sleeps in the bed of honour, like his immortal namesake! and I am made a knight, a rider,* as the High Dutch have it, just when I have not a horse left to ride upon."

"That shall not be said," answered Montrose, dismounting; "I make you a present of my own, which has been thought a good one; only, I pray you, resume the duty you discharge so well."

With many acknowledgments, Sir Dugald mounted the steed so liberally bestowed upon him; and only beseeching his Excellency to remember that MacEagh was under his safe-conduct, immediately began to execute the orders assigned to him, with great zeal and alacrity.

"And you, Allan M'Aulay," said Montrose, addressing the Highlander, who, leaning his sword-point on the ground, had regarded the ceremony of his antagonist's knighthood with a sneer of sullen scorn—"you, who are superior to the ordinary men led by the paltry motives of plunder and pay, and personal distinction—you, whose deep knowledge renders you so valuable a counsellor—is it *you* whom I find striving with a man like Dalgetty, for the privilege of trampling the remains of life out of so contemptible an enemy as lies there? Come, my friend, I have other work for you. This victory, skilfully improved, shall win Seaforth to our party. It is not disloyalty, but despair of the good cause, that has induced him to take arms against us. These arms, in this moment of better augury, he may be brought to unite with ours. I shall send my gallant friend, Colonel Hay, to him, from this very field of battle, but he must be united in commission with a Highland gentleman of rank, befitting that of Seaforth, and of talents and of influence such as may make an impression upon him. You are not only in every respect the fittest for this most important mission, but, having no immediate command, your presence may be more easily spared than that of a Chief whose following is in the field. You know every pass and glen in the Highlands, as well as the manners and customs of every tribe. Go therefore to Hay, on the right wing, he has instructions, and expects you. You will find him with Glenmorrison's men; be his guide, his interpreter, and his colleague."

Allen M'Aulay bent on the Marquis a dark and penetrating glance, as if to ascertain whether this sudden mission was not conferred for some and unexplained purpose. But Montrose, skil searching the motives of others, was an equal in concealing his own. He considered it as last consequence in this moment of enthusias exalted passion, to remove Allan from the ca a few days, that he might provide, as his hono guard, for the safety of those who had acted guides, when he trusted the Seer's quarrel wi getty might be easily made up. Allan, at parti ly recommended to the Marquis the care of S can Campbell, whom Montrose instantly di to be conveyed to a place of safety. ... the same precaution for MacEagh, committing the however, to a party of the Irish, with directions he should be taken care of, but that no Highl of any clan, should have access to him.

The Marquis then mounted a led horse, whic held by one of his attendants, and rode on to the scene of his victory, which was more de than even his ardent hopes had anticipated. Ar gyle's gallant army of three thousand men, full half fell in the battle, or in the flight. They had chiefly driven back upon that part of the plain w the river forms an angle with the lake, so that was no free opening either for retreat or escape. veral hundreds were forced into the lake and drow Of the survivors, about one half escaped by s ming the river, or by an early flight along th bank of the lake. The remainder threw them into the old Castle of Inverlochy; but being wi either provisions or hopes of relief, they were ob to surrender, on condition of being suffered to r to their homes in peace. Arms, ammunition, s ards, and baggage, all became the prey of the querors.

This was the greatest disaster that ever befe race of Diarmid, as the Campbells were called i Highlands; it being generally remarked that were as fortunate in the issue of their undertak as they were sagacious in planning, and coura in executing them. Of the number slain, nearl hundred were Dunniewassels, or gentlemen clai descent from known and respected houses. An the opinion of many of the clan, even this heav was exceeded by the disgrace arising from the rious conduct of their Chief, whose galley we anchor when the day was lost, and sailed dow lake with all the speed to which sails and oars impel her.

CHAPTER XX.

Faint the din of battle bray'd,
Distant down the hollow wind;
War and terror fled before,
Wounds and death remain'd behind.—PENR

MONTROSE's splendid success over his powerf val was not attained without some loss, thoug amounting to the tenth of what he inflicted. obstinate valour of the Campbells cost the li many brave men of the opposite party; and were wounded, the Chief of whom was the young Earl of Menteith, who had commande centre. He was but slightly touched, howeve made rather a graceful than a terrible appea when he presented to his general the standa Argyle, which he had taken from the standard- with his own hand, and slain him in single co Montrose dearly loved his noble kinsman, in w there was conspicuous a flash of the generou mantic, disinterested chivalry of the old heroic t entirely different from the sordid, calculating selfish character, which the practice of enterta mercenary troops had introduced into most pa Europe, and of which degeneracy Scotland, furnished soldiers of fortune for the service of a every nation, had been contaminated with a than usual share. Montrose, whose native spir congenial, although experience had taught him to avail himself of the motives of others, u Menteith neither the language of praise nor o mise, but clasped him to his bosom as he excla "My gallant kinsman!" And by this burst of

* In German, as in Latin, the original meaning of the word *Ritter* corresponding to *Eques*, is merely a horseman.

e was Menteith thrilled with a warmer ght, than if his praises had been recorded the action sent directly to the throne of 1.

," he said, "my lord, now seems to re- ch I can render any assistance; permit after a duty of humanity—the Knight of s I am told, is our prisoner, and severely

I he deserves to be so," said Sir Dugald to came up to them at that moment with addition of acquired importance, "since ood horse at the time that I was offering able quarter, which, I must needs say, ore like an ignorant Highland cateran, sense enough to erect a sconce for the f his old barley-house of a castle, than of worth and quality."

to condole with you then," said Lord upon the loss of the fallen Gustavus?"

, my lord," answered the soldier, with a *Diem clausit supremum*, as we said at al-College of Aberdeen. Better so than l like a cadger's pony in some slow-moss, ath, which was like to be his fate if this paign lasted longer. But it has pleased ey" (making an inclination to Montrose) his place by the gift of a noble steed, e taken the freedom to name '*Loyalty's* memory of this celebrated occasion."

said the Marquis, "you'll find Loyalty's ce you call him so, practised in all the field,—but I must tell you, that in Scotland, loyalty is more frequently ith a halter than with a horse."

your Excellency is pleased to be facetious, eward is as perfect as Gustavus in all his d of a far finer figure. Marry! his social less cultivated, in respect he has kept ill r company."

ning his Excellency the General I hope?" enteith. "For shame, Sir Dugald!"

," answered the knight gravely, "I am mean any thing so utterly misbecoming. verate is, that his Excellency, having the ourse with his horse during his exercise, with his soldiers when training them, ld break either to every feat of war which practise and accordingly that this noble mirably managed. But as it is the inter- vate life that formeth the social cha- do not apprehend that of the single soldier polished by the conversation of the cor- sergeant, or that of Loyalty's Reward to much dulcified, or ameliorated, by the so- Excellency's grooms, who bestow more kicks, and thumps, than kindness or ca- the animals entrusted to their charge; any a generous quadruped, rendered as it thropic, manifests during the rest of his r desire to kick and bite his master, than honour him."

like an oracle," said Montrose. "Were ademy for the education of horses to be the Marischal-College of Aberdeen, Sir getty alone should fill the chair."

, being an ass," said Menteith, aside, to , "there would be some distant relation professor and the students."

, with your Excellency's permission," said the Knight, "I am going to pay my last remains of my old companion in arms."

the purpose of going through the ceremo- ment?" said the Marquis, who did not far Sir Dugald's enthusiasm might lead sider, our brave fellows themselves will hasty burial."

xcellency will pardon me," said Dalgetty; se is less romantic. I go to divide poor legacy with the fowls of heaven, leaving them, and reserving to myself his hide; oken of affectionate remembrance, I pur- n into a cassock and trowsers, after the ion, to be worn under my armour, in re- spect my nether garments are at present shamefully the worse of the wear. Alas! poor Gustavus, why didst thou not live at least one hour more, to have borne the honoured weight of knighthood upon thy loins!"

He was now turning away, when the Marquis called after him,—"As you are not likely to be anticipated in this act of kindness, Sir Dugald, to your old friend and companion, I trust," said the Marquis, "you will first assist me, and our principal friends, to discuss some of Argyle's good cheer, of which we have found abundance in the Castle."

"Most willingly, please your Excellency," said Sir Dugald; "as meat and mass never hinder work. Nor, indeed, am I afraid that the wolves or eagles will begin an onslaught on Gustavus to-night, in regard there is so much better cheer lying all around But," added he, "as I am to meet two honourable knights of England, with others of the knightly degree in your lordship's army, I pray it may be explained to them, that now, and in future, I claim precedence over them all, in respect of my rank as a Banneret, dubbed in a field of stricken battle."

"The devil confound him!" said Montrose, speaking aside; "he has contrived to set the kiln on fire as fast as I put it out.—This is a point, Sir Dugald," said he, gravely addressing him, "which I shall reserve for his Majesty's express consideration; in my camp, all must be upon equality, like the Knights of the Round Table; and take their places as soldiers should, upon the principle of—first come, first served."

"Then I shall take care," said Menteith, apart to the Marquis, "that Don Dugald is not first in place to-day.—Sir Dugald," added he, raising his voice, "as you say your wardrobe is out of repair, had you not better go to the enemy's baggage yonder, over which there is a guard placed? I saw them take out an excellent buff suit, embroidered in front in silk and silver."

"*Voto a Dios!* as the Spaniard says," exclaimed the Major, "and some beggarly gilly may get it while I stand prating here!"

The prospect of booty having at once driven out of his head both Gustavus and the provant, he set spurs to Loyalty's Reward, and rode off through the field of battle.

"There goes the hound," said Menteith, "breaking the face, and trampling on the body, of many a better man than himself; and as eager on his sordid spoil as a vulture that stoops upon carrion. Yet this man the world calls a soldier—and you, my lord, select him as worthy of the honours of chivalry, if such they can at this day be termed. You have made the collar of knighthood the decoration of a mere blood-hound."

"What could I do?" said Montrose. "I had no half-picked bones to give him, and bribed in some manner he must be,—I cannot follow the chace alone. Besides, the dog has good qualities."

"If nature has given him such," said Menteith "habit has converted them into feelings of intense selfishness. He may be punctilious concerning his reputation, and brave in the execution of his duty, but it is only because without these qualities he cannot rise in the service;—nay, his very benevolence is selfish; he may defend his companion while he can keep his feet, but the instant he is down, Sir Dugald will be as ready to ease him of his purse, as he is to convert the skin of Gustavus into a buff jerkin."

"And yet, if all this were true, cousin," answered Montrose, "there is something convenient in commanding a soldier, upon whose motives and springs of action you can calculate to a mathematical certainty. A fine spirit like yours, my cousin, alive to a thousand sensations to which this man's is as impervious as his corslet,—it is for such that thy friend must feel, while he gives his advice." Then, suddenly changing his tone, he asked Menteith when he had seen Annot Lyle.

The young Earl coloured deeply, and answered, "Not since last evening,—excepting," he added, with hesitation, "for one moment, about half an hour before the battle began."

"My dear Menteith," said Montrose, very kindly

"were you one of the gay cavaliers of Whitehall, who are, in their way, as great self-seekers as our friend Dalgetty, should I need to plague you with inquiring into such an amourette as this? it would be an intrigue only to be laughed at. But this is the land of enchantment, where nets strong as steel are wrought out of ladies' tresses, and you are exactly the destined knight to be so fettered. This poor girl is exquisitely beautiful, and has talents formed to captivate your romantic temper. You cannot think of injuring her—you *cannot* think of marrying her?"

"My lord," replied Menteith, "you have repeatedly urged this jest, for so I trust it is meant, somewhat beyond bounds. Annot Lyle is of unknown birth,—a captive,—the daughter, probably, of some obscure outlaw; a dependant on the hospitality of the M'Aulays."

"Do not be angry, Menteith," said the Marquis, interrupting him; "you love the classics, though not educated at Mareschal-College; and you may remember how many gallant hearts captive beauty has subdued:—

Movit Ajacem, Telamone natum,
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ.

In a word, I am seriously anxious about this—I should not have time, perhaps," he added very gravely, "to trouble you with my lectures on the subject, were your feelings, and those of Annot, alone interested; but you have a dangerous rival in Allan M'Aulay; and there is no knowing to what extent he may carry his resentment. It is my duty to tell you that the King's service may be much prejudiced by dissensions betwixt you."

"My lord," said Menteith, "I know what you mean is kind and friendly; I hope you will be satisfied when I assure you, that Allan M'Aulay and I have discussed this circumstance; and that I have explained to him, that as it is utterly remote from my character to entertain dishonourable views concerning this unprotected female; so, on the other hand, the obscurity of her birth prevents my thinking of her upon other terms. I will not disguise from your lordship, what I have not disguised from M'Aulay,—that if Annot Lyle were born a lady, she should share my name and rank; as matters stand, it is impossible. This explanation, I trust, will satisfy your lordship, as it has satisfied a less reasonable person."

Montrose shrugged his shoulders. "And, like true champions in romance," he said, "you have agreed, that you are both to worship the same mistress, as idolaters do the same image, and that neither shall extend his pretensions farther?"

"I did not go so far, my lord," answered Menteith—"I only said in the present circumstances,—and there is no prospect of their being changed,—I could, in duty to myself and family, stand in no relation to Annot Lyle, but as that of friend or brother—But your lordship must excuse me; I have," said he, looking at his arm, round which he had tied his handkerchief, "a slight hurt to attend to."

"A wound?" said Montrose, anxiously; "let me see it.—Alas!" he said, "I should have heard nothing of this had I not ventured to tent and search another more secret and more rankling one. Menteith, I am sorry for you—I too have known—But what avails it to awake sorrows which have long slumbered!"

So saying, he shook hands with his noble kinsman, and walked into the castle.

Annot Lyle, as was not unusual for females in the Highlands, was possessed of a slight degree of medical and even surgical skill. It may readily be believed, that the profession of surgery, or medicine, as a separate art, was unknown; and the few rude rules which they observed were intrusted to women, or to the aged, whom constant casualties afforded too much opportunity of acquiring experience. The care and attention, accordingly, of Annot Lyle, her attendants, and others acting under her direction, had made her services extremely useful during this wild campaign. And most readily had these services been rendered to friend and foe, wherever they could be most useful. She was now in an apartment of the castle, anxiously superintending the preparation of *vulnerary herbs*, to be applied to the wounded; receiving reports from different females respecting those under their separate charge, and distributin what means she had for their relief, when Alla M'Aulay suddenly entered the apartment. She starte for she had heard that he had left the camp upon distant mission; and, however accustomed she wa to the gloom of his countenance, it seemed at presen to have even a darker shade than usual. He stoo before her perfectly silent, and she felt the necessit of being the first to speak.

"I thought," she said, with some effort, "you ha already set out."

"My companion awaits me," said Allan; "I g instantly."

Yet still he stood before her, and held her by the arm, with a pressure which, though insufficient to give her pain, made her sensible of his great personal strength, his hand closing on her like the gripe of a manacle.

"Shall I take the harp?" she said, in a timid voice; "is—is the shadow falling upon you?"

Instead of replying, he led her to the window of the apartment, which commanded a view of the field of the slain, with all its horrors. It was thick spread with dead and wounded, and the spoilers were busy tearing the clothes from the victims of war and feudal ambition, with as much indifference as if they had not been of the same species, and themselves exposed, perhaps to-morrow, to the same fate.

"Does the sight please you?" said M'Aulay.

"It is hideous!" said Annot, covering her eyes with her hands; "how can you bid me look upon it?"

"You must be inured to it," said he, "if you remain with this destined host—you will soon have to search such a field for my brother's corpse—for Menteith's—for mine—but that will be a more indifferent task—You do not love me!"

"This is the first time you have taxed me with unkindness," said Annot weeping. "You are my brother—my preserver—my protector—and can I then *but* love you?—But your hour of darkness is approaching, let me fetch my harp"——

"Remain," said Allan, still holding her fast; "be my visions from heaven or hell, or from the middle sphere of disembodied spirits—or be they, as the Saxons hold, but the delusions of an overheated fancy, they do not now influence me; I speak the language of the natural, of the visible world.—You love not me, Annot—you love Menteith—by him you are beloved again, and Allan is no more to you than one of the corpses which encumber yonder heath."

It cannot be supposed that this strange speech conveyed any new information to her who was thus addressed. No woman ever lived who could not, in the same circumstances, have discerned long since the state of her lover's mind. But by thus suddenly tearing off the veil, thin as it was, Allan prepared her to expect consequences violent in proportion to the enthusiasm of his character. She made an effort to repel the charge he had stated.

"You forget," she said, "your own worth and nobleness when you insult so very helpless a being, and one whom fate has thrown so totally into your power. You know who and what I am, and how impossible it is that Menteith or you can use language of affection to me, beyond that of friendship. You know from what unhappy race I have too probably derived my existence."

"I will not believe it," said Allan, impetuously; "never flowed crystal drop from a polluted spring."

"Yet the very doubt," pleaded Annot, "should make you forbear to use this language to me."

"I know," said M'Aulay, "it places a bar between us—but I know also that it divides you not so inseparably from Menteith.—Hear me, my beloved Annot!—leave this scene of terrors and danger—go with me to Kintail—I will place you in the house of the noble Lady of Seaforth—or you shall be removed in safety to Icolmkill, where some women yet devote themselves to the worship of God, after the custom of our ancestors."

"You consider not what you ask of me," replie Annot; "to undertake such a journey under your sol guardianship, were to show me less scrupulous tha maiden ought. I will remain here, Allan—here un

:tion of the noble Montrose; and when
ıext approach the Lowlands, I will con-
'oper means to relieve you of one, who
'ws not how, become an object of dislike

l as if uncertain whether to give way to
th her distress, or to anger at her resist-

he said, "you know too well how little
apply to my feelings towards you—but
irself of your power and you rejoice in
', as removing a spy upon your inter-
Menteith. But beware both of you," he
tern tone; "for when was it ever heard
ry was offered to Allan M'Aulay, for
cted not tenfold vengeance?"
he pressed her arm forcibly, pulled the
his brows, and strode out of the apart-

CHAPTER XXI.

After you're gone,
mmuned with my heart, and search'd
rd it so – Alas! I found it love.
rom lost, for could I but have lived
ce of you, I had had my end. -PHILASTER.

.E had now to contemplate the terrible
llan M'Aulay's declaration of love and
made to open around her. It seemed
tottering on the very brink of destruc-
s at once deprived of every refuge, and of
sistance. She had long been conscious
d Menteith dearer than a brother; in-
ould it be otherwise, considering their
cy.—the personal merits of the young
his assiduous attentions,—and his in-
ority in gentleness of disposition, and
ners, over the race of rude warriors with
ed? But her affection was of that quiet,
ative character, which sought rather a
are in the happiness of the beloved
formed more presumptuous or daring
the Gaelic song, in which she expressed
has been translated by the ingenious and
drew M'Donald; and we willingly tran-
us:—

o I, like me, in life's low vale,
these how blest, that lot I'd share;
ice I'd fly wherever gale
waft or bounding galley bear.
ed by severe decree,
fferent must our fortunes prove;
ne be joy—enough for me
ep and pray for him I love.

ıg this foolish heart must feel,
hope shall be for ever flown,
n murmur shall reveal
lfish murmurs ever own...
l I through life's weary years,
a pale drooping mourner move,
can think my secret tears
wound the heart of him I love.

s declaration of Allan had destroyed the
n which she had formed, of nursing in
nsive tenderness, without seeking any
l. Long before this, she had dreaded
ch as gratitude, and a sense that he soft-
s her a temper so haughty and so vio-
ermit her to do; but now she regarded
hallowed terror, which a perfect know-
lisposition, and of his preceding history,
horized her to entertain. Whatever was
ects the nobleness of his disposition, he
en known to resist the wildness of pas-
lked in the house, and in the country of
ke a tamed lion, whom no one dared to
st they should awaken his natural vehe-
ssion. So many years had elapsed since
ienced contradiction, or even expostula-
bably nothing but the strong good sense,
l points, his mysticism excepted, formed
f his character, prevented his proving an
nd terror to the whole neighbourhood.
ad no time to dwell upon her fears, being
y the entrance of Sir Dugald Dalgetty.

It may be well supposed, that the scenes in which this person had passed his former life, had not much qualified him to shine in female society. He himself felt a sort of consciousness that the language of the barrack, guard-room, and parade, was not proper to entertain ladies. The only peaceful part of his life had been spent at Mareschal-College, Aberdeen; and he had forgot the little he had learned there, except the arts of darning his own hose, and dispatching his commons with unusual celerity, both which had since been kept in good exercise by the necessity of frequent practice. Still it was from an imperfect recollection of what he had acquired during this pacific period, that he drew his sources of conversation when in company with women; in other words, his language became pedantic when it ceased to be military.

"Mistress Annot Lyle," said he, upon the present occasion, "I am just now like the half-pike, or spontoon of Achilles, one end of which could wound, and the other cure—a property belonging neither to Spanish pike, brown-bill, partizan, halberd, Lochaber-axe, or indeed any other modern staff-weapon whatever."

This compliment he repeated twice; but as Annot scarce heard him the first time, and did not comprehend him the second, he was obliged to explain.

"I mean," he said, "Mistress Annot Lyle, that having been the means of an honourable knight receiving a severe wound in this day's conflict—he having pistolled, somewhat against the law of arms, my horse, which was named after the immortal king of Sweden—I am desirous of procuring him such solacement as you, madam, can supply, you being like the heathen god Esculapius," (meaning possibly Apollo,) "skilful not only in song and in music, but in the more noble art of chirurgery—*opiferque per orbem dicor.*"

"If you would have the goodness to explain," said Annot, too sick at heart to be amused by Sir Dugald's airs of pedantic gallantry.

"That, madam," replied the Knight, "may not be so easy, as I am out of the habit of construing—but we shall try. *Dicor*, supply *ego*—I am called.—*Opifer? opifer?*—I remember *signifer* and *furcifer*—but I believe *opifer* stands in this place for M. D. that is, Doctor of Physic."

"This is a busy day with us all," said Annot; "will you say at once what you want with me?"

"Merely," replied Sir Dugald, "that you will visit my brother knight, and let your maiden bring some medicaments for his wound, which threatens to be what the learned call a *damnum fatale.*"

Annot Lyle never lingered in the cause of humanity. She informed herself hastily of the nature of the injury, and interesting herself for the dignified old Chief whom she had seen at Darnlinvarach, and whose presence had so much struck her, she hastened to lose the sense of her own sorrow for a time, in the attempt to be useful to another.

Sir Dugald with great form ushered Annot Lyle to the chamber of her patient, in which, to her surprise, she found Lord Menteith. She could not help blushing deeply at the meeting, but, to hide her confusion, proceeded instantly to examine the wound of the Knight of Ardenvohr, and easily satisfied herself that it was beyond her skill to cure it. As for Sir Dugald, he returned to a large out-house, on the floor of which, among other wounded men, was deposited the person of Ranald of the Mist.

"Mine old friend," said the Knight, "as I told you before, I would willingly do any thing to pleasure you, in return for the wound you have received while under my safe-conduct. I have, therefore, according to your earnest request, sent Mrs. Annot Lyle to attend upon the wound of the Knight of Ardenvohr, though wherein her doing so should benefit you, I cannot imagine.—I think you once spoke of some blood relationship between them; but a soldado, in command and charge like me, has other things to trouble his head with than Highland genealogies."

And indeed, to do the worthy Major justice, he never inquired after, listened to, or recollected the busi-

ness of other people, unless it either related to the art military, or was somehow or other connected with his own interest, in either of which cases his memory was very tenacious.

"And now, my good friend of the Mist," said he, "can you tell me what has become of your hopeful grandson, as I have not seen him since he assisted me to disarm after the action, a negligence which deserveth the strapado?"

"He is not far from hence," said the wounded outlaw—"lift not your hand upon him, for he is man enough to pay a yard of leathern scourge with a foot of tempered steel."

"A most improper vaunt," said Sir Dugald; "but I owe you some favours, Ranald, and therefore shall let it pass."

"And if you think you owe me any thing," said the outlaw, "it is in your power to requite me by granting me a boon."

"Friend Ranald," answered Dalgetty, "I have read of these boons in silly story-books, whereby simple knights were drawn into engagements to their great prejudice; wherefore, Ranald, the more prudent knights of this day never promise any thing until they know that they may keep their word anent the premises, without any displeasure or incommodement to themselves. It may be, you would have me engage the female chirurgeon to visit your wound; though you ought to consider, Ranald, that the uncleanness of the place where you are deposited may somewhat soil the gayety of her garments, concerning the preservation of which, you may have observed, women are apt to be inordinately solicitous. I lost the favour of the lady of the Grand Pensionary of Amsterdam, by touching with the sole of my boot the train of her black velvet gown, which I mistook for a foot-cloth, it being half the room distant from her person."

"It is not to bring Annot Lyle hither," answered MacEagh, "but to transport me into the room where she is in attendance upon the Knight of Ardenvohr. Somewhat I have to say of the last consequence to them both."

"It is something out of the order of due precedence," said Dalgetty, "to carry a wounded outlaw into the presence of a knight; knighthood having been of yore, and being, in some respects, still, the highest military grade, independent always of commissioned officers, who rank according to their patents; nevertheless, as your boon, as you call it, is so slight, I shall not deny compliance with the same." So saying, he ordered three files of men to transport MacEagh on their shoulders to Sir Duncan Campbell's apartment, and he himself hastened before to announce the cause of his being brought thither. But such was the activity of the soldiers employed, that they followed him close at the heels, and, entering with their ghastly burden, laid MacEagh on the floor of the apartment. His features, naturally wild, were now distorted by pain; his hands and scanty garments stained with his own blood, and those of others, which no kind hand had wiped away, although the wound in his side had been secured by a bandage.

"Are you," he said, raising his head painfully towards the couch where lay stretched his late antagonist, "he whom men call the Knight of Ardenvohr?"

"The same," answered Sir Duncan, "what would you with one whose hours are now numbered?"

"My hours are reduced to minutes," said the outlaw; "the more grace, if I bestow them in the service of one, whose hand has ever been against me, as mine has been raised higher against him."

"Thine higher against me!—Crushed worm!" said the Knight, looking down on his miserable adversary.

"Yes," answered the outlaw, in a firm voice, "my arm hath been highest. In the deadly contest betwixt us, the wounds I have dealt have been deepest, though thine have neither been idle nor unfelt.—I am Ranald MacEagh—I am Ranald of the Mist—the night that I gave thy castle to the winds in one huge blaze of fire, is now matched with the day in which you have *fallen under* the sword of my fathers.—Remember the *injuries thou hast done* our tribe—never were such inflicted, save by one, beside thee. He, th fated and secure against our vengeance—a s will show."

"My Lord Menteith," said Sir Duncan himself out of his bed, "this is a proclaime at once the enemy of King and Parliamen and man—one of the outlawed banditti of t alike the enemy of your house, of the M'Au of mine. I trust you will not suffer momen are perhaps my last, to be embittered by h rous triumph."

"He shall have the treatment he mer Menteith; "let him be instantly removed."

Sir Dugald here interposed, and spoke of services as a guide, and his own pledge for h but the high harsh tones of the outlaw dro voice.

"No," said he, "be rack and gibbet the me wither between heaven and earth, and hawks and eagles of Ben-Nevis; and so haughty Knight, and this triumphant Tha learn the secret I alone can impart; a sec would make Ardenvohr's heart leap with joy in the death agony, and which the Earl of would purchase at the price of his broad es Come hither, Annot Lyle," he said, raisin with unexpected strength; "fear not the sig to whom thou hast clung in infancy. Tell th men, who disdain thee as the issue of min race, that thou art no blood of ours,—no da the race of the Mist, but born in halls as lo cradled on couch as soft, as ever soothed i their proudest palaces."

"In the name of God," said Menteith, with emotion, "if you know aught of the bi lady, do thy conscience the justice to disbu the secret before departing from this world!"

"And bless my enemies with my dying said MacEagh, looking at him malignantly are the maxims your priests preach—but towards whom, do you practise them? Let first the worth of my secret ere I part What would you give, Knight of Ardenvohr that your superstitious fasts have been that there still remains a descendant of you —I pause for an answer—without it, I spea word more."

"I could," said Sir Duncan, his voice between the emotions of doubt, hatred, an —"I could—but that I know thy race an Great Enemy, liars and murderers from t ning—but could it be true thou tellest m almost forgive thee the injuries thou hast d

"Hear it!" said Ranald; "he hath wage for a son of Diarmid—And you, gentle T report of the camp says, that you would purc life and lands the tidings that Annot Lyl daughter of proscription, but of a race nobl estimation as your own—Well—It is for no you.—The time has been that I would have ed this secret against liberty; I am now ba for what is dearer than liberty or life.—Ann the youngest, the sole surviving child of t of Ardenvohr, who alone was saved when halls besides was given to blood and ashes.

"Can this man speak truth?" said An scarce knowing what she said; "or is t strange delusion!"

"Maiden," replied Ranald, "hadst th longer with us, thou wouldst have better know how to distinguish the accents of t that Saxon lord, and to the Knight of Arc will yield such proofs of what I have spoke credulity shall stand convinced. Meanti draw—I loved thine infancy, I hate not th no eye hates the rose in its blossom, growth upon a thorn, and for thee only d thing regret what is soon to follow. Bu would avenge him of his foe must not rec the guiltless be engaged in the ruin."

"He advises well, Annot," said Lord "in God's name retire! if—if there be aug your meeting with Sir Duncan must be mo red for both your sakes."

"I will not part from my father, if I have found [him]?" said Annot—"I will not part from him under [circ]umstances so terrible."

"And a father you shall ever find in me," mur[mu]red Sir Duncan.

"Then," said Menteith, "I will have MacEagh re[mo]ved into an adjacent apartment, and will collect [the] evidence of his tale myself. Sir Dugald Dalgetty [wil]l give me his attendance and assistance."

"With pleasure, my lord," answered Sir Dugald. "I will be your confessor, or assessor—either or [bot]h. No one can be so fit, for I had heard the [wh]ole story a month ago at Inverary castle—but [thes]e laughts like that of Ardenvohr confuse each other [in m]y memory, which is besides occupied with mat[ters] of more importance."

[U]pon hearing this frank declaration, which was [ma]de as they left the apartment with the wounded [ma]n, Lord Menteith darted upon Dalgetty a look of [ext]reme anger and disdain, to which the self-conceit [of] the worthy commander rendered him totally in[sen]sible.

CHAPTER XXII.

> I am as free as nature first made man,
> Ere the base laws of servitude began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
>
> *Conquest of Granada.*

THE Earl of Menteith, as he had undertaken, so proceeded to investigate more closely the story [tol]d by Ranald of the Mist, which was corroborated [by] the examination of his two followers, who had [ass]isted in the capacity of guides. These declarations [were] carefully compared with such circumstances con[cer]ning the destruction of his castle and family as [Sir] Duncan Campbell was able to supply; and it may [be] supposed he had forgotten nothing relating to an [eve]nt of such terrific importance. It was of the last [con]sequence to prove that this was no invention of [the] outlaw's, for the purpose of passing an impostor [as t]he child and heiress of Ardenvohr.

[P]erhaps Menteith, so much interested in believing [the] tale, was not altogether the fittest person to be [entr]usted with the investigation of its truth; but the [exa]minations of the Children of the Mist were simple, [acc]urate, and in all respects consistent with each [oth]er. A personal mark was referred to, which was [kn]own to have been borne by the infant child of Sir [Du]ncan, and which appeared upon the left shoulder [of] Annot Lyle. It was also well remembered, that [wh]en the miserable relics of the other children had [bee]n collected, those of the infant had no where been [foun]d. Other circumstances of evidence, which it is [unn]ecessary to quote, brought the fullest conviction [no]t only to Menteith, but to the unprejudiced mind [of] Montrose, that in Annot Lyle, an humble depen[dan]t, distinguished only by beauty and talent, they [we]re in future to respect the heiress of Ardenvohr.

[W]hile Menteith hastened to communicate the result [of] these inquiries to the persons most interested, the [out]law demanded to speak with his grand-child, whom [he] usually called his son. "He would be found," he [sa]id, "in the outer apartment, in which he himself [ha]d been originally deposited."

[A]ccordingly, the young savage, after a close search, [wa]s found lurking in a corner, coiled up among some [rot]ten straw, and brought to his grandsire.

"Kenneth," said the old outlaw, "hear the last [wor]ds of the sire of thy father. A Saxon soldier, and [Alla]n of the Red-hand, left this camp within these [fe]w hours, to travel to the country of Caberfae. Pur[sue] them as the bloodhound pursues the hurt deer—[swi]m the lake—climb the mountain—thread the forest—[t]arry not until you join them;" and then the coun[te]nance of the lad darkened as his grandfather spoke, [and] he laid his hand upon a knife which stuck in the [thon]g of leather that confined his scanty plaid. "[No]!" said the old man; "it is not by thy hand he [mu]st fall. They will ask the news from the camp—[te]ll them that Annot Lyle of the Harp is discovered [to] be the daughter of Duncan of Ardenvohr; that the [Th]ane of Menteith is to wed her before the priest; [an]d that you are sent to bid guests to the bridal. Tarry not their answer, but vanish like the lightning when the black cloud swallows it.—And now depart, beloved son of my best beloved! I shall never more see thy face, nor hear the light sound of thy foot step—yet tarry an instant and hear my last charge. Remember the fate of our race, and quit not the ancient manners of the Children of the Mist. We are now a struggling handful, driven from every vale by the sword of every clan, who rule in the possessions where their forefathers hewed the wood and drew the water for ours. But in the thicket of the wilderness, and in the mist of the mountain, Kenneth, son of Eracht, keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it not neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone-roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down—on the rock or in the valley, in abundance or in famine—in the leafy summer, and in the days of the iron winter—Son of the Mist! be free as thy forefathers. Own no lord—receive no law—take no hire—give no stipend—build no hut—enclose no pasture—sow no grain;—let the deer of the mountain be thy flocks and herds—if these fail thee, prey upon the goods of our oppressors—of the Saxons, and of such Gael as are Saxons in their souls, valuing herds and flocks more than honour and freedom. Well for us that they do so—it affords the broader scope for our revenge. Remember those who have done kindness to our race, and pay their services with thy blood, should the hour require it. If a MacIan shall come to thee with the head of the king's son in his hand, shelter him, though the avenging army of the father were behind him; for in Glencoe and Ardnamurchan, we have dwelt in peace in the years that have gone by. The sons of Diarmid—the race of Darnlinvarach—the riders of Menteith—my curse on thy head, Child of the Mist if thou spare one of those names, when the time shall offer for cutting them off! and it will come anon, for their own swords shall devour each other, and those who are scattered shall fly to the Mist, and perish by its Children. Once more, begone—shake the dust from thy feet against the habitations of men, whether banded together for peace or for war. Farewell, beloved! and mayest thou die like thy forefathers, ere infirmity, disease, or age, shall break thy spirit—Begone!—begone!—live free—requite kindness—avenge the injuries of thy race!"

The young savage stooped, and kissed the brow of his dying parent, but accustomed from infancy to suppress every exterior sign of emotion, he parted without tear or adieu, and was soon far beyond the limits of Montrose's camp.

Sir Dugald Dalgetty, who was present during the latter part of this scene, was very little edified by the conduct of MacEagh upon the occasion. "I cannot think, my friend Ranald," said he, "that you are in the best possible road for a dying man. Storms, onslaughts, massacres, the burning of suburbs, are indeed a soldier's daily work, and are justified by the necessity of the case, seeing that they are done in the course of duty; for burning of suburbs, in particular, it may be said that they are traitors, and cut-throats to all fortified towns. Hence it is plain, that a soldier is a profession peculiarly favoured by Heaven, seeing that we may hope for salvation, although we daily commit actions of so great violence. But then, Ranald, in all the services of Europe, it is the custom of the dying soldier not to vaunt him of such doings, or to recommend them to his fellows; but, on the contrary, to express contrition for the same, and to repeat, or have repeated to him, some comfortable prayer; which, if you please, I will intercede with his Excellency's chaplain to prefer on your account. It is otherwise no point of my duty to put you in mind of those things; only it may be for the ease of your conscience to depart more like a Christian, and less like a Turk, than you seem to be in a fair way of doing."

The only answer of the dying man—(for as such Ranald MacEagh might now be considered)—was a request to be raised to such a position that he might obtain a view from the window of the castle. The deep frost mist, which had long settled upon the top of the mountains, was now rolling down each rugged

glen and gully, where the craggy ridges showed their black and irregular outline, like desert islands rising above the ocean of vapour. "Spirit of the Mist!" said Ranald MacEagh, "called by our race our father, and our preserver—receive into thy tabernacle of clouds, when this pang is over, him whom in life thou hast so often sheltered." So saying, he sunk back into the arms of those who upheld him, spoke no farther word, but turned his face to the wall for a short space.

"I believe," said Dalgetty, "my friend Ranald will be found in his heart to be little better than a heathen." And he renewed his proposal to procure him the assistance of Dr. Wisheart, Montrose's military chaplain; "a man," said Sir Dugald, "very clever in his exercise, and who will do execution on your sins in less time than I could smoke a pipe of tobacco."

"Saxon," said the dying man, "speak to me no more of thy priest—I die contented. Hadst thou ever an enemy against whom weapons were of no avail—whom the ball missed, and against whom the arrow shivered, and whose bare skin was as impenetrable to sword and dirk as thy steel garment?—Heardst thou ever of such a foe?"

"Very frequently, when I served in Germany," replied Sir Dugald. "There was such a fellow at Ingolstadt; he was proof both against lead and steel. The soldiers killed him with the buts of their muskets."

"This impassible foe," said Ranald, without regarding the Major's interruption, "who has the blood dearest to me upon his hands—to this man I have now bequeathed agony of mind, jealousy, despair, and sudden death,—or a life more miserable than death itself. Such shall be the lot of Allan of the Red-hand, when he learns that Annot weds Menteith; and I ask no more than the certainty that it is so, to sweeten my own bloody end by his hand."

"If that be the case," said the Major, "there's no more to be said; but I shall take care as few people see you as possible, for I cannot think your mode of departure can be at all creditable or exemplary to a Christian army." So saying, he left the apartment, and the son of the Mist soon after breathed his last.

Menteith, in the meanwhile, leaving the new-found relations to their mutual feelings of mingled emotion, was eagerly discussing with Montrose the consequences of this discovery. "I should now see," said the Marquis, "even had I not before observed it, that your interest in this discovery, my dear Menteith, has no small reference to your own happiness. You love this new-found lady,—your affection is returned. In point of birth, no exceptions can be made; in every other respect, her advantages are equal to those which you yourself possess—think, however, a moment. Sir Duncan is a fanatic—Presbyterian, at least—in arms against the King; he is only with us in the quality of a prisoner, and we are, I fear, but at the commencement of a long civil war. Is this a time, think you, Mentieth, for you to make proposals for his heiress? Or what chance is there that he will now listen to it?"

Passion, an ingenious, as well as an eloquent advocate, supplied the young nobleman with a thousand answers to these objections. He reminded Montrose that the Knight of Ardenvohr was neither a bigot in politics nor religion. He urged his own known and proved zeal for the royal cause, and hinted that its influence might be extended and strengthened by his wedding the heiress of Ardenvohr. He pleaded the dangerous state of Sir Duncan's wound, the risk which must be run by suffering the young lady to be carried into the country of the Campbells, where, in case of her father's death, or continued indisposition, she must necessarily be placed under the guardianship of Argyle, an event fatal to his (Menteith's) hopes, unless he could stoop to purchase his favour by abandoning the King's party.

Montrose allowed the force of these arguments, and owned, although the matter was attended with difficulty, yet it seemed consistent with the King's service that it should be concluded as speedily as possible.

"I could wish," ... [illegible]

one way or another, and that this fair l[...] removed from our camp before the return o[...] land Achilles, Allan M'Aulay.—I fear son[...] in that quarter, Menteith—and I believe [...] best that Sir Duncan be dismissed on his [...] that you accompany him and his daug[...] escort. The journey can be made chief[...] so will not greatly incommode his woun[...] own, my friend, will be an honourable ex[...] absence of some time from my camp."

"Never!" said Menteith. "Were I t[...] very hope that has so lately dawned upo[...] will I leave your Excellency's camp wh[...] standard is displayed. I should deser[...] trifling scratch should gangrene and c[...] sword-arm, were I capable of holding it f[...] for absence at this crisis of the King's af[...]

"On this, then, you are determined?" [...]trose.

"As fixed as Ben-Nevis," said the y[...] man.

"You must, then," said Montrose, "[...] in seeking an explanation with the Knig[...]vohr. If this prove favourable, I will [...] with the elder M'Aulay, and we will devi[...] employ his brother at a distance from th[...] he shall be reconciled to his present disa[...] Would to God some vision would descen[...] imagination fair enough to obliterate t[...] Annot Lyle! That perhaps you think [...] Menteith?—Well, each to his service; yo[...] Cupid, and I to that of Mars."

They parted, and in pursuance of the[...]ranged, Menteith, early on the ensuin[...] sought a private interview with the woun[...] of Ardenvohr, and communicated to him [...] the hand of his daughter. Of their mu[...]ment Sir Duncan was aware, but he was [...] for so early a declaration on the part o[...] He said, at first, that he had already, [...]dulged too much in feelings of personal l[...] a time when his clan had sustained so[...] and humiliation, and that he was unw[...]fore, farther to consider the advancemen[...] house at a period so calamitous. On the[...]suit of the noble lover, he requested a f[...] deliberate and consult with his daugh[...] question so highly important.

The result of this interview and delib[...] favourable to Menteith. Sir Duncan C[...] came fully sensible that the happiness [...] found daughter depended upon a union wi[...] and unless such were now formed, he s[...]gyle would throw a thousand obstacles [...] of a match in every respect acceptable [...] Menteith's private character was so ex[...] such was the rank and consideration du[...]tune and family, that they outbalanced, [...]can's opinion, the difference in their politi[...] Nor could he have resolved, perhaps, h[...] opinion of the match been less favourabl[...] an opportunity of indulging the new-fo[...] his hopes. There was, besides, a feel[...] which dictated his determination. To [...] Heiress of Ardenvohr, to the world as o[...] been educated a poor dependant and mu[...] family of Darnlinvarach, had something i[...] humiliating. To introduce her as the bet[...] or wedded wife, of the Earl of Mentei[...] attachment formed during her obscurity, [...]rant to the world that she had at all [...] worthy of the rank to which she was ele[...]

It was under the influence of these co[...] that Sir Duncan Campbell announced t[...] his consent that they should be married i[...] of the Castle, by Montrose's chaplain, [...]vately as possible. But when Montrose s[...] up from Inverlochy, for which orders we[...] in the course of a very few days, it was [...] the young Countess should depart with h[...] his Castle, and remain there until the cir[...] of the nation permitted Menteith to [...] honour from his present military employ[...] resolution being once taken, Sir Dun[...]

ot permit the maidenly scruples of his daugh- elay its execution; and it was therefore that the bridal should take place the next being the second after the battle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

maid—my blue-eyed maid, he bore away,
to the toils of many a bloody day.—*Iliad.*

s necessary for many reasons, that Angus so long the kind protector of Annot Lyle, made acquainted with the change in the of his late protegée; and Montrose, as he rtaken, communicated to him these remark- ts. With the careless and cheerful indiffer- is character, he expressed much more joy ider at Annot's good fortune: had no doubt she would merit it, and as she had always d in loyal principles, would convey the tate of her grim fanatical father to some llow who loved the king. "I should have ion that my brother Allan should try his added he, "notwithstanding that Sir Dun- pbell was the only man who ever charged rach with inhospitality. Annot Lyle could harm Allan out of the sullens, and who hether matrimony might not make him an of this world?"

se hastened to interrupt the progress of his lding, by informing him that the lady was wooed and won, and, with her father's ap- , was almost immediately to be wedded to an, the Earl of Menteith; and that in testi- the high respect due to M'Aulay, so long protector, he was now to request his pre- the ceremony. M'Aulay looked very grave timation, and drew up his person with the who thought that he had been neglected. nceived," he said, "that his uniform kind of the young lady, while so many years roof, required something more upon such on than a bare compliment of ceremony. t," he thought, "without arrogance, have to have been consulted. He wished his of Menteith well, no man could wish him t he must say he thought he had been has- matter. Allan's sentiments towards the y had been pretty well understood, and he, ould not see why the superior pretensions had upon her gratitude should have been without at least undergoing some previous n."

se seeing too well where all this pointed, M'Aulay to be reasonable, and to consider sibility there was that the Knight of Arden- d be brought to confer the hand of his sole on Allan, whose undeniable excellent qual- mingled with others, by which they were ed in a manner that made all tremble who d him.

rd," said Angus M'Aulay, "my brother Al- s God made us all, faults as well as merits; he best and bravest man of your army, be who he may, and therefore ill deserved that ase should have been so little consulted by llency—by his own near kinsman—and by rson who owes all to him and to his family." se in vain endeavoured to place the subject nt view; this was the point in which An- etermined to regard it, and he was a man ibre of understanding, who is incapable of vinced when he has once adopted a preju- ntrose now assumed a higher tone, and call- ngus to take care how he nourished any s which might be prejudicial to his Majesty's He pointed out to him, that he was pecu- rous that Allan's efforts should not be in- in the course of his present mission; "a he said, "highly honourable for himself, to prove most advantageous to the King's e expected his brother would hold no com- n with him upon other subjects, nor stir up of dissension, which might divert his mind ttar of such importance."

Angus answered somewhat sulkily, that "he was no make-bate, or stirrer up of quarrels; he would rather be a peace-maker. His brother knew as well as most men how to resent his own quarrels—as for Allan's mode of receiving information, it was generally believed he had other sources than those of ordinary couriers. He should not be surprised if they saw him sooner than they expected."

A promise that he would not interfere, was the farthest to which Montrose could bring this man, thoroughly good-tempered as he was on all occasions, save when his pride, interest, or prejudices, were interfered with. And at this point the Marquis was fain to leave the matter for the present.

A more willing guest at the bridal ceremony, certainly a more willing attendant at the marriage feast, was to be expected in Sir Dugald Dalgetty, whom Montrose resolved to invite, as having been a confidant to the circumstances which preceded it. But even Sir Dugald hesitated, looked on the elbows of his doublet, and the knees of his leather breeches, and mumbled out a sort of reluctant acquiescence in the invitation, providing he should find it possible, after consulting with the noble bridegroom. Montrose was somewhat surprised, but scorning to testify displeasure, he left Sir Dugald to pursue his own course.

This carried him instantly to the chamber of the bridegroom, who, amidst the scanty wardrobe which his camp-equipage afforded, was seeking for such articles as might appear to the best advantage upon the approaching occasion. Sir Dugald entered, and paid his compliments, with a very grave face, upon his approaching happiness, which, he said, "he was very sorry he was prevented from witnessing."

"In plain truth," said he, "I should but disgrace the ceremony, seeing that I lack a bridal garment. Rents, and open seams, and tatters at elbows in the apparel of the assistants, might presage a similar solution of continuity in your matrimonial happiness—and to say truth, my lord, you yourself must partly have the blame of this disappointment, in respect you sent me upon a fool's errand to get a buff-coat out of the booty taken by the Camerons, whereas you might as well have sent me to fetch a pound of fresh butter out of a black dog's throat. I had no answer, my lord, but brandished dirks and broadswords, and a sort of growling and jabbering in what they call their language. For my part, I believe these Highlanders to be no better than absolute pagans, and have been much scandalized by the manner in which my acquaintance, Ranald MacEagh, was pleased to beat his final march, a little while since."

In Menteith's state of mind, disposed to be pleased with every thing, and every body, the grave complaint of Sir Dugald furnished additional amusement. He requested his acceptance of a very handsome buff-dress which was lying on the floor. "I had intended it," he said, "for my own bridal-garment, as being the least formidable of my warlike equipments, and I have here no peaceful dress."

Sir Dugald made the necessary apologies—would not by any means deprive—and so forth, until it happily occurred to him that it was much more according to military rule that the Earl should be married in his back and breast-pieces, which dress he had seen the bridegroom wear at the union of Prince Leo of Wittlesbach with the youngest daughter of old George Frederick, of Saxony, under the auspices of the gallant Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and so forth. The good-natured young Earl laughed, and acquiesced; and thus having secured at least one merry face at his bridal, he put on a light and ornamented cuirass, concealed partly by a velvet coat, and partly by a broad blue silk scarf, which he wore over his shoulder, agreeably to his rank, and the fashion of the times.

Every thing was now arranged; and it had been settled, that, according to the custom of the country, the bride and bridegroom should not again meet until they were before the altar. The hour had already struck that summoned the bridegroom thither, and he only waited in a small anteroom adjacent to the chapel, for the Marquis, who condescended to act as bride's-man upon the occasion. Business relating to

the army having suddenly required the Marquis's instant attention, Menteith waited his return, it may be supposed, in some impatience; and when he heard the door of the apartment open, he said, laughing, You are late upon parade."

"You will find I am too early," said Allan M'Aulay, who burst into the apartment. "Draw, Menteith, and defend yourself like a man, or die like a dog!"

"You are mad, Allan!" answered Menteith, astonished alike at his sudden appearance, and at the unutterable fury of his demeanour. His cheeks were livid—his eyes started from their sockets—his lips were covered with foam, and his gestures were those of a demoniac.

"You lie, traitor!" was his frantic reply—"you lie in that, as you lie in all you have said to me. Your life is a lie!"

"Did I not speak my thoughts when I called you mad," said Menteith, indignantly, "your own life were a brief one. In what do you charge me with deceiving you?"

"You told me," answered M'Aulay, "that you would not marry Annot Lyle!--False traitor!--she now waits you at the altar."

"It is you who speak false," retorted Menteith. "I told you the obscurity of her birth was the only bar to our union--that is now removed; and whom do you think yourself, that I should yield up my pretensions in your favour?"

"Draw then," said M'Aulay; "we understand each other."

"Not now," said Menteith, "and not here. Allan, you know me well—wait till to-morrow, and you shall have fighting enough."

"This hour—this instant—or never," answered M'Aulay. "Your triumph shall not go farther than the hour which is stricken. Menteith, I entreat you by our relationship—by our joint conflicts and labours—draw your sword, and defend your life!" As he spoke, he seized the Earl's hand, and wrung it with such frantic earnestness, that his grasp forced the blood to start under the nails. Menteith threw him off with violence, exclaiming, "Begone, madman!"

"Then, be the vision accomplished!" said Allan; and, drawing his dirk, struck with his whole gigantic force at the Earl's bosom. The temper of the corslet threw the point of the weapon upwards, but a deep wound took place between the neck and shoulder; and the force of the blow prostrated the bridegroom on the floor. Montrose entered at one side of the anteroom. The bridal company, alarmed at the noise, were in equal apprehension and surprise; but ere Montrose could almost see what had happened, Allan M'Aulay had rushed past him, and descended the castle stairs like lightning. "Guards, shut the gate!" exclaimed Montrose—"Seize him—kill him, if he resists!—He shall die, if he were my brother!"

But Allan prostrated, with a second blow of his dagger, a sentinel who was upon duty—traversed the camp like a mountain-deer, though pursued by all who caught the alarm—threw himself into the river, and, swimming to the opposite side, was soon lost among the woods. In the course of the same evening, his brother Angus and his followers left Montrose's camp, and, taking the road homeward, never again rejoined him.

Of Allan himself it is said, that, in a wonderfully short space after the deed was committed, he burst into a room in the Castle of Inverary, where Argyle was sitting in council, and flung on the table his bloody dirk.

"Is it the blood of James Grahame?" said Argyle, a ghastly expression of hope mixing with the terror which the sudden apparition naturally excited.

"It is the blood of his minion," answered M'Aulay—"It is the blood which I was predestined to shed, though I would rather have spilt my own."

Having thus spoken, he turned and left the castle, and from that moment nothing certain is known of his fate. As the boy Kenneth, with three of the *Children of the Mist*, were seen soon afterwards to cross Lochfine, it is supposed they dogged his course, and that he perished by their hand in some obscure wilderness. Another opinion maintains, that Allan M'Aulay went abroad and died a monk of t[...] thusian order. But nothing beyond bare pres[...] could ever be brought in support of either op[...]

His vengeance was much less complete [...] probably fancied; for Menteith, though so [...] wounded as to remain long in a dangerou[...] was, by having adopted Major Dalgetty's f[...] recommendation of a cuirass as a bridal g[...] happily secured from the worst consequence [...] blow. But his services were lost to Montro[...] it was thought best that he should be convey[...] his intended countess, now truly a mournin[...] and should accompany his wounded father-i[...] the castle of Sir Duncan at Ardenvohr. I[...] followed them to the water's edge, remindir[...] teith of the necessity of erecting a sconce or [...] snab to cover his lady's newly acquired inher[...]

They performed their voyage in safety, a[...] teith was in a few weeks so well in health, [...] united to Annot in the castle of her father.

The Highlanders were somewhat puzzled t[...] cile Menteith's recovery with the visions of [...] cond sight, and the more experienced seers w[...] pleased with him for not having died. [...] thought the credit of the vision sufficiently [...] by the wound inflicted by the hand, and [...] weapon, foretold; and all were of opinion, [...] incident of the ring, with the death's head [...] to the death of the bride's father, who did [...] vive her marriage many months. The inc[...] held, that all this was idle dreaming, and [...] lan's supposed vision was but a consequen[...] private suggestions of his own passion, wh[...] ving long seen in Menteith a rival more belo[...] himself, struggled with his better nature, [...] pressed upon him, as it were involuntarily, [...] of killing his competitor.

Menteith did not recover sufficiently to jo[...] trose during his brief and glorious career; a[...] that heroic general disbanded his army an[...] from Scotland, Menteith resolved to adopt t[...] privacy, which he led till the Restoratio[...] that happy event, he occupied a situation in [...] befitting his rank, lived long, happy alike i[...] regard and in domestic affection, and died a[...] old age.

Our *dramatis personæ* have been so limi[...] excepting Montrose, whose exploits and fat[...] theme of history, we have only to mention [...] gald Dalgetty. This gentleman continued, [...] most rigorous punctuality, to discharge his d[...] to receive his pay, until he was made prisone[...] others, upon the field of Philiphaugh. He [...] demned to share the fate of his fellow-offic[...] that occasion, who were doomed to death m[...] denunciations from the pulpit, than the [...] either of civil or military tribunal; their bloo[...] considered as a sort of sin-offering to take a[...] guilt of the land, and the fate imposed [...] Canaanites, under a special dispensation, b[...] piously and cruelly applied to them.

Several Lowland officers, in the service of [...] venanters, interceded for Dalgetty on this c[...] representing him as a person whose skill [...] useful in their army, and who would be re[...] duced to change his service. But on this p[...] found Sir Dugald unexpectedly obstinate. [...] engaged with the King for a certain term, [...] that was expired, his principles would not pe[...] shadow of changing. The Covenanters, a[...] derstood no such nice distinction, and he w[...] utmost danger of falling a martyr, not to thi[...] political principle, but merely to his own str[...] of a military enlistment. Fortunately, hi[...] discovered, by computation, that there rem[...] a fortnight to elapse of the engagement he h[...] ed, and to which, though certain it was ne[...] renewed, no power on earth could make hi[...] With some difficulty they procured a repriev[...] short space, after which they found him [...] willing to come under any engagements th[...] to dictate. He entered the service of the Es[...] cordingly, and wrought himself forward to [...] in Gilbert Ker's corps, commonly called [...]

iment of Horse. Of his farther history we :hing, until we find him in possession of his estate of Drumthwacket, which he acquired, e sword, but by a pacific intermarriage with Strachan, a matron somewhat stricken in widow of the Aberdeenshire Covenanter.

Sir Dugald is supposed to have survived the Revolution, as traditions of no very distant date represent him as cruizing about in that country, very old, very deaf, and very full of interminable stories about the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant Faith.

END OF A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

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r! The Tales of my Landlord are now osed, and it was my purpose to have adbee in the vein of Jedediah Cleishbotham; Horam the son of Asmar, and all other imaory-tellers, Jedediah has melted into thin air. eishbotham bore the same resemblance to he at whose voice he rose doth to the sage ; and yet, so fond are we of the fictions of fancy, that I part with him, and all his imacalities, with idle reluctance. I am aware feeling in which the reader will little symbut he cannot be more sensible than I am, cient varieties have now been exhibited of tish character, to exhaust one individual's f observation, and that to persist would be useless and tedious. I have the vanity to suppose, that the popularity of these Novels has shown my countrymen, and their peculiarities, in lights which were new to the Southern reader; and that many, hitherto indifferent upon the subject, have been induced to read Scottish history, from the allusions to it in these works of fiction.

I retire from the field, conscious that there remains behind not only a large harvest, but labourers capable of gathering it in. More than one writer has of late displayed talents of this description; and if the present author, himself a phantom, may be permitted to distinguish a brother, or perhaps a sister shadow, he would mention, in particular, the author of the very lively work, entitled, "Marriage."

END OF TALES OF MY LANDLORD.

IVANHOE;

A ROMANCE.

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave,—but seem'd loath to depart !*
PRIOR.

* This motto alludes to the Author returning to the stage repeatedly after having taken leave.

INTRODUCTION TO IVANHOE.

thor of the Waverley Novels had hitherto proceeded ated course of popularity, and might, in his peculiar literature, have been termed *L'Enfant Gâté* of sucwas plain, however, that frequent publication must r out the public favour, unless some mode could be give an appearance of novelty to subsequent producottish manners, Scottish dialect, and Scottish charace, being those with which the author was most inti- familiarly acquainted, were the groundwork upon had hitherto relied for giving effect to his narrative. wever, obvious, that this kind of interest must in the on a degree of sameness and repetition, if exclusively , and that the reader was likely at length to adopt ge of Edwin, in Parnell's Tale:—

> ———— "'Reverse the spell,' he cries
> 'And let it fairly now suffice,
> The gambol has been shown.'"

can be more dangerous for the fame of a professor of ts, than to permit (if he can possibly prevent it) the of a mannerist to be attached to him, or that he should d capable of success only in a particular and limited e public are, in general, very ready to adopt the opihe who has pleased them in one peculiar mode of on, is, by means of that very talent, rendered incapaturing upon other subjects. The effect of this disinon the part of the public, towards the artificers of sures, when they attempt to enlarge their means of may be seen in the censures usually passed by vulgar upon actors or artists who venture to change the chatheir efforts, that, in so doing, they may enlarge the heir art.

s some justice in this opinion, as there always is in attain general currency. It may often happen on the t an actor, by possessing in a pre-eminent degree the qualities necessary to give effect to comedy, may be of the right to aspire to tragic excellence; and in r literary composition, an artist or poet may be masvely of modes of thought, and powers of expression, fine him to a single course of subjects. But much ently the same capacity which carries a man to popuhe department will obtain for him success in another, must be more particularly the case in literary compon either in acting or painting, because the adventurer artment is not impeded in his exertions by any peceatures, or conformation of person, proper for partis, or, by any peculiar mechanical habits of using the ited to a particular class of subjects.

this reasoning be correct or otherwise, the present , that, in confining himself to subjects purely Scotas not only likely to weary out the indulgence of his it also greatly to limit his own power of affording sure. In a highly polished country, where so much onthly employed in catering for public amusement, a , such as he had himself had the happiness to light e untasted spring of the desert;—

> "Men bless their stars and call it luxury."

men and horses, cattle, camels, and dromedaries, hed the spring into mud, it becomes loathsome to at first drank of it with rapture; and he who had the iscovering it, if he would preserve his reputation with must display his talent by a fresh discovery of untains.

thor, who finds himself limited to a particular class , endeavours to sustain his reputation by striving to elty of attraction to themes of the same character e been formerly successful under his management, manifest reasons why, after a certain point, he is likely the mine be not wrought out, the strength and capa miner become necessarily exhausted. If he closely e narratives which he has before rendered successful, med to "wonder that they please no more." If he o take a different view of the same class of subjects, y discovers that what is obvious, graceful, and natuen exhausted; and, in order to obtain the indispensaof novelty, he is forced upon caricature, and, to avoid , must become extravagant.

, perhaps, necessary to enumerate so many reasons thor of the Scottish Novels, as they were then exclued, should be desirous to make an experiment on a rely English. It was his purpose, at the same time, endered the experiment as complete as possible, by e intended work before the public as the effort of a late for their favour, in order that no degree of prejuher favourable or the reverse, might attach to it, as a ction of the Author of Waverley; but this intention ards departed from, for reasons to be hereafter men-

od of the narrative adopted was the reign of Richard y as abounding with characters whose very names o attract general attention, but as affording a striking etwixt the Saxons, by whom the soil was cultivated, ormans, who still reigned in it as conquerors, reluctant to mix with the vanquished, or acknowledge themselves of the same stock. The idea of this contrast was taken from the ingenious and unfortunate Logan's tragedy of Runnamede, in which, about the same period of history, the author had seen the Saxon and Norman barons opposed to each other on different sides of the stage. He does not recollect that there was any attempt to contrast the two races in their habits and sentiments; and indeed it was obvious, that history was violated by introducing the Saxons still existing as a high-minded and martial race of nobles.

They did, however, survive as a people, and some of the ancient Saxon families possessed wealth and power, although they were exceptions to the humble condition of the race in general. It seemed to the author, that the existence of the two races in the same country, the vanquished distinguished by their plain, homely, blunt manners, and the free spirit, infused by their ancient institutions and laws; the victors, by the high spirit of military fame, personal adventure, and whatever could distinguish them as the Flower of Chivalry, might, intermixed with other characters belonging to the same time and country, interest the reader by the contrast, if the author should not fail on his part.

Scotland, however, had been of late used so exclusively as the scene of what is called Historical Romance, that the preliminary letter of Mr. Laurence Templeton became in some measure necessary. To this, as to an Introduction, the reader is referred, as expressing the author's purpose and opinions in undertaking this species of composition, under the necessary reservation, that he is far from thinking he has attained the point at which he aimed.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that there was no idea or wish to pass off the supposed Mr. Templeton as a real person. But a kind of continuation of the Tales of my Landlord had been recently attempted by a stranger, and it was supposed this Dedicatory Epistle might pass for some imitation of the same kind, and thus putting inquirers upon a false scent, induce them to believe they had before them the work of some new candidate for their favour.

After a considerable part of the work had been finished and printed, the Publishers, who pretended to discern in it a germ of popularity, remonstrated strenuously against its appearing as an absolutely anonymous production, and contended that it should have the advantage of being announced as by the Author of Waverley. The author did not make any obstinate opposition, for he began to be of opinion with Dr. Wheeler, in Miss Edgeworth's excellent tale of "Manœuvring," that "Trick upon Trick" might be too much for the patience of an indulgent public, and might be reasonably considered as trifling with their favour.

The book, therefore, appeared as an avowed continuation of the Waverley Novels; and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge, that it met with the same favourable reception as its predecessors.

Such annotations as may be useful to assist the reader in comprehending the characters of the Jew, the Templar, the Captain of the mercenaries, or Free Companions, as they were called, and others proper to the period, are added, but with a sparing hand, since sufficient information on these subjects is to be found in general history.

An incident in the tale, which had the good fortune to find favour in the eyes of many readers, is more directly borrowed from the stores of old romance. I mean the meeting of the King with Friar Tuck at the cell of that buxom hermit. The general tone of the story belongs to all ranks and all countries, which emulate each other in describing the rambles of a disguised sovereign, who, going in search of information or amusement, into the lower ranks of life, meets with adventures diverting to the reader or hearer, from the contrast betwixt the monarch's outward appearance, and his real character. The Eastern tale-teller has for his theme the disguised expeditions of Haroun Alraschid with his faithful attendants, Mesrour and Giafar, through the midnight streets of Bagdad; and Scottish tradition dwells upon the similar exploits of James V., distinguished during such excursions by the travelling name of the Goodman of Ballengeigh, as the Commander of the Faithful, when he desired to be incognito, was known by that of Il Bondocani. The French minstrels are not silent on so popular a theme. There must have been a Norman original of the Scottish metrical romance of Rauf Colziar, in which Charlemagne is introduced as the unknown guest of a charcoal man.* It seems to have been the original of other poems of the kind.

In merry England there is no end of popular ballads on this theme. The poem of John the Reeve, or Steward, mentioned by Bishop Percy, in the Reliques of English Poetry,† is said to have turned on such an incident; and we have besides, the King and the Tanner of Tamworth, the King and the Miller of Mansfield, and others on the same topic. But the peculiar tale of this nature to which the author of Ivanhoe has to acknowledge an obligation, is more ancient by two centuries than any of these last mentioned.

* This very curious poem, long a *desideratum* in Scottish literature, and given up as irrecoverably lost, was lately brought to light by the researches of Dr. Irvine of the Advocates' Library, and has been reprinted by Mr. David Laing, Edinburgh.

† Vol. ii. p. 167.

It was first communicated to the public in that curious record of ancient literature, which has been accumulated by the combined exertions of Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. Hazlewood, in the periodical work entitled the British Bibliographer. From thence it has been transferred by the Reverend Charles Henry Hartshorne, M. A., editor of a very curious volume, entitled, "Ancient Metrical Tales, printed chiefly from original sources, 1829." Mr. Hartshorne gives no other authority for the present fragment, except the article in the Bibliographer, where it is entitled the Kyng and the Hermite. A short abstract of its contents will show its similarity to the meeting of King Richard and Friar Tuck.

King Edward (we are not told which among the monarchs of that name, but, from his temper and habits, we may suppose Edward IV.) sets forth with his court to a gallant hunting-match in Sherwood Forest, in which, as is not unusual for princes in romance, he falls in with a deer of extraordinary size and swiftness, and pursues it closely, till he has outstripped his whole retinue, tired out hounds and horse and finds himself alone under the gloom of an extensive forest, upon which night is descending. Under the apprehensions natural to a situation so uncomfortable, the king recollects that he has heard how poor men, when apprehensive of a bad night's lodging, pray to Saint Julian, who, in the Romish calendar, stands Quarter-Master-General to all forlorn travellers that render him due homage. Edward puts up his orisons accordingly, and by the guidance, doubtless, of the good Saint, reaches a small path, conducting him to a chapel in the forest, having a hermit's cell in its close vicinity. The King hears the reverend man, with a companion of his solitude, telling his beads within, and meekly requests of him quarters for the night. "I have no accommodation for such a lord as ye be," said the Hermit. "I live here in the wilderness upon roots and rinds, and may not receive into my dwelling even the poorest wretch that lives, unless it were to save his life." The King inquires the way to the next town, and, understanding it is by a road which he cannot find without difficulty, even if he had daylight to befriend him, he declares, that with or without the Hermit's consent, he is determined to be his guest that night. He is admitted accordingly, not without a hint from the Recluse, that were he himself out of his priestly weeds, he would care little for his threats of using violence, and that he gives way to him not out of intimidation, but simply to avoid scandal.

The King is admitted into the cell—two bundles of straw are shaken down for his accommodation, and he comforts himself that he is now under shelter, and that

"A night will soon be gone."

Other wants, however, arise. The guest becomes clamorous for supper, observing,

"For certainly, as I you say,
I ne had never so sorry a day,
That I ne had a merry night."

But this indication of his taste for good cheer, joined to the annunciation of his being a follower of the Court, who had lost himself at the great hunting-match, cannot induce the niggard Hermit to produce better fare than bread and cheese, for which his guest showed little appetite; and "thin drink," which was even less acceptable. At length the King presses his host on a point to which he had more than once alluded, without obtaining a satisfactory reply:

Then said the King, 'by Godys grace
Thou wert in a merry place,
To shoot should thou lere:
When the foresters go to rest,
Sometyme thou might have of the best
All of the wild deer;
I wold hold it for no scathe,
Though thou hadst bow and arrows balth
Althoff thou best a Frere.'"

The Hermit, in return, expresses his apprehension that his guest means to drag him into some confession of offence against the forest laws, which, being betrayed to the King, might cost him his life. Edward answers by fresh assurances of secrecy, and again urges on him the necessity of procuring some venison. The Hermit replies, by once more insisting on the duties incumbent upon him as a churchman, and continues to affirm himself free from all such breaches of order:—

"Many day I have here been,
And flesh meat I eat never,
But milk of the kye:
Warm thee well, and go to sleep,
And I will lap thee with my cope,
Softly to lye."

It would seem that the manuscript is here imperfect, for we do not find the reasons which finally induce the curtal Friar to amend the King's cheer. But acknowledging his guest to be such a "good fellow" as has seldom graced his board, the holy man at length produces the best his cell affords. Two candles are placed on a table, white bread and baked pasties are displayed by the light, besides choice of venison, both salt and fresh, from which they select collops. "I might have eaten my bread dry," said the King, "had I not pressed thee on the score of archery, but now have I dined like a prince—if we had but drink enow."

This too is afforded by the hospitable anchorite, who dispatches an assistant to fetch a pot of four gallons from a secret corner near his bed, and the whole three set in to serious drinking. This amusement is superintended by the Friar, according to the recurrence of certain fustian words, to be repeated by every compotator in turn before he drank—a species of High Jinks, as it were, by which they regulated their potations, as toasts were g... in latter times. The one toper says *fusty bantias*, to which the other is obliged to reply, *strike pantan* the Friar passes many jests on the King's want of memor sometimes forgets the words of action. The night is s this jolly pastime. Before his departure in the mornin King invites his reverend host to Court, promises, at le requite his hospitality, and expresses himself much with his entertainment. The jolly Hermit at length a venture thither, and to inquire for Jack Fletcher, whic name assumed by the King. After the Hermit has sho ward some feats of archery, the joyous pair separat King rides home, and rejoins his retinue. As the rom imperfect, we are not acquainted how the discover place; but it is probably much in the same manner as narratives turning on the same subject, where the host, hensive of death for having trespassed on the respect du Sovereign, while incognito, is agreeably surprised by re honours and reward.

In Mr. Hartshorne's collection, there is a romance same foundation, called King Edward and the She which, considered as illustrating manners, is still more than the King and the Hermit; but it is foreign to the purpose. The reader has here the original legend fro the incident in the romance is derived; and the identify irregular Eremite with the Friar Tuck of Robin Hood' was an obvious expedient.

The name of Ivanhoe was suggested by an old rhy novelists have had occasion at some time or other to wi Falstaff, that they knew where a commodity of good was to be had. On such an occasion the author cha call to memory a rhyme recording three names of the forfeited by the ancestor of the celebrated Hampden, fo ing the Black Prince a blow with his racket, when the relled at tennis;—

"Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
For striking of a blow,
Hampden did forego,
And glad he could escape so."

The word suited the author's purpose in two material rea for, first, it had an ancient English sound; and, secondl veyed no indication whatever of the nature of the st presumes to hold this last quality to be of no small imp What is called a taking title, serves the direct interes bookseller or publisher, who by this means sometimes edition while it is yet passing the press. But if the au mits an over degree of attention to be drawn to his wo has appeared, he places himself in the embarrassing o of having excited a degree of expectation which, if h unable to satisfy, is an error fatal to his literary re Besides, when we meet such a title as the Gunpowder any other connected with general history, each reade he has seen the book, has formed to himself some p idea of the sort of manner in which the story is to be co and the nature of the amusement which he is to derive In this he is probably disappointed, and in that case naturally disposed to visit upon the author or the work pleasant feelings thus excited. In such a case the lit venturer is censured, not for having missed the mark he himself aimed, but for not having shot off his sh direction he never thought of.

On the footing of unreserved communication which thor has established with the reader, he may here trifling circumstance, that a roll of Norman warriors, o in the Auchinleck Manuscript, gave him the formidab of Front-de-Bœuf.

Ivanhoe was highly successful upon its appearance, be said to have procured for its author the freedom of th since he has ever since been permitted to exercise his p fictitious composition in England, as well as Scotland.

The character of the fair Jewess found so much the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was cen cause, when arranging the fates of the characters of th he had not assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebec than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to men the prejudices of the age rendered such an union al possible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp, is rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue w poral prosperity. Such is not the recompense whic dence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a d and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarde gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wi a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is d with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indul such a rashly formed or ill assorted passion as that of for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, verily, Virtu its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life w that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of p principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, on their own reflections a more adequate recompen form of that peace which the world cannot give or tak

ABBOTSFORD,
1st September, 1830.

* Like the Hermit, the Shepherd makes havock amongst the ki but by means of a sling, not of a bow; like the Hermit, too, peculiar phrases of compotation, the sign and countersign bei dion and Berafriend. One can scarce conceive what hum cestors found in this species of gibberish; but

"I warrant it proved an excuse for the glass."

DEDICATORY EPISTLE

TO

THE REV. DR. DRYASDUST, F. A. S.

Residing in the Castle-Gate, York.

MUCH ESTEEMED AND DEAR SIR,

It is scarcely necessary to mention the various and concurring reasons which induce me to place your name at the head of the following work. Yet the chief of these reasons may perhaps be refuted by the imperfections of the performance. Could I have hoped to render it worthy of your patronage, the public would at once have seen the propriety of inscribing a work designed to illustrate the domestic antiquities of England, and particularly of our Saxon forefathers, to the learned author of the Essays upon the Horn of King Ulphus, and on the Lands bestowed by him upon the patrimony of St. Peter. I am conscious, however, that the slight, unsatisfactory, and trivial manner in which the result of my antiquarian researches has been recorded in the following pages, takes the work from under that class which bears the proud motto, *Detur digniori*. On the contrary, I fear I shall incur the censure of presumption in placing the venerable name of Dr. Jonas Dryasdust at the head of a publication, which the more grave antiquary will perhaps class with the idle novels and romances of the day. I am anxious to vindicate myself from such a charge; for although I might trust to your friendship for an apology in your eyes, yet I would not willingly stand convicted in those of the public of so grave a crime, as my fears lead me to anticipate my being charged with.

I must therefore remind you, that when we first talked over together that class of productions, in one of which the private and family affairs of your learned northern friend, Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarns, were so unjustifiably exposed to the public, some discussion occurred between us concerning the cause of the popularity these works have attained in this idle age, which, whatever other merit they possess, must be admitted to be hastily written, and in violation of every rule assigned to the epopeia. It seemed then to be your opinion, that the charm lay entirely in the art with which the unknown author had availed himself, like a second M'Pherson, of the antiquarian stores, which lay scattered around him, supplying his own indolence or poverty of invention, by the incidents which had actually taken place in his country at no distant period, by introducing real characters, and scarcely suppressing real names. It was not above sixty or seventy years, you observed, since the whole north of Scotland was under a state of government nearly as simple and as patriarchal as those of our good allies the Mohawks and Iroquois. Admitting that the author cannot himself be supposed to have witnessed those times, he must have lived, you observed, among persons who had acted and suffered in them; and even within these thirty years, such an infinite change has taken place in the manners of Scotland, that men look back upon the habits of society proper to their immediate ancestors, as we do on those of the reign of Queen Anne, or even the period of the Revolution. Having thus materials of every kind lying strewed around him, there was little, you observed, to embarrass the author, but the difficulty of choice. It was no wonder, therefore, that, having begun to work a mine so plentiful, he should have derived from his works fully more credit and profit than the facility of his labours merited.

Admitting (as I could not deny) the general truth of these conclusions, I cannot but think it strange that no attempt has been made to excite an interest for the traditions and manners of Old England, similar to that which has been obtained in behalf of those of our poorer and less celebrated neighbours. The Kendal green, though its date is more ancient, ought surely to be as dear to our feelings, as the variegated tartans of the north. The name of Robin Hood, if duly conjured with, should raise a spirit as soon as that of Rob Roy; and the patriots of England deserve no less their renown in our modern circles, than the Bruces and Wallaces of Caledonia. If the scenery of the south be less romantic and sublime than that of the northern mountains, it must be allowed to possess in the same proportion superior softness and beauty: and upon the whole, we feel ourselves entitled to exclaim with the patriotic Syrian—"Are not Pharphar and Abana, rivers of Damascus, better than all the rivers of Israel?"

Your objections to such an attempt, my dear Doctor, were, you may remember, two-fold. You insisted upon the advantages which the Scotsman possessed, from the very recent existence of that state of society in which his scene was to be laid.— Many now alive, you remarked, well remembered persons who had not only seen the celebrated Roy M'Gregor, but had feasted, and even fought with him. All those minute circumstances belonging to private life and domestic character, all that gives verisimilitude to a narrative, and individuality to the persons introduced, is still known and remembered in Scotland; whereas in England, civilization has been so long complete, that our ideas of our ancestors are only to be gleaned from musty records and chronicles, the authors of which seem perversely to have conspired to suppress in their narratives all interesting details, in order to find room for flowers of monkish eloquence, or trite reflections upon morals. To match an English and a Scottish author in the rival task of embodying and reviving the traditions of their respective countries, would be, you alleged, in the highest degree unequal and unjust. The Scottish magician, you said, was, like Lucan's witch, at liberty to walk over the recent field of battle, and to select for the subject of resuscitation by his sorceries, a body whose limbs had recently quivered with existence, and whose throat had but just uttered the last note of agony. Such a subject even the powerful Erictho was compelled to select, as alone capable of being reanimated even by *her* potent magic—

> ——gelidas leto scrutata medullas,
> Pulmonis rigidi stantes sine vulnere fibras
> Invenit, et vocem defuncto in corpore quærit.

The English author, on the other hand, without supposing him less of a conjuror than the Northern Warlock, can, you observed, only have the liberty of selecting his subject amidst the dust of antiquity, where nothing was to be found but dry, sapless, mouldering, and disjointed bones, such as those which filled the valley of Jehoshaphat. You expressed, besides, your apprehension, that the unpatriotic prejudices of my countrymen would not allow fair play to such a work as that of which I endeavoured to demonstrate the probable success. And this, you said, was not entirely owing to the more general prejudice in favour of that which is foreign, but that it rested partly upon improbabilities, arising out of the circumstances in which the English reader is placed. If you describe to him a set of wild manners, and a state of primitive society existing in the Highlands of Scotland, he is much disposed to acquiesce in the truth of what is asserted. And reason good. If he be of the ordinary class of readers, he has either never seen those remote districts at all, or he has wandered through those desolate regions in the course of a summer tour, eating bad dinners, sleeping on truckle beds stalking from desolation to desolation, and fully prepared to believe the strangest things that could be told him of a people wild and extravagant enough to be attached to scenery so extraordinary. But the same worthy person, when placed in his own snug parlour, and surrounded by all the comforts of an Englishman's fireside, is not half so much disposed to believe that his own ancestors led a very different life from himself; that the shattered tower, which now forms a vista from his window, once held a baron who would have hung him up at his own door without any form of trial; that the hinds, by whom his little pet-farm is managed, a few centuries ago would have been his slaves; and that the complete influence of feudal tyranny once extended over the neighbouring village, where the attorney is now a man of more importance than the lord of the manor.

While I own the force of these objections, I must confess, at the same time, that they do not appear to me to be altogether insurmountable. The scantiness of materials is indeed a formidable difficulty; but no one knows better than Dr. Dryasdust, that to those deeply read in antiquity, hints concerning the private life of our ancestors lie scattered through the pages of our various historians, bearing, indeed, a slender proportion to the other matters of which they treat, but still, when collected together, sufficient to throw considerable light upon the *vie privée* of our forefathers; indeed, I am convinced, that however I myself may fail in the ensuing attempt, yet with more labour in collecting, or more skill in using, the materials within his reach, illustrated as they have been by the labours of Dr Henry, of the late Mr. Strutt, and, above all, of Mr. Sharon Turner, an abler hand would have been successful; and therefore I protest beforehand, against any argument which may be founded on the failure of the present experiment.

On the other hand, I have already said, that if any thing like a true picture of old English manners could be drawn, I would trust to the good-nature and good sense of my countrymen for insuring its favourable reception.

Having thus replied, to the best of my power, to the first class of your objections, or at least having shown my resolution to overleap the barriers which your prudence has raised, I will be brief in noticing that which is more peculiar to myself. It seemed to be your opinion, that the very office of an antiquary, employed in grave, and, as the vulgar will sometimes allege, in toilsome and minute research, must be considered as incapacitating him from successfully compounding a tale of this sort.— But permit me to say, my dear Doctor, that this objection is rather formal than substantial. It is true, that such slight com-

positions might not suit the severer genius of our friend Mr. Oldbuck. Yet Horace Walpole wrote a goblin tale which has thrilled through many a bosom ; and George Ellis could transfer all the playful fascination of a humour, as delightful as it was uncommon, into his Abridgement of the Ancient Metrical Romances. So that, however I may have occasion to rue my present audacity, I have at least the most respectable precedents in my favour.

Still the severer antiquary may think, that, by thus intermingling fiction with truth, I am polluting the well of history with modern inventions, and impressing upon the rising generation false ideas of the age which I describe. I cannot but in some sense admit the force of this reasoning, which I yet hope to traverse by the following considerations.

It is true, that I neither can, nor do pretend, to the observation of complete accuracy, even in matters of outward costume, much less in the more important points of language and manners.—But the same motive which prevents my writing the dialogue of the piece in Anglo-Saxon or in Norman-French, and which prohibits my sending forth to the public this essay printed with the types of Caxton or Wynken de Worde, prevents my attempting to confine myself within the limits of the period in which my story is laid. It is necessary, for exciting interest of any kind, that the subject assumed should be, as it were, translated into the manners, as well as the language of the age we live in.—No fascination has ever been attached to Oriental literature, equal to that produced by Mr. Galland's first translation of the Arabian Tales ; in which, retaining on the one hand the splendour of Eastern costume, and on the other the wildness of Eastern fiction, he mixed these with just so much ordinary feeling and expression, as rendered them interesting and intelligible, while he abridged the long-winded narratives, curtailed the monotonous reflections, and rejected the endless repetitions of the Arabian original. The tales, therefore, though less purely Oriental than in their first concoction, were eminently better fitted for the European market, and obtained an unrivalled degree of public favour, which they certainly would never have gained had not the manners and style been in some degree familiarized to the feelings and habits of the western reader.

In point of justice, therefore, to the multitudes who will, I trust, devour this book with avidity, I have so far explained our ancient manners in modern language, and so far detailed the characters and sentiments of my persons, that the modern reader will not find himself, I should hope, much trammelled by the repulsive dryness of mere antiquity. In this, I respectfully contend, I have in no respect exceeded the fair license due to the author of a fictitious composition. The late ingenious Mr. Strutt, in his romance of Queen-Hoo-Hall,* acted upon another principle ; and in distinguishing between what was ancient and modern, forgot, as it appears to me, that extensive neutral ground, the large proportion, that is, of manners and sentiments which are common to us and to our ancestors, having been handed down unaltered from them to us, or which, arising out of the principles of our common nature, must have existed alike in either state of society. In this manner, a man of talent, and of great antiquarian erudition, limited the popularity of his work, by excluding from it every thing which was not sufficiently obsolete to be altogether forgotten and unintelligible.

The license which I would here vindicate, is so necessary to the execution of my plan, that I will crave your patience while I illustrate my argument a little further.

He who first opens Chaucer, or any other ancient poet, is so much struck with the obsolete spelling, multiplied consonants, and antiquated appearance of the language, that he is apt to lay the work down in despair, as encrusted too deep with the rust of antiquity, to permit his judging of its merits or tasting its beauties. But if some intelligent and accomplished friend points out to him, that the difficulties by which he is startled are more in appearance than reality, if, by reading aloud to him, or by reducing the ordinary words to the modern orthography, he satisfies his proselyte that only about one tenth part of the words employed are in fact obsolete, the novice may be easily persuaded to approach the "well of English undefiled," with the certainty that a slender degree of patience will enable him to enjoy both the humour and the pathos with which old Geoffrey delighted the age of Cressy and of Poictiers.

To pursue this a little further. If our neophyte, strong in the new-born love of antiquity, were to undertake to imitate what he had learnt to admire, it must be allowed he would act very injudiciously, if he were to select from the Glossary the obsolete words which it contains, and employ those exclusively of all phrases and vocables retained in modern days. This was the error of the unfortunate Chatterton. In order to give his language the appearance of antiquity, he rejected every word that was modern, and produced a dialect entirely different from any that had ever been spoken in Great Britain. He who would imitate an ancient language with success, must attend rather to its grammatical character, turn of expression, and mode of arrangement, than labour to collect extraordinary and antiquated terms, which, as I have already averred, do not in ancient authors approach the number of words still in use, though perhaps somewhat altered in sense and spelling, in the proportion of one to ten.

What I have applied to language, is still more justly applicable to sentiments and manners. The passions, the sources from which these must spring in all their modifications, are generally the same in all ranks and conditions, all countries and ages ; and it follows, as a matter of course, that the opinions, habits of thinking, and actions, however influenced by the peculiar state of society, must still, upon the whole, bear a strong resemblance to each other. Our ancestors were not more distinct from us, surely, than Jews are from Christians ; they had "eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ;" were "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons,

* The author had revised this posthumous work of Mr. Strutt. See General Preface to the Waverley Novels, p. xi.

subject to the same diseases, warmed and cooled by th
winter and summer," as ourselves. The tenor, there
their affections and feelings, must have borne the same
proportion to our own.

It follows, therefore, that of the materials which an
has to use in a romance, or fictitious composition, su
have ventured to attempt, he will find that a great pro
both of language and manners, is as proper to the pres
as to those in which he has laid his time of action. Th
dom of choice which this allows him, is therefore
greater, and the difficulty of his task much more dimi
than at first appears. To take an illustration from a si
the antiquarian details may be said to represent the p
features of a landscape under delineation of the penc
feudal tower must arise in due majesty ; the figures wh
introduces must have the costume and character of the
the piece must represent the peculiar features of th
which he has chosen for his subject, with all its app
elevation of rock, or precipitate descent of cataract. H
ral colouring, too, must be copied from Nature : The sk
be clouded or serene, according to the climate, and the
tints must be those which prevail in a natural landsca
far the painter is bound down by the rules of his art, t
cise imitation of the features of Nature ; but it is not n
that he should descend to copy all her more minute feat
represent with absolute exactness the very herbs, flowe
trees, with which the spot is decorated. These, as we
the more minute points of light and shadow, are at
proper to scenery in general, natural to each situation, a
ject to the artist's disposal, as his taste or pleasure may

It is true, that this license is confined in either case
legitimate bounds. The painter must introduce no or
inconsistent with the climate or country of his landsca
must not plant cypress trees upon Inch-Merrin, or Scot
among the ruins of Persepolis ; and the author lies unde
responding restraint. However far he may venture in
full detail of passions and feelings, than is to be foun
ancient compositions which he imitates, he must in
nothing inconsistent with the manners of the age ; his l
squires, grooms, and yeomen, may be more fully drawn
the hard, dry delineations of an ancient illuminated man
but the character and costume of the age must remai
late ; they must be the same figures, drawn by a bette
or, to speak more modestly, executed in an age when t
ciples of art were better understood. His language mu
exclusively obsolete and unintelligible ; but he should a
possible, no word or turn of phraseology betraying a
directly modern. It is one thing to make use of the l
and sentiments which are common to ourselves and ou
thers, and it is another to invest them with the sentim
dialect exclusively proper to their descendants.

Thus, my dear friend, I have found the most difficul
my task ; and, to speak frankly, I hardly expect to sati
less partial judgment, and more extensive knowledge
subjects, since I have hardly been able to please my ow

I am conscious that I shall be found still more fault
tone of keeping and costume, by those who may be d
rigidly to examine my Tale, with reference to the ma
the exact period in which my actors flourished : It may
I have introduced little which can positively be termed m
but, on the other hand, it is extremely probable that I h
confused the manners of two or three centuries, and int
during the reign of Richard the First, circumstances a
ated to a period either considerably earlier, or a good d
than that era. It is my comfort, that errors of this k
escape the general class of readers, and that I may sha
ill-deserved applause of those architects, who, in their
Gothic, do not hesitate to introduce, without rule or m
ornaments proper to different styles and to different p
the art. Those whose extensive researches have give
the means of judging my backslidings with more seve
probably be lenient in proportion to their knowledge
difficulty of my task. My honest and neglected friend
phus, has furnished me with many a valuable hint ; l
light afforded by the Monk of Croyden, and Geoffrey
snuff, is dimmed by such a conglomeration of unintel
unintelligible matter, that we gladly fly for relief to the
ful pages of the gallant Froissart, although he flouris
period so much more remote from the date of my hist
therefore, my dear friend, you have generosity enough t
the presumptuous attempt, to frame for myself a minst
net, partly out of the pearls of pure antiquity, and pa
the Bristol stones and paste, with which I have endeav
imitate them, I am convinced your opinion of the diff
the task will reconcile you to the imperfect manner of
cution.

Of my materials I have but little to say : They may b
found in the singular Anglo-Norman MS., which Sir
Wardour preserves with such jealous care in the thir
of his oaken cabinet, scarcely allowing any one to t
and being himself not able to read one syllable of its c
I should never have got his consent, on my visit to Sco
read in those precious pages for so many hours, had I
mised to designate it by some emphatic mode of pri
The Wardour Manuscript ; giving it, thereb
dividuality as important as the Bannatyne MS., the Au
MS., and any other monument of the patience of a
scrivener. I have sent, for your private consideration
the contents of this curious piece, which I shall perh
join, with your approbation, to the third volume of my
case the printer's devil should continue impatient f
when the whole of my narrative has been imposed.

Adieu, my dear friend ; I have said enough to expla
to vindicate, the attempt which I have made, and w
spite of your doubts, and my own incapacity, I am stil
to believe has not been altogether made in vain.

are now well recovered from your spring fit of the ll be happy if the advice of your learned physician mmend a tour to these parts. Several curiosities ely dug up near the wall, as well as at the ancient ibitancum. Talking of the latter, I suppose you ce heard the news, that a sulky churlish boor has e ancient statue, or rather bas-relief, popularly of Redesdale. It seems Robin's fame attracted ts than was consistent with the growth of the a moor worth a shilling an acre. Reverend as urself, be revengeful for once, and pray with me be visited with such a fit of the stone, as if he had ents of poor Robin in that region of his viscera ease holds its seat. Tell this not in Gath, lest the that they have at length found a parallel instance neighbours, to that barbarous deed which demo-'s Oven. But there is no end to lamentation, ke ourselves to such subjects. My respectful com-nd Miss Dryasdust; I endeavoured to match the reeable to her commission, during my late journey nd hope she has received them safe, and found tory. I send this by the blind carrier, so that pro-be some time upon its journey.* The last news which I hear from Edinburgh is, that the gentleman who fills the situation of Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland,† is the best amateur draftsman in that kingdom, and that much is expected from his skill and zeal in delineating those specimens of national antiquity, which are either mouldering under the slow touch of time, or swept away by modern taste, with the same besom of destruction which John Knox used at the Reformation. Once more adieu; *vale tandem, non immemor mei*. Believe me to be,

Reverend, and very dear Sir,
Your most faithful humble Servant,
LAURENCE TEMPLETON

TOPPINGWOLD, *near Egremont*,
Cumberland, *Nov.* 17, 1817.

* ...ation proved but too true, as my learned correspondent ... my letter until a twelvemonth after it was written. I ...rcumstance, that a gentleman attached to the cause of ...ow holds the principal control of the post-office, may ...r, by some mitigation of the present enormous rates, some favour might not be shown to the correspondents of the principal Literary and Antiquarian Societies. I understand, indeed, that this experiment was once tried, but that the mail-coach having broke down under the weight of packages addressed to members of the Society of Antiquaries, it was relinquished as a hazardous experiment. Surely, however, it would be possible to build these vehicles in a form more substantial, stronger in the perch, and broader in the wheels, so as to support the weight of Antiquarian learning; when, if they should be found to travel more slowly, they would be not the less agreeable to quiet travellers like myself.—L. T.

† Mr. Skene of Rubislaw is here intimated, to whose taste and skill the author is indebted for a series of etchings, exhibiting the various localities alluded to in these novels.

IVANHOE.

CHAPTER I.

s commanded these, while to their lowly dome,
full-fed swine return'd with evening home;
ipell'd, reluctant, to the several sties,
h din obstreperous, and ungrateful cries.
POPE'S *Odyssey*.

it pleasant district of merry England which ed by the river Don, there extended in ancient large forest, covering the greater part of the l hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains xtensive wood are still to be seen at the noble Wentworth, of Warncliffe Park, and around am. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dra- Vantley; here were fought many of the most te battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses; e also flourished in ancient times those bands nt outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered lar in English song.

being our chief scene, the date of our story o a period towards the end of the reign of d I., when his return from his long captivity come an event rather wished than hoped for by pairing subjects, who were in the mean time d to every species of subordinate oppression. les, whose power had become exorbitant dur- reign of Stephen, and whom the prudence of the Second had scarce reduced into some of subjection to the crown, had now resumed cient license in its utmost extent; despising le interference of the English Council of State, g their castles, increasing the number of their nts, reducing all around them to a state of ge, and striving by every means in their power, themselves each at the head of such forces as nable him to make a figure in the national con- s which appeared to be impending.

ituation of the inferior gentry, or Franklins, as re called, who by the law and spirit of the constitution, were entitled to hold themselves dent of feudal tyranny, became now unusually us. If, as was most generally the case, they themselves under the protection of any of the ngs in their vicinity, accepted of feudal offices usehold, or bound themselves, by mutual trea- alliance and protection, to support him in his ses, they might indeed purchase temporary but it must be with the sacrifice of that inde- e which was so dear to every English bosom, the certain hazard of being involved as a party ever rash expedition the ambition of their pro- night lead him to undertake. On the other uch and so multiplied were the means of vexa- d oppression possessed by the great Barons, ey never wanted the pretext, and seldom the harass and pursue, even to the very edge of tion, any of their less powerful neighbours, tempted to separate themselves from their ty, and to trust for their protection, during the of the times, to their own inoffensive conduct, the laws of the land.

cumstance which greatly tended to enhance nny of the nobility, and the sufferings of the classes, arose from the consequences of the st by Duke William of Normandy. Four ions had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by n language and mutual interests, two hostile ne of which still felt the elation of triumph, he other groaned under all the consequences it. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility, by the event of the battle of Hastings, and it had been used, as our histories assure us, with no moderate hand. The whole race of Saxon princes and nobles had been extirpated or disinherited, with few or no exceptions; nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second, or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal, the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as nourishing the most inveterate antipathy to their victor. All the monarchs of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection for their Norman subjects; the laws of the chase, and many others, equally unknown to the milder and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the necks of the subjugated inhabitants, to add weight, as it were, to the feudal chains with which they were loaded. At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was emulated, Norman-French was the only language employed; in courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue. In short, French was the language of honour, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who knew no other. Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded betwixt the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished have been so happily blended together; and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who might be apt to forget, that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second: yet the great national distinctions betwixt them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued, down to the reign of Edward the Third, to keep open the wounds which the Conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, white-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there

they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape, were in number two, partaking, in their dress, and appearance, of that wild and rustic character, which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places, that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar, than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred, that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boars' hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially round the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle; to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore even at this early period the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon letters, an inscription of the following purport:—"Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood."

Beside the swineherd, for such was Gurth's occupation, was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials, and of a more fantastic description. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached half way down his thigh; it was of crimson cloth, though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or at his pleasure draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription, "Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood." This person-age had the same sort of sandals with his c[...]
but instead of the roll of leather thong, hi[...]
cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one w[...]
the other yellow. He was provided also w[...]
having around it more than one bell, abo[...]
of those attached to hawks, which jing[...]
turned his head to one side or other; and [...]
dom remained a minute in the same po[...]
sound might be considered as incessant[...]
the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau [...]
cut at the top into open work, resembling [...]
while a prolonged bag arose from within [...]
down on one shoulder like an old fashioned [...]
or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a mode[...]
It was to this part of the cap that the [...]
attached; which circumstance, as well as [...]
of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, [...]
ning expression of countenance, sufficient[...]
him out as belonging to the race of domes[...]
or jesters, maintained in the houses of th[...]
to help away the tedium of those linger[...]
which they were obliged to spend within d[...]
bore, like his companion, a scrip, attach[...]
belt, but had neither horn nor knife, being [...]
considered as belonging to a class whom [...]
teemed dangerous to intrust with edged-[...]
place of these he was equipped with a swor[...]
resembling that with which Harlequin op[...]
wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two m[...]
scarce a stronger contrast than their lool[...]
meanour. That of the serf, or bondsman, [...]
and sullen; his aspect was bent on the gro[...]
an air of deep dejection, which might b[...]
construed into apathy, had not the fi[...]
occasionally sparkled in his red eye mani[...]
there slumbered, under the appearance of s[...]
pondency, a sense of oppression, and a disp[...]
resistance. The looks of Wamba, on the ot[...]
indicated, as usual with his class, a sort [...]
curiosity, and fidgetty impatience of any p[...]
repose, together with the utmost self-sa[...]
respecting his own situation, and the ap[...]
which he made. The dialogue which th[...]
tained between them was carried on in Angl[...]
which, as we said before, was universally s[...]
the inferior classes, excepting the Norman [...]
and the immediate personal dependants of [...]
feudal nobles. But to give their conversati[...]
original would convey but little informatio[...]
modern reader, for whose benefit we beg to [...]
following translation:

"The curse of St. Withold upon these [...]
porkers!" said the swineherd, after blowing [...]
obstreperously, to collect together the scat[...]
of swine, which, answering his call w[...]
equally melodious, made, however, no ha[...]
move themselves from the luxurious banquet [...]
mast and acorns on which they had fatte[...]
forsake the marshy banks of the rivule[...]
several of them, half plunged in mud, lay st[...]
their ease, altogether regardless of the voic[...]
keeper. "The curse of St. Withold upon t[...]
upon me!" said Gurth; "if the two-legged [...]
not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no [...]
Here, Fangs! Fangs!" he ejaculated at t[...]
his voice to a ragged wolfish-looking dog, [...]
lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, w[...]
limping about as if for the purpose of seco[...]
master in collecting the refractory grun[...]
which, in fact, from misapprehension of th[...]
herd's signals, ignorance of his duty, or m[...]
pense, only drove them hither and thit[...]
increased the evil which he seemed to [...]
remedy. "A devil draw the teeth of hi[...]
Gurth, "and the mother of mischief conf[...]
Ranger of the forest, that cuts the forecla[...]
dogs, and makes them unfit for their trade!*

*A most sensible grievance of those aggrieved tim[...]
Forest Laws. These oppressive enactments were t[...]
of the Norman Conquest, for the Saxon laws of the [...]
mild and humane; while those of William, enthu[...]
attached to the exercise and its rights, were to the [...]
tyrannical. The formation of the New Forest bea[...]
to his passion for hunting, where he reduced man[...]

: help me an thou beest a man; take a turn the back o' the hill to gain the wind on them; hen thou'st got the weather-gage, thou mayst hem before thee as gently as so many innocent

ily," said Wamba, without stirring from the 'I have consulted my legs upon this matter, ey are altogether of opinion, that to carry my rments through these sloughs, would be an unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal be; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off , and leave the herd to their destiny, which, r they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, utlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little an to be converted into Normans before morn- thy no small ease and comfort."

e swine turned Normans to my comfort!" Gurth; "expound that to me, Wamba, for ain is too dull, and my mind too vexed to read

hy, how call you those grunting brutes running in their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

vine, fool, swine," said the herd, "every fool that."

d swine is good Saxon," said the Jester; ow call you the sow when she is flayed, and , and quartered, and hung up by the heels, like or?"

rk," answered the swineherd.

m very glad every fool knows that too," said n, "and pork, I think, is good Norman h; and so when the brute lives, and is in the of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon ; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, she is carried to the Castle-hall to feast among bles; what dost thou think of this, friend , ha?"

is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, how- got into thy fool's pate."

y, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the one; "there is old Alderman Ox continues to s Saxon epithet while he is under the charge s and bondsmen such as thou, but becomes fiery French gallant, when he arrives before orshipful jaws that are destined to consume Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de n the like manner; he is Saxon when he s tendance, and takes a Norman name when mes matter of enjoyment."

St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "thou speak- sad truths; little is left to us but the air we , and that appears to have been reserved with hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. est and the fattest is for their board; the love- for their couch; the best and bravest supply oreign masters with soldiers, and whiten lands with their bones, leaving few here who ther will or the power to protect the unfortunate God's blessing on our Master Cedric, he ne the work of a man in standing in the gap; ginald Front-de-Bœuf is coming down to this in person, and we shall soon see how edric's trouble will avail him.—Here, here," he ed again, raising his voice, "So ho! so ho! well done, Fangs! thou hast them all before thee now and bring'st them on bravely, lad."

"Gurth," said the Jester, "I know thou thinkest me a fool, or thou wouldst not be so rash in putting thy head into my mouth. One word to Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, or Philip de Malvoisin, that thou hast spoken treason against the Norman,—and thou art but a castaway swineherd,—thou wouldst waver on one of these trees as a terror to all evil speakers against dignities."

"Dog, thou wouldst not betray me," said Gurth, "after having led me on to speak so much to my disadvantage?"

"Betray thee!" answered the Jester; "no, that were the trick of a wise man; a fool cannot half so well help himself—but soft, whom have we here?" he said, listening to the trampling of several horses which became then audible.

"Never mind whom," answered Gurth, who had now got his herd before him, and, with the aid of Fangs, was driving them down one of the long dim vistas which we have endeavoured to describe.

"Nay, but I must see the riders," answered Wamba; "perhaps they are come from Fairy-land with a message from King Oberon."

"A murrain take thee!" rejoined the swineherd; "wilt thou talk of such things, while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us? Hark, how the thunder rumbles! and for summer rain, I never saw such broad downright flat drops fall out of the clouds; the oaks, too, notwithstanding the calm weather, sob and creak with their great boughs, as if announcing a tempest. Thou canst play the rational if thou wilt; credit me for once, and let us home ere the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful."

Wamba seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up a long quarter-staff which lay upon the grass beside him. This second Eumæus strode hastily down the forest glade, driving before him, with the assistance of Fangs, the whole herd of his inharmonious charge.

CHAPTER II.

> **A Monk there was, a fayre for the maistrie,**
> **An outrider that loved venerie;**
> **A manly man, to be an Abbot able,**
> **Full many a daintie horse had he in stable:**
> **And when he rode, men might his bridle hear**
> **Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,**
> **And eke as loud, as doth the chapell bell,**
> **There as this lord was keeper of the cell.**
>
> **CHAUCER.**

NOTWITHSTANDING the occasional exhortation and chiding of his companion, the noise of the horsemen's feet continuing to approach, Wamba could not be prevented from lingering occasionally on the road, upon every pretence which occurred; now catching from the hazel a cluster of half-ripe nuts, and now turning his head to leer after a cottage maiden who crossed their path. The horsemen, therefore, soon overtook them on the road.

Their numbers amounted to ten men, of whom the two who rode foremost seemed to be persons of considerable importance, and the others their attendants. It was not difficult to ascertain the condition and character of one of these personages. He was obviously an ecclesiastic of high rank; his dress was that of a Cistercian Monk, but composed of materials much finer than those which the rule of that order admitted. His mantle and hood were of the best Flanders cloth, and fell in ample, and not ungraceful folds, around a handsome, though somewhat corpulent person. His countenance bore as little the marks of self-denial, as his habit indicated contempt of worldly splendour. His features might have been called good, had there not lurked under the penthouse of his eye, that sly epicurean twinkle which indicates the cautious voluptuary. In other respects his profession and situation had taught him a ready command over his countenance, which he could contract at pleasure into solemnity, although its natural expression was that of good-humoured social indul

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to the condition of that one commemorated by my Mr. William Stewart Rose,

> "Amongst the ruins of the church
> The midnight raven found a perch,
> A melancholy place;
> The ruthless Conqueror cast down,
> Woe worth the deed, that little town,
> To lengthen out his chase."

isabling dogs which might be necessary for keeping nd herds, from running at the deer, was called *lawing*, in general use. The Charter of the Forest, designed to hose evils, declares that inquisition, or view, for lawing all be made every third year, and shall be then done by w and testimony of lawful men, not otherwise; and ose dogs shall be then found unlawed, shall give three for mercy; and for the future, no man's ox shall be r lawing. Such lawing also shall be done by the assize ly used, and which is, that three claws shall be cut off the ball off the right foot. See on this subject the al Essay on the Magna Charta of King John, (a most l volume,) by Richard Thompson.

gence. In defiance of conventual rules, and the edicts of popes and councils, the sleeves of this dignitary were lined and turned up with rich furs, his mantle secured at the throat with a golden clasp, and the whole dress proper to his order as much refined upon and ornamented, as that of a quaker beauty of the present day, who, while she retains the garb and costume of her sect, continues to give to its simplicity, by the choice of materials and the mode of disposing them, a certain air of coquettish attraction, savouring but too much of the vanities of the world.

This worthy churchman rode upon a well-fed ambling mule, whose furniture was highly decorated, and whose bridle, according to the fashion of the day, was ornamented with silver bells. In his seat he had nothing of the awkwardness of the convent, but displayed the easy and habitual grace of a well-trained horseman. Indeed, it seemed that so humble a conveyance as a mule, in however good case, and however well broken to a pleasant and accommodating amble, was only used by the gallant monk for travelling on the road. A lay brother, one of those who followed in the train, had, for his use on other occasions, one of the most handsome Spanish jennets ever bred in Andalusia, which merchants used at that time to import, with great trouble and risk, for the use of persons of wealth and distinction. The saddle and housings of this superb palfrey were covered by a long foot-cloth, which reached nearly to the ground, and on which were richly embroidered, mitres, crosses, and other ecclesiastical emblems. Another lay brother led a sumpter mule, loaded probably with his superior's baggage; and two monks of his own order, of inferior station, rode together in the rear, laughing and conversing with each other, without taking much notice of the other members of the cavalcade.

The companion of the church dignitary was a man past forty, thin, strong, tall, and muscular; an athletic figure, which long fatigue and constant exercise seemed to have left none of the softer part of the human form, having reduced the whole to brawn, bones, and sinews, which had sustained a thousand toils, and were ready to dare a thousand more. His head was covered with a scarlet cap, faced with fur,—of that kind which the French call *mortier*, from its resemblance to the shape of an inverted mortar. His countenance was therefore fully displayed, and its expression was calculated to impress a degree of awe, if not of fear, upon strangers. High features, naturally strong and powerfully expressive, had been burnt almost into Negro blackness by constant exposure to the tropical sun, and might, in their ordinary state, be said to slumber after the storm of passion had passed away; but the projection of the veins of the forehead, the readiness with which the upper lip and its thick black moustaches quivered upon the slightest emotion, plainly intimated that the tempest might be again and easily awakened. His keen, piercing, dark eyes, told in every glance a history of difficulties subdued, and dangers dared, and seemed to challenge opposition to his wishes, for the pleasure of sweeping it from his road by a determined exertion of courage and of will; a deep scar on his brow gave additional sternness to his countenance, and a sinister expression to one of his eyes, which had been slightly injured on the same occasion, and of which the vision, though perfect, was in a slight and partial degree distorted.

The upper dress of this personage resembled that of his companion in shape, being a long monastic mantle; but the colour, being scarlet, showed that he did not belong to any of the four regular orders of monks. On the right shoulder of the mantle there was cut, in white cloth, a cross of a peculiar form. This upper robe concealed what at first view seemed rather inconsistent with its form, a shirt, namely, of linked mail, with sleeves and gloves of the same, curiously plaited and interwoven, as flexible to the body as those which are now wrought in the stocking-loom, out of less obdurate materials. The fore-part of his thighs, where the folds of his mantle permitted them to be seen, were also covered with linked mail; the knees and feet were defended by splints, or thin plates of *steel*, ingeniously jointed upon each other; and mail

hose, reaching from the ankle to the knee,
protected the legs, and completed the rider's
armour. In his girdle he wore a long an
edged dagger, which was the only offensiv
about his person.

He rode, not a mule, like his compani
strong hackney for the road, to save his ga
horse, which a squire led behind, fully acc
battle, with a chamfron or plaited head-p
his head, having a short spike projecting
front. On one side of the saddle hung a sh
axe, richly inlaid with Damascene carvin
other the rider's plumed head-piece and hoo
with a long two-handed sword, used by th
of the period. A second squire held aloft hi
lance, from the extremity of which fluttere
banderole, or streamer, bearing a cross of
form with that embroidered upon his cloak.
carried his small triangular shield, broad e
the top to protect the breast, and from thence
ing to a point. It was covered with a sca
which prevented the device from being seen

These two squires were followed by two at
whose dark visages, white turbans, and th
form of their garments, showed them to be
some distant Eastern country.* The who
ance of this warrior and his retinue was wil
landish; the dress of his squires was gorg
his Eastern attendants wore silver collars r
throats, and bracelets of the same metal u
swarthy legs and arms, of which the for
naked from the elbow, and the latter from
ankle. Silk and embroidery distinguished t
es, and marked the wealth and importanc
master; forming, at the same time, a strikin
with the martial simplicity of his own atti
were armed with crooked sabres, having th
baldric inlaid with gold, and matched with
daggers of yet more costly workmanship.
them bore at his saddle-bow a bundle of da
velins, about four feet in length, having sl
heads, a weapon much in use among the
and of which the memory is yet preserv
martial exercise called *El Jerrid*, still pract
Eastern countries.

The steeds of these attendants were in ap
as foreign as their riders. They were of Sa
gin, and consequently of Arabian descent;
fine slender limbs, small fetlocks, thin m
easy springy motion, formed a marked con
the large-jointed heavy horses, of which the
cultivated in Flanders and in Normandy, f
ing the men-at-arms of the period in all th
of plate and mail; and which, placed by t
those Eastern coursers, might have passed
sonification of substance and of shadow.

* The severe accuracy of some critics has objected
plexion of the slaves of Brian de Bois Guilbert, as b
out of costume and propriety. I remember the sam
being made to a set of sable functionaries, whom my
Lewis introduced as the guards and mischief-doing
the wicked Baron, in his Castle Spectre. Mat treat
tion with great contempt, and averred in reply th
the slaves black in order to obtain a striking effect
and that, could he have derived a similar advantage fr
his heroine blue, blue she should have been.

I do not pretend to plead the immunities of my ord
as this; but neither will I allow that the author o
antique romance is obliged to confine himself to th
tion of those manners only which can be proved to
lutely existed in the times he is depicting, so that
himself to such as are plausible and natural, and con
vious anachronism. In this point of view, what ca
natural, than that the Templars, who, we know, cop
the luxuries of the Asiatic warriors with whom th
should use the service of the enslaved Africans, wh
of war transferred to new masters? I am sure, if th
precise proofs of their having done so, there is noth
other hand, that can entitle us positively to conclud
never did. Besides, there is an instance in romance
John of Rampayne, an excellent juggler and minst
took to effect the escape of one Audulf de Bracy, by
himself in disguise at the court of the king, where h
fined. For this purpose, "he stained his hair and
body entirely as black as jet, so that nothing was wh
teeth," and succeeded in imposing himself on the
Ethiopian minstrel. He effected, by stratagem, the
the prisoner. Negroes, therefore, must have been
England in the dark ages.*

* Dissertation on Romance and Minstrelsy, prefi
son's Ancient Metrical Romances, p. clxxxvii.

ngular appearance of this cavalcade not only the curiosity of Wamba, but excited even his less volatile companion. The monk he knew to be the Prior of Jorvaulx Abbey, wn for many miles around as a lover of the the banquet, and, if fame did him not wrong, worldly pleasures still more inconsistent monastic vows

loose were the ideas of the times respecting ict of the clergy, whether secular or regular, Prior Aymer maintained a fair character in bourhood of his abbey. His free and jovial and the readiness with which he granted n from all ordinary delinquencies, rendered ourite among the nobility and principal gentral of whom he was allied by birth, being nguished Norman family. The ladies, in , were not disposed to scan too nicely the f a man who was a professed admirer of and who possessed many means of dispelling ennui which was too apt to intrude upon the bowers of an ancient feudal castle. The ngled in the sports of the field with more eagerness, and was allowed to possess the ed hawks and the fleetest greyhounds in the ding; circumstances which strongly recomm to the youthful gentry. With the old, he ther part to play, which, when needful, he stain with great decorum. His knowledge s, however superficial, was sufficient to upon their ignorance respect for his supposed , and the gravity of his deportment and lanith the high tone which he exerted in setting authority of the church and of the priestpressed them no less with an opinion of his Even the common people, the severest the conduct of their betters, had commiseth the follies of Prior Aymer. He was gened charity, as it is well known, covereth a of sins, in another sense than that in which to do so in scripture. The revenues of the y, of which a large part was at his disposthey gave him the means of supplying his considerable expenses, afforded also those which he bestowed among the peasantry, which he frequently relieved the distresses pressed. If Prior Aymer rode hard in the remained long at the banquet,—if Prior as seen at the early peep of dawn, to enter rn of the abbey, as he glided home from dezvous which had occupied the hours of men only shrugged up their shoulders, and themselves to his irregularities by recollecthe same were practised by many of his brethhad no redeeming qualities whatsoever to them. Prior Aymer, therefore, and his chaere well known to our Saxon serfs, who ir rude obeisance, and received his "*benedifilz*," in return.

singular appearance of his companion and dants, arrested their attention and excited der, and they could scarcely attend to the Jorvaulx' question, when he demanded if v of any place of harbourage in the vicinity; were they surprised at the half monastic, tary appearance of the swarthy stranger, he uncouth dress and arms of his Eastern s. It is probable, too, that the language in benediction was conferred, and the inforsked, sounded ungracious, though not prontelligible, in the ears of the Saxon peasants. ed you, my children," said the Prior, raising and using the lingua Franca, or mixed lanwhich the Norman and Saxon races conth each other, "if there be in this neighany good man, who, for the love of God, tion to Mother Church, will give two of her servants, with their train, a night's hospirefreshment?"

spoke with a tone of conscious importance, rmed a strong contrast to the modest terms thought it proper to employ.

of the humblest servants of Mother Church!" Wamba to himself, but, fool as he was, taking care not to make his observation audible; "I should like to see her seneschals, her chief butlers, and her other principal domestics!"

After this internal commentary on the Prior's speech, he raised his eyes, and replied to the question which had been put.

"If the reverend fathers," he said, "loved good cheer and soft lodging, few miles of riding would carry them to the Priory of Brinxworth, where their quality could not but secure them the most honourable reception; or if they preferred spending a penitential evening, they might turn down yonder wild glade, which would bring them to the hermitage of Copmanhurst, where a pious anchoret would make them sharers for the night of the shelter of his roof and the benefit of his prayers."

The Prior shook his head at both proposals.

"Mine honest friend," said he, "if the jangling of thy bells had not dizzed thine understanding, thou mightest know *Clericus clericum non decimat*; that is to say, we churchmen do not exhaust each other's hospitality, but rather require that of the laity, giving them thus an opportunity to serve God in honouring and relieving his appointed servants."

"It is true," replied Wamba, "that I, being but an ass, am, nevertheless, honoured to bear the bells as well as your reverence's mule; notwithstanding, I did conceive that the charity of Mother Church and her servants might be said, with other charity, to begin at home."

"A truce to thine insolence, fellow," said the armed rider, breaking in on his prattle with a high and stern voice, "and tell us, if thou canst, the road to—— How call'd you your Franklin, Prior Aymer?"

"Cedric," answered the Prior; "Cedric the Saxon.—Tell me, good fellow, are we near his dwelling, and can you show us the road?"

"The road will be uneasy to find," answered Gurth, who broke silence for the first time, "and the family of Cedric retire early to rest."

"Tush, tell not me, fellow!" said the military rider; "'tis easy for them to arise and supply the wants of travellers such as we are, who will not stoop to beg the hospitality which we have a right to command."

"I know not," said Gurth, sullenly, "if I should show the way to my master's house, to those who demand as a right, the shelter which most are fain to ask as a favour."

"Do you dispute with me, slave!" said the soldier; and, setting spurs to his horse, he caused him make a demivolte across the path, raising at the same time the riding rod which he held in his hand, with a purpose of chastising what he considered as the insolence of the peasant.

Gurth darted at him a savage and revengeful scowl, and with a fierce, yet hesitating motion, laid his hand on the haft of his knife; but the interference of Prior Aymer, who pushed his mule betwixt his companion and the swineherd, prevented the meditated violence.

"Nay, by St. Mary, brother Brian, you must not think you are now in Palestine, predominating over heathen Turks and infidel Saracens; we islanders love not blows, save those of holy Church, who chasteneth whom she loveth.—Tell me, good fellow," said he to Wamba, and seconded his speech by a small piece of silver coin, "the way to Cedric the Saxon's; you cannot be ignorant of it, and it is your duty to direct the wanderer even when his character is less sanctified than ours."

"In truth, venerable father," answered the Jester, "the Saracen head of your right reverend companion has frightened out of mine the way home—I am not sure I shall get there to-night myself."

"Tush," said the Abbot, "thou canst tell us if thou wilt. This reverend brother has been all his life engaged in fighting among the Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; he is of the order of Knights Templars, whom you may have heard of; he is half a monk, half a soldier."

"If he is but half a monk," said the Jester, "he should not be wholly unreasonable with those whom he meets upon the road, even if they should be in no hurry to answer questions that no way concern them."

"I forgive thy wit," replied the Abbot, "on condition thou wilt show me the way to Cedric's mansion."

"Well, then," answered Wamba, "your reverences must hold on this path till you come to a sunken cross, of which scarce a cubit's length remains above ground; then take the path to the left, for there are four which meet at Sunken Cross, and I trust your reverences will obtain shelter before the storm comes on."

The Abbot thanked his sage adviser; and the cavalcade, setting spurs to their horses, rode on as men do who wish to reach their inn before the bursting of a night-storm. As their horses' hoofs died away, Gurth said to his companion, "If they follow thy wise direction, the reverend fathers will hardly reach Rotherwood this night."

"No," said the Jester, grinning, "but they may reach Sheffield if they have good luck, and that is as fit a place for them. I am not so bad a woodsman as to show the dog where the deer lies, if I have no mind he should chase him."

"Thou art right," said Gurth; "it were ill that Aymer saw the Lady Rowena; and it were worse, it may be, for Cedric to quarrel, as is most likely he would, with this military monk. But, like good servants, let us hear and see, and say nothing."

We return to the riders, who had soon left the bondsmen far behind them, and who maintained the following conversation in the Norman-French language, usually employed by the superior classes, with the exception of the few who were still inclined to boast their Saxon descent.

"What mean these fellows by their capricious insolence?" said the Templar to the Cistercian, "and why did you prevent me from chastising it?"

"Marry, brother Brian," replied the Prior, "touching the one of them, it were hard for me to render a reason for a fool speaking according to his folly; and the other churl is of that savage, fierce, intractable race, some of whom, as I have often told you, are still to be found among the descendants of the conquered Saxons, and whose supreme pleasure it is to testify, by all means in their power, their aversion to their conquerors."

"I would soon have beat him into courtesy," observed Brian; "I am accustomed to deal with such spirits: Our Turkish captives are as fierce and intractable as Odin himself could have been; yet two months in my household, under the management of my master of the slaves, has made them humble, submissive, serviceable, and observant of your will. Marry, sir, you must beware of the poison and the dagger; for they use either with free will when you give them the slightest opportunity."

"Ay, but," answered Prior Aymer, "every land has its own manners and fashions; and, besides that beating this fellow could procure us no information respecting the road to Cedric's house, it would have been sure to have established a quarrel betwixt you and him had we found our way thither. Remember what I told you; this wealthy Franklin is proud, fierce, jealous, and irritable; a withstander of the nobility, and even of his neighbours, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Philip Malvoisin, who are no babes to strive with. He stands up so sternly for the privileges of his race, and is so proud of his uninterrupted descent from Hereward, a renowned champion of the Heptarchy, that he is universally called Cedric the Saxon; and makes a boast of his belonging to a people from whom many others endeavour to hide their descent, lest they should encounter a share of the *væ victis*, or severities imposed upon the vanquished."

"Prior Aymer," said the Templar, "you are a man of gallantry, learned in the study of beauty, and as expert as a troubadour in all matters concerning the arrets of love; but I shall expect much beauty in this celebrated Rowena, to counterbalance the self-denial and forbearance which I must exert, if I am to court the favour of such a seditious churl as you have described her father Cedric."

"Cedric is not her father," replied the Prior, "and is but of remote relation; she is descended from higher blood than even he pretends to, and is but distantly *connected* with him by birth. Her guardian, how-
ever, he is, self-constituted as I believe; but
is as dear to him as if she were his own c
Her beauty you shall soon be judge; and if
of her complexion, and the majestic, yet so
sion of a mild blue eye, do not chase from
ory the black-tressed girls of Palestine,
houris of old Mahound's paradise, I am an i
no true son of the church."

"Should your boasted beauty," said the
be weighed in the balance and found wan
know our wager?"

"My gold collar," answered the Prior,
ten butts of Chian wine;—they are mine a
as if they were already in the convent vaul
the key of old Dennis the cellarer."

"And I am myself to be judge," said the
"and am only to be convicted on my ow
sion, that I have seen no maiden so beau
Pentecost was a twelvemonth. Ran it not
Prior, your collar is in danger; I will wear
gorget in the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche."

"Win it fairly," said the Prior, "and wea
will; I will trust your giving true respo
word as a knight and as a churchman. Ye
take my advice, and file your tongue to a l
courtesy than your habits of predominating
captives and Eastern bondsmen have ac
you. Cedric the Saxon, if offended,—and
was slack in taking offence,—is a man wh
respect to your knighthood, my high offic
sanctity of either, would clear his house o
send us to lodge with the larks, though the
midnight. And be careful how you look on
whom he cherishes with the most jealous ca
take the least alarm in that quarter we ar
men. It is said he banished his only son
family for lifting his eyes in the way of aff
wards this beauty, who may be worshipped,
at a distance, but is not to be approached w
thoughts than such as we bring to the shr
Blessed Virgin."

"Well, you have said enough," answered
plar; "I will for a night put on the needful
and deport me as meekly as a maiden; but
fear of his expelling us by violence, myself a
with Hamet and Abdalla, will warrant yo
that disgrace. Doubt not that we shall
enough to make good our quarters."

"We must not let it come so far," ans
Prior; "but here is the clown's sunken cros
night is so dark that we can hardly see wh
roads we are to follow. He bid us turn I th
left."

"To the right," said Brian, "to the best
m... brance."

"To the left, certainly, the left; I rem
his pointing with his wooden sword."

"Ay, but he held his sword in his left ha
pointed across his body with it," said the T

Each maintained his opinion with suffic
nacy, as is usual in all such cases; the a
were appealed to, but they had not been ne
to hear Wamba's directions. At length Bria
ed, what had at first escaped him in the twi
is some one either asleep, or lying dead at t
this cross—Hugo, stir him with the butt-e
lance."

This was no sooner done than the figure
claiming in good French, "Whosoever tho
discourteous in you to disturb my thoughts.

"We did but wish to ask you," said the P
road to Rotherwood, the abode of Cedric th

"I myself am bound thither," replied the
"and if I had a horse, I would be your gu
way is somewhat intricate, though perf
known to me."

"Thou shalt have both thanks and re
friend," said the Prior, "if thou wilt bring
dric's in safety."

And he caused one of his attendants to m
own led horse, and give that upon which he
erto ridden to the stranger, who was to s
guide.

Their conductor pursued an opposite road

which Wamba had recommended, for the purpose of misleading them. The path soon led deeper into the woodland, and crossed more than one brook, the approach to which was rendered perilous by the marshes through which it flowed; but the stranger seemed to know, as if by instinct, the soundest ground and the safest points of passage; and by dint of caution and attention, brought the party safely into a wider avenue than any they had yet seen; and, pointing to a large low irregular building at the upper extremity, he said to the Prior, "Yonder is Rotherwood, the dwelling of Cedric the Saxon."

This was a joyful intimation to Aymer, whose nerves were none of the strongest, and who had suffered such agitation and alarm in the course of passing through the dangerous bogs, that he had not yet had the curiosity to ask his guide a single question. Finding himself now at his ease and near shelter, his curiosity began to awake, and he demanded of the guide who and what he was.

"A Palmer, just returned from the Holy Land," was the answer.

"You had better have tarried there to fight for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre," said the Templar.

"True, Reverend Sir Knight," answered the Palmer, to whom the appearance of the Templar seemed perfectly familiar; "but when those who are under oath to recover the holy city, are found travelling at such a distance from the scene of their duties, can you wonder that a peaceful peasant like me should decline the task which they have abandoned?"

The Templar would have made an angry reply, but was interrupted by the Prior, who again expressed his astonishment, that their guide, after such long absence, should be so perfectly acquainted with the passes of the forest.

"I was born a native of these parts," answered their guide, and as he made the reply they stood before the mansion of Cedric;—a low irregular building, containing several court-yards or enclosures, extending over a considerable space of ground, and which, though its size argued the inhabitant to be a person of wealth, differed entirely from the tall, turretted, and castellated buildings in which the Norman nobility resided, and which had become the universal style of architecture throughout England.

Rotherwood was not, however, without defences; no habitation, in that disturbed period, could have been so, without the risk of being plundered and burnt before the next morning. A deep fosse, or ditch, was drawn round the whole building, and filled with water from a neighbouring stream. A double stockade, or palisade, composed of pointed beams, which the adjacent forest supplied, defended the outer and inner bank of the trench. There was an entrance from the west through the outer stockade, which communicated by a drawbridge, with a similar opening in the interior defences. Some precautions had been taken to place those entrances under the protection of projecting angles, by which they might be flanked in case of need by archers or slingers.

Before this entrance the Templar wound his horn loudly; for the rain, which had long threatened, began now to descend with great violence.

CHAPTER III.

Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast that hears
The German Ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
And yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon came.
THOMSON'S *Liberty.*

In a hall, the height of which was greatly disproportioned to its extreme length and width, a long oaken table formed of planks rough-hewn from the forest, and which had scarcely received any polish, stood ready prepared for the evening meal of Cedric the Saxon. The roof, composed of beams and rafters, had nothing to divide the apartment from the sky excepting the planking and thatch; there was a huge fireplace at either end of the hall, but as the chimneys were constructed in a very clumsy manner, at least as much of the smoke found its way into the apartment as escaped by the proper vent. The constant vapour which this occasioned, had polished the rafters and beams of the low-browed hall, by encrusting them with a black varnish of soot. On the sides of the apartment hung implements of war and of the chase, and there were at each corner folding doors, which gave access to other parts of the extensive building.

The other appointments of the mansion partook of the rude simplicity of the Saxon period, which Cedric piqued himself upon maintaining. The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring our modern barns. For about one quarter of the length of the apartment, the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied only by the principal members of the family, and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down towards the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T, or some of those ancient dinner-tables, which, arranged on the same principles, may be still seen in the antique Colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied that distinguished station from the weather, and especially from the rain, which in some places found its way through the ill-constructed roof.

The walls of this upper end of the hall, as far as the dais extended, were covered with hangings or curtains, and upon the floor there was a carpet, both of which were adorned with some attempts at tapestry, or embroidery, executed with brilliant or rather gaudy colouring. Over the lower range of table, the roof, as we have noticed, had no covering; the rough plastered walls were left bare, and the rude earthen floor was uncarpeted; the board was uncovered by a cloth, and rude massive benches supplied the place of chairs.

In the centre of the upper table, were placed two chairs more elevated than the rest, for the master and mistress of the family, who presided over the scene of hospitality, and from doing so derived their Saxon title of honour, which signifies "the Dividers of Bread."

To each of these chairs was added a footstool, curiously carved and inlaid with ivory, which mark of distinction was peculiar to them. One of these seats was at present occupied by Cedric the Saxon, who, though but in rank a thane, or, as the Normans called him, a Franklin, felt, at the delay of his evening meal, an irritable impatience, which might have become an alderman, whether of ancient or of modern times.

It appeared, indeed, from the countenance of this proprietor, that he was of a frank, but hasty and choleric temper. He was not above the middle stature, but broad-shouldered, long-armed, and powerfully made, like one accustomed to endure the fatigue of war or of the chase; his face was broad, with large blue eyes, open and frank features, fine teeth, and a well formed head, altogether expressive of that sort of good-humour which often lodges with a sudden and hasty temper. Pride and jealousy there was in his eye, for his life had been spent in asserting rights which were constantly liable to invasion; and the prompt, fiery, and resolute disposition of the man, had been kept constantly upon the alert by the circumstances of his situation. His long yellow hair was equally divided on the top of his head and upon his brow, and combed down on each side to the length of his shoulders; it had but little tendency to gray, although Cedric was approaching to his sixtieth year.

His dress was a tunic of forest green, furred at the throat and cuffs with what was called minever; a kind of fur inferior in quality to ermine, and formed, it is believed, of the skin of the gray squirrel. This doublet hung unbuttoned over a close dress of scarlet which sate tight to his body; he had breeches of the same, but they did not reach below the lower part of the thigh, leaving the knee exposed. His feet had sandals of the same fashion with the peasants, but

of finer materials, and secured in the front with golden clasps. He had bracelets of gold upon his arms, and a broad collar of the same precious metal around his neck. About his waist he wore a richly studded belt, in which was stuck a short straight two-edged sword, with a sharp point, so disposed as to hang almost perpendicularly by his side. Behind his seat was hung a scarlet cloth cloak lined with fur, and a cap of the same materials richly embroidered, which completed the dress of the opulent landholder when he chose to go forth. A short boar-spear, with a broad and bright steel head, also reclined against the back of his chair, which served him, when he walked abroad, for the purposes of a staff or of a weapon, as chance might require.

Several domestics, whose dress held various proportions betwixt the richness of their master's, and the coarse and simple attire of Gurth the swine-herd, watched the looks and waited the commands of the Saxon dignitary. Two or three servants of a superior order stood behind their master upon the dais; the rest occupied the lower part of the hall. Other attendants there were of a different description; two or three large and shaggy greyhounds, such as were then employed in hunting the stag and wolf; as many slow-hounds of a large bony breed, with thick necks, large heads, and long ears; and one or two of the smaller dogs, now called terriers, which waited with impatience the arrival of the supper; but, with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbore to intrude upon the moody silence of their master, apprehensive probably of a small white truncheon which lay by Cedric's trencher, for the purpose of repelling the advances of his four-legged dependants. One grisly old wolf-dog alone, with the liberty of an indulged favourite, had planted himself close by the chair of state, and occasionally ventured to solicit notice by putting his large hairy head upon his master's knee, or pushing his nose into his hand. Even he was repelled by the stern command, "Down, Balder, down! I am not in the humour for foolery."

In fact, Cedric, as we have observed, was in no very placid state of mind. The Lady Rowena, who had been absent to attend an evening mass at a distant church, had but just returned, and was changing her garments, which had been wetted by the storm. There were as yet no tidings of Gurth and his charge, which should long since have been driven home from the forest; and such was the insecurity of the period, as to render it probable that the delay might be explained by some depredation of the outlaws, with whom the adjacent forest abounded, or by the violence of some neighbouring baron, whose consciousness of strength made him equally negligent of the laws of property. The matter was of consequence, for great part of the domestic wealth of the Saxon proprietors consisted in numerous herds of swine, especially in forest-land, where those animals easily found their food.

Besides these subjects of anxiety, the Saxon thane was impatient for the presence of his favourite clown Wamba, whose jests, such as they were, served for a sort of seasoning to his evening meal, and to the deep draughts of ale and wine with which he was in the habit of accompanying it. Add to all this, Cedric had fasted since noon, and his usual supper hour was long past, a cause of irritation common to country squires, both in ancient and modern times. His displeasure was expressed in broken sentences, partly muttered to himself, partly addressed to the domestics who stood around; and particularly to his cupbearer, who offered him from time to time, as a sedative, a silver goblet filled with wine—"Why tarries the Lady Rowena?"

"She is but changing her head-gear," replied a female attendant, with as much confidence as the favourite lady's-maid usually answers the master of a modern family; "you would not wish her to sit down to the banquet in her hood and kirtle? and no lady within the shire can be quicker in arraying herself than my mistress."

This undeniable argument produced a sort of acquiescent umph! on the part of the Saxon, with the addition, "I wish her devotion may choose fair weather for the next visit to St. John's Kirk; but what, in the name of ten devils," continued he, turning to the cupbearer, and raising his voice, as if happy to have found a channel into which he might divert his indignation without fear or control, "what, in the name of ten devils, keeps Gurth so long afield? I suppose we shall have an evil account of the herd; he was wont to be a faithful and cautious drudge, and I had destined him for something better; perchance I might even have made him one of my warders."*

Oswald the cupbearer modestly suggested, "that it was scarce an hour since the tolling of the curfew;" an ill-chosen apology, since it turned upon a topic so harsh to Saxon ears.

"The foul fiend," exclaimed Cedric, "take the curfew bell, and the tyrannical bastard by whom it was devised, and the heartless slave who names it with a Saxon tongue to a Saxon ear! The curfew!" he added, pausing, "ay, the curfew; which compels true men to extinguish their lights, that thieves and robbers may work their deeds in darkness!—Ay, the curfew;—Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Philip de Malvoisin know the use of the curfew as well as William the Bastard himself, or e'er a Norman adventurer that fought at Hastings. I shall hear, I guess, that my property has been swept off to save from starving the hungry banditti, whom they cannot support but by theft and robbery. My faithful slave is murdered, and my goods are taken for a prey—and Wamba—where is Wamba? Said not some one he had gone forth with Gurth?"

Oswald replied in the affirmative.

"Ay! why this is better and better! he is carried off too, the Saxon fool, to serve the Norman lord. Fools are we all indeed, that serve them, and fitter subjects for their scorn and laughter, than if we were born with but half our wits. But I will be avenged," he added, starting from his chair in impatience at the supposed injury, and catching hold of his boar-spear; "I will go with my complaint to the great council; I have friends, I have followers—man to man will I appeal the Norman to the lists; let him come in his plate and his mail, and all that can render cowardice bold; I have sent such a javelin as this through a stronger fence than three of their war shields!—Haply they think me old; but they shall find, alone and childless as I am, the blood of Hereward is in the veins of Cedric.—Ah, Wilfred, Wilfred!" he exclaimed in a lower tone, "couldst thou have ruled thine unreasonable passion, thy father had not been left in his age like the solitary oak, that throws out its shattered and unprotected branches against the full sweep of the tempest!" The reflection seemed to conjure into sadness his irritated feelings. Replacing his javelin, he resumed his seat, bent his looks downward, and appeared to be absorbed in melancholy reflection.

From his musing, Cedric was suddenly awakened by the blast of a horn, which was replied to by the clamorous yells and barking of all the dogs in the hall, and some twenty or thirty which were quartered in other parts of the building. It cost some exercise of the white truncheon, well seconded by the exertions of the domestics, to silence this canine clamour.

"To the gate, knaves!" said the Saxon, hastily, as soon as the tumult was so much appeased that the dependants could hear his voice. "See what tidings that horn tells us of—to announce, I ween, some hership and robbery which has been done upon my lands."

Returning in less than three minutes, a warder announced, "that the Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx, and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, commander of the valiant and venerable order of Knights Templars, with a small retinue, requested hospitality and lodging

* The original has Cnichts, by which the Saxons seem to have designated a class of military attendants, sometimes free, sometimes bondsmen, but always ranking above an ordinary domestic, whether in the royal household or in those of the aldermen and thanes. But the term cnicht, now spelt knight, having been received into the English language as equivalent to the Norman word chevalier, I have avoided using it in its more ancient sense, to prevent confusion. L. T.

† Pelisse

, being on their way to a tournament
to be held not far from Ashby-de-la-
e second day from the present."
"The Prior Aymer! Brian de Bois-Guil
ert, Cedric; "Normans both;—but Nor-
on, the hospitality of Rotherwood must
ached; they are welcome, since they
to halt—more welcome would they have
idden further on their way. But it were
murmur for a night's lodging and a
in the quality of guests, at least, even
st suppress their insolence. Go, Hun-
id e, to a sort of major-domo who stood
with a white wand; "take six of the
nd introduce the strangers to the guests'
ok after their horses and mules, and see
.k nothing. Let them have change of
they require it, and fire, and water to
ne and ale; and bid the cooks add what
can to our evening meal; and let it be
ard when those strangers are ready to
to them, Hundebert, that Cedric would
hem welcome, but he is under a vow
more than three steps from the dais of his
eet any one who shares not the blood of
. Begone! see them carefully tended; let
n their pride, the Saxon churl has shown
verty and his avarice."
domo departed with several attendants,
master's commands. "The Prior Ay-
d Cedric, looking to Oswald, "the bro-
take not, of Giles de Mauleverer, now
ham?"
de a respectful sign of assent. "His
the seat, and usurps the patrimony, of
the race of Ulfgar of Middleham; but
lord doth not the same? This Prior
free and jovial priest, who loves the
the bugle-horn better than bell and
; let him come, he shall be welcome.
e the Templar?"
Bois-Guilbert."
bert?" said Cedric, still in the musing,
one, which the habit of living among
ad accustomed him to employ, and
ded a man who talks to himself rather
e around him—"Bois-Guilbert? that
n spread wide both for good and evil.
s valiant as the bravest of his order;
ith their usual vices, pride, arrogance,
voluptuousness; a hard-hearted man,
either fear of earth, nor awe of heaven.
w warriors who have returned from
ell; it is but for one night; he shall be
—Oswald, broach the oldest wine-cask;
t mead, the mightiest ale, the richest
st sparkling cider, the most odoriferous
on the board; fill the largest horns—
l Abbots love good wines and good
gtha, let thy Lady Rowena know we
night expect her in the hall, unless such
l pleasure."
l be her especial pleasure," answered
great readiness, "for she is ever desirous
est news from Palestine."
d at the forward damsel a glance of
ent; but Rowena, and whatever be-
were privileged and secure from his
ve replied Silence, maiden; thy tongue
iscretion Say my message to thy mis-
er do her pleasure. Here at least, the
Alfred still reigns a princess." Elgi-
irtment
" repeated the Saxon; "Palestine!
s are turned to the tales which disso-
or hypocritical pilgrims, bring from
! I too must ask I too might in-
night listen with a beating heart to
the wily strollers devise to cheat us
ty- but no The son who has dis-

inks used by the Saxons as we are informed
Morat was made of . . . flavoured with the
; Piment was a sweet and rich liquor, com-
ghly spiced and sweetened also with honey;
ed no explanation L. T.

obeyed me is no longer mine; nor will I concern myself more for his fate than for that of the most worthless among the millions that ever shaped the cross on their shoulder, rushed into excess and blood-guiltiness, and called it an accomplishment of the will of God."

He knit his brows, and fixed his eyes for an instant on the ground; as he raised them, the folding doors at the bottom of the hall were cast wide, and, preceded by the major-domo with his wand, and four domestics bearing blazing torches, the guests of the evening entered the apartment.

CHAPTER IV.

With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud steer was on the marble spread;
With fire prepared, they deal the morsels round,
Wine rosy bright the brimming goblets crown'd.
. . . .
Disposed apart, Ulysses shares the treat;
A trivet table and ignobler seat,
The Prince assigns——

Odyssey, Book 21.

THE Prior Aymer had taken the opportunity afforded him, of changing his riding robe for one of yet more costly materials, over which he wore a cope curiously embroidered. Besides the massive golden signet ring, which marked his ecclesiastical dignity, his fingers, though contrary to the canon, were loaded with precious gems; his sandals were of the finest leather which was imported from Spain; his beard trimmed to as small dimensions as his order would possibly permit, and his shaven crown concealed by a scarlet cap richly embroidered.

The appearance of the Knight Templar was also changed; and, though less studiously bedecked with ornament, his dress was as rich, and his appearance far more commanding, than that of his companion. He had exchanged his shirt of mail for an under tunic of dark purple silk, garnished with furs, over which flowed his long robe of spotless white, in ample folds. The eight-pointed cross of his order was cut on the shoulder of his mantle in black velvet. The high cap no longer invested his brows, which were only shaded by short and thick curled hair of a raven blackness, corresponding to his unusually swart complexion. Nothing could be more gracefully majestic than his step and manner, had they not been marked by a predominant air of haughtiness, easily acquired by the exercise of unresisted authority.

These two dignified persons were followed by their respective attendants, and at a more humble distance by their guide, whose figure had nothing more remarkable than it derived from the usual weeds of a pilgrim. A cloak or mantle, of coarse black serge enveloped his whole body. It was in shape something like the cloak of a modern hussar, having similar flaps for covering the arms, and was called a *Sclaveyn*, or *Sclavonian*. Coarse sandals, bound with thongs, on his bare feet; a broad and shadowy hat, with cockle-shells stitched on its brim, and a long staff shod with iron, to the upper end of which was attached a branch of palm, completed the palmer's attire. He followed modestly the last of the train which entered the hall, and, observing that the lower table scarce afforded room sufficient for the domestics of Cedric and the retinue of his guests, he withdrew to a settle placed beside and almost under one of the large chimneys, and seemed to employ himself in drying his garments, until the retreat of some one should make room at the board, or the hospitality of the steward should supply him with refreshments in the place he had chosen apart.

Cedric rose to receive his guests with an air of dignified hospitality, and, descending from the dais, or elevated part of his hall, made three steps towards them, and then awaited their approach.

"I grieve," he said, "reverend Prior, that my vow binds me to advance no farther upon this floor of my fathers, even to receive such guests as you, and this valiant Knight of the Holy Temple. But my steward has expounded to you the cause of my seeming discourtesy. Let me also pray, that you will excuse my

speaking to you in my native language, and that you will reply in the same if your knowledge of it permits; if not, I sufficiently understand Norman to follow your meaning."

"Vows," said the Abbot, "must be unloosed, worthy Franklin, or permit me rather to say, worthy Thane, though the title is antiquated. Vows are the knots which tie us to Heaven—they are the cords which bind the sacrifice to the horns of the altar,—and are therefore,—as I said before,—to be unloosened and discharged, unless our holy Mother Church shall pronounce the contrary. And respecting language, I willingly hold communication in that spoken by my respected grandmother, Hilda of Middleham, who died in odour of sanctity, little short, if we may presume to say so, of her glorious namesake, the blessed Saint Hilda of Whitby, God be gracious to her soul!"

When the Prior had ceased what he meant as a conciliatory harangue, his companion said briefly and emphatically, "I speak ever French, the language of King Richard and his nobles; but I understand English sufficiently to communicate with the natives of the country."

Cedric darted at the speaker one of those hasty and impatient glances, which comparisons between the two rival nations seldom failed to call forth; but, recollecting the duties of hospitality, he suppressed further show of resentment, and, motioning with his hand, caused his guests to assume two seats a little lower than his own, but placed close beside him, and gave a signal that the evening meal should be placed upon the board.

While the attendants hastened to obey Cedric's commands, his eye distinguished Gurth the swineherd, who, with his companion Wamba, had just entered the hall. "Send these loitering knaves up hither," said the Saxon, impatiently. And when the culprits came before the dais, "How comes it, villains! that you have loitered abroad so late as this? Hast thou brought home thy charge, sirrah Gurth, or hast thou left them to robbers and marauders?"

"The herd is safe, so please ye," said Gurth.

"But it does not please me, thou knave," said Cedric, "that I should be made to suppose otherwise for two hours, and sit here devising vengeance against my neighbours for wrongs they have not done me. I tell thee, shackles and the prison-house shall punish the next offence of this kind."

Gurth, knowing his master's irritable temper, attempted no exculpation; but the Jester, who could presume upon Cedric's tolerance, by virtue of his privileges as a fool, replied for them both; "In troth, uncle Cedric, you are neither wise nor reasonable to-night."

"How, sir?" said his master; "you shall to the porter's lodge, and taste of the discipline there, if you give your foolery such license."

"First let your wisdom tell me," said Wamba, "is it just and reasonable to punish one person for the fault of another?"

"Certainly not, fool," answered Cedric.

"Then why should you shackle poor Gurth, uncle, for the fault of his dog Fangs? for I dare be sworn we lost not a minute by the way, when we had got our herd together, which Fangs did not manage until we heard the vesper-bell."

"Then hang up Fangs," said Cedric, turning hastily towards the swineherd, "if the fault is his, and get thee another dog."

"Under favour, uncle," said the Jester, "that were still somewhat on the bow-hand of fair justice; for it was no fault of Fangs that he was lame and could not gather the herd, but the fault of those that struck off two of his fore-claws, an operation for which, if the poor fellow had been consulted, he would scarce have given his voice."

"And who dared to lame an animal which belonged to my bondsman?" said the Saxon, kindling in wrath.

"Marry, that did old Hubert," said Wamba, "Sir Philip de Malvoisin's keeper of the chase. He caught Fangs strolling in the forest, and said he chased the deer contrary to his master's right, as warden of the walk."

"The foul fiend take Malvoisin," ans
Saxon, "and his keeper both! I will teach
the wood was disforested in terms of the
rest Charter. But enough of this. Go to,
to thy place—and thou, Gurth, get thee a
and should the keeper dare to touch it, I w
archery; the curse of a coward on my head
not off the forefinger of his right hand!
draw bowstring no more. I crave your
worthy guests. I am beset here with n
match your infidels, Sir Knight, in Holy L
your homely fare is before you; feed, and l
make amends for hard fare."

The feast, however, which was spread
board, needed no apologies from the lord o
sion. Swine's flesh, dressed in several m
peared on the lower part of the board, as a
fowls, deer, goats, and hares, and variou
fish, together with huge loaves and cake
and sundry confections made of fruits a
The smaller sorts of wild-fowl, of which
abundance, were not served up in platters, b
in upon small wooden spits or broaches, a
by the pages and domestics who bore the
guest in succession, who cut from them suc
as he pleased. Beside each person of rank
a goblet of silver; the lower board was
dated with large drinking horns.

When the repast was about to commenc
jor-domo, or steward, suddenly raising his
aloud, "Forbear! Place for the Lady Ro
side-door at the upper end of the hall now
hind the banquet table, and Rowena, fo
four female attendants, entered the apartme
though surprised, and perhaps not altogeth
bly so, at his ward appearing in public on
sion, hastened to meet her, and to conduc
respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat a
right hand, appropriated to the lady of the
All stood up to receive her; and, replyi
courtesy by a mute gesture of salutation,
gracefully forward to assume her place at
Ere she had time to do so, the Templar w
the Prior, "I shall wear no collar of gold
the tournament. The Chian wine is your

"Said I not so?" answered the Prior; "
your raptures, the Franklin observes you."

Unheeding this remonstrance, and accus
to act upon the immediate impulse of his o
Brian de Bois-Guilbert kept his eyes rive
Saxon beauty, more striking perhaps to hi
tion, because differing widely from those of
ern Sultanas.

Formed in the best proportions of her se
was tall in stature, yet not so much so a
observation on account of superior height.
plexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble
head and features prevented the insipi
sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her
eye, which sate enshrined beneath a gracel
of brown, sufficiently marked to give expre
forehead, seemed capable to kindle as we
to command as well as to beseech. If mil
the more natural expression of such a com
features, it was plain, that in the present in
exercise of habitual superiority, and the r
general homage, had given to the Saxon la
character, which mingled with and qualifi
stowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a
twixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in
and graceful manner in numerous ringle
which art had probably aided nature. T
were braided with gems, and being wo
length, intimated the noble birth and free-b
tion of the maiden. A golden chain, to
attached a small reliquary of the same m
round her neck. She wore bracelets on
which were bare. Her dress was an under
kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which h
loose robe, which reached to the ground, h
wide sleeves, which came down, however
below the elbow. This robe was crimson,
manufactured out of the very finest wool. A v
interwoven with gold, was attached to the

, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either wn over the face and bosom after the Spanish ion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the lders.

hen Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's bent on her with an ardour, that, compared with lark caverns under which they moved, gave them effect of lighted charcoal, she drew with dignity ed around her face, as an intimation that the mained freedom of his glance was disagreeable. ric saw the motion and its cause. "Sir Templar," he, "the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen little of the sun to enable them to bear the fixed ge of a crusader."

If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave pardon—that is, I crave the Lady Rowena's on—for my humility will carry me no lower."

The Lady Rowena," said the Prior, "has punished ll, in chastising the boldness of my friend. Let ope she will be less cruel to the splendid train h are to meet at the tournament."

Our going thither," said Cedric, is uncertain. "I not these vanities, which were unknown to my rs when England was free."

Let us hope, nevertheless," said the Prior, "our pany may determine you to travel thitherward; n the roads are so unsafe, the escort of Sir Brian ois-Guilbert is not to be despised."

Sir Prior," answered the Saxon, "wheresoever I e travelled in this land, I have hitherto found mywith the assistance of my good sword and faithfollowers, in no respect needful of other aid. At ent, if we indeed journey to Ashby-de-la-Zouche, do so with my noble neighbour and countryman, elstane of Coningsburgh, and with such a train would set outlaws and feudal enemies at defiance. drink to you, Sir Prior, in this cup of wine, which st your taste will approve, and I thank you for courtesy. Should you be so rigid in adhering to astic rule," he added, "as to prefer your acid pretion of milk, I hope you will not strain courtesy o me reason."

Nay," said the Priest, laughing, "it is only in our y that we confine ourselves to the *lac dulce* or the *acidum* either. Conversing with the world, we the world's fashion, and therefore I answer your ge in this honest wine, and leave the weaker r, to my lay-brother."

And I," said the Templar, filling his goblet, nk wassail to the fair Rowena; for since her nesake introduced the word into England, has er been one more worthy of such a tribute. By faith, I could pardon the unhappy Vortigern, had half the cause that we now witness, for making wreck of his honour and his kingdom."

I will spare your courtesy, Sir Knight," said wena with dignity, and without unveiling herself; rather I will tax it so far as to require of you the t news from Palestine, a theme more agreeable ur English ears, than the compliments which French breeding teaches."

I have little of importance to say, lady," answered Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "excepting the confirmed ngs of a truce with Saladin."

e was interrupted by Wamba, who had taken his ropriated seat upon a chair, the back of which was orated with two ass's ears, and which was placed ut two steps behind that of his master, who, from e to time, supplied him with victuals from his own cher; a favour, however, which the Jester shared the favourite dogs, of whom, as we have already iced there were several in attendance. Here sat mba, with a small table before him, his heels ked up against the bar of the chair, his cheeks ked up so as to make his jaws resemble a pair of crackers, and his eyes half-shut, yet watching alertness every opportunity to exercise his nsed foolery.

These truces with the infidels," he exclaimed, hout caring how suddenly he interrupted the stately nplar, "make an old man of me!"

Go to, knave, how so?" said Cedric, his features pared to receive favourably the expected jest.

Because," answered Wamba, "I remember three of them in my day, each of which was to endure for the course of fifty years; so that, by computation, I must be at least a hundred and fifty years old."

"I will warrant you against dying of old age, however," said the Templar, who now recognised his friend of the forest; "I will assure you from all deaths but a violent one, if you give such directions to wayfarers, as you did this night to the Prior and me."

"How, sirrah!" said Cedric, "misdirect travellers? We must have you whipt; you are at least as much rogue as fool."

"I pray thee, uncle," answered the Jester, "let my folly for once protect my roguery. I did but make a mistake between my right hand and my left; and he might have pardoned a greater, who took a fool for his counsellor and guide."

Conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the porter's page, who announced that there was a stranger at the gate, imploring admittance and hospitality.

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he who or what he may;—a night like that which roars without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame, and to seek the protection of man, their mortal foe, rather than perish by the elements. Let his wants be ministered to with all care—look to it, Oswald."

And the steward left the banquetting hall to see the commands of his patron obeyed.

CHAPTER V.

Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?

Merchant of Venice.

OSWALD, returning, whispered into the ear of his master, "It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York; is it fit I should marshal him into the hall?"

"Let Gurth do thine office, Oswald," said Wamba with his usual effrontery; "the swineherd will be a fit usher to the Jew."

"St. Mary," said the Abbot, crossing himself, "an unbelieving Jew, and admitted into this presence!"

"A dog Jew," echoed the Templar, "to approach a defender of the Holy Sepulchre?"

"By my faith," said Wamba, "it would seem the Templars love the Jews' inheritance better than they do their company."

"Peace, my worthy guests," said Cedric; "my hospitality must not be bounded by your dislikes. If Heaven bore with the whole nation of stiff-necked unbelievers for more years than a layman can number, we may endure the presence of one Jew for a few hours. But I constrain no man to converse or to feed with him.—Let him have a board and a morsel apart,—unless," he said smiling, "these turban'd strangers will admit his society."

"Sir Franklin," answered the Templar, "my Saracen slaves are true Moslems, and scorn as much as any Christian to hold intercourse with a Jew."

"Now, in faith," said Wamba, "I cannot see that the worshippers of Mahound and Termagaunt have so greatly the advantage over the people once chosen of Heaven."

"He shall sit with thee, Wamba," said Cedric; "the fool and the knave will be well met."

"The fool," answered Wamba, raising the relics of a gammon of bacon, "will take care to erect a bulwark against the knave."

"Hush," said Cedric, "for here he comes."

Introduced with little ceremony, and advancing with fear and hesitation, and many a bow of deep humility, a tall thin old man, who, however, had lost by the habit of stooping much of his actual height approached the lower end of the board. His features keen and regular, with an aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes; his high and wrinkled forehead, and long gray hair and beard, would have been considered as handsome, had they not been the marks of a physiognomy peculiar to a race, which, during those dark ages, was alike detested by the credulous and prejudiced vulgar, and persecuted by the greedy and rapa

cious nobility, and who, perhaps, owing to that very hatred and persecution, had adopted a national character, in which there was much, to say the least, mean and unamiable.

The Jew's dress, which appeared to have suffered considerably from the storm, was a plain russet cloak of many folds, covering a dark purple tunic. He had large boots lined with fur, and a belt around his waist, which sustained a small knife, together with a case for writing materials, but no weapon. He wore a high square yellow cap of a peculiar fashion, assigned to his nation to distinguish them from Christians, and which he doffed with great humility at the door of the hall.

The reception of this person in the hall of Cedric the Saxon, was such as might have satisfied the most prejudiced enemy of the tribes of Israel. Cedric himself coldly nodded in answer to the Jew's repeated salutations, and signed to him to take place at the lower end of the table, where, however, no one offered to make room for him. On the contrary, as he passed along the file, casting a timid supplicating glance, and turning towards each of those who occupied the lower end of the board, the Saxon domestics squared their shoulders, and continued to devour their supper with great perseverance, paying not the least attention to the wants of the new guest. The attendants of the Abbot crossed themselves, with looks of pious horror, and the very heathen Saracens, as Isaac drew near them, curled up their whiskers with indignation, and laid their hands on their poniards, as if ready to rid themselves by the most desperate means from the apprehended contamination of his nearer approach.

Probably the same motives which induced Cedric to open his hall to this son of a rejected people, would have made him insist on his attendants receiving Isaac with more courtesy. But the Abbot had, at this moment, engaged him in a most interesting discussion on the breed and character of his favourite hounds, which he would not have interrupted for matters of much greater importance than that of a Jew going to bed supperless. While Isaac thus stood an outcast in the present society, like his people among the nations, looking in vain for welcome or resting-place, the pilgrim who sat by the chimney took compassion upon him, and resigned his seat, saying briefly, "Old man, my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased, thou art both wet and fasting." So saying, he gathered together, and brought to a flame, the decaying brands which lay scattered on the ample hearth; took from the larger board a mess of pottage and seethed kid, placed it upon the small table at which he had himself supped, and, without waiting the Jew's thanks, went to the other side of the hall;—whether from unwillingness to hold more close communication with the object of his benevolence, or from a wish to draw near to the upper end of the table, seemed uncertain.

Had there been painters in those days capable to execute such a subject, the Jew, as he bent his withered form and expanded his chilled and trembling hands over the fire, would have formed no bad emblematical personification of the Winter season. Having dispelled the cold, he turned eagerly to the smoking mess which was placed before him, and ate with a haste and an apparent relish, that seemed to betoken long abstinence from food.

Meanwhile the Abbot and Cedric continued their discourse upon hunting; the Lady Rowena seemed engaged in conversation with one of her attendant females; and the haughty Templar, whose eye wandered from the Jew to the Saxon beauty, revolved in his mind thoughts which appeared deeply to interest him.

"I marvel, worthy Cedric," said the Abbot, as their discourse proceeded, "that, great as your predilection is for your own manly language, you do not receive the Norman-French into your favour, so far at least as the mystery of wood-craft and hunting is concerned. Surely no tongue is so rich in the various phrases which the field sports demand, or furnishes means to the experienced woodman so well to express his jovial art."

"Good Father Aymer," said the Saxon, known to you, I care not for those over-se[a refine]ments without which I can well enough [take my] pleasure in the woods. I can wind my horn[, though] I call not the blast either a *recheate* or a *mort*[e—I can] cheer my dogs on the prey, and I can flay an[d quarter] the animal when it is brought down, witho[ut using] the newfangled jargon of *curee, arbor, nomb*[les,] and all the babble of the fabulous Sir Tristrem."*

"The French," said the Templar, raising h[is voice] with the presumptuous and authoritative ton[e which] he used upon all occasions, "is not only the [natural] language of the chase, but that of love and o[f war,] in which ladies should be won and enemies def[ied."]

"Pledge me in a cup of wine, Sir Templa[r," said] Cedric, "and fill another to the Abbot, whil[e I look] back some thirty years to tell you another t[ale. As] Cedric the Saxon then was, his plain Engl[ish tale] needed no garnish from French troubadours[, when it] was told in the ear of beauty; and the field of [North-]allerton, upon the day of the Holy Standar[d, could] tell whether the Saxon war-cry was not hea[rd as far] within the ranks of the Scottish host as the *cri-de-guerre* of the boldest Norman baron. To the m[emory] of the brave who fought there.—Pledge m[e, my] guests." He drank deep, and went on with inc[reasing] warmth. "Ay, that was a day of cleaving of s[hields,] when a hundred banners were bent forward o[ver the] heads of the valiant, and blood flowed rou[nd like] water, and death was held better than flig[ht. A] Saxon bard had called it a feast of the sw[ords—a] gathering of the eagles to the prey—the clashing [of bills] upon shield and helmet, the shouting of batt[le more] joyful than the clamour of a bridal. But ou[r bards] are no more," he said; "our deeds are lost i[n those] of another race—our language—our very na[me—is] hastening to decay, and none mourns for it sa[ve one] solitary old man.—Cup-bearer! knave, fill the [goblets—] To the strong in arms, Sir Templar, be the[ir race] or language what it will, who now bear them[selves in] Palestine among the champions of the Cross[!"]

"It becomes not one wearing this badge [to an]swer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert; "[yet to] whom, besides the sworn Champions of th[e Holy] Sepulchre, can the palm be assigned amo[ng the] champions of the Cross?"

"To the Knights Hospitallers," said the [Abbot;] "I have a brother of their order."

"I impeach not their fame," said the Te[mplar;] "nevertheless"——

"I think, friend Cedric," said Wamba, inte[rfering,] "that had Richard of the Lion's Heart bee[n wise] enough to have taken a fool's advice, he migh[t have] staid at home with his merry Englishmen, a[nd left] the recovery of Jerusalem to those same K[nights] who had most to do with the loss of it."

"Were there, then, none in the English a[rmy,"] said the Lady Rowena, "whose names are wo[rthy to] be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple[and of] St. John?"

"Forgive me, lady," replied De Bois-Guilber[t; "the] English monarch did, indeed, bring to Palestine [a host] of gallant warriors, second only to those [whose] breasts have been the unceasing bulwark o[f that] blessed land."

"Second to NONE," said the Pilgrim, wh[o had] stood near enough to hear, and had listened [to this] conversation with marked impatience. All [turned] towards the spot from whence this unexpecte[d asse]veration was heard. "I say," repeated the P[ilgrim] in a firm and strong voice, "that the Engl[ish chi]valry were second to NONE who ever drew sw[ord in] defence of the Holy Land. I say besides, for [I saw] it, that King Richard himself, and five of his k[nights,]

* There was no language which the Normans more f[ormally] separated from that of common life than the terms of th[e chase.] The objects of their pursuit, whether bird or animal, c[hanged] their name each year, and there were a hundred conv[entional] terms, to be ignorant of which was to be without one [of the] distinguishing marks of a gentleman. The reader may [consult] Dame Juliana Berners' book on the subject. The origi[n of this] science was imputed to the celebrated Sir Tristrem, fa[mous for] his tragic intrigue with the beautiful Ysolte. As the N[ormans] reserved the amusement of hunting strictly to themsel[ves, the] terms of this formal jargon were all taken from the [French] language.

urnament after the taking of St. John-de-
challengers against all comers. I say that,
ay, each knight ran three courses, and cast
mind three antagonists. I add, that seven of
ailants were Knights of the Temple—and
de Bois-Guilbert well knows the truth of
ll you."
possible for language to describe the fiercer
rage which rendered yet darker the swarthy
ace of the Templar. In the extremity of
tment and confusion, his quivering fingers
wards the handle of his sword, and perhaps
drew, from the consciousness that no act of
could be safely executed in that place and
Cedric, whose feelings were all of a right
and simple kind, and were seldom occupied by
a one object at once, omitted, in the joyous
which he heard of the glory of his country-
remark the angry confusion of his guest;
give thee this golden bracelet, Pilgrim," he
ildst thou tell me the names of those knights
eld so gallantly the renown of merry Eng-

will I do blythely," replied the Pilgrim, "and
guerdon; my oath, for a time, prohibits me
hing gold."
wear the bracelet for you, if you will, friend
said Wamba.
irst in honour as in arms, in renown as in
aid the Pilgrim, "was the brave Richard,
England."
give him," said Cedric; "I forgive him his
rom the tyrant Duke William."
Earl of Leicester was the second," continued
m; Sir Thomas Multon of Gilsland was the

xon descent, he at least," said Cedric, with
l.
oulk Doilly the fourth," proceeded the Pil-

t also, at least by the mother's side," con-
dric, who listened with the utmost eager-
forgot, in part at least, his hatred to the
in the common triumph of the King of
and his islanders. "And who was the
demanded.
fth was Edward Turneham."
ne Saxon, by the soul of Hengist!" shouted
And the sixth?" he continued with eager-
ow name you the sixth?"
ixth," said the Palmer, after a pause, in
seemed to recollect himself, "was a young
lesser renown and lower rank, assumed
onourable company, less to aid their enter-
to make up their number—his name dwells
memory."
almer," said Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert
"this assumed forgetfulness, after so much
remembered, comes too late to serve your
I will myself tell the name of the knight
ose lance fortune and my horse's fault occa-
falling—it was the Knight of Ivanhoe;
were one of the six that, for his years, had
wn in arms. Yet this will I say, and loudly,
re he in England, and durst repeat, in this
urnament, the challenge of St. John-de-
mounted and armed as I now am, would
very advantage of weapons, and abide the

challenge would be soon answered," replied
r, "were your antagonist near you. As the
disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of
f a conflict, which you well know cannot
. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I
surety that he meets you."
odly security!" said the Knight Templar;
at do you proffer as a pledge?"
eliquary," said the Palmer, taking a small
from his bosom, and crossing himself,
ng a portion of the true cross, brought from
stery of Mount Carmel."
or of Jorvaulx crossed himself and repeated
oster, in which all devoutly joined, excepting
the Mahomedans, and the Templar; the latter of whom, without vailing his bonnet, or testify-
ing any reverence for the alleged sanctity of the
relic, took from his neck a gold chain, which he flung
on the board, saying "Let Prior Aymer hold
pledge and that of this nameless vagrant, in token
that when the Knight of Ivanhoe comes within the
four seas of Britain, he underlies the challenge of
Brian de Bois-Guilbert, which, if he answer not, I
will proclaim him as a coward on the walls of every
Temple Court in Europe."

"It will not need," said the Lady Rowena, break-
ing silence; "my voice shall be heard, if no other in
this hall is raised in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe. I
affirm he will meet fairly every honourable challenge.
Could my weak warrant add security to the inesti-
mable pledge of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge
name and fame that Ivanhoe gives this proud knight
the meeting he desires."

A crowd of conflicting emotions seemed to have
occupied Cedric, and kept him silent during this dis-
cussion. Gratified pride, resentment, embarrassment,
chased each other over his broad and open brow, like
the shadow of clouds drifting over a harvest-field;
while his attendants, on whom the name of the sixth
knight seemed to produce an effect almost electrical,
hung in suspense upon their master's looks. But
when Rowena spoke, the sound of her voice seemed
to startle him from his silence.

"Lady," said Cedric, "this beseems not; were fur-
ther pledge necessary, I myself, offended, and justly
offended, as I am, would yet gage my honour for the
honour of Ivanhoe. But the wager of battle is com-
plete, even according to the fantastic fashions of Nor-
man chivalry. Is it not, Father Aymer?"

"It is," replied the Prior; "and the blessed relic
and rich chain will I bestow safely in the treasury
of our convent, until the decision of this warlike
challenge."

Having thus spoken, he crossed himself again and
again, and after many genuflections and muttered
prayers, he delivered the reliquary to Brother Am-
brose, his attendant monk, while he himself swept up
with less ceremony, but perhaps with no less internal
satisfaction, the golden chain, and bestowed it in a
pouch lined with perfumed leather, which opened
under his arm. "And now, Sir Cedric," he said,
"my ears are chiming vespers with the strength of
your good wine—permit us another pledge to the wel-
fare of the Lady Rowena, and indulge us with liberty
to pass to our repose."

"By the rood of Bromholme," said the Saxon,
"you do but small credit to your fame, Sir Prior!
Report speaks you a bonny monk, that would hear
the matin chime ere he quitted his bowl; and, old as
I am, I feared to have shame in encountering you.
But, by my faith, a Saxon boy of twelve, in my time,
would not so soon have relinquished his goblet."

The Prior had his own reasons, however, for per-
severing in the course of temperance which he had
adopted. He was not only a professional peace-
maker, but from practice a hater of all feuds and
brawls. It was not altogether from a love to his
neighbour, or to himself, or from a mixture of both.
On the present occasion, he had an instinctive appre-
hension of the fiery temper of the Saxon, and saw
the danger that the reckless and presumptuous spirit,
of which his companion had already given so many
proofs, might at length produce some disagreeable
explosion. He therefore gently insinuated the inca-
pacity of the native of any other country to engage in
the genial conflict of the bowl with the hardy and
strong-headed Saxons; something he mentioned, but
slightly, about his own holy character, and ended by
pressing his proposal to depart to repose.

The grace-cup was accordingly served round, and
the guests, after making deep obeisance to their land-
lord and to the Lady Rowena, arose and mingled in
the hall, while the heads of the family, by separate
doors, retired with their attendants.

"Unbelieving dog," said the Templar to Isaac the
Jew, as he passed him in the throng, "dost thou bend
thy course to the tournament?"

"I do so propose," replied Isaac, bowing in all
humility, "if it please your reverend valour"

"Ay," said the Knight, "to gnaw the bowels of our nobles with usury, and to gull women and boys with gauds and toys—I warrant thee store of shekels in thy Jewish scrip."

"Not a shekel, not a silver penny, not a halfling—so help me the God of Abraham!" said the Jew, clasping his hands; "I go but to seek the assistance of some brethren of my tribe to aid me to pay the fine which the Exchequer of the Jews* have imposed upon me—Father Jacob be my speed! I am an impoverished wretch—the very gaberdine I wear is borrowed from Reuben of Tadcaster."

The Templar smiled sourly as he replied, "Beshrew thee for a false-hearted liar!" and passing onward, as if disdaining further conference, he communed with his Moslem slaves in a language unknown to the bystanders. The poor Israelite seemed so staggered by the address of the military monk, that the Templar had passed on to the extremity of the hall ere he raised his head from the humble posture which he had assumed, so far as to be sensible of his departure. And when he did look around, it was with the astonished air of one at whose feet a thunderbolt has just burst, and who hears still the astounding report ringing in his ears.

The Templar and Prior were shortly after marshalled to their sleeping apartments by the steward and the cup-bearer, each attended by two torch-bearers and two servants carrying refreshments, while servants of inferior condition indicated to their retinue and to the other guests their respective places of repose.

CHAPTER VI.

To buy his favour I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Merchant of Venice.

As the Palmer, lighted by a domestic with a torch, past through the intricate combination of apartments of this large and irregular mansion, the cup-bearer coming behind him whispered in his ear, that if he had no objection to a cup of good mead in his apartment, there were many domestics in that family who would gladly hear the news he had brought from the Holy Land, and particularly that which concerned the Knight of Ivanhoe. Wamba presently appeared to urge the same request, observing that a cup after midnight was worth three after curfew. Without disputing a maxim urged by such grave authority, the Palmer thanked them for their courtesy, but observed that he had included in his religious vow, an obligation never to speak in the kitchen on matters which were prohibited in the hall. "That vow," said Wamba to the cup-bearer, "would scarce suit a serving-man."

The cup-bearer shrugged up his shoulders in displeasure. "I thought to have lodged him in the solere chamber," said he; "but since he is so unsocial to Christians, e'en let him take the next stall to Isaac the Jew's. Anwold," said he to the the torch-bearer, "carry the Pilgrim to the southern cell.—I give you good-night," he added, "Sir Palmer, with small thanks for short courtesy."

"Good-night, and Our Lady's benison!" said the Palmer, with composure; and his guide moved forward.

In a small antechamber, into which several doors opened, and which was lighted by a small iron lamp, they met a second interruption from the waiting-maid of Rowena, who, saying in a tone of authority, that her mistress desired to speak with the Palmer, took the torch from the hand of Anwold, and, bidding him await her return, made a sign to the Palmer to follow. Apparently he did not think it proper to decline this invitation as he had done the former; for, though his gesture indicated some surprise at the summons, he obeyed it without answer or remonstrance.

A short passage, and an ascent of seven steps, each of which was composed of a solid beam of oak, led him to the apartment of the Lady Rowena, the rude

* In those days the Jews were subjected to an Exchequer, specially dedicated to that purpose, and which laid them under the most exorbitant impositions. L. T.

magnificence of which corresponded to the
which was paid to her by the lord of the m
The walls were covered with embroidered ha
on which different-coloured silks, interwove
gold and silver threads, had been employed
the art of which the age was capable, to repre
sports of hunting and hawking. The b
adorned with the same rich tapestry, and surr
with curtains dyed with purple. The seats
their stained coverings, and one, which was
than the rest, was accommodated with a foot
ivory, curiously carved.

No fewer than four silver candelabras, holdi
waxen torches, served to illuminate this apa
Yet let not modern beauty envy the magnific
a Saxon princess. The walls of the apartmen
so ill finished and so full of crevices, that t
hangings shook to the night blast, and, in des
sort of screen intended to protect them from th
the flame of the torches streamed sideways in
air, like the unfurled pennon of a chieftain.
ificence there was, with some rude attempt a
but of comfort there was little, and, being unl
it was unmissed.

The Lady Rowena, with three of her atte
standing at her back, and arranging her hair
lay down to rest, was seated in the sort of
already mentioned, and looked as if born t
general homage. The Pilgrim acknowledg
claim to it by a low genuflection.

"Rise, Palmer," said she graciously. "The d
of the absent has a right to favourable recepti
all who value truth, and honour manhood.
then said to her train, "Retire, excepting only E
I would speak with this holy Pilgrim."

The maidens, without leaving the apartment
to its farther extremity, and sat down on
bench against the wall, where they remaine
as statues, though at such a distance tha
whispers could not have interrupted the conv
of their mistress.

"Pilgrim," said the lady, after a moment's
during which she seemed uncertain how to
him, "you this night mentioned a name—I
she said, with a degree of effort, "the name o
hoe, in the halls where by nature and kindred i
have sounded most acceptably; and yet, suc
perverse course of fate, that of many whose
must have throbbed at the sound, I, only, da
you where, and in what condition, you left
whom you spoke? We heard, that, having re
in Palestine, on account of his impaired healt
the departure of the English army, he had expe
the persecution of the French faction, to wh
Templars are known to be attached."

"I know little of the Knight of Ivanhoe," a
ed the Palmer, with a troubled voice. "I w
knew him better, since you, lady, are interested
fate. He hath, I believe, surmounted the perse
of his enemies in Palestine, and is on the eve
turning to England, where you, lady, must
better than I, what is his chance of happiness.

The Lady Rowena sighed deeply, and aske
particularly when the Knight of Ivanhoe m
expected in his native country, and whether he
not be exposed to great dangers by the road.
first point, the Palmer professed ignorance;
second, he said that the voyage might be safel
by the way of Venice and Genoa, and from
through France to England. "Ivanhoe,"
"was so well acquainted with the language an
ners of the French, that there was no fear of
curring any hazard during that part of his trav

"Would to God," said the Lady Rowena, "
here safely arrived, and able to bear arms in
proaching tourney, in which the chivalry of t
are expected to display their address and
Should Athelstane of Coningsburgh obtain th
Ivanhoe is like to hear evil tidings when he
England. How looked he, stranger, when
saw him? Had disease laid her hand heavy u
strength and comeliness?"

"He was darker," said the Palmer, "and
than when he came from Cyprus in the train o

and care seemed to sit heavy on his brow; roached not his presence, because he is un- me."

ll," said the lady, "I fear, find little in his nd to clear those clouds from his counte- Thanks, good Pilgrim, for your information g the companion of my childhood. Maid- said, "draw near offer this sleeping cup l, man, whom I will no longer detain from

the maidens presented a silver cup, contain- a mixture of wine and spice, which Rowe- put to her lips. It was then offered to r, who, after a low obeisance, tasted a few

t this alms, friend," continued the lady, piece of gold, "in acknowledgment of thy ail and of the shrines thou hast visited." rim received the boon with another low , and followed Elgitha out of the apart-

-room he found his attendant Anwold, ng the torch from the hand of the waiting ducted him with more haste than ceremony terior and ignoble part of the building, where a f small apartments, or rather cells, served ng places to the lower order of domestics angers of mean degree.

hich of these sleeps the Jew?" said the

unbelieving dog," answered Anwold, "ken- e cell next your holiness. - St. Dunstan, how e scraped and cleansed ere it be again fit for n!"

where sleeps Gurth the swineherd?" said the

," replied the bondsman, "sleeps in the cell right, as the Jew on that to your left; you ep the child of circumcision separate from ination of his tribe. You might have oc- more honourable place had you accepted of invitation."

s well as it is," said the Palmer; "the com- of a Jew can hardly spread contamination n oaken partition."

ng, he entered the cabin allotted to him, and e torch from the domestic's hand, thanked wished him good-night. Having shut the cell, he placed the torch in a candlestick wood, and looked around his sleeping apart- furniture of which was of the most simple. consisted of a rude wooden stool, and still h or bed-frame stuffed with clean straw, mmodated with two or three sheepskins by d-clothes.

lmer, having extinguished his torch, threw ithout taking off any part of his clothes, on couch, and slept, or at least retained his posture, till the earliest sunbeams found through the little grated window, which once to admit both air and light to his un- le cell. He then started up, and, after his matins, and adjusting his dress, he left it, d that of Isaac the Jew, lifting the latch as he could.

nate was lying in troubled slumber upon a ilar to that on which the Palmer himself had night. Such parts of his dress as the Jew ff on the preceding evening, were disposed round his person, as if to prevent the hazard ng carried off during his slumbers. There ble on his brow amounting almost to agony. and arms moved convulsively, as if strug- the nightmare; and besides several ejac n Hebrew, the following were distinctly he Norman English, or mixed language of y: "For the sake of the God of Abraham, nhappy old man! I am poor, I am penni- ld your irons wrench my limbs asunder, I gratify you!"

lmer awaited not the end of the Jew's t stirred him with his pilgrim's staff. The bly associated, as is usual, with some of ensions excited by his dream; for the old man started up, his gray hair standing almost erect upon his head, and huddling some part of his garments about him, while he held the detached pieces with the tenacious grasp of a falcon, he fixed upon the Palmer his keen black eyes, expressive of wild surprise and of bodily apprehension.

"Fear nothing from me, Isaac," said the Palmer "I come as your friend."

"The God of Israel requite you," said the Jew, greatly relieved; "I dreamed—but Father Abraham be praised, it was but a dream!" Then, collecting himself, he added in his usual tone, "And what may it be your pleasure to want at so early an hour with the poor Jew?"

"It is to tell you," said the Palmer, "that if you leave not this mansion instantly, and travel not with some haste, your journey may prove a dangerous one."

"Holy father!" said the Jew, "whom could it interest to endanger so poor a wretch as I am?"

"The purpose you can best guess," said the Pilgrim; "but rely on this, that when the Templar crossed the hall yesternight, he spoke to his Mussulman slaves in the Saracen language, which I well understand, and charged them this morning to watch the journey of the Jew, to seize upon him when at a convenient distance from the mansion, and to conduct him to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin, or to that of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf."

It is impossible to describe the extremity of terror which seized upon the Jew at this information, and seemed at once to overpower his whole faculties. His arms fell down to his sides, and his head drooped on his breast, his knees bent under his weight, every nerve and muscle of his frame seemed to collapse and lose its energy, and he sunk at the foot of the Palmer, not in the fashion of one who intentionally stoops, kneels, or prostrates himself to excite compassion, but like a man borne down on all sides by the pressure of some invisible force, which crushes him to the earth without the power of resistance.

"Holy God of Abraham!" was his first exclamation, folding and elevating his wrinkled hands, but without raising his gray head from the pavement; "Oh, holy Moses! Oh, blessed Aaron! the dream is not dreamed for naught, and the vision cometh not in vain! I feel their irons already tear my sinews! I feel the rack pass over my body like the saws, and harrows, and axes of iron over the men of Rabbah, and of the cities of the children of Ammon!"

"Stand up, Isaac, and hearken to me," said the Palmer, who viewed the extremity of his distress with a compassion in which contempt was largely mingled; "you have cause for your terror, considering how your brethren have been used, in order to extort from them their hoards, both by princes and nobles; but stand up, I say, and I will point out to you the means of escape. Leave this mansion instantly, while its inmates sleep sound after the last night's revel. I will guide you by the secret paths of the forest, known as well to me as to any forester that ranges it, and I will not leave you till you are under safe conduct of some chief or baron going to the tournament, whose good will you have probably the means of securing."

As the ears of Isaac received the hopes of escape which this speech intimated, he began gradually, and inch by inch, as it were, to raise himself up from the ground, until he fairly rested upon his knees, throwing back his long gray hair and beard, and fixing his keen black eyes upon the Palmer's face, with a look expressive at once of hope and fear, not unmingled with suspicion. But when he heard the concluding part of the sentence, his original terror appeared to revive in full force, and he dropt once more on his face, exclaiming, "*I* possess the means of securing good-will! alas! there is but one road to the favour of a Christian, and how can the poor Jew find it, whom extortions have already reduced to the misery of Lazarus?" Then, as if suspicion had overpowered his other feelings, he suddenly exclaimed, "For the love of God, young man, betray me not—for the sake of the Great Father who made us all, Jew as well as Gentile, Israelite and Ishmaelite—do me no treason!

I have not means to secure the good-will of a Christian beggar, were he rating it at a single penny." As he spoke these last words, he raised himself, and grasped the Palmer's mantle with a look of the most earnest entreaty. The pilgrim extricated himself, as if there were contamination in the touch.

"Wert thou loaded with all the wealth of thy tribe," he said, "what interest have I to injure thee? In this dress I am vowed to poverty, nor do I change it for aught save a horse and a coat of mail. Yet think not that I care for thy company, or propose myself advantage by it; remain here if thou wilt—Cedric the Saxon may protect thee."

"Alas!" said the Jew, "he will not let me travel in his train—Saxon or Norman will be equally ashamed of the poor Israelite; and to travel by myself through the domains of Philip de Malvoisin and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf—Good youth, I will go with you!—Let us haste—let us gird up our loins—let us flee!—Here is thy staff, why wilt thou tarry?"

"I tarry not," said the Pilgrim, giving way to the urgency of his companion; "but I must secure the means of leaving this place—follow me."

He led the way to the adjoining cell, which, as the reader is apprised, was occupied by Gurth the swineherd.—"Arise, Gurth," said the Pilgrim, "arise quickly. Undo the postern gate, and let out the Jew and me."

Gurth, whose occupation, though now held so mean, gave him as much consequence in Saxon England as that of Eumaeus in Ithaca, was offended at the familiar and commanding tone assumed by the Palmer. "The Jew leaving Rotherwood," said he, raising himself on his elbow, and looking superciliously at him without quitting his pallet, "and travelling in company with the Palmer to boot"——

"I should as soon have dreamt," said Wamba, who entered the apartment at the instant, "of his stealing away with a gammon of bacon."

"Nevertheless," said Gurth, again laying down his head on the wooden log which served him for a pillow, "both Jew and Gentile must be content to abide the opening of the great gate—we suffer no visitors to depart by stealth at these unseasonable hours."

"Nevertheless," said the Pilgrim, in a commanding tone, "you will not, I think, refuse me that favour."

So saying, he stooped over the bed of the recumbent swineherd, and whispered something in his ear in Saxon. Gurth started up as if electrified. The Pilgrim, raising his finger in an attitude as if to express caution, added, "Gurth, beware—thou art wont to be prudent. I say, undo the postern—thou shalt know more anon."

With hasty alacrity Gurth obeyed him, while Wamba and the Jew followed, both wondering at the sudden change in the swineherd's demeanour.

"My mule, my mule!" said the Jew, as soon as they stood without the postern.

"Fetch him his mule," said the Pilgrim; "and, hearest thou,—let me have another, that I may bear him company till he is beyond these parts—I will return it safely to some of Cedric's train at Ashby. And do thou"—he whispered the rest in Gurth's ear.

"Willingly, most willingly shall it be done," said Gurth, and instantly departed to execute the commission.

"I wish I knew," said Wamba, when his comrade's back was turned, "what you Palmers learn in the Holy Land."

"To say our orisons, fool," answered the Pilgrim, "to repent our sins, and to mortify ourselves with fastings, vigils, and long prayers."

"Something more potent than that," answered the Jester; "for when would repentance or prayer make Gurth do a courtesy, or fasting or vigil persuade him to lend you a mule?—I trow you might as well have told his favourite black boar of thy vigils and penance, and wouldst have gotten as civil an answer."

"Go to," said the Pilgrim, "thou art but a Saxon fool."

"Thou sayest well," said the Jester; "had I been born a Norman, as I think thou art, I would have had luck on my side, and been next door to a wise man."

At this moment Gurth appeared on the [cut] side of the moat with the mules. The travelle[rs cross]ed the ditch upon a drawbridge of only tw[o planks] breadth, the narrowness of which was match[ed by] the straitness of the postern, and with a littl[e wicket] in the exterior palisade, which gave access to [the for]est. No sooner had they reached the mules, [than the] Jew, with hasty and trembling hands, secure[d behind] the saddle a small bag of blue buckram, which [he took] from under his cloak, containing, as he m[uttered,] "a change of raiment—only a change of r[aiment."] Then getting upon the animal with more ala[crity and] haste than could have been anticipated from [his years,] he lost no time in so disposing of the skir[ts of his] gaberdine as to conceal completely from obs[ervation] the burden which he had thus deposited *en c[roupe.]*

The Pilgrim mounted with more deliberatio[n, reach]ing, as he departed, his hand to Gurth, who [kissed it] with the utmost possible veneration. The sw[ineherd] stood gazing after the travellers until they w[ere lost] under the boughs of the forest path, when [he was] disturbed from his reverie by the voice of Wa[mba.]

"Knowest thou," said the Jester, "my goo[d friend] Gurth, that thou art strangely courteous an[d most] unwontedly pious on this summer morning? [I would] I were a black Prior or a barefoot Palmer, [to avail] myself of thy unwonted zeal and courtesy—[certes, I] would make more out of it than a kiss of the [hand."]

"Thou art no fool thus far, Wamba," a[nswered] Gurth, "though thou arguest from appearan[ces, and] the wisest of us can do no more—But it is [time to] look after my charge."

So saying, he turned back to the mansion, [attended] by the Jester.

Meanwhile the travellers continued to pres[s on their] journey with a despatch which argued the e[xtremity] of the Jew's fears, since persons at his age ar[e seldom] fond of rapid motion. The Palmer, to wh[om every] path and outlet in the wood appeared to be [familiar,] led the way through the most devious pa[ths, and] more than once excited anew the suspicio[n of the] Israelite, that he intended to betray him i[nto some] ambuscade of his enemies.

His doubts might have been indeed pardo[nable; for] except perhaps the flying fish, there was no [race ex]isting on the earth, in the air, or the wat[ers, who] were the object of such an unintermitting[, general,] and relentless persecution as the Jews of th[is period.] Upon the slightest and most unreasonable p[retences,] as well as upon accusations the most abs[urd and] groundless, their persons and property were [exposed] to every turn of popular fury; for Norman, [Saxon,] Dane, and Briton, however adverse these ra[ces were] to each other, contended which should lo[ok with the] greatest detestation upon a people, whom it [was ac]counted a point of religion to hate, to revile, t[o despise,] to plunder, and to persecute. The Kings of t[he Nor]man race, and the independent nobles, who f[ollowed] their example in all acts of tyranny, ma[intained] against this devoted people a persecution of [a more] regular, calculated, and self-interested kind. [It is a] well-known story of King John, that he c[onfined a] wealthy Jew in one of the royal castles, a[nd daily] caused one of his teeth to be torn out, until, [when the] jaw of the unhappy Israelite was half disfurn[ished, he] consented to pay a large sum, which it wa[s the ty]rant's object to extort from him. The litt[le ready] money which was in the country was chiefl[y in pos]session of this persecuted people, and the nob[ility hesi]tated not to follow the example of their sove[reign, in] wringing it from them by every species of op[pression,] and even personal torture. Yet the passive [courage] inspired by the love of gain, induced the Jew[s to dare] the various evils to which they were subjecte[d, in con]sideration of the immense profits which t[hey were] enabled to realize in a country naturally so [wealthy] as England. In spite of every kind of di[scourage]ment, and even of the special court of taxati[ons alrea]dy mentioned, called the Jew's Exchequ[er, erected] for the very purpose of despoiling and distress[ing them,] the Jews increased, multiplied, and accumul[ated huge] sums, which they transferred from one han[d to ano]ther by means of bills of exchange—an inv[ention for] which commerce is said to be indebted to t[hem,]

ibled them to transfer their wealth from nd, that, when threatened with oppression ountry, their treasure might be secured in ;

tinacy and avarice of the Jews being thus ure placed in opposition to the fanaticism ny of those under whom they lived, seemed e in proportion to the persecution with y were visited; and the immense wealth ly acquired in commerce, while it frequently em in danger, was at other times used to ir influence, and to secure to them a certain protection. On these terms they lived; character, influenced accordingly, was suspicious, and timid yet obstinate, un- , and skilful in evading the dangers to y were exposed.

he travellers had pushed on at a rapid rate nany devious paths, the Palmer at length ice.

large decayed oak," he said, "marks the s over which Front-de-Bœuf claims autho- re long since far from those of Malvoisin. ow no fear of pursuit."

he wheels of their chariots be taken off," 'ew, "like those of the host of Pharaoh, may drive heavily!—But leave me not, im—Think but of that fierce and savage with his Saracen slaves—they will regard ritory, nor manor, nor lordship."

oad," said the Palmer, "should here sepa- it beseems not men of my character and travel together longer than needs must be. what succour couldst thou have from me, a Pilgrim, against two armed heathens?"

d youth," answered the Jew, "thou canst , and I know thou wouldst. Poor as I am, ute it—not with money, for money, so help ather Abraham, I have none—but" —

r and recompense," said the Palmer, inter- m, "I have already said I require not of ide thee I can; and, it may be, even in defend thee; since to protect a Jew against , can scarce be accounted unworthy of a Therefore, Jew, I will see thee safe under ng escort. We are now not far from the Sheffield, where thou mayest easily find hy tribe with whom to take refuge."

essing of Jacob be upon thee, good youth!" ew; "in Sheffield I can harbour with my Zareth, and find some means of travelling safety."

o," said the Palmer; "at Sheffield then we half-an-hour's riding will bring us in sight wn."

f hour was spent in perfect silence on both e Pilgrim perhaps disdaining to address except in case of absolute necessity, and the presuming to force a conversation with a ose journey to the Holy Sepulchre gave a nctity to his character. They paused on f a gently rising bank, and the Pilgrim, to the town of Sheffield, which lay be- m, repeated the words, "Here, then, we

ill you have had the poor Jew's thanks," ; "for I presume not to ask you to go with kinsman Zareth's, who might aid me with ans of repaying your good offices."

already said," answered the Pilgrim, "that o recompense. If, among the huge list of rs, thou wilt, for my sake, spare the gyves lungeon to some unhappy Christian who thy danger, I shall hold this morning's ser- ee well bestowed."

stay," said the Jew, laying hold of his gar- omething would I do more than this, some- thyself.—God knows the Jew is poor—yes, the beggar of his tribe—but forgive me guess what thou most lackest at this mo-

u wert to guess truly," said the Palmer, "it is what thou canst not supply, wert thou as wealthy as thou sayst thou art poor."

"As I say?" echoed the Jew; "O! believe it, I say but the truth; I am a plundered, indebted, distressed man. Hard hands have wrung from me my goods, my money, my ships, and all that I possessed—Yet I can tell thee what thou lackest, and, it may be, sup- ply it too. Thy wish even now is for a horse and armour."

The Palmer started, and turned suddenly towards the Jew:—"What fiend prompted that guess?" said he, hastily.

"No matter," said the Jew, smiling, "so that it be a true one—and, as I can guess thy want, so I can supply it."

"But consider," said the Palmer, "my character, my dress, my vow."

"I know you Christians," replied the Jew, "and that the noblest of you will take the staff and sandal in superstitious penance, and walk afoot to visit the graves of dead men."

"Blaspheme not, Jew!" said the Pilgrim, sternly.

"Forgive me," said the Jew; "I spoke rashly. But there dropt words from you last night and this morn- ing, that, like sparks from flint, showed the metal within; and in the bosom of that Palmer's gown, is hidden a knight's chain and spurs of gold. They glanced as you stooped over my bed in the morn- ing."

The Pilgrim could not forbear smiling. "Were thy garments searched by as curious an eye, Isaac," said he, "what discoveries might not be made?"

"No more of that," said the Jew, changing colour; and drawing forth his writing materials in haste, as if to stop the conversation, he began to write upon a piece of paper which he supported on the top of his yellow cap, without dismounting from his mule. When he had finished, he delivered the scroll, which was in the Hebrew character, to the Pilgrim, saying, "In the town of Leicester all men know the rich Jew, Kirjath Jairam of Lombardy; give him this scroll—he hath on sale six Milan harnesses, the worst would suit a crowned head—ten goodly steeds, the worst might mount a king, were he to do battle for his throne. Of these he will give thee thy choice, with every thing else that can furnish thee forth for the tournament: when it is over, thou wilt return them safely—unless thou shouldst have wherewith to pay their value to the owner."

"But, Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, "dost thou know that in these sports, the arms and steed of the knight who is unhorsed are forfeit to his victor? Now I may be unfortunate, and so lose what I cannot replace or repay."

The Jew looked somewhat astounded at this possi- bility; but collecting his courage, he replied hastily, "No—no—no—It is impossible—I will not think so. The blessing of Our Father will be upon thee. Thy lance will be powerful as the rod of Moses."

So saying, he was turning his mule's head away, when the Palmer, in his turn, took hold of his gaber- dine. "Nay, but Isaac, thou knowest not all the risk. The steed may be slain, the armour injured— for I will spare neither horse nor man. Besides, those of thy tribe give nothing for nothing; something there must be paid for their use."

The Jew twisted himself in the saddle, like a man in a fit of the colic; but his better feelings predomi- nated over those which were most familiar to him. "I care not," he said, "I care not—let me go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing—if there is usage money, Kirjath Jairam will forgive it for the sake of his kinsman Isaac. Fare thee well!—Yet hark thee, good youth," said he, turning about, "thrust thyself not too forward into this vain hurly burly—I speak not for endangering the steed, and coat of armour, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs."

"Gramercy for thy caution," said the Palmer, again smiling; "I will use thy courtesy frankly, and it will go hard with me but I will requite it."

They parted, and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

CHAPTER VII.

Knights with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march and quaint attires;
One laced the helm, another held the lance,
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side;
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
Palamon and Arcite.

THE condition of the English nation was at this time sufficiently miserable. King Richard was absent a prisoner, and in the power of the perfidious and cruel Duke of Austria. Even the very place of his captivity was uncertain, and his fate but very imperfectly known to the generality of his subjects, who were, in the mean time, a prey to every species of subaltern oppression.

Prince John, in league with Philip of France, Cœur-de-Lion's mortal enemy, was using every species of influence with the Duke of Austria, to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, to whom he stood indebted for so many favours. In the mean time, he was strengthening his own faction in the kingdom, of which he proposed to dispute the succession, in case of the King's death, with the legitimate heir, Arthur Duke of Brittany, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, the elder brother of John. This usurpation, it is well known, he afterwards effected. His own character being light, profligate, and perfidious, John easily attached to his person and faction, not only all who had reason to dread the resentment of Richard for criminal proceedings during his absence, but also the numerous class of "lawless resolutes," whom the crusades had turned back on their country, accomplished in the vices of the East, impoverished in substance, and hardened in character, and who placed their hopes of harvest in civil commotion.

To these causes of public distress and apprehension, must be added, the multitude of outlaws, who, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility, and the severe exercise of the forest laws, banded together in large gangs, and, keeping possession of the forests and the wastes, set at defiance the justice and magistracy of the country. The nobles themselves, each fortified within his own castle, and playing the petty sovereign over his own dominions, were the leaders of bands scarce less lawless and oppressive than those of the avowed depredators. To maintain these retainers, and to support the extravagance and magnificence which their pride induced them to affect, the nobility borrowed sums of money from the Jews at the most usurious interest, which gnawed into their estates like consuming cankers, scarce to be cured unless when circumstances gave them an opportunity of getting free, by exercising upon their creditors some act of unprincipled violence.

Under the various burdens imposed by this unhappy state of affairs, the people of England suffered deeply for the present, and had yet more dreadful cause to fear for the future. To augment their misery, a contagious disorder of a dangerous nature spread through the land; and, rendered more virulent by the uncleanness, the indifferent food, and the wretched lodging of the lower classes, swept off many whose fate the survivors were tempted to envy, as exempting them from the evils which were to come.

Yet amid these accumulated distresses, the poor as well as the rich, the vulgar as well as the noble, in the event of a tournament, which was the grand spectacle of that age, felt as much interested as the half-starved citizen of Madrid, who has not a real left to buy provisions for his family, feels in the issue of a bull-feast. Neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions. The Passage of Arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak-trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was enclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the enclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colours of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or silvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game.* The central pavilion, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connexion with the knights who had undertaken this Passage of Arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists, a gently sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, and was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large enclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armourers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Beside the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the

* This sort of masquerade is supposed to have occasioned the introduction of supporters into the science of heraldry.

f a country church, at some distance, was with spectators.

remains to notice respecting the general nt, that one gallery in the very centre of rn side of the lists, and consequently exactly o the spot where the shock of the combat ke place, was raised higher than the others, ly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne py, on which the royal arms were embla- Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries, round this place of honour, which was de- Prince John and his attendants. Oppo- s royal gallery was another, elevated to the ght, on the western side of the lists; and ly, if less sumptuously decorated, than that or the Prince himself. A train of pages and maidens, the most beautiful who could be ly dressed in fancy habits of green and ounded a throne decorated in the same streamers and flags bearing wounded rning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and and all the commonplace emblems of the of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed tors, that this seat of honour was designed *ne de la Beauté et des Amours*. But who resent the Queen of Beauty and of Love sent occasion, no one was prepared to guess. hile spectators of every description thronged o occupy their respective stations, and not nany quarrels concerning those which they led to hold. Some of these were settled by at-arms with brief ceremony; the shafts of le-axes and pummels of their swords, being ployed as arguments to convince the more . Others, which involved the rival claims evated persons, were determined by the her- the two marshals of the field, William de d Stephen de Martival, who, armed at all de up and down the lists to enforce and pre- order among the spectators.

ly the galleries became filled with knights s, in their robes of peace, whose long and mantles were contrasted with the gayer splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a oportion than even the men themselves, o witness a sport, which one would have o bloody and dangerous to afford their sex isure. The lower and interior space was by substantial yeomen and burghers, and e lesser gentry, as, from modesty, poverty, title dared not assume any higher place. ourse among these that the most frequent r precedence occurred.

an unbeliever," said an old man, whose e tunic bore witness to his poverty, as his l dagger, and golden chain intimated his s to rank,—"whelp of a she-wolf! darest upon a Christian, and a Norman gentle- blood of Montdidier!"

gh expostulation was addressed to no other acquaintance Isaac, who, richly and even tly dressed in a gaberdine ornamented and fined with fur, was endeavouring to e in the foremost row beneath the gallery aughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who had at Ashby, and who was now hanging on s arm, not a little terrified by the popular which seemed generally excited by her resumption. But Isaac, though we have sufficiently timid on other occasions, knew t present he had nothing to fear. It was es of general resort, or where their equals mbled, that any avaricious or malevolent t offer him injury. At such meetings the under the protection of the general law; t proved a weak assurance, it usually hap- there were among the persons assembled ns, who, for their own interested motives, to act as their protectors. On the present Isaac felt more than usually confident, re that Prince John was even then in the negotiating a large loan from the Jews of be secured upon certain jewels and lands. n share in this transaction was considera- ble, and he well knew that the Prince's eager desire to bring it to a conclusion would ensure him his pro- tection in the dilemma in which he stood.

Emboldened by these considerations, the Jew pur- sued his point, and jostled the Norman Christian, without respect either to his descent, quality, or reli- gion. The complaints of the old man, however, ex- cited the indignation of the bystanders. One of these, a stout well-set yeoman, arrayed in Lincoln- green, having twelve arrows stuck in his belt, with a baldric and badge of silver, and a bow of six feet length in his hand, turned short round, and while his countenance, which his constant exposure to weather had rendered brown as a hazel-nut, grew darker with anger, he advised the Jew to remember that all the wealth he had acquired by sucking the blood of his miserable victims had but swelled him like a bloated spider, which might be overlooked while it kept in a corner, but would be crushed if it ventured into the light. This intimation, delivered in Norman English with a firm voice and a stern aspect, made the Jew shrink back; and he would have probably withdrawn himself altogether from a vicinity so dangerous, had not the attention of every one been called to the sud- den entrance of Prince John, who at that moment entered the lists, attended by a numerous and gay train, consisting partly of laymen, partly of church- men, as light in their dress, and as gay in their de- meanour, as their companions. Among the latter was the Prior of Jorvaulx, in the most gallant trim which a dignitary of the church could venture to exhibit. Fur and gold were not spared in his garments; and the points of his boots, out-heroding the preposterous fashion of the time, turned up so very far, as to be attached, not to his knees merely, but to his very gir- dle, and effectually prevented him from putting his foot into the stirrup. This, however, was a slight inconvenience to the gallant Abbot, who, perhaps, even rejoicing in the opportunity to display his accom- plished horsemanship before so many spectators, espe- cially of the fair sex, dispensed with the use of these supports to a timid rider. The rest of Prince John's retinue consisted of the favourite leaders of his mer- cenary troops, some marauding barons and profligate attendants upon the court, with several Knights Tem- plars and Knights of St. John.

It may be here remarked, that the knights of these two orders were accounted hostile to King Richard, having adopted the side of Philip of France in the long train of disputes which took place in Palestine be- twixt that monarch and the lion-hearted King of England. It was the well-known consequence of this discord that Richard's repeated victories had been rendered fruitless, his romantic attempts to be- siege Jerusalem disappointed, and the fruit of all the glory which he had acquired had dwindled into an uncertain truce with the Sultan Saladin. With the same policy which had dictated the conduct of their brethren in the Holy Land, the Templars and Hos- pitallers in England and Normandy attached them- selves to the faction of Prince John, having little rea- son to desire the return of Richard to England, or the succession of Arthur, his legitimate heir. For the op- posite reason, Prince John hated and contemned the few Saxon families of consequence which subsisted in England, and omitted no opportunity of mortifying and affronting them; being conscious that his person and pretensions were disliked by them, as well as by the greater part of the English commons, who feared farther innovation upon their rights and liberties, from a sovereign of John's licentious and tyrannical disposition.

Attended by this gallant equipage, himself well mounted, and splendidly dressed in crimson and in gold, bearing upon his hand a falcon, and having his head covered by a rich fur bonnet, adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long curled hair escaped and overspread his shoulders, Prince John, upon a gray and high-mettled palfrey, caracoled within the lists at the head of his jovial party, laugh- ing loud with his train, and eyeing with all the bold- ness of royal criticism the beauties who adorned the lofty galleries.

Those who remarked in the physiognomy of the

Prince a dissolute audacity, mingled with extreme haughtiness and indifference to the feelings of others, could not form, to his countenance, that sort of comeliness which belongs to an open set of features, well formed by nature, modelled by art to the usual rules of courtesy, yet so far frank and honest, that they seem as if they disdained to conceal the natural workings of the soul. Such an expression is often mistaken for manly frankness, when it truly arises from the reckless indifference of a libertine disposition, conscious of superiority of birth, of wealth, or of some other adventitious advantage, totally unconnected with personal merit. To those who did not think so deeply, and they were the greater number by a hundred to one, the splendour of Prince John's rheno, the richness of his cloak, lined with the most costly sables, his maroquin boots and golden spurs, together with the grace with which he managed his palfrey, were sufficient to merit clamorous applause.

In his joyous caracole round the lists, the attention of the Prince was called by the commotion, not yet subsided, which had attended the ambitious movement of Isaac towards the higher places of the assembly. The quick eye of Prince John instantly recognised the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by the beautiful daughter of Zion, who, terrified by the tumult, clung close to the arm of her aged father.

The figure of Rebecca might indeed have compared with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours embossed upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true, that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps, which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect to which we allude. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, were by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich, fastened in her turban by an agraffe set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

"By the bald scalp of Abraham," said Prince John, "yonder Jewess must be the very model of that perfection, whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived! What sayest thou, Prior Aymer?—By the Temple of that wise king, which our wiser brother Richard proved unable to recover, she is the very Bride of the Canticles!"

"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley," —answered the Prior, in a sort of snuffling tone; "but your Grace must remember she is still but a Jewess."

"Ay!" added Prince John, without heeding him, "and there is my Mammon of unrighteousness too—the Marquis of Marks, the Baron of Byzants, contesting for place with penniless dogs, whose threadbare cloaks have not a single cross in their pouches to keep the devil from dancing there. By the body of St. Mark, my prince of supplies, with his lovely Jewess, shall have a place in the gallery!—What is she, Isaac? Thy wife or thy daughter, that Eastern houri that thou lockest under thy arm as thou wouldst thy treasure-casket?"

"My daughter Rebecca, so please your Grace," answered Isaac, with a low congee, nothing embarrassed by the Prince's salutation, in which, however, there was at least as much mockery as courtesy.

"The wiser man thou!" said John, wit
laughter, in which his gay followers ob
joined. "But, daughter or wife, she sho
preferred according to her beauty and thy me
sits above there?" he continued, bending
the gallery. "Saxon churls, lolling at
length!—out upon them!—let them sit
make room for my prince of usurers and
daughter. I'll make the hinds know they
the high places of the synagogue with t
the synagogue properly belongs to."

Those who occupied the gallery to whom
rious and impolite speech was addressed
family of Cedric the Saxon, with that of h
kinsman, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, a
who, on account of his descent from the l
monarchs of England, was held in the high
by all the Saxon natives of the north o
But with the blood of this ancient royal
of their infirmities had descended to Athel
was comely in countenance, bulky and str
son, and in the flower of his age,—yet in
expression, dull-eyed, heavy-browed, ar
sluggish in all his motions, and so slow in
that the soubriquet of one of his ancestor
ferred upon him, and he was very gene
Athelstane the Unready. His friends, an
many, who, as well as Cedric, were passi
tached to him, contended that this slugg
arose not from want of courage, but from
of decision; others alleged that his here
of drunkenness had obscured his faculties,
very acute order, and that the passive c
meek good-nature which remained bel
merely the dregs of a character that might
deserving of praise, but of which all the val
had flown off in the progress of a long cour
debauchery.

It was to this person, such as we hav
him, that the Prince addressed his impe
mand to make place for Isaac and Rebec
stane, utterly confounded at an order, whic
ners and feelings of the times rendered so
insulting, unwilling to obey, yet undetermi
resist, opposed only the *vis inertiæ* to t
John; and, without stirring or making a
whatever of obedience, opened his large
and stared at the Prince with an astonishn
had in it something extremely ludicrous. I
patient John regarded it in no such light.

"The Saxon porker," he said, "is eithe
minds me not—Prick him with your lance,
speaking to a knight who rode near him,
of a band of Free Companions, or Condo
is, of mercenaries belonging to no particu
but attached for the time to any prince by
were paid. There was a murmur even am
tendants of Prince John; but De Bracy, v
fession freed him from all scruples, extend
lance over the space which separated the g
the lists, and would have executed the co
the Prince before Athelstane the Unready
vered presence of mind sufficient even to
his person from the weapon, had not Cedric
as his companion was tardy, unsheathed
speed of lightning, the short sword whic
and at a single blow severed the point o
from the handle. The blood rushed into
nance of Prince John. He swore one of
oaths, and was about to utter some threat c
ing in violence, when he was diverted fro
pose, partly by his own attendants, wh
around him conjuring him to be patient,
general exclamation of the crowd, uttered
plause of the spirited conduct of Cedric.
rolled his eyes in indignation, as if to collec
and easy victim; and chancing to encount
glance of the same archer whom we ha
noticed, and who seemed to persist in his
applause, in spite of the frowning aspect
Prince bent upon him, he demanded his
clamouring thus.

"I always add my hollo," said the yeom
I see a good shot, or a gallant blow."

thou ?" answered the Prince; "then thou he white thyself, I'll warrant."
...dman's mark, and at woodman's distance," answered the yeoman.
...Nat Tyrrel's mark, at a hundred yards," ...e from behind, but by whom uttered could ...cerned.
...lusion to the fate of William Rufus, his ...er, at once incensed and alarmed Prince ... satisfied himself, however, with command... ...en-at-arms, who surrounded the lists, to ...e on the braggart, pointing to the yeoman.
...Grizzel," he added, "we will try his own ... is so ready to give his voice to the feats of
...l not fly the trial," said the yeoman, with ...sure which marked his whole deportment.
...while, stand up, ye Saxon churls," said the ...e; "for, by the light of Heaven, since I ...it, the Jew shall have his seat amongst
... means, an it please your Grace!—it is not ...h as we to sit with the rulers of the land," ...w; whose ambition for precedence, though ... him to dispute place with the extenuated ...erished descendant of the line of Montdi... ...means stimulated him to an intrusion upon ...ges of the wealthy Saxons.
...fidel dog, when I command you," said ...hn, "or I will have thy swarthy hide stript ...nned for horse-furniture!"
...ged, the Jew began to ascend the steep and ...eps which led up to the gallery.
...e see," said the Prince, "who dare stop ...ing his eye on Cedric, whose attitude ...his intention to hurl the Jew down head-
...astrophe was prevented by the clown Wam... ...pringing betwixt his master and Isaac, and ...g, in answer to the Prince's defiance, "Mar... ...ill I!" opposed to the beard of the Jew a ...rawn, which he plucked from beneath his ...l with which, doubtless, he had furnished ...st the tournament should have proved longer ...ppetite could endure abstinence. Finding ...nation of his tribe opposed to his very nose, ... Jester at the same time, flourished his ...word above his head, the Jew recoiled, ...s footing, and rolled down the steps,—an ...jest to the spectators, who set up a loud ...n which Prince John and his attendants ...ned.
...ne the prize, cousin Prince," said Wamba; ...anquished my foe in fair fight with sword ...," he added, brandishing the brawn in one ... the wooden sword in the other.
...and what art thou, noble champion ?" said ...n, still laughing.
... by right of descent," answered the Jester; ...amba, the son of Witless, who was the ...eatherbrain, who was the son of an Alder-
... room for the Jew in front of the lower ...d Prince John, not unwilling perhaps to ...pology to desist from his original purpose; ... the vanquished beside the victor were false
... upon foot were worse," answered the ...nd Jew upon bacon worst of all."
...ercy! good fellow," cried Prince John, ...asest me—Here, Isaac, lend me a handful ...s."
...Jew, stunned by the request, afraid to refuse, ...lling to comply, fumbled in the furred bag ...ng by his girdle, and was perhaps endea... ...ascertain how few coins might pass for a ... the Prince stooped from his jennet and ...aac's doubts by snatching the pouch itself ...side; and flinging to Wamba a couple of ... pieces which it contained, he pursued his ...ind the lists, leaving the Jew to the derision ...around him, and himself receiving as much ... from the spectators as if he had done some ...ld honourable action.

CHAPTER VIII.

At this the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challenged makes reply;
With clangour rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed or the crest,
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.

Palamon and Arcite.

In the midst of Prince John's cavalcade, he suddenly stopt, and appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidom," said he, "we have neglected, Sir Prior, to name the fair Sovereign of Love and of Beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For my part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed Rebecca."

"Holy Virgin," answered the Prior, turning up his eyes in horror, "a Jewess!—We should deserve to be stoned out of the lists; and I am not yet old enough to be a martyr. Besides, I swear by my patron saint, that she is far inferior to the lovely Saxon, Rowena."

"Saxon or Jew," answered the Prince, "Saxon or Jew, dog or hog, what matters it! I say, name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Saxon churls."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate attendants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bracy; "no knight here will lay lance in rest if such an insult is attempted."

"It is the mere wantonness of insult," said one of the oldest and most important of Prince John's followers, Waldemar Fitzurse, "and if your Grace attempt it, cannot but prove ruinous to your projects."

"I entertained you, sir," said John, reining up his palfrey haughtily, "for my follower, but not for my counsellor."

"Those who follow your Grace in the paths which you tread," said Waldemar, but speaking in a low voice, "acquire the right of counsellors; for your interest and safety are not more deeply gaged than their own."

From the tone in which this was spoken, John saw the necessity of acquiescence. "I did but jest," he said; "and you turn upon me like so many adders! Name whom you will, in the fiend's name, and please yourselves."

"Nay, nay," said De Bracy, "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied, until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of valiant knights, who can exalt them to such distinction."

"If Brian de Bois-Guilbert gain the prize," said the Prior, "I will gage my rosary that I name the Sovereign of Love and Beauty."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered De Bracy, "is a good lance; but there are others around these lists, Sir Prior, who will not fear to encounter him."

"Silence, sirs," said Waldemar, "and let the Prince assume his seat. The knights and spectators are alike impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that the sports should commence."

Prince John, though not yet a monarch, had in Waldemar Fitzurse all the inconveniences of a favourite minister, who, in serving his sovereign, must always do so in his own way. The Prince acquiesced, however, although his disposition was precisely of that kind which is apt to be obstinate upon trifles, and, assuming his throne, and being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows:

First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat, might, if he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of

round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat was understood to be at *outrance*, that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength; and in addition to this reward of valour, it was now declared, he should have the peculiar honour of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

Fourthly, it was announced, that, on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part; and being divided into two bands, of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to follow, feats of archery, of bull-baiting, and other popular amusements, were to be practised, for the more immediate amusement of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavour to lay the foundation of a popularity, which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful, in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators, rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and, at the same time, setting off its splendour.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honour. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honour to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite end of the lists. Meantime, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets, and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colours, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little—

"The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we

Their escutcheons have long moulde
walls of their castles. Their castles t
but green mounds and shattered ruins—
once knew them, knows them no more
race since theirs has died out and bee
the very land which they occupied, with
rity of feudal proprietors and feudal lords
would it avail the reader to know their
evanescent symbols of their martial ran

Now, however, no whit anticipating
which awaited their names and feats, t
advanced through the lists, restrainin
steeds, and compelling them to move s
at the same time, they exhibited their pa
with the grace and dexterity of the ri
procession entered the lists, the sound o
barbaric music was heard from behind the
challengers where the performers were
was of Eastern origin, having been bro
Holy Land; and the mixture of the
bells seemed to bid welcome at once,
to the knights as they advanced. Wi
an immense concourse of spectators fixe
the five knights advanced to the p
which the tents of the challengers st
separating themselves, each touched
with the reverse of his lance, the shield
nist to whom he wished to oppose h
lower order of spectators in general
the higher class, and it is even said s
ladies, were rather disappointed at th
choosing the arms of courtesy. For the
persons, who, in the present day, a
highly the deepest tragedies, were then i
in a tournament exactly in proportion to th
curred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific
champions retreated to the extremity
where they remained drawn up in a lin
challengers, sallying each from his pavi
their horses, and, headed by Brian de B
descended from the platform, and oppos
individually to the knights who had
respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpet
out against each other at full gallop; a
the superior dexterity or good fortune o
gers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbe
and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the grou
tagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bear
point fair against the crest or the shield
swerved so much from the direct line as
weapon athwart the person of his opp
cumstance which was accounted mo
than that of being actually unhorsed;
latter might happen from accident, wh
mer evinced awkwardness and want o
of the weapon and of the horse. The fift
maintained the honour of his party and
with the Knight of St. John, both s
lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, toget
acclamations of the heralds, and the cl
trumpets, announced the triumph of th
the defeat of the vanquished. The for
to their pavilions, and the latter, gatheri
up as they could, withdrew from the lis
and dejection, to agree with their victor
the redemption of their arms and their h
according to the laws of the tourname
forfeited. The fifth of their number al
the lists long enough to be greeted by t
of the spectators, amongst whom he
the aggravation, doubtless, of his compa
fication.

A second and a third party of kni

* These lines are part of an unpublished poe
whose muse so often tantalizes with fragments
her powers, while the manner in which she f
her betrays her caprice, yet whose unfinished s
more talent than the laboured masterpieces of o

d although they had various success, yet, whole, the advantage decidedly remained challengers, not one of whom lost his seat d from his charger—misfortunes which be- r two of their antagonists in each encounter. sts, therefore, or those opposed to them, o be considerably depressed by their continued Three knights only appeared on the fourth io, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and -Bœuf, contented themselves with touching the three other knights, who had not alto- anifested the same strength and dexterity. ne selection did not alter the fortune of the challengers were still successful: one of tagonists was overthrown, and both the iled in the *attaint*,* that is, in striking the nd shield of their antagonist firmly and with the lance held in a direct line, so that pon might break unless the champion was wn.

his fourth encounter, there was a considera- ; nor did it appear that any one was very of renewing the contest. The spectators ed among themselves; for, among the ers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were ir from their characters, and the others, rantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and s.

ne shared the general feeling of dissatisfac- cenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each ge gained by the Norman challengers, a re- riumph over the honour of England. His cation had taught him no skill in the games lry, although, with the arms of his Saxon s, he had manifested himself, on many s, a brave and determined soldier. He nxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the ishments of the age, as if desiring that he nake some personal effort to recover the which was passing into the hands of the and his associates. But, though both stout and strong of person, Athelstane had a dis- too inert and unambitious to make the exer- ich Cedric seemed to expect from him.

day is against England, my lord," said Ced- narked tone; "are you not tempted to take ?"

tilt to-morrow," answered Athelstane, "in ; it is not worth while for me to arm my- ay."

hings displeased Cedric in this speech. It l the Norman word *mêlée*, (to express the onflict,) and it evinced some indifference to ur of the country; but it was spoken by Athel- iom he held in such profound respect, that not trust himself to canvass his motives or s. Moreover, he had no time to make any or Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It er, though scarce easier, to be the best man hundred, than the best man of two."

tane took the observation as a serious com- but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's darted at him a severe and menacing look; y it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time e prevented his receiving, notwithstanding and service, more sensible marks of his mas- ntment.

use in the tournament was still uninterrupt- ting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming— f ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, nights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

usic also of the challengers breathed from time wild bursts expressive of triumph or while the clowns grudged a holiday which o pass away in inactivity; and old knights es lamented in whispers the decay of martial oke of the triumphs of their younger days, ed that the land did not now supply dames of scendent beauty as had animated the jousts r times. Prince John began to talk to his ts about making ready the banquet, and the of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois- Guilbert, who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armour, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

"Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight, "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honour was too nearly concerned, to permit his neglecting any means which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau*.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

*erm of chivalry transferred to the law, gives the being attainted of treason.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station, than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly, that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them, that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them, that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armour, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both Knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque, that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force, that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honours to the Disinherited Knight

CHAPTER IX.

——— In the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien,
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign Queen.
* * * * * *
And as in beauty she surpassed the choir,
So nobler than the rest was her attire;
A crown of ruddy gold enclosed her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show;
A branch of Agnus Castus in her hand,
She bore aloft her symbol of command.
The Flower and the Leaf.

William de Wyvil and Stephen de Martival, the marshals of the field, were the first to offer their congratulations to the victor, praying him at the same time, to suffer his helmet to be unlaced, or, at least, that he would raise his visor ere they conducted him to receive the prize of the day's tourney from the hands of Prince John. The Disinherited Knight, with all knightly courtesy, declined their request, alleging, that he could not at this time suffer his face to be seen, for reasons which he had assigned to the heralds when he entered the lists. The marshals were perfectly satisfied by this reply; for amidst the frequent and capricious vows by which knights were accustomed to bind themselves in the days of chivalry, there were none more common than those by which they engaged to remain incognito for a certain space, or until some particular adventure was achieved. The marshals, therefore, pressed no farther into the mystery of the Disinherited Knight, but, announcing to Prince John the conqueror's desire to remain unknown, they requested permission to bring him before his Grace, in order that he might receive the reward of his valour.

John's curiosity was excited by the mystery observed by the stranger; and, being already displeased with the issue of the tournament, in which the challengers whom he favoured had been successively defeated by one knight, he answered haughtily to the marshals, "By the light of Our Lady's brow, this same knight hath been disinherited as well of his courtesy as of his lands, since he desires to appear before us without uncovering his face.—Wot ye, my lords," he said, turning round to his train, "who this gallant can be, that bears himself thus proudly?"

"I cannot guess," answered De Bracy, "nor did I think there had been within the four seas that girt Britain a champion that could bear down these five

one day's jousting. By my faith, I shall
t the force with which he shocked De
ie poor Hospitaller was hurled from his
a stone from a sling."
ot of that," said a Knight of St. John,
esent; "your Temple champion had no
I saw your brave lance, Bois-Guilbert,
over, grasping his hands full of sand at

being attached to the Templars, would
d, but was prevented by Prince John.
rs!" he said, "what unprofitable debate
?"
ior," said De Wyvil, "still wants the
our highness."
pleasure," answered John, "that he do
l we learn whether there is not some one
t least guess at his name and quality.
remain there till nightfall, he has had
h to keep him warm."
ace," said Waldemar Fitzurse, "will do
e honour to the victor, if you compel him
ve tell your highness that which we can-
at least I can form no guess—unless he
he good lances who accompanied King
Palestine, and who are now straggling
rom the Holy Land."
e the Earl of Salisbury," said De Bracy,
t the same pitch."
mas de Multon, the Knight of Gilsland,
d Fitzurse; "Salisbury is bigger in the
whisper arose among the train, but by
suggested could not be ascertained. "It
e King—it might be Richard Cœur-de-
lf!"
od's forbode!" said Prince John, involun-
g at the same time as pale as death, and
as if blighted by a flash of lightning;
!—De Bracy! brave knights and gentle-
ber your promises, and stand truly by

no danger impending," said Waldemar
are you so little acquainted with the
bs of your father's son, as to think they
within the circumference of yonder suit
—De Wyvil and Martival, you will best
ince by bringing forward the victor to the
ending an error that has conjured all the
his cheeks.—Look at him more closely,"
l, "your highness will see that he wants
of King Richard's height, and twice as
s shoulder-breadth. The very horse he
not have carried the ponderous weight
ard through a single course."
was yet speaking, the marshals brought
Disinherited Knight to the foot of a
t of steps, which formed the ascent from
Prince John's throne. Still discomposed
a that his brother, so much injured, and
e was so much indebted, had suddenly
is native kingdom, even the distinctions
by Fitzurse did not altogether remove
apprehensions; and while, with a short
ased eulogy upon his valour, he caused
ed to him the war-horse assigned as the
mbled lest from the barred visor of the
before him, an answer might be returned,
and awful accents of Richard the Lion-

isinherited Knight spoke not a word in
compliment of the Prince, which he only
ed with a profound obeisance.
e was led into the lists by two grooms
d, the animal itself being fully accoutred
chest war-furniture; which, however,
ed to the value of the noble creature in
ose who were judges. Laying one hand
ommel of the saddle, the Disinherited
lted at once upon the back of the steed
king use of the stirrup and, brandishing
ce, rode twice around the lists, exhibiting
nd paces of the horse with the skill of a
eman.
rance of vanity, which might otherwise
have been attributed to this display, was removed by
the propriety shown in exhibiting to the best advantage
the princely reward with which he had been just
honoured, and the Knight was again greeted by the
acclamations of all present.

In the mean while, the bustling Prior of Jorvaulx
had reminded Prince John, in a whisper, that the
victor must now display his good judgment, instead
of his valour, by selecting from among the beauties
who graced the galleries, a lady, who should fill the
throne of the Queen of Beauty and of Love, and de-
liver the prize of the tourney upon the ensuing day.
The Prince accordingly made a sign with his trun-
cheon, as the Knight passed him in his second career
around the lists. The Knight turned towards the
throne, and sinking his lance, until the point was
within a foot of the ground, remained motionless, as
if expecting John's commands; while all admired
the sudden dexterity with which he instantly reduced
his fiery steed from a state of violent emotion and high
excitation to the stillness of an equestrian statue.

"Sir Disinherited Knight," said Prince John,
"since that is the only title by which we can address
you, it is now your duty, as well as privilege, to name
the fair lady, who, as Queen of Honour and of Love,
is to preside over next day's festival. If, as a stran-
ger in our land, you should require the aid of other
judgment to guide your own, we can only say that
Alicia, the daughter of our gallant knight Waldemar
Fitzurse, has at our court been long held the first in
beauty as in place. Nevertheless, it is your undoubted
prerogative to confer on whom you please this crown,
by the delivery of which to the lady of your choice,
the election of to-morrow's Queen will be formal and
complete. Raise your lance."

The knight obeyed; and Prince John placed upon
its point a coronet of green satin, having around its
edge a circlet of gold, the upper edge of which was
relieved by arrow-points and hearts placed inter-
changeably, like the strawberry leaves and balls upon
a ducal crown.

In the broad hint which he dropped respecting the
daughter of Waldemar Fitzurse, John had more than
one motive, each the offspring of a mind, which was
a strange mixture of carelessness and presumption
with low artifice and cunning. He wished to banish
from the minds of the chivalry around him his own
indecent and unacceptable jest respecting the Jewess
Rebecca; he was desirous of conciliating Alicia's
father Waldemar, of whom he stood in awe, and who
had more than once shown himself dissatisfied during
the course of the day's proceedings. He had also a
wish to establish himself in the good graces of the
lady; for John was at least as licentious in his plea-
sures as profligate in his ambition. But besides all
these reasons, he was desirous to raise up against the
Disinherited Knight (towards whom he already enter-
tained a strong dislike) a powerful enemy in the person
of Waldemar Fitzurse, who was likely, he thought,
highly to resent the injury done to his daughter, in
case, as was not unlikely, the victor should make
another choice.

And so indeed it proved. For the Disinherited
Knight passed the gallery close to that of the Prince,
in which the Lady Alicia was seated in the full pride
of triumphant beauty, and, pacing forwards as slowly
as he had hitherto rode swiftly around the lists, he
seemed to exercise his right of examining the nume-
rous fair faces which adorned that splendid circle.

It was worth while to see the different conduct of
the beauties who underwent this examination, during
the time it was proceeding. Some blushed, some as-
sumed an air of pride and dignity, some looked straight
forward, and essayed to seem utterly unconscious of
what was going on, some drew back in alarm, which
was perhaps affected, some endeavoured to forbear
smiling, and there were two or three who laughed
outright. There were also some who dropped their
veils over their charms; but as the Wardour Manu-
script says these were fair ones of ten years standing,
it may be supposed that, having had their full share
of such vanities, they were willing to withdraw their
claim in order to give a fair chance to the rising beau-
ties of the age.

At length the champion paused beneath the balcony in which the Lady Rowena was placed, and the expectation of the spectators was excited to the utmost.

It must be owned, that if an interest displayed in his success could have bribed the Disinherited Knight, the part of the lists before which he paused had merited his predilection. Cedric the Saxon, overjoyed at the discomfiture of the Templar, and still more at the miscarriage of his two malevolent neighbours, Front-de-Bœuf and Malvoisin, had, with his body half stretched over the balcony, accompanied the victor in each course, not with his eyes only, but with his whole heart and soul. The Lady Rowena had watched the progress of the day with equal attention, though without openly betraying the same intense interest. Even the unmoved Athelstane had shown symptoms of shaking off his apathy, when, calling for a huge goblet of muscadine, he quaffed it to the health of the Disinherited Knight.

Another group, stationed under the gallery occupied by the Saxons, had shown no less interest in the fate of the day.

"Father Abraham!" said Isaac of York, when the first course was run betwixt the Templar and the Disinherited Knight, "how fiercely that Gentile rides! Ah, the good horse that was brought all the long way from Barbary, he takes no more care of him than if he were a wild ass's colt—and the noble armour that was worth so many zecchins to Joseph Pareira, the armourer of Milan, besides seventy in the hundred of profits, he cares for it as little as if he had found it in the highways!"

"If he risks his own person and limbs, father," said Rebecca, "in doing such a dreadful battle, he can scarce be expected to spare his horse and armour."

"Child!" replied Isaac, somewhat heated, "thou knowest not what thou speakest. His neck and limbs are his own, but his horse and armour belong to——Holy Jacob! what was I about to say!—Nevertheless, it is a good youth—See, Rebecca! see, he is again about to go up to battle against the Philistine. Pray, child—pray for the safety of the good youth,—and of the speedy horse, and the rich armour.—God of my fathers!" he again exclaimed, "he hath conquered, and the uncircumcised Philistine hath fallen before his lance,—even as Og the King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of the Amorites, fell before the sword of our fathers!—Surely he shall take their gold and their silver, and their war-horses, and their armour of brass and of steel, for a prey and for a spoil."

The same anxiety did the worthy Jew display during every course that was run, seldom failing to hazard a hasty calculation concerning the value of the horse and armour which were forfeited to the champion upon each new success. There had been therefore no small interest taken in the success of the Disinherited Knight, by those who occupied the part of the lists before which he now paused.

Whether from indecision or some other motive of hesitation, the champion of the day remained stationary for more than a minute, while the eyes of the silent audience were riveted upon his motions; and then, gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his lance, he deposited the coronet which it supported at the feet of the fair Rowena. The trumpets instantly sounded, while the heralds proclaimed the Lady Rowena the Queen of Beauty and of Love for the ensuing day, menacing with suitable penalties those who should be disobedient to her authority. They then repeated their cry of Largesse, to which Cedric, in the height of his joy, replied by an ample donative, and to which Athelstane, though less promptly, added one equally large.

There was some murmuring among the damsels of Norman descent, who were as much unused to see the preference given to a Saxon beauty, as the Norman nobles were to sustain defeat in the games of chivalry which they themselves had introduced. But these sounds of disaffection were drowned by the popular shout of "Long live the Lady Rowena, the chosen and lawful Queen of Love and of Beauty!" To which many in the lower area added, "Long live the Saxon Princess! long live the race of the immortal Alfred!"

However unacceptable these sounds might
Prince John, and to those around him, he sa
self nevertheless obliged to confirm the nom
of the victor, and accordingly calling to horse
his throne, and mounting his jennet, and his apa
his train, he again entered the lists. Th
Prince paused a moment beneath the gallery of th
Alicia, to whom he paid his compliments, obs
at the same time, to those around him—"By m
dome, sirs! if the Knight's feats in arms have
that he hath limbs and sinews, his choice h
less proved that his eyes are none of the clear
It was on this occasion, as during his whole life, wa
John's misfortune, not perfectly to understand the sta
characters of those whom he wished to con
Waldemar Fitzurse was rather offended than
at the Prince stating thus broadly an opinion, t
daughter had been slighted.
"I know no right of chivalry," he said, "mo
precious or inalienable than that of each free kn
choose his lady-love by his own judgment.
daughter courts distinction from no one; and
own character, and in her own sphere, will ne
to receive the full proportion of that which is he
Prince John replied not; but, spurring his h
if to give vent to his vexation, he made the
bound forward to the gallery where Rowe
seated, with the crown still at her feet.
"Assume," he said, "fair lady, the mark o
sovereignty, to which none vows homage m
cerely than ourself, John of Anjou; and if it
you to-day, with your noble sire and friends, t
our banquet in the Castle of Ashby, we shall l
know the empress to whose service we dev
morrow."
Rowena remained silent, and Cedric answ
her in his native Saxon.
"The Lady Rowena," he said, "possesses
language in which to reply to your courtes
sustain her part in your festival. I also, and th
Athelstane of Coningsburgh, speak only the la
and practise only the manners, of our father
therefore decline with thanks your Highness'
teous invitation to the banquet. To-morrow, t
Rowena will take upon her the state to which
been called by the free election of the victor
confirmed by the acclamations of the people."
So saying, he lifted the coronet, and placed
Rowena's head, in token of her acceptance
temporary authority assigned to her.
"What says he?" said Prince John, affect
to understand the Saxon language, in which
ever he was well skilled. The purport of C
speech was repeated to him in French. "It i
he said; "to-morrow we will ourself cond
mute sovereign to her seat of dignity. You, a
Sir Knight," he added, turning to the victo
had remained near the gallery, "will this da
our banquet?"
The Knight, speaking for the first time, in a l
hurried voice, excused himself by pleading f
and the necessity of preparing for to-morro
counter.
"It is well," said Prince John, haughtily; "al
unused to such refusals, we will endeavour t
our banquet as we may, though ungraced by t
successful in arms, and his elected Queen of B
So saying, he prepared to leave the lists w
glittering train, and his turning his steed for th
pose, was the signal for the breaking up and
sion of the spectators.
Yet, with the vindictive memory proper to o
pride, especially when combined with consciou
of desert, John had hardly proceeded three pa
again, turning around, he fixed an eye of stern
ment upon the yeoman who had displeased
the early part of the day, and issued his com
to the men-at-arms who stood near—"On y
suffer not that fellow to escape."
The yeoman stood the angry glance of the
with the same unvaried steadiness which had
his former deportment, saying, with a smile,
no intention to leave Ashby until the day a
morrow. I must see how Staffordshire and

draw their bows—the forests of Needwood and Charnwood must rear good archers."

Prince John to his attendants, but not in: "I will see how he can draw his own bow, and woe betide him unless his skill should prove some apology for his insolence!"

"It were fitting," said De Bracy, "that the *outrecuidance** of these peasants should be restrained by some striking example."

Fitzurse, who probably thought his patron was not taking the readiest road to popularity, shrugged up his shoulders and was silent. Prince John resumed his retreat from the lists, and the dispersion of the multitude became general.

routes, according to the different quarters from whence they came, and in groups of various numbers, the spectators were seen retiring over the plain. By far the most numerous part streamed towards the town of Ashby, where many of the distinguished persons were lodged in the castle, and where others found accommodation in the town itself. Among these were most of the knights who had already appeared in the tournament, or who proposed to fight there the ensuing day, and who, as they rode slowly along, talking over the events of the day, were greeted with loud shouts by the populace. The same acclamations were bestowed upon Prince John, although he was indebted for them rather to the splendour of his appearance and train, than to the popularity of his character.

more sincere and more general, as well as a better-merited acclamation, attended the victor of the day, until, anxious to withdraw himself from popular notice, he accepted the accommodation of one of those pavilions pitched at the extremities of the lists, the use of which was courteously tendered him by the marshals of the field. On his retiring to his tent, many who had lingered in the lists, to look upon and form conjectures concerning him, also dispersed.

The signs and sounds of a tumultuous concourse of men lately crowded together in one place, and agitated by the same passing events, were now exchanged for the distant hum of voices of different groups retreating in all directions, and these speedily died away in silence. No other sounds were heard save the voices of the menials who stripped the galleries of their cushions and tapestry, in order to put them in safety for the night, and wrangled among themselves for the half-used bottles of wine and relics of the refreshment which had been served round to the spectators.

Beyond the precincts of the lists more than one forge was erected; and these now began to glimmer through the twilight, announcing the toil of the armourers, which was to continue through the whole night, in order to repair or alter the suits of armour to be used again on the morrow.

A strong guard of men-at-arms, renewed at intervals, from two hours to two hours, surrounded the lists, and kept watch during the night.

CHAPTER X.

> Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
> The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
> And in the shadow of the silent night
> Doth shake contagion from her sable wings;
> Vex'd and tormented, runs poor Barrabas,
> With fatal curses towards these Christians.
>
> *Jew of Malta.*

The Disinherited Knight had no sooner reached his pavilion, than squires and pages in abundance tendered their services to disarm him, to bring fresh attire, and to offer him the refreshment of the bath. Their zeal on this occasion was perhaps sharpened by curiosity, since every one desired to know who the knight was that had gained so many laurels, yet had refused, even at the command of Prince John, to lift his visor or to name his name. But their officious inquisitiveness was not gratified. The Disinherited Knight refused all other assistance save that of his own squire, or rather yeoman—a clownish-looking man, who, wrapt in a cloak of dark-coloured felt, and having his head and face half-buried in a Norman bonnet made of black fur, seemed to affect the incognito as much as his master. All others being excluded from the tent, this attendant relieved his master from the more burdensome parts of his armour, and placed food and wine before him, which the exertions of the day rendered very acceptable.

The Knight had scarcely finished a hasty meal, ere his menial announced to him that five men, each leading a barbed steed, desired to speak with him. The Disinherited Knight had exchanged his armour for the long robe usually worn by those of his condition, which, being furnished with a hood, concealed the features, when such was the pleasure of the wearer, almost as completely as the visor of the helmet itself; but the twilight, which was now fast darkening, would of itself have rendered a disguise unnecessary, unless to persons to whom the face of an individual chanced to be particularly well known.

The Disinherited Knight, therefore, stept boldly forth to the front of his tent, and found in attendance the squires of the challengers, whom he easily knew by their russet and black dresses, each of whom led his master's charger, loaded with the armour in which he had that day fought.

"According to the laws of chivalry," said the foremost of these men, "I, Baldwin de Oyley, squire to the redoubted Knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert, make offer to you, styling yourself, for the present, the Disinherited Knight, of the horse and armour used by the said Brian de Bois-Guilbert in this day's Passage of Arms, leaving it with your nobleness to retain or to ransom the same, according to your pleasure; for such is the law of arms."

The other squires repeated nearly the same formula, and then stood to await the decision of the Disinherited Knight.

"To you four, sirs," replied the Knight, addressing those who had last spoken, "and to your honourable and valiant masters, I have one common reply. Commend me to the noble knights, your masters, and say, I should do ill to deprive them of steeds and arms which can never be used by braver cavaliers.—I would I could here end my message to these gallant knights, but being, as I term myself, in truth and earnest, the Disinherited, I must be thus far bound to your masters, that they will, of their courtesy, be pleased to ransom their steeds and armour, since that which I wear I can hardly term mine own."

"We stand commissioned each of us," answered the squire of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, "to offer a hundred zecchins in ransom of these horses and suits of armour."

"It is sufficient," said the Disinherited Knight. "Half the sum my present necessities compel me to accept; of the remaining half, distribute one moiety among yourselves, sir squires, and divide the other half betwixt the heralds and the pursuivants, and minstrels, and attendants."

The squires, with cap in hand and low reverences, expressed their deep sense of a courtesy and generosity not often practised, at least upon a scale so extensive. The Disinherited Knight then addressed his discourse to Baldwin, the squire of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. "From your master," said he, "I will accept neither arms nor ransom. Say to him in my name, that our strife is not ended—no, not till we have fought as well with swords as with lances—as well on foot as on horseback. To this mortal quarrel he has himself defied me, and I shall not forget the challenge. Meantime, let him be assured that I hold him not as one of his companions, with whom I can with pleasure exchange courtesies; but rather as one with whom I stand upon terms of mortal defiance."

"My master," answered Baldwin, "knows how to requite scorn with scorn, and blows with blows, as well as courtesy with courtesy. Since you disdain to accept from him any share of the ransom at which you have rated the arms of the other knights, I must leave his armour and his horse here, being well assured that he will never deign to mount the one nor wear the other."

"You have spoken well, good squire," said the Disinherited Knight, "well and boldly, as it beseemeth

* Presumption, insolence.

him to speak who answers for an absent master. Leave not, however, the horse and armour here. Restore them to thy master; or, if he scorns to accept them, retain them, good friend, for thine own use. So far as they are mine, I bestow them upon you freely."

Baldwin made a low obeisance, and retired with his companions; and the Disinherited Knight entered the pavilion.

"Thus far, Gurth," said he, addressing his attendant, "the reputation of English chivalry hath not suffered in my hands."

"And I," said Gurth, "for a Saxon swineherd, have not ill played the personage of a Norman squire-at-arms."

"Yea, but," answered the Disinherited Knight, "thou hast ever kept me in anxiety lest thy clownish bearing should discover thee."

"Tush!" said Gurth, "I fear discovery from none, saving my playfellow, Wamba the Jester, of whom I could never discover whether he were most knave or fool. Yet I could scarce choose but laugh, when my old master passed so near to me, dreaming all the while that Gurth was keeping his porkers many a mile off, in the thickets and swamps of Rotherwood. If I am discovered"——

"Enough," said the Disinherited Knight, "thou knowest my promise."

"Nay, for that matter," said Gurth, "I will never fail my friend for fear of my skin-cutting. I have a tough hide, that will bear knife or scourge as well as any boar's hide in my herd."

"Trust me, I will requite the risk you run for my love, Gurth," said the Knight. "Mean while, I pray you accept these ten pieces of gold."

"I am richer," said Gurth, putting them into his pouch, "than ever was swine-herd or bondsman."

"Take this bag of gold to Ashby," continued his master, "and find out Isaac the Jew of York, and let him pay himself for the horse and arms with which his credit supplied me."

"Nay, by St. Dunstan," replied Gurth, "that I will not do."

"How, knave," replied his master, "wilt thou not obey my commands?"

"So they be honest, reasonable, and Christian commands," replied Gurth; "but this is none of these. To suffer the Jew to pay himself would be dishonest, for it would be cheating my master; and unreasonable, for it were the part of a fool; and unchristian, since it would be plundering a believer to enrich an infidel."

"See him contented, however, thou stubborn varlet," said the Disinherited Knight.

"I will do so," said Gurth, taking the bag under his cloak, and leaving the apartment; "and it will go hard," he muttered, "but I content him with one-half of his own asking." So saying, he departed, and left the Disinherited Knight to his own perplexed ruminations; which, upon more accounts than it is now possible to communicate to the reader, were of a nature peculiarly agitating and painful.

We must now change the scene to the village of Ashby, or rather to a country house in its vicinity belonging to a wealthy Israelite, with whom Isaac, his daughter, and retinue, had taken up their quarters; the Jews, it is well known, being as liberal in exercising the duties of hospitality and charity among their own people, as they were alleged to be reluctant and churlish in extending them to those whom they termed Gentiles, and whose treatment of them certainly merited little hospitality at their hand.

In an apartment, small indeed, but richly furnished with decorations of an Oriental taste, Rebecca was seated on a heap of embroidered cushions, which, piled along a low platform that surrounded the chamber, served, like the estrada of the Spaniards, instead of chairs and stools. She was watching the motions of her father with a look of anxious and filial affection, while he paced the apartment with a dejected mien and disordered step; sometimes clasping his hands together—sometimes casting his eyes to the roof of the apartment, as one who laboured under great mental tribulation. "O, Jacob!" he exclaimed—"O, all ye twelve Holy Fathers of our tribe! what a
venture is this for one who hath duly kept
jot and tittle of the law of Moses—Fifty ze
wrenched from me at one clutch, and by the
of a tyrant!"

"But, father," said Rebecca, "you seemed
the gold to Prince John willingly."

"Willingly? the blotch of Egypt upon h
Willingly, saidst thou?—Ay, as willingly as wi
the Gulf of Lyons, I flung over my merchan
lighten the ship, while she laboured in the tem
robed the seething billows in my choice silk
foamed their briny foam with myrrh and aloe
riched their caverns with gold and silver work
was not that an hour of unutterable misery, t
my own hands made the sacrifice?"

"But it was a sacrifice which Heaven exac
save our lives," answered Rebecca, "and th
of our fathers has since blessed your store an
gettings."

"Ay," answered Isaac, "but if the tyrant lay
on them as he did to-day, and compels me to
while he is robbing me?—O, daughter, disin
and wandering as we are, the worst evil whi
falls our race, is, that when we are wronge
plundered, all the world laughs around, and
compelled to suppress our sense of injury, t
smile tamely, when we would revenge bravely

"Think not thus of it, my father," said Re
"we also have advantages. These Gentile
and oppressive as they are, are in some sort dep
on the dispersed children of Zion, whom they
and persecute. Without the aid of our wealt
could neither furnish forth their hosts in war, n
triumphs in peace; and the gold which we len
returns with increase to our coffers. We are l
herb which flourisheth most when it is most tr
on. Even this day's pageant had not proceede
out the consent of the despised Jew, who fu
the means."

"Daughter," said Isaac, "thou hast harpe
another string of sorrow. The goodly steed a
rich armour, equal to the full profit of my adv
with our Kirjath Jairam of Leicester—there is
loss too—ay, a loss which swallows up the ga
week; ay, of the space between two Sabaoth
yet it may end better than I now think, fo
good youth."

"Assuredly," said Rebecca, "you shall not
you of requiting the good deed received of the s
knight."

"I trust so, daughter," said Isaac, "and I t
in the rebuilding of Zion; but as well do I ho
my own bodily eyes to see the walls and batt
of the new Temple, as to see a Christian, y
very best of Christians, repay a debt to a Jew,
under the awe of the judge and jailor."

So saying, he resumed his discontented
through the apartment; and Rebecca, perceivi
her attempts at consolation only served to
new subjects of complaint, wisely desisted fr
unavailing efforts—a prudential line of condu
we recommend to all who set up for comfort
advisers to follow in the like circumstance

The evening was now becoming dark, w
Jewish servant entered the apartment, and
upon the table two silver lamps, fed with pe
oil; the richest wines, and the most delicate
ments, were at the same time displayed by
Israelitish domestic on a small ebony table
with silver; for, in the interior of their hou
Jews refused themselves no expensive indul
At the same time the servant informed Isaac
Nazarene (so they termed Christians, while c
ing among themselves) desired to speak wi
He that would live by traffic, must hold hin
the disposal of every one claiming business wi
Isaac at once replaced on the table the u
glass of Greek wine which he had just raise
lips, and saying hastily to his daughter, "R
veil thyself," commanded the stranger to be ad

Just as Rebecca had dropped over her f
tures a screen of silver gauze which reache
feet, the door opened, and Gurth entered, v

lds of his Norman mantle. His appear-
ther suspicious than prepossessing, espe-
stead of doffing his bonnet he pulled it
over his ragged brow.

Isaac the Jew of York?" said Gurth, in

replied Isaac, in the same language, (for
ad rendered every tongue spoken in Bri-
to him)—"and who art thou?"
not to the purpose," answered Gurth.
as my name is to thee," replied Isaac;
knowing thine, how can I hold inter-
thee?

answered Gurth; "I, being to pay money,
that I deliver it to the right person; thou,
receive it, will not, I think, care very
hose hands it is delivered."
the Jew. "You are come to pay monies?
her Abraham! that altereth our relation
r. And from whom dost thou bring it?"
e Disinherited Knight," said Gurth, "vic-
ay's tournament. It is the price of the
lied to him by Kirjath Jairam of Leices-
recommendation. The steed is restored
I desire to know the amount of the
I am to pay for the armour."
e was a good youth!" exclaimed Isaac,
exultation. "A cup of wine will do thee
e added, filling and handing to the swine-
er draught than Gurth had ever before
d how much money," continued Isaac,
brought with thee?"
rgin!" said Gurth, setting down the cup,
tar these unbelieving dogs drink, while
ians are fain to quaff ale as muddy and
e draff we give to hogs!—What money
ught with me?" continued the Saxon,
d finished this uncivil ejaculation, "even
l sum; something in hand the whilst.
! thou must bear a conscience, though it
one."
," said Isaac, "thy master has won good-
d rich armours with the strength of his
f his right hand—but 'tis a good youth—
l take these in present payment, and ren-
t the surplus."
ter has disposed of them already," said

t was wrong," said the Jew, "that was
a fool. No Christian here could buy so
s and armour—no Jew except myself
him half the values. But thou hast a
chins with thee in that bag," said Isaac,
Gurth's cloak, "it is a heavy one."
eads for cross-bow bolts in it," said Gurth.

en,"—said Isaac, panting and hesitating
bitual love of gain and a new-born desire
in the present instance, "if I should say
d take eighty zecchins for the good steed
armour, which leaves me not a guilder's
you money to pay me?"
said Gurth, though the sum demanded
easonable than he expected, "and it will
aster nigh penniless. Nevertheless, if
r least offer, I must be content."
elf another goblet of wine," said the Jew.
zecchins is too little. It leaveth no pro-
sages of the monies; and, besides, the
may have suffered wrong in this day's
O, it was a hard an a dangerous meet-
nd steed rushing on each other like wild
shan! the horse cannot but have had

ay," replied Gurth, "he is sound, wind
nd you may see him now in your stable.
over and above, that seventy zecchins is
the armour, and I hope a Christian's word
s a Jew's. If you will not take seventy, I
is bag" (and he shook it till the contents
ck to my master."
y!" said Isaac; "lay down the talents—
—the eighty zecchins, and thou shalt see I
r thee liberally."

Gurth at length complied; and telling out eighty zecchins upon the table, the Jew delivered out to him an acquittance for the horse and suit of armour. The Jew's hand trembled for joy as he wrapped up the first seventy pieces of gold. The last ten he told over with much deliberation, pausing, and saying something as he took each piece from the table, and dropt it into his purse. It seemed as if his avarice were struggling with his better nature, and compelling him to pouch zecchin after zecchin, while his generosity urged him to restore some part at least to his benefactor, or as a donation to his agent. His whole speech ran nearly thus:

"Seventy-one—seventy-two; thy master is a good youth—seventy-three, an excellent youth—seventy-four—that piece hath been clipt within the ring—seventy-five—and that looketh light of weight—seventy-six—when thy master wants money, let him come to Isaac of York—seventy-seven—that is, with reasonable security." Here he made a considerable pause, and Gurth had good hope that the last three pieces might escape the fate of their comrades; but the enumeration proceeded.—"Seventy-eight—thou art a good fellow—seventy-nine—and deservest something for thyself"——

Here the Jew paused again, and looked at the last zecchin, intending, doubtless, to bestow it upon Gurth. He weighed it upon the tip of his finger, and made it ring by dropping it upon the table. Had it rung too flat, or had it felt a hair's breadth too light, generosity had carried the day; but unhappily for Gurth the chime was full and true, the zecchin plump, newly coined, and a grain above weight. Isaac could not find in his heart to part with it, so dropt it into his purse as if in absence of mind, with the words, "Eighty completes the tale, and I trust thy master will reward thee handsomely. Surely," he added, looking earnestly at the bag, "thou hast more coins in that pouch?"

Gurth grinned, which was his nearest approach to a laugh, as he replied, "About the same quantity which thou hast just told over so carefully." He then folded the quittance, and put it under his cap, adding, "Peril of thy beard, Jew, see that this be full and ample!" He filled himself, unbidden, a third goblet of wine, and left the apartment without ceremony.

"Rebecca," said the Jew, "that Ishmaelite hath gone somewhat beyond me. Nevertheless his master is a good youth—ay, and I am well pleased that he hath gained shekels of gold and shekels of silver, even by the speed of his horse and by the strength of his lance, which, like that of Goliath the Philistine, might vie with a weaver's beam."

As he turned to receive Rebecca's answer, he observed, that during his chaffering with Gurth, she had left the apartment unperceived.

In the mean while, Gurth had descended the stair, and, having reached the dark antechamber or hall, was puzzling about to discover the entrance, when a figure in white, shown by a small silver lamp which she held in her hand, beckoned him into a side apartment. Gurth had some reluctance to obey the summons. Rough and impetuous as a wild boar, where only earthly force was to be apprehended, he had all the characteristic terrors of a Saxon respecting fauns, forest-fiends, white women and the whole of the superstitions which his ancestors had brought with them from the wilds of Germany. He remembered, moreover, that he was in the house of a Jew, a people who, besides the other unamiable qualities which popular report ascribed to them, were supposed to be profound necromancers and cabalists. Nevertheless, after a moment's pause, he obeyed the beckoning summons of the apparition, and followed her into the apartment which she indicated, where he found to his joyful surprise that his fair guide was the beautiful Jewess whom he had seen at the tournament, and a short time in her father's apartment.

She asked him the particulars of his transaction with Isaac, which he detailed accurately.

"My father did but jest with thee, good fellow," said Rebecca; "he owes thy master deeper kindness than these arms and steed could pay, were their value

enfold. What sum didst thou pay my father even now?"

"Eighty zecchins," said Gurth, surprised at the question.

"In this purse," said Rebecca, "thou wilt find a hundred. Restore to thy master that which is his due, and enrich thyself with the remainder. Haste—begone—stay not to render thanks! and beware how you pass through this crowded town, where thou mayst easily lose both thy burden and thy life. Reuben," she added, clapping her hands together, "light forth this stranger, and fail not to draw lock and bar behind him."

Reuben, a dark-browed and black-bearded Israelite, obeyed her summons, with a torch in his hand; undid the outward door of the house, and conducting Gurth across a paved court, let him out through a wicket in the entrance-gate, which he closed behind him with such bolts and chains as would well have become that of a prison.

"By St. Dunstan," said Gurth, as he stumbled up the dark avenue, "this is no Jewess, but an angel from heaven! Ten zecchins from my brave young master—twenty from this pearl of Zion. Oh, happy day! Such another, Gurth, will redeem thy bondage, and make thee a brother as free of thy guild as the best. And then do I lay down my swineherd's horn and staff, and take the freeman's sword and buckler, and follow my young master to the death, without hiding either my face or my name."

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CHAPTER XI.

1st Outlaw. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
1st Out. That's not so, sir, we are your enemies.
2d Out. Peace! we'll hear him.
3d Out. Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The nocturnal adventures of Gurth were not yet concluded; indeed he himself became partly of that mind, when, after passing one or two straggling houses which stood in the outskirts of the village, he found himself in a deep lane, running between two banks overgrown with hazel and holly, while here and there a dwarf oak flung its arms altogether across the path. The lane was moreover much rutted and broken up by the carriages which had recently transported articles of various kinds to the tournament; and it was dark, for the banks and bushes intercepted the light of the harvest moon.

From the village were heard the distant sounds of revelry, mixed occasionally with loud laughter, sometimes broken by screams, and sometimes by wild strains of distant music. All these sounds, intimating the disorderly state of the town, crowded with military nobles and their dissolute attendants, gave Gurth some uneasiness. "The Jewess was right," he said to himself. "By heaven and St Dunstan, I would I were safe at my journey's end with all this treasure! Here are such numbers, I will not say of arrant thieves, but of errant knights and errant squires, errant monks and errant minstrels, errant jugglers and errant jesters, that a man with a single merk would be in danger, much more a poor swineherd with a whole bagful of zecchins. Would I were out of the shade of these infernal bushes, that I might at least see any of St. Nicholas's clerks before they spring on my shoulders!"

Gurth accordingly hastened his pace, in order to gain the open common to which the lane led, but was not so fortunate as to accomplish his object. Just as he had attained the upper end of the lane, where the underwood was thickest, four men sprung upon him, even as his fears anticipated, two from each side of the road, and seized him so fast, that resistance, if at first practicable, would have been now too late. "Surrender your charge," said one of them; "we are the deliverers of the commonwealth, who ease every man of his burden."

"You should not ease me of mine so lightly," muttered Gurth, whose surly honesty coul[d not be] tamed even by the pressure of immediate vi[olence,] "had I it but in my power to give three strok[es in its] defence."

"We shall see that presently," said the [robber;] and, speaking to his companions, he added, "[bring him] along the knave. I see he would have h[is head] broken, as well as his purse cut, and so be [let blood] in two veins at once."

Gurth was hurried along agreeably to this [mandate,] and having been dragged somewhat roughly [over the] bank, on the left hand side of the lane, foun[d himself] in a straggling thicket, which lay betwixt [it and the] open common. He was compelled to fo[llow his] rough conductors into the very depth of th[is cover,] where they stopped unexpectedly in an irregu[lar open] space, free in a great measure from trees, [and on] which, therefore, the beams of the moon fell [without] much interruption from boughs and leaves. [His] captors were joined by two other persons, ap[parently] belonging to the gang. They had short sw[ords by] their sides, and quarter-staves in their ha[nds, and] Gurth could now observe that all six wo[re visors,] which rendered their occupation a matter of [no ques]tion, even had their former proceedings l[eft it in] doubt.

"What money hast thou, churl?" said o[ne of the] thieves.

"Thirty zecchins of my own property," [answered] Gurth, doggedly.

"A forfeit—a forfeit," shouted the robbers; "[a Saxon] hath thirty zecchins, and returns sober from [a village!] An undeniable and unredeemable forfeit of a[ll he hath] about him."

"I hoarded it to purchase my freedo[m," said] Gurth.

"Thou art an ass," replied one of the [thieves;] "three quarts of double ale had rendered th[ee as free] as thy master, ay, and freer too, if he be a S[axon like] thyself."

"A sad truth," replied Gurth; "but if th[ese same] thirty zecchins will buy my freedom from [you, un]loose my hands, and I will pay them to you."

"Hold," said one who seemed to exer[cise some] authority over the others; "this bag wh[ich thou] bearest, as I can feel through thy cloak, [contains] more coin than thou hast told us of."

"It is the good knight my master's," [answered] Gurth, "of which, assuredly, I would [not have] spoken a word, had you been satis[fied with] working your will upon mine own property."

"Thou art an honest fellow," replied th[e robber,] "I warrant thee; and we worship not St. [Mammon] so devoutly but what thy thirty zecchins [may yet] escape, if thou deal uprightly with us. M[eantime] render up thy trust for the time." So saying[, he took] from Gurth's breast the large leathern p[ouch, in] which the purse given him by Rebecca was [enclosed,] as well as the rest of the zecchins, and ther[n pursu]ed his interrogation. "Who is thy master?"

"The Disinherited Knight," said Gurth.

"Whose good lance," replied the robber, "[won the] prize in to-day's tourney? What is his n[ame and] lineage?"

"It is his pleasure," answered Gurth, "tha[t they be] concealed; and from me, assuredly, you w[ill learn] naught of them."

"What is thine own name and lineage?"

"To tell that," said Gurth, "might r[eveal my] master's."

"Thou art a saucy groom," said the robb[er, "but] of that anon. How comes thy master by th[is gold?] is it of his inheritance, or by what mean[s hath it] accrued to him?"

"By his good lance," answered Gurth.—[These] bags contain the ransom of four good horses[, and four] good suits of armour."

"How much is there?" demanded the ro[bber.]

"Two hundred zecchins."

"Only two hundred zecchins!" said th[e bandit;] "your master hath dealt liberally by the va[nquished,] and put them to a cheap ransom. Name t[hose who] paid the gold."

Gurth did so.

armour and horse of the Templar Brian de ilbert, at what ransom were they held?--Thou ou canst not deceive me."

master," replied Gurth, "will not take naught Templar save his life's-blood. They are on f mortal defiance, and cannot hold courteous rse together."

ed!"—repeated the robber, and paused after said the word. "And what wert thou now Ashby with such a charge in thy custody?"

ent thither to render to Isaac the Jew of replied Gurth, "the price of a suit of ar-th which he fitted my master for this tour-"

how much didst thou pay to Isaac?—Me-o judge by weight, there is still two hundred in this pouch."

id to Isaac," said the Saxon, "eighty zec-id he restored me a hundred in lieu thereof."

! what!" exclaimed all the robbers at once; thou trifle with us, that thou tellest such im-lies!"

t I tell you," said Gurth, "is as true as the in heaven. You will find the just sum in a rse within the leathern pouch, and separate rest of the gold."

ink thee, man," said the Captain, "thou of a Jew—of an Israelite,—as unapt to re-d, as the dry sands of his deserts to return the ater which the pilgrim spills upon them."

ere is no more mercy in them," said another of um, "than in an unbribed sheriff's officer."

, however, as I say," said Gurth.

se a light instantly," said the Captain; "I amine this said purse; and if it be as this fel-s, the Jew's bounty is little less miraculous stream which relieved his fathers in the wil-"

t was procured accordingly, and the robber l to examine the purse. The others crowded um, and even two who had hold of Gurth eir grasp while they stretched their necks to sue of the search. Availing himself of their r, by a sudden exertion of strength and Gurth shook himself free of their hold, and ve escaped, could he have resolved to leave er's property behind him. But such was no is intention. He wrenched a quarter-staff of the fellows, struck down the Captain, altogether unaware of his purpose, and had repossessed himself of the pouch and treasure. es, however, were too nimble for him, and ured both the bag and the trusty Gurth.

e!" said the Captain, getting up, "thou hast r head; and with other men of our sort thou fare the worse for thy insolence. But thou w thy fate instantly. First let us speak of r; the knight's matters must go before the ccording to the due order of chivalry. Stand in the mean time—if thou stir again, thou e that will make thee quiet for life. Com-he then said, addressing his gang, "this mbroidered with Hebrew characters, and I ve the yeoman's tale is true. The errant is master, must needs pass us toll-free. He ourselves for us to make booty of him, since ld not worry dogs where wolves and foxes found in abundance."

es?" answered one of the gang; "I should ar how that is made good."

thou fool," answered the Captain, "is he not disinherited as we are? Doth he not win ance at the sword's point as we do?—Hath aten Front-de-Bœuf and Malvoisin, even as beat them if we could? Is he not the enemy d death of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whom we much reason to fear? And were all this , wouldst thou have us show a worse con-an an unbeliever, a Hebrew Jew?"

that were a shame," muttered the other fel-d yet, when I served in the band of stout old , we had no such scruples of conscience. nsolent peasant,—he too, I warrant me, is to ed scatheless?"

I.

"Not if *thou* canst scathe him," replied the Captain.—"Here, fellow," continued he, addressing Gurth, "Canst thou use the staff, that thou starts to it so readily?"

"I think," said Gurth, "thou shouldst be best able to reply to that question."

"Nay, by my troth, thou gavest me a round knock," replied the captain; "do as much for this fellow, and thou shalt pass scot-free; and if thou dost not—why, by my faith, as thou art such a sturdy knave, I think I must pay thy ransom myself. Take thy staff, Miller," he added, "and keep thy head; and do you others let the fellow go, and give him a staff—there is light enough to lay on load by."

The two champions being alike armed with quarter-staves, stepped forward into the centre of the open space, in order to have the full benefit of the moonlight; the thieves in the mean time laughing, and crying to their comrade, "Miller! beware thy toll-dish." The Miller, on the other hand, holding his quarter-staff by the middle, and making it flourish round his head after the fashion which the French call *faire le moulinet*, exclaimed boastfully, "Come on, churl, an thou darest: thou shalt feel the strength of a miller's thumb!"

"If thou be'st a miller," answered Gurth, undauntedly, making his weapon play around his head with equal dexterity, "thou art doubly a thief, and I, as a true man, bid thee defiance."

So saying, the two champions closed together, and for a few minutes they displayed great equality in strength, courage, and skill, intercepting and returning the blows of their adversary with the most rapid dexterity, while, from the continued clatter of their weapons, a person at a distance might have supposed that there were at least six persons engaged on each side. Less obstinate, and even less dangerous combats, have been described in good heroic verse; but that of Gurth and the Miller must remain unsung, for want of a sacred poet to do justice to its eventful progress. Yet, though quarter-staff play be out of date, what we can in prose we will do for these bold champions.

Long they fought equally, until the Miller began to lose temper at finding himself so stoutly opposed, and at hearing the laughter of his companions, who, as usual in such cases, enjoyed his vexation. This was not a state of mind favourable to the noble game of quarter-staff, in which, as in ordinary cudgel-playing, the utmost coolness is requisite; and it gave Gurth, whose temper was steady, though surly, the opportunity of acquiring a decided advantage, in availing himself of which he displayed great mastery.

The Miller pressed furiously forward, dealing blows with either end of his weapon alternately, and striving to come to half-staff distance, while Gurth defended himself against the attack, keeping his hands about a yard asunder, and covering himself by shifting his weapon with great celerity, so as to protect his head and body. Thus did he maintain the defensive, making his eye, foot, and hand keep true time, until, observing his antagonist to lose wind, he darted the staff at his face with his left hand; and, as the Miller endeavoured to parry the thrust, he slid his right hand down to his left, and with the full swing of the weapon struck his opponent on the left side of the head, who instantly measured his length upon the green sward.

"Well and yeomanly done!" shouted the robbers; "fair play and Old England for ever! The Saxon hath saved both his purse and his hide, and the Miller has met his match."

"Thou mayst go thy ways, my friend," said the Captain, addressing Gurth, in special confirmation of the general voice, "and I will cause two of my comrades to guide thee by the best way to thy master's pavilion, and to guard thee from night-walkers that might have less tender consciences than ours; for there is many one of them upon the amble in such a night as this. Take heed, however," he added sternly; "remember thou hast refused to tell thy name—ask not after ours, nor endeavour to discover who or what we are; for, if thou makest such an attempt, thou wilt come by worse fortune than has yet befallen thee."

Gurth thanked the Captain for his courtesy, and promised to attend to his recommendation. Two of the outlaws, taking up their quarter-staves, and desiring Gurth to follow close in their rear, walked roundly forward along a by-path, which traversed the thicket and the broken ground adjacent to it. On the very verge of the thicket two men spoke to his conductors, and receiving an answer in a whisper, withdrew into the wood, and suffered them to pass unmolested. This circumstance induced Gurth to believe both that the gang were strong in numbers, and that they kept regular guards around their place of rendezvous.

When they arrived on the open heath, where Gurth might have had some trouble in finding his road, the thieves guided him straight forward to the top of a little eminence, whence he could see, spread beneath him in the moonlight, the palisades of the lists, the glimmering pavilions pitched at either end, with the pennons which adorned them fluttering in the moonbeam, and from which could be heard the hum of the song with which the sentinels were beguiling their night-watch.

Here the thieves stopt.

"We go with you no farther," said they; "it were not safe that we should do so. Remember the warning you have received—keep secret what has this night befallen you, and you will have no room to repent it—neglect what is now told you, and the Tower of London shall not protect you against our revenge."

"Good night to you, kind sirs," said Gurth; "I shall remember your orders, and trust that there is no offence in wishing you a safer and an honester trade."

Thus they parted, the outlaws returning in the direction from whence they had come, and Gurth proceeding to the tent of his master, to whom, notwithstanding the injunction he had received, he communicated the whole adventures of the evening.

The Disinherited Knight was filled with astonishment, no less at the generosity of Rebecca, by which, however, he resolved he would not profit, than that of the robbers, to whose profession such a quality seemed totally foreign. His course of reflections upon these singular circumstances was, however, interrupted by the necessity for taking repose, which the fatigue of the preceding day, and the propriety of refreshing himself for the morrow's encounter, rendered alike indispensable.

The knight, therefore, stretched himself for repose upon a rich couch with which the tent was provided; and the faithful Gurth, extending his hardy limbs upon a bear-skin which formed a sort of carpet to the pavilion, laid himself across the opening of the tent, so that no one could enter without awakening him.

CHAPTER XII.

> The heralds left their pricking up and down,
> Now ringen trumpets loud and clarion.
> There is no more to say, but east and west,
> In go the speares sadly in the rest,
> In goth the sharp spur into the side.
> There see men who can just and who can ride
> There shiver shafts upon sheldes thick,
> He feleth through the heart-spone the prick,
> Up springen speares, twenty feet in height,
> Out go the swords to the silver bright,
> The helms they to-hewn and to-shred;
> Out bursts the blood with stern streames red.
>
> CHAUCER.

MORNING arose in unclouded splendour, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general centre, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to just, with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one bo
Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated a
done second-best in the preceding day, wa
first champion of the other band. Those
concurred in the challenge adhered to his
course, excepting only Ralph de Vipont, w
fall had rendered unfit so soon to put on his
There was no want of distinguished and nol
dates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament
all knights fought at once, was more dange
single encounters, they were, nevertheless,
quented and practised by the chivalry of
Many knights, who had not sufficient conf
their own skill to defy a single adversary
reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of d
their valour in the general combat, where th
meet others with whom they were more
equality. On the present occasion, about fift
were inscribed as desirous of combating u
side, when the marshals declared that no m
be admitted, to the disappointment of sev
were too late in preferring their claim to be

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole p
crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, a
passengers, hastening to the tournament; an
after, a grand flourish of trumpets announce
John and his retinue, attended by many
knights who meant to take share in the gam
as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric th
with the Lady Rowena, unattended, how
Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arraye
and strong person in armour, in order to
place among the combatants; and, consid
the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlis
on the part of the Knight Templar. The S
deed, had remonstrated strongly with his fri
the injudicious choice he had made of his p
he had only received that sort of answe
given by those who are more obstinate in
their own course, than strong in justifying

His best, if not his only reason, for adher
party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane
prudence to keep to himself. Though his
disposition prevented his taking any means
mend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was,
less, by no means insensible to her charms,
sidered his union with her as a matter alre
beyond doubt, by the assent of Cedric and
friends. It had therefore been with smot
pleasure that the proud though indolent
Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the prec
select Rowena as the object of that honou
became his privilege to confer. In order
him for a preference which seemed to inte
his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his
and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascri
skill in arms, had determined not only to de
Disinherited Knight of his powerful succ
an opportunity should occur, to make his
weight of his battle-axe.

De Bracy, and other knights attached
John, in obedience to a hint from him, h
the party of the challengers, John being d
secure, if possible, the victory to that side.
other hand, many other knights, both En
Norman, natives and strangers, took part a
challengers, the more readily that the oppo
was to be led by so distinguished a champi
Disinherited Knight had approved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that th
Queen of the day had arrived upon the field,
that air of courtesy which sat well upon h
he was pleased to exhibit, he rode forwar
her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from
assisted the Lady Rowena from her sadd
his followers uncovered at the same time,
of the most distinguished, dismounted to
palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that w
dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of
Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to th
which she must this day occupy.—Ladies,"

your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be
shed by like honours."
ing the Prince marshalled Rowena to the
nour opposite his own, while the fairest and
inguished ladies present crowded after her
places as near as possible to their temporary
t.
oner was Rowena seated than a burst of
alternated by the shouts of the multitude,
r new dignity. Meantime, the sun shone
st bright upon the polished arms of the
of either side, who crowded the opposite
es of the lists, and held eager conference
concerning the best mode of arranging their
ttle, and supporting the conflict.
ralds then proclaimed silence until the laws
ourney should be rehearsed. These were
d in some degree to abate the dangers of
a precaution the more necessary, as the
was to be maintained with sharp swords and
ances.
ampions were therefore prohibited to thrust
sword, and were confined to striking. A
t was announced, might use a mace or bat-
t pleasure, but the dagger was a prohibited
A knight unhorsed might renew the fight
with any other on the opposite side in the
[illegible]; but mounted horsemen were in
forbidden to assail him. When any knight
ree his antagonist to the extremity of the
as to touch the palisade with his person or
ch opponent was obliged to yield himself van-
and his armour and horse were placed at
osal of the conqueror. A knight thus over-
as not permitted to take farther share in the
If any combatant was struck down, and
o recover his feet, his squire or page might
e lists, and drag his master out of the press;
at case the knight was adjudged vanquished,
arms and horse declared forfeited. The com-
to cease as soon as Prince John should throw
s leading staff, or truncheon; another pre-
usually taken to prevent the unnecessary
of blood by the too long endurance of a sport
rate. Any knight breaking the rules of the
ent, or otherwise transgressing the rules of
le chivalry, was liable to be stript of his
d, having his shield reversed, to be placed
osture astride upon the bars of the palisade,
sed to public derision, in punishment of his
ly conduct. Having announced these pre-
, the heralds concluded with an exhortation
good knight to do his duty, and to merit
om the Queen of Beauty and Love.
roclamation having been made, the heralds
r to their stations. The knights, entering at
d of the lists in long procession, arranged
es in a double file, precisely opposite to each
e leader of each party being in the centre of
ost rank, a post which he did not occupy
h had carefully arranged the ranks of his
d stationed every one in his place.
as a goodly, and at the same time an anxious
behold so many gallant champions, mounted
and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an
r so formidable, seated on their war-saddles
many pillars of iron, [illegible] the signal
[illegible] with the same [illegible]
[illegible]
nal of their [illegible]
t the knights [illegible]
ight points [illegible]
s with which [illegible]
plumage of the [illegible]
e marshals of the [illegible] ranks
utmost exactness [illegible]
than the appointed number. [illegible] was
actly complete. The marshals then with-
m the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a
thunder, pronounced the signal words—
aller! The trumpets sounded as he spoke
rs of the champions were at once lowered and
the rests—the spurs were dashed into the
the horses, and the two foremost ranks of

either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and
met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound
of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear
rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sus-
tain the defeated, and follow up the success of the
victors of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instant-
ly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so
many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere
the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encoun-
ter. When the fight became visible, half the knights
on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity
of their adversary's lance,—some by the superior
weight and strength of opponents, which had borne
down both horse and man,—some lay stretched on
earth as if never more to rise,—some had already
gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with
those of their antagonists who were in the same pre-
dicament,—and several on both sides, who had
received wounds by which they were disabled, were
stopping their blood by their scarfs, and endeavouring
to extricate themselves from the tumult. The mounted
knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by
the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged
with their swords, shouting their war-cries, and
exchanging buffets, as if honour and life depended on
the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance
of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a
reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The
followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted—"*Ha!
Beau-seant! Beau-seant!*[*]—For the Temple! For
the Temple!*" The opposite party shouted in answer—
"*Desdichado! Desdichado!*"—which watchword they
took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with
the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide
of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern,
now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as
the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the
clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants,
mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and
drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling
defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The
splendid armour of the combatants was now defaced
with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of
the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumage, shorn
from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snow-
flakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the
martial array had disappeared, and what was now
visible was only calculated to awake terror or com-
passion.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vul-
gar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights
of horror, but even the ladies of distinction who
crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling
interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw
their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there,
indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream
might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband,
was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies
around encouraged the combatants, not only by clap-
ping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs,
but even by exclaiming "Brave lance! Good sword!"
when any successful thrust or blow took place under
their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this
bloody game, that of the men is the more easily under-
stood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon
every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted
on the lists, that the spectators seemed as if they
themselves had dealt and received the blows which
were there so freely bestowed. And between every
pause was heard the voice of the heralds, exclaiming,
"Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives!
Fight on; death is better than defeat! Fight on,
brave knights! for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of
all endeavoured to discover the leaders of each band,
who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged

[*] *Beau-seant* was the name of the Templars' banner, which
was half black, half white, to intimate, it is said, that they
were candid and fair towards Christians, but black and terrible
towards infidels.

their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavoured to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion, that during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honour, by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honour, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant, that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party, by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! Beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger; and striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him, except the remarkable strength and activity of his noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead, as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armour, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I, by the light of Heaven!" answered Prince John; "this same springal, who conceals his name, and despises our proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinh Knight, a champion in black armour, mounte black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appe powerful and strong, like the rider by whom h mounted. This knight, who bore on his shi device of any kind, had hitherto evinced ver interest in the event of the fight, beating of seeming ease those combatants who attacke but neither pursuing his advantages, nor h assailing any one. In short, he had hithert the part rather of a spectator than of a party tournament, a circumstance which procur among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Fa* or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw as apathy, when he discovered the leader of his pa hard bested; for, setting spurs to his horse, was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a derbolt, exclaiming in a voice, like a trumpe "*Desdichado*, to the rescue!" It was high tim while the Disinherited Knight was pressing up Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to hi his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could d the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head, w glancing from the polished helmet, lighted wi lence scarcely abated on the *chafron* of the and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, bot and man equally stunned by the fury of the *Le Noir Fainéant* then turned his horse upon A stane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword h been broken in the encounter with Front-de-B he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Sax battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one fa with the use of the weapon, bestowed him s blow upon the crest, that Athelstane also la less on the field. Having achieved this doub for which he was the more highly applauded t was totally unexpected from him, the Knight s to resume the sluggishness of his character, r ing calmly to the northern extremity of the leaving his leader to cope as he best could with de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matte much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's had bled much, and gave way under the shock Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois bert rolled on the field, encumbered with the s from which he was unable to draw his foot. antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his sword over the head of his adversary, and manded him to yield himself; when Prince more moved by the Templar's dangerous sit than he had been by that of his rival, saved h mortification of confessing himself vanquish casting down his warder, and putting an end conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relics and embers o fight which continued to burn; for of the few who still continued in the lists, the greater pa by tacit consent, forborne the conflict for som leaving it to be determined by the strife of the l

The squires, who had found it a matter of d and difficulty to attend their masters during th gagement, now thronged into the lists to pa dutiful attendance to the wounded, who were re with the utmost care and attention to the neigh ing pavilions, or to the quarters prepared for th the adjoining village.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby- Zouche, one of the most gallantly contested to ments of that age; for although only four kn including one who was smothered by the heat armour, had died upon the field, yet upwards of were desperately wounded, four or five of w never recovered. Several more were disable life; and those who escaped best carried the m of the conflict to the grave with them. Hen always mentioned in the old records, as the G and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby.

It being now the duty of Prince John to nam knight who had done best, he determined tha honour of the day remained with the knight w the popular voice had termed *Le Noir Fain* It was pointed out to the Prince, in impeach of this decree, that the victory had been in fac

Disinherited Knight, who, in the course ay, had overcome six champions with hand, and who had finally unhorsed and wn the leader of the opposite party. But ohn adhered to his own opinion, on the at the Disinherited Knight and his party he day, but for the powerful assistance of t of the Black Armour, to whom, therefore, ed in awarding the prize.

surprise of all present, however, the knight red was nowhere to be found. He had left immediately when the conflict ceased, and observed by some spectators to move down forest glades with the same slow pace and id indifferent manner which had procured ithet of the Black Sluggard. After he had noned twice by sound of trumpet, and pro of the heralds, it became necessary to name o receive the honours which had been as im. Prince John had now no further excuse ng the claim of the Disinherited Knight, erefore, he named the champion of the day. a field slippery with blood, and encum h broken armour and the bodies of slain ded horses, the marshals of the lists again the victor to the foot of Prince John's

erited Knight," said Prince John, "since by nly you will consent to be known to us, we time award to you the honours of this tour nd announce to you your right to claim and om the hands of the Queen of Love and e Chaplet of Honour which your valour has erved." The Knight bowed low and grace eturned no answer.

he trumpets sounded, while the heralds heir voices in proclaiming honour to the l glory to the victor—while ladies waved kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, hals conducted the Disinherited Knight lists to the foot of that throne of honour s occupied by the Lady Rowena.

ower step of this throne the champion was neel down. Indeed his whole action since had ended, seemed rather to have been upon se of those around him than from his own and it was observed that he tottered as ed him the second time across the lists. descending from her station with a graceful fied step, was about to place the chaplet e held in her hand upon the helmet of the , when the marshals exclaimed with one must not be thus—his head must be bare." t muttered faintly a few words, which were hollow of his helmet, but their purport seem desire that his casque might not be removed. from love of form, or from curiosity, the paid no attention to his expressions of re out unhelmed him by cutting the laces of and undoing the fastening of his gorget. helmet was removed, the well-formed, yet features of a young man of twenty-five amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His ce was as pale as death, and marked in one es with streaks of blood.

had no sooner beheld him than she uttered ek; but at once summoning up the energy osition, and compelling herself, as it were, , while her frame yet trembled with the f sudden emotion, she placed upon the head of the victor the splendid chaplet s the destined reward of the day, and pro n a clear and distinct tone, these words: on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the alour assigned to this day's victor:" Here l a moment, and then firmly added, "And s more worthy could a wreath of chivalry laced!"

ght stooped his head, and kissed the hand ly Sovereign by whom his valour had been and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay at her feet.

ras a general consternation. Cedric who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armour, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breastplate, and inflicted a wound in his side.

CHAPTER XIII.

" Heroes, approach!" Atrides thus aloud,
" Stand forth distinguish'd from the circling crowd,
Ye who by skill or manly force may claim,
Your rivals to surpass and merit fame,
This cow, worth twenty oxen, is decreed,
For him who farthest sends the winged reed."

Iliad.

The name of Ivanhoe was no sooner pronounced than it flew from mouth to mouth, with all the celerity with which eagerness could convey and curiosity receive it. It was not long ere it reached the circle of the Prince, whose brow darkened as he heard the news. Looking around him, however, with an air of scorn, "My lords," said he, "and especially you, Sir Prior, what think ye of the doctrine the learned tell us, concerning innate attractions and antipathies? Methinks that I felt the presence of my brother's minion, even when I least guessed whom yonder suit of armour enclosed."

"Front-de-Bœuf must prepare to restore his fief of Ivanhoe," said De Bracy, who, having discharged his part honourably in the tournament, had laid his shield and helmet aside, and again mingled with the Prince's retinue.

"Ay," answered Waldemar Fitzurse, "this gallant is likely to reclaim the castle and manor which Richard assigned to him, and which your Highness's generosity has since given to Front-de-Bœuf."

"Front-de-Bœuf," replied John, "is a man more willing to swallow three manors such as Ivanhoe, than to disgorge one of them. For the rest, sirs, I hope none here will deny my right to confer the fiefs of the crown upon the faithful followers who are around me, and ready to perform the usual military service, in the room of those who have wandered to foreign countries, and can neither render homage nor service when called upon."

The audience were too much interested in the question not to pronounce the Prince's assumed right altogether indubitable. "A generous Prince!—a most noble Lord, who thus takes upon himself the task of rewarding his faithful followers!"

Such were the words which burst from the train, expectants all of them of similar grants at the expense of King Richard's followers and favourites, if indeed they had not as yet received such. Prior Aymer also assented to the general proposition, observing, however, "That the blessed Jerusalem could not indeed be termed a foreign country. She was *communis mater*—the mother of all Christians. But he saw not," he declared, "how the Knight of Ivanhoe could plead any advantage from this, since he" (the Prior) "was assured that the crusaders, under Richard, had never proceeded much farther than Askalon, which, as all the world knew, was a town of the Philistines, and entitled to none of the privileges of the Holy City."

Waldemar, whose curiosity had led him towards the place where Ivanhoe had fallen to the ground, now returned. "The gallant," said he, "is likely to give your Highness little disturbance, and to leave Front-de-Bœuf in the quiet possession of his gains—he is severely wounded."

"Whatever becomes of him," said Prince John, "he is victor of the day; and were he tenfold our enemy, or the devoted friend of our brother, which is perhaps the same, his wounds must be looked to—our own physician shall attend him."

A stern smile curled the Prince's lip as he spoke. Waldemar Fitzurse hastened to reply, that Ivanhoe was already removed from the lists, and in the custody of his friends.

"I was somewhat afflicted," he said, "to see the grief of the Queen of Love and Beauty, whose sovereignty of a day this event has changed into mourn

ing. I am not a man to be moved by a woman's lament for her lover, but this same Lady Rowena suppressed her sorrow with such dignity of manner, that it could only be discovered by her folded hands, and her tearless eye, which trembled as it remained fixed on the lifeless form before her."

"Who is this Lady Rowena," said Prince John, "of whom we have heard so much?"

"A Saxon heiress of large possessions," replied the Prior Aymer; "a rose of loveliness, and a jewel of wealth; the fairest among a thousand, a bundle of myrrh, and a cluster of camphire."

"We shall cheer her sorrows," said Prince John, "and amend her blood, by wedding her to a Norman. She seems a minor, and must therefore be at our royal disposal in marriage.—How sayst thou, De Bracy? What thinkst thou of gaining fair lands and livings, by wedding a Saxon, after the fashion of the followers of the Conqueror?"

"If the lands are to my liking, my lord," answered De Bracy, "it will be hard to displease me with a bride; and deeply will I hold myself bound to your highness for a good deed, which will fulfil all promises made in favour of your servant and vassal."

"We will not forget it," said Prince John; "and that we may instantly go to work, command our seneschal presently to order the attendance of the Lady Rowena and her company—that is, the rude churl her guardian, and the Saxon ox whom the Black Knight struck down in the tournament, upon this evening's banquet.—De Bigot," he added to his seneschal, "thou wilt word this our second summons so courteously, as to gratify the pride of these Saxons, and make it impossible for them again to refuse; although, by the bones of Becket, courtesy to them is casting pearls before swine."

Prince John had proceeded thus far, and was about to give the signal for retiring from the lists, when a small billet was put into his hand.

"From whence?" said Prince John, looking at the person by whom it was delivered.

"From foreign parts, my lord, but from whence I know not," replied his attendant. "A Frenchman brought it hither, who said, he had ridden night and day to put it into the hands of your highness."

The Prince looked narrowly at the superscription, and then at the seal, placed so as to secure the flox-silk with which the billet was surrounded, and which bore the impression of three fleurs-de-lis. John then opened the billet with apparent agitation, which visibly and greatly increased when he had perused the contents, which were expressed in these words—

"*Take heed to yourself, for the Devil is unchained!*"

The Prince turned as pale as death, looked first on the earth, and then up to heaven, like a man who has received news that sentence of execution has been passed upon him. Recovering from the first effects of his surprise, he took Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy aside, and put the billet into their hands successively. "It means," he added, in a faltering voice, "that my brother Richard has obtained his freedom."

"This may be a false alarm, or a forged letter," said De Bracy.

"It is France's own hand and seal," replied Prince John.

"It is time, then," said Fitzurse, "to draw our party to a head, either at York, or some other central place. A few days later, and it will be indeed too late. Your highness must break short this present mummery."

"The yeomen and commons," said De Bracy, "must not be dismissed discontented, for lack of their share in the sports."

"The day," said Waldemar, "is not yet very far spent—let the archers shoot a few rounds at the target, and the prize be adjudged. This will be an abundant fulfilment of the Prince's promises, so far as this herd of Saxon serfs is concerned."

"I thank thee, Waldemar," said the Prince; "thou remindest me, too, that I have a debt to pay to that insolent peasant who yesterday insulted our person. Our banquet also shall go forward to-night as we proposed. Were this my last hour of power, it should be an hour sacred to revenge and to pleasure—let new cares come with to-morrow's new day."

The sound of the trumpets soon recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival: Nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of silvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonour of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles round him, as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for silvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the longbow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"Under favour, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman.—"Your Grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the Prince, "the Provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud Prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial.—And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the Games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the Provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver-pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre, than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow"——

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamour. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape: but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John.—"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

The victorious archer would not perhaps have

escaped John's attention so easily, had not that Prince had other subjects of anxious and more important meditation pressing upon his mind at that instant. He called upon his chamberlain as he gave the signal for retiring from the lists, and commanded him instantly to gallop to Ashby, and seek out Isaac the Jew. "Tell the dog," he said, "to send me, before sun-down, two thousand crowns. He knows the security; but thou mayst show him this ring for a token. The rest of the money must be paid at York within six days. If he neglects, I will have the unbelieving villain's head. Look that thou pass him not on the way; for the circumcised slave was displaying his stolen finery amongst us."

So saying, the Prince resumed his horse, and returned to Ashby, the whole crowd breaking up and dispersing upon his retreat.

CHAPTER XIV.

> In rough magnificence array'd,
> When ancient Chivalry display'd
> The pomp of her heroic games,
> And crested chiefs and tissued dames
> Assembled at the clarion's call,
> In some proud castle's high arch'd hall.
>
> Warton.

Prince John held his high festival in the Castle of Ashby. This was not the same building of which the stately ruins still interest the traveller, and which was erected at a later period by the Lord Hastings, High Chamberlain of England, one of the first victims of the tyranny of Richard the Third, and yet better known as one of Shakspeare's characters than by his historical fame. The castle and town of Ashby, at this time, belonged to Roger de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, who, during the period of our history, was absent in the Holy Land. Prince John, in the mean while, occupied his castle, and disposed of his domains without scruple; and seeking at present to dazzle men's eyes by his hospitality and magnificence, had given orders for great preparations, in order to render the banquet as splendid as possible.

The purveyors of the Prince, who exercised on this and other occasions the full authority of royalty, had swept the country of all that could be collected which was esteemed fit for their master's table. Guests also were invited in great numbers; and in the necessity in which he then found himself of courting popularity, Prince John had extended his invitation to a few distinguished Saxon and Danish families, as well as to the Norman nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. However despised and degraded on ordinary occasions, the great numbers of the Anglo-Saxons must necessarily render them formidable in the civil commotions which seemed approaching, and it was an obvious point of policy to secure popularity with their leaders.

It was accordingly the Prince's intention, which he for some time maintained, to treat these unwonted guests with a courtesy to which they had been little accustomed. But although no man with less scruple made his ordinary habits and feelings bend to his interest, it was the misfortune of this Prince, that his levity and petulance were perpetually breaking out, and undoing all that had been gained by his previous dissimulation.

Of this fickle temper he gave a memorable example in Ireland, when sent thither by his father, Henry the Second, with the purpose of buying golden opinions of the inhabitants of that new and important acquisition to the English Crown. Upon this occasion the Irish chieftains contended which should first offer to the young Prince their loyal homage and the kiss of peace. But, instead of receiving their salutations with courtesy, John and his petulant attendants could not resist the temptation of pulling the long beards of the Irish chieftains; a conduct which, as might have been expected, was highly resented by these insulted dignitaries, and produced fatal consequences to the English domination in Ireland. It is necessary to keep these inconsistencies of John's character in view, that *the reader may understand his conduct during the present evening.*

In execution of the resolution which he had formed during his cooler moments, Prince John received Cedric and Athelstane with distinguished courtesy, and expressed his disappointment, without resentment when the indisposition of Rowena was alleged by the former as a reason for her not attending upon his gracious summons. Cedric and Athelstane were both dressed in the ancient Saxon garb, which, although not unhandsome in itself, and in the present instance composed of costly materials, was so remote in shape and appearance from that of the other guests, that Prince John took great credit to himself with Waldemar Fitzurse for refraining from laughter at a sight which the fashion of the day rendered ridiculous. Yet, in the eye of sober judgment, the short close tunic and long mantle of the Saxons was a more graceful, as well as a more convenient dress, than the garb of the Normans, whose under garment was a long doublet, so loose as to resemble a shirt or waggoner's frock, covered by a cloak of scanty dimensions neither fit to defend the wearer from cold or from rain, and the only purpose of which appeared to be to display as much fur, embroidery, and jewellery work, as the ingenuity of the tailor could contrive to lay upon it. The Emperor Charlemagne, in whose reign they were first introduced, seems to have been very sensible of the inconveniences arising from the fashion of this garment. "In Heaven's name," said he, "to what purpose serve these abridged cloaks? If we are in bed they are no cover, on horseback they are no protection from the wind and rain, and when seated they do not guard our legs from the damp or the frost."

Nevertheless, spite of this imperial objurgation, the short cloaks continued in fashion down to the time of which we treat, and particularly among the princes of the House of Anjou. They were therefore in universal use among Prince John's courtiers; and the long mantle, which formed the upper garment of the Saxons, was held in proportional derision.

The guests were seated at a table which groaned under the quantity of good cheer. The numerous cooks who attended on the Prince's progress, having exerted all their art in varying the forms in which the ordinary provisions were served up, had succeeded almost as well as the modern professors of the culinary art in rendering them perfectly unlike their natural appearance. Besides these dishes of domestic origin, there were various delicacies brought from foreign parts, and a quantity of rich pastry, as well as of the simnel-bread and wastle cakes, which were only used at the tables of the highest nobility. The banquet was crowned with the richest wines, both foreign and domestic.

But, though luxurious, the Norman nobles were not, generally speaking, an intemperate race. While indulging themselves in the pleasures of the table, they aimed at delicacy, but avoided excess, and were apt to attribute gluttony and drunkenness to the vanquished Saxons, as vices peculiar to their inferior station. Prince John, indeed, and those who courted his pleasure by imitating his foibles, were apt to indulge to excess in the pleasures of the trencher and the goblet; and indeed it is well known that his death was occasioned by a surfeit upon peaches and new ale. His conduct, however, was an exception to the general manners of his countrymen.

With sly gravity, interrupted only by private signs to each other, the Norman knights and nobles beheld the ruder demeanour of Athelstane and Cedric at a banquet, to the form and fashion of which they were unaccustomed. And while their manners were thus the subject of sarcastic observation, the untaught Saxons unwittingly transgressed several of the arbitrary rules established for the regulation of society. Now, it is well known, that a man may with more impunity be guilty of an actual breach either of real good breeding or of good morals, than appear ignorant of the most minute point of fashionable etiquette. Thus Cedric, who dried his hands with a towel, instead of suffering the moisture to exhale by waving them gracefully in the air, incurred more ridicule than his companion Athelstane, when he swallowed to his own single share the whole of a large pasty com-

of the most exquisite foreign delicacies, and at that time a *Karum-pie.* When howev- as discovered by a serious cross-examination Thane of Coningsburgh (or Franklin, as the is termed him) had no idea what he had been ng, and that he had taken the contents of the pie for larks and pigeons, whereas they were beccaficoes and nightingales, his ignorance him in for an ample share of the ridicule would have been more justly bestowed on his

ong feast had at length its end; and, while et circulated freely, men talked of the feats receding tournament,—of the unknown victo rchery games, of the Black Knight, whose ial had induced him to withdraw from the he had won,—and of the gallant Ivanhoe, d so dearly bought the honours of the day. ics were treated with military frankness, and and laugh went round the hall. The brow of John alone was overclouded during these ons; some overpowering care seemed agita- ... and it was only when he received ial hints from his attendants, that he seemed nterest in what was passing around him. On asions he would start up, quaff a cup of wine aise his spirits, and then mingle in the con- n by some observation made abruptly or at

drink this beaker," said he, "to the health of of Ivanhoe, champion of this Passage of nd grieve that his wound renders him absent ur board—Let all fill to the pledge, and ly Cedric of Rotherwood, the worthy father so promising."

my lord," replied Cedric, standing up, and on the table his untasted cup, "I yield not le of son to the disobedient youth, who at spises my commands, and relinquishes the and customs of his fathers."

impossible!" cried Prince John, with well- astonishment, "that so gallant a knight e an unworthy or disobedient son!"

my lord," answered Cedric, "so it is with red. He left my homely dwelling to mingle gay nobility of your brother's court, where ed to do those tricks of horsemanship which e so highly. He left it contrary to my wish mand—... in the days of Alfred that would en termed disobedience—ay, and a crime punishable."

!" replied Prince John, with a deep sigh of sympathy, "since your son was a follower happy brother, it need not be inquired where whom he learned the lesson of filial disobe-

spake Prince John, wilfully forgetting, that e sons of Henry the Second, though no one from the charge, he himself had been most shed for rebellion and ingratitude to his father. nk," said he, after a moment's pause, "that ter proposed to confer upon his favourite the or of Ivanhoe."

did endow him with it," answered Cedric; it my least quarrel with my son, that he to hold, as a feudal vassal, the very domains s fathers possessed in free and independent

shall then have your willing sanction, good said Prince John, "to confer this fief upon whose dignity will not be diminished by land of the British crown.—Sir Reginald -Bœuf," he said, turning towards that I trust you will so keep the goodly Barony oe, that Sir Wilfred shall not incur his farther displeasure by again entering upon

St. Anthony!" answered the black-brow'd will consent that your highness shall hold xon, if either Cedric or Wilfred, or the best bore English blood, shall wrench from ift which your highness has graced me."

ever shall call thee Saxon, Sir Baron," re- dric, offended at a mode of expression by which the Normans frequently expressed their habitual contempt of the English, "will do thee an honour as great as it is undeserved."

Front-de-Bœuf would have replied, but Prince John's petulance and levity got the start.

"Assuredly," said he, "my lords, the noble Cedric speaks truth; and his race may claim precedence over us as much in the length of their pedigrees as in the longitude of their cloaks."

"They go before us indeed in the field—as deer before dogs," said Malvoisin.

"And with good right may they go before us—forget not," said the Prior Aymer, "the superior decency and decorum of their manners."

"Their singular abstemiousness and temperance," said De Bracy, forgetting the plan which promised him a Saxon bride.

"Together with the courage and conduct," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, by which they distinguished themselves at Hastings and elsewhere."

While with smooth and smiling cheek, the courtiers, each in turn, followed their Prince's example, and aimed a shaft of ridicule at Cedric, the face of the Saxon became inflamed with passion, and he glanced his eyes fiercely from one to another, as if the quick succession of so many injuries had prevented his replying to them in turn; or, like a baited bull, who, surrounded by his tormentors, is at a loss to choose from among them the immediate object of his revenge. At length he spoke, in a voice half choaked with passion; and, addressing himself to Prince John as the head and front of the offence which he had received, "Whatever," he said, "have been the follies and vices of our race, a Saxon would have been held *nidering*,"* (the most emphatic term for abject worthlessness,) "who should in his own hall, and while his own wine-cup passed, have treated, or suffered to be treated, an unoffending guest as your highness has this day beheld me used; and whatever was the misfortune of our fathers on the field of Hastings, those may at least be silent," here he looked at Front-de-Bœuf and the Templar, "who have within these few hours once and again lost saddle and stirrup before the lance of a Saxon."

"By my faith, a biting jest!" said Prince John. "How like you it, sirs?—Our Saxon subjects rise in spirit and courage; become shrewd in wit, and bold in bearing, in these unsettled times—What say ye, my lords?—By this good light, I hold it best to take our galleys, and return to Normandy in time."

"For fear of the Saxons?" said De Bracy, laughing; "we should need no weapon but our hunting spears to bring these boars to bay."

"A truce with your raillery, Sir Knights," said Fitzurse;—"and it were well," he added, addressing the Prince, "that your highness should assure the worthy Cedric there is no insult intended him by jests, which must sound but harshly in the ear of a stranger."

"Insult?" answered Prince John, resuming his courtesy of demeanour; "I trust it will not be thought that I could mean, or permit any, to be offered in my presence. Here! I fill my cup to Cedric himself, since he refuses to pledge his son's health."

The cup went round amid the well-dissembled applause of the courtiers, which, however, failed to make the impression on the mind of the Saxon that had been designed. He was not naturally acute of perception, but those too much undervalued his understanding who deemed that this flattering compliment would obliterate the sense of the prior insult. He was silent, however, when the royal pledge again passed round, "To Sir Athelstane of Coningsburgh."

The knight made his obeisance, and showed his sense of the honour by draining a huge goblet in answer to it.

"And now, sirs," said Prince John, who began to be warmed with the wine which he had drank,

* There was nothing accounted so ignominious among the Saxons as to merit this disgraceful epithet. Even William the Conqueror, hated as he was by them, continued to draw a considerable army of Anglo-Saxons to his standard, by threatening to stigmatize those who staid at home, as *nidering*. Bartholinus, I think, mentions a similar phrase which had like influence on the Danes. L. T.

"having done justice to our Saxon guests, we will pray of them some requital to our courtesy.—Worthy Thane," he continued, addressing Cedric, "may we pray you to name to us some Norman whose mention may least sully your mouth, and to wash down with a goblet of wine all bitterness which the sound may leave behind it?"

Fitzurse arose while Prince John spoke, and gliding behind the seat of the Saxon, whispered to him not to omit the opportunity of putting an end to unkindness betwixt the two races, by naming Prince John. The Saxon replied not to this politic insinuation, but, rising up, and filling his cup to the brim, he addressed Prince John in these words: "Your highness has required that I should name a Norman deserving to be remembered at our banquet. This, perchance, is a hard task, since it calls on the slave to sing the praises of the master—upon the vanquished, while pressed by all the evils of conquest, to sing the praises of the conqueror. Yet I *will* name a Norman—the first in arms and in place—the best and noblest of his race. And the lips that shall refuse to pledge me to his well-earned fame, I term false and dishonoured, and will so maintain them with my life.—I quaff this goblet to the health of Richard the Lion-hearted!"

Prince John, who had expected that his own name would have closed the Saxon's speech, started when that of his injured brother was so unexpectedly introduced. He raised mechanically the wine-cup to his lips, then instantly set it down, to view the demeanour of the company at this unexpected proposal, which many of them felt it as unsafe to oppose as to comply with. Some of them, ancient and experienced courtiers, closely imitated the example of the Prince himself, raising the goblet to their lips, and again replacing it before them. There were many, who, with a more generous feeling, exclaimed, "Long live King Richard! and may he be speedily restored to us!" And some few, among whom were Front-de-Bœuf and the Templar, in sullen disdain suffered their goblets to stand untasted before them. But no man ventured directly to gainsay a pledge filled to the health of the reigning monarch.

Having enjoyed his triumph for about a minute, Cedric said to his companions, "Up, noble Athelstane! we have remained here long enough, since we have requited the hospitable courtesy of Prince John's banquet. Those who wish to know further of our rude Saxon manners must henceforth seek us in the homes of our fathers, since we have seen enough of royal banquets, and enough of Norman courtesy."

So saying, he arose and left the banqueting room, followed by Athelstane, and by several other guests, who, partaking of the Saxon lineage, held themselves insulted by the sarcasms of prince John and his courtiers.

"By the bones of St. Thomas," said Prince John, as they retreated, "the Saxon churls have borne off the best of the day, and have retreated with triumph!"

"*Conclamatum est, poculatum est*," said Prior Aymer; "we have drunk and we have shouted,—it were time we left our wine flagons."

"The monk hath some fair penitent to shrive to-night, that he is in such a hurry to depart," said De Bracy.

"Not so, Sir Knight," replied the Abbot; "but I must move several miles forward this evening upon my homeward journey."

"They are breaking up," said the Prince in a whisper to Fitzurse; "their fears anticipate the event, and this coward Prior is the first to shrink from me."

"Fear not, my lord," said Waldemar; "I will show him such reasons as shall induce him to join us when we hold our meeting at York.—Sir Prior," he said, I must speak with you in private, before you mount your palfrey."

The other guests were now fast dispersing, with the exception of those immediately attached to Prince John's faction, and his retinue.

"This, then, is the result of your advice," said the Prince, turning an angry countenance upon Fitzurse; "that I should be bearded at my own board by a drunken Saxon churl, and that, on the mere sound of my brother's name, men should fall off from me as if I had the leprosy?"

"Have patience, sir," replied his counsellor; "I might retort your accusation, and blame the inconsiderate levity which foiled my design, and misled your own better judgment. But this is no time for recrimination. De Bracy and I will instantly go among these shuffling cowards, and convince them they have gone too far to recede."

"It will be in vain," said Prince John, pacing the apartment with disordered steps, and expressing himself with an agitation to which the wine he had drunk partly contributed—"It will be in vain—they have seen the handwriting on the wall—they have marked the paw of the lion in the sand—they have heard his approaching roar shake the wood—nothing will reanimate their courage."

"Would to God," said Fitzurse to De Bracy, "that aught could reanimate his own! His brother's very name is an ague to him. Unhappy are the counsellors of a Prince, who wants fortitude and perseverance alike in good and in evil!"

CHAPTER XV.

> And yet he thinks,—ha, ha, ha, ha,—he thinks
> I am the tool and servant of his will.
> Well, let it be; through all the maze of trouble
> His plots and base oppression must create,
> I'll shape myself a way to higher things,
> And who will say 'tis wrong?
>
> *Basil, a Tragedy.*

No spider ever took more pains to repair the shattered meshes of his web, than did Waldemar Fitzurse to reunite and combine the scattered members of Prince John's cabal. Few of these were attached to him from inclination, and none from personal regard. It was therefore necessary, that Fitzurse should open to them new prospects of advantage, and remind them of those which they at present enjoyed. To the young and wild nobles, he held out the prospect of unpunished license and uncontrolled revelry; to the ambitious, that of power, and to the covetous, that of increased wealth and extended domains. The leaders of the mercenaries received a donation in gold; an argument the most persuasive to their minds, and without which all others would have proved in vain. Promises were still more liberally distributed than money by this active agent; and, in fine, nothing was left undone that could determine the wavering, or animate the disheartened. The return of King Richard he spoke of as an event altogether beyond the reach of probability; yet, when he observed, from the doubtful looks and uncertain answers which he received, that this was the apprehension by which the minds of his accomplices were most haunted, he boldly treated that event, should it really take place, as one which ought not to alter their political calculations.

"If Richard returns," said Fitzurse, "he returns to enrich his needy and impoverished crusaders at the expense of those who did not follow him to the Holy Land. He returns to call to a fearful reckoning, those who, during his absence, have done aught that can be construed offence or encroachment upon either the laws of the land or the privileges of the crown. He returns to avenge upon the Orders of the Temple and the Hospital, the preference which they showed to Philip of France during the wars in the Holy Land. He returns, in fine, to punish as a rebel every adherent of his brother Prince John. Are ye afraid of his power?" continued the artful confidant of that Prince; "we acknowledge him a strong and valiant knight; but these are not the days of King Arthur, when a champion could encounter an army. If Richard indeed comes back, it must be alone,—unfollowed—unfriendly. The bones of his gallant army have whitened the sands of Palestine. The few of his followers who have returned have straggled hither like this Wilfred of Ivanhoe, beggared and broken men.—And what talk ye of Richard's right of birth?" he proceeded, in answer to those who objected scruples on that head. "Is Richard's title of primogeniture more decidedly certain than that of Duke Robert of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest son? And yet William the Red, and Henry, his second and third brothers, were suc-

ed to him by the voice of the nation.
ry merit which can be pleaded for
s a bold knight, a good leader, gene-
ds and to the church, and, to crown
usader and a conqueror of the Holy
yet he died a blind and miserable
Castle of Cardiff, because he opposed
vill of the people, who chose that he
over them. It is our right," he said,
the blood royal the prince who is best
l the supreme power—that is," said
nself, "him whose election will best
terests of the nobility. In personal
he added, "it was possible that Prince
inferior to his brother Richard; but
nsidered that the latter returned with
geance in his hand, while the former
s, immunities, privileges, wealth, and
l not be doubted which was the king
m the nobility were called on to sup-

any more arguments, some adapted
circumstances of those whom he ad-
e expected weight with the nobles of
ction. Most of them consented to
sed meeting at York, for the purpose
l arrangements for placing the crown
f Prince John.
night, when, worn out and exhausted
exertions, however gratified with the
returning to the Castle of Ashby,
acy, who had exchanged his banquet-
r a short green kirtle, with hose of
and colour, a leathern cap or head-
word, a horn slung over his shoulder,
s hand, and a bundle of arrows stuck
l Fitzurse met this figure in an outer
ould have passed him without notice,
omen of the guard; but finding him
, he looked at him with more atten-
ised the Norman knight in the dress
oman.
nery is this, De Bracy?" said Fitz-
angrily; "is this a time for Christ-
d quaint maskings, when the fate of
ce John, is on the very verge of de-
ast thou not been, like me, among
ravens, whom the very name of King
as it is said to do the children of the

attending to mine own business,"
acy calmly, "as you, Fitzurse, have
urs."
ine own business!" echoed Walde-
een engaged in that of Prince John,
"
ldst any other reason for that, Wal-
Bracy, "than the promotion of thine
interest? Come Fitzurse, we know
ition is thy pursuit, pleasure is mine,
our different ages. Of Prince John
s I do; that he is too weak to be a
arch, too tyrannical to be an easy
isolent and presumptuous to be a
, and too fickle and timid to be long
y kind. But he is a monarch by
nd De Bracy hope to rise and thrive;
aid him with your policy, and I with
Free Companions."
xiliary," said Fitzurse impatiently;
l in the very moment of utter neces-
arth dost thou purpose by this absurd
ment so urgent?"
wife," answered De Bracy coolly,
er of the tribe of Benjamin."
Benjamin?" said Fitzurse; "I com-
"
it in presence yester-even," said De
e heard the Prior Aymer tell us a
he romance which was sung by the
old how, long since in Palestine, a
between the tribe of Benjamin and
sraelitish nation; and how they cut
h all the chivalry of that tribe; and
how they swore by our blessed Lady, that they would not permit those who remained to marry in their lineage; and how they became grieved for their vow, and sent to consult his holiness the Pope how they might be absolved from it; and how, by the advice of the Holy Father, the youth of the tribe of Benjamin carried off from a superb tournament all the ladies who were there present, and thus won them wives without the consent either of their brides or their brides' families."

"I have heard the story," said Fitzurse, "though either the Prior or thou has made some singular alterations in date and circumstances."

"I tell thee," said De Bracy, "that I mean to purvey me a wife after the fashion of the tribe of Benjamin; which is as much as to say, that in this same equipment I will fall upon that herd of Saxon bullocks, who have this night left the castle, and carry off from them the lovely Rowena."

"Art thou mad, De Bracy?" said Fitzurse. "Bethink thee that, though the men be Saxons, they are rich and powerful, and regarded with the more respect by their countrymen, that wealth and honour are but the lot of few of Saxon descent."

"And should belong to none," said De Bracy; "the work of the Conquest should be completed."

"This is no time for it at least," said Fitzurse; "the approaching crisis renders the favour of the multitude indispensable, and Prince John cannot refuse justice to any one who injures their favourites."

"Let him grant it, if he dare," said De Bracy; "he will soon see the difference betwixt the support of such a lusty lot of spears as mine, and that of a heartless mob of Saxon churls. Yet I mean no immediate discovery of myself. Seem I not in this garb as bold a forester as ever blew horn? The blame of the violence shall rest with the outlaws of the Yorkshire forests. I have sure spies on the Saxons' motions—To-night they sleep in the convent of Saint Wittol, or Withold, or whatever they call that churl of a Saxon Saint at Burton-on-Trent. Next day's march brings them within our reach, and, falcon-ways, we swoop on them at once. Presently after I will appear in mine own shape, play the courteous knight, rescue the unfortunate and afflicted fair one from the hands of the rude ravishers, conduct her to Front-de-Bœuf's Castle, or to Normandy, if it should be necessary, and produce her not again to her kindred until she be the bride and dame of Maurice de Bracy."

"A marvellously sage plan," said Fitzurse, "and, as I think, not entirely of thine own device.—Come, be frank, De Bracy, who aided thee in the invention? and who is to assist in the execution? for, as I think, thine own band lies as far off as York."

"Marry, if thou must needs know," said De Bracy, "it was the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert that shaped out the enterprise, which the adventure of the men of Benjamin suggested to me. He is to aid me in the onslaught, and he and his followers will personate the outlaws, from whom my valorous arm is, after changing my garb, to rescue the lady."

"By my halidome," said Fitzurse, "the plan was worthy of your united wisdom! and thy prudence, De Bracy, is most especially manifested in the project of leaving the lady in the hands of thy worthy confederate. Thou mayst, I think, succeed in taking her from her Saxon friends, but how thou wilt rescue her afterwards from the clutches of Bois-Guilbert seems considerably more doubtful—He is a falcon well accustomed to pounce on a partridge, and to hold his prey fast."

"He is a Templar," said De Bracy, "and cannot therefore rival me in my plan of wedding this heiress; —and to attempt aught dishonourable against the intended bride of De Bracy—By Heaven! were he a whole Chapter of his Order in his single person, he dared not do me such an injury!"

"Then since naught that I can say," said Fitzurse, "will put this folly from thy imagination, (for well I know the obstinacy of thy disposition,) at least waste as little time as possible—let not thy folly be lasting as well as untimely."

"I tell thee," answered De Bracy, "that it will be

the work of a few hours, and I shall be at York at the head of my daring and valorous fellows, as ready to support any bold design as thy policy can be to form one.—But I hear my comrades assembling, and the steeds stamping and neighing in the outer court.—Farewell.—I go, like a true knight, to win the smiles of beauty."

"Like a true knight?" repeated Fitzurse, looking after him: "like a fool, I should say, or like a child, who will leave the most serious and needful occupation, to chase the down of the thistle that drives past him.—But it is with such tools that I must work;—and for whose advantage?—For that of a Prince as unwise as he is profligate, and as likely to be an ungrateful master as he has already proved a rebellious son and an unnatural brother. But he—he, too, is but one of the tools with which I labour; and, proud as he is, should he presume to separate his interest from mine, this is a secret which he shall soon learn."

The meditations of the statesman were here interrupted by the voice of the Prince from an interior apartment, calling out, "Noble Waldemar Fitzurse!" and, with bonnet doffed, the future Chancellor (for to such high preferment did the wily Norman aspire) hastened to receive the orders of the future sovereign.

CHAPTER XVI.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise.

PARNELL.

THE reader cannot have forgotten that the event of the tournament was decided by the exertions of an unknown knight, whom, on account of the passive and indifferent conduct which he had manifested on the former part of the day, the spectators had entitled, *Le Noir Fainéant*. This knight had left the field abruptly when the victory was achieved; and when he was called upon to receive the reward of his valour, he was nowhere to be found. In the mean time, while summoned by heralds and by trumpets, the knight was holding his course northward, avoiding all frequented paths, and taking the shortest road through the woodlands. He paused for the night at a small hostelry lying out of the ordinary route, where, however, he obtained from a wandering minstrel news of the event of the tourney.

On the next morning the knight departed early, with the intention of making a long journey; the condition of his horse, which he had carefully spared during the preceding morning, being such as enabled him to travel far without the necessity of much repose. Yet his purpose was baffled by the devious paths through which he rode, so that when evening closed upon him, he only found himself on the frontiers of the West Riding of Yorkshire. By this time both horse and man required refreshment, and it became necessary, moreover, to look out for some place in which they might spend the night, which was now fast approaching.

The place where the traveller found himself seemed unpropitious for obtaining either shelter or refreshment, and he was likely to be reduced to the usual expedient of knights-errant, who, on such occasions, turned their horses to graze, and laid themselves down to meditate on their lady-mistress, with an oak-tree for a canopy. But the Black Knight either had no mistress to meditate upon, or, being as indifferent in love as he seemed to be in war, was not sufficiently occupied by passionate reflections upon her beauty and cruelty, to be able to parry the effects of fatigue and hunger, and suffer love to act as a substitute for the solid comforts of a bed and supper. He felt dissatisfied, therefore, when, looking around, he found himself deeply involved in woods, through which indeed there were many open glades, and some paths, but such as seemed only formed by the numerous herds of cattle which grazed in the forest, or by the animals of chase, and the hunters who made prey of them.

The sun, by which the knight had chiefly directed his course, had now sunk behind the Derbyshire hills on his left, and every effort which he might make to pursue his journey was as likely to lead him out of his road as to advance him on his route. After having in vain endeavoured to select the most beaten path, in hopes it might lead to the cottage of some herdsman, or the silvan lodge of a forester, and having repeatedly found himself totally unable to determine on a choice, the knight resolved to trust to the sagacity of his horse; experience having, on former occasions, made him acquainted with the wonderful talent possessed by these animals for extricating themselves and their riders on such emergencies.

The good steed, grievously fatigued with so long a day's journey under a rider cased in mail, had no sooner found, by the slackened reins, that he was abandoned to his own guidance, than he seemed to assume new strength and spirit; and whereas formerly he had scarce replied to the spur, otherwise than by a groan, he now, as if proud of the confidence reposed in him, pricked up his ears, and assumed, of his own accord, a more lively motion. The path which the animal adopted rather turned off from the course pursued by the knight during the day; but as the horse seemed confident in his choice, the rider abandoned himself to his discretion.

He was justified by the event; for the footpath soon after appeared a little wider and more worn, and the tinkle of a small bell gave the knight to understand that he was in the vicinity of some chapel or hermitage.

Accordingly, he soon reached an open plat of turf, on the opposite side of which, a rock, rising abruptly from a gently sloping plain, offered its gray and weatherbeaten front to the traveller. Ivy mantled its sides in some places, and in others oaks and holly bushes, whose roots found nourishment in the cliffs of the crag, waved over the precipices below, like the plumage of the warrior over his steel helmet, giving grace to that whose chief expression was terror. At the bottom of the rock, and leaning, as it were, against it, was constructed a rude hut, built chiefly of the trunks of trees felled in the neighbouring forest, and secured against the weather by having its crevices stuffed with moss mingled with clay. The stem of a young fir-tree lopped of its branches, with a piece of wood tied across near the top, was planted upright by the door, as a rude emblem of the holy cross. At a little distance on the right hand, a fountain of the purest water trickled out of the rock, and was received in a hollow stone, which labour had formed into a rustic basin. Escaping from thence, the stream murmured down the descent by a channel which its course had long worn, and so wandered through the little plain to lose itself in the neighbouring wood.

Beside this fountain were the ruins of a very small chapel, of which the roof had partly fallen in. The building, when entire, had never been above sixteen feet long by twelve feet in breadth, and the roof, low in proportion, rested upon four concentric arches, which sprung from the four corners of the building, each supported upon a short and heavy pillar. The ribs of two of these arches remained, though the roof had fallen down betwixt them; over the others it remained entire. The entrance to this ancient place of devotion was under a very low round arch, ornamented by several courses of that zig-zag moulding, resembling shark's teeth, which appears so often in the more ancient Saxon architecture. A belfry rose above the porch on four small pillars, within which hung the green and weatherbeaten bell, the feeble sounds of which had been some time before heard by the Black Knight.

The whole peaceful and quiet scene lay glimmering in twilight before the eyes of the traveller, giving him good assurance of lodging for the night; since it was a special duty of those hermits who dwelt in the woods, to exercise hospitality towards benighted or bewildered passengers.

Accordingly, the knight took no time to consider minutely the particulars which we have detailed, but thanking Saint Julian (the patron of travellers) who had sent him good harbourage, he leaped from his horse and assailed the door of the hermitage with the butt of his lance, in order to arouse attention and gain admittance.

was some time before he obtained any answer, the reply, when made, was unpropitious.
Pass on, whosoever thou art," was the answer by a deep hoarse voice from within the hut, disturb not the servant of God and St. Dunstan is evening devotions."
Worthy father," answered the knight, "here is a r wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives the opportunity of exercising thy charity and pitality."
Good brother," replied the inhabitant of the herage, "It has pleased Our Lady and St. Dunstan to ine me for the object of those virtues, instead of exercise thereof. I have no provisions here which a dog would share with me, and a horse of any derness of nurture would despise my couch—pass before on thy way, and God speed thee."
But how," replied the knight, "is it possible for to find my way through such a wood as this, when tness is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, ou are a Christian, to undo your door, and at least t out to me my road."
And I pray you, good Christian brother," replied anchorite, "to disturb me no more. You have dy interrupted one *pater*, two *aves*, and a *credo*, h I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according y vow, have said before moonrise."
The road—the road!" vociferated the knight "give directions for the road, if I am to expect no more thee."
The road," replied the hermit, "is easy to hit. path from the wood leads to a morass, and from ce to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may be passable. When thou hast crossed the ford, wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as somewhat precipitous; and the path, which hangs the river, has lately, as I learn, (for I seldom leave uties of my chapel,) given way in sundry places. i wilt then keep straight forward"——
broken path—a precipice—a ford, and a mo-" said the knight, interrupting him,—"Sir Herf you were the holiest that ever wore beard or bead, you shall scarce prevail on me to hold this to-night. I tell thee, that thou, who livest by harity of the country—ill deserved, as I doubt it ast no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer in distress. Either open the door quickly, or, e rood, I will beat it down and make entry for lf."
Friend wayfarer," replied the hermit, "be not rtunate; if thou puttest me to use the carnal pon in mine own defence, it will be e'en the worse ou."
t this moment a distant noise of barking and ling, which the traveller had for some time d, became extremely loud and furious, and made night suppose that the hermit, alarmed by his t of making forcible entry, had called the dogs made this clamour to aid him in his defence, out he inner recess in which they had been kennelled. ised at this preparation on the hermit's part for ng good his inhospitable purpose, the knight k the door so furiously with his foot, that posts ll as staples shook with violence.
e anchorite, not caring again to expose his door similar shock, now called out aloud, "Patience, ce—spare thy strength, good traveller, and I presently undo the door, though, it may be, my g so will be little to thy pleasure."
e door accordingly was opened; and the hermit, ge, strong-built man, in his sackcloth gown and girt with a rope of rushes, stood before the t. He had in the one hand a lighted torch, or and in the other a baton of crab-tree, so thick heavy, that it might well be termed a club. Two shaggy dogs, half greyhound half mastiff, stood to rush upon the traveller as soon as the door ld be opened. But when the torch glanced upon ty crest and golden spurs of the knight, who without, the hermit, altering probably his ori- intentions, repressed the rage of his auxiliaries, changing his tone to a sort of churlish courtesy, d the knight to enter his hut, making excuse for willingness to open his lodge after sunset, by alleging the multitude of robbers and outlaws who were abroad, and who gave no honour to Our Lady or St. Dunstan, nor to those holy men who spent life in their service.

"The poverty of your cell, good father," said the knight, looking around him, and seeing nothing but a bed of leaves, a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal, with a rough-hewn table and two stools, and one or two clumsy articles of furniture—"the poverty of your cell should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves, not to mention the aid of two trusty dogs, large and strong enough, I think, to pull down a stag, and of course, to match with most men."

"The good keeper of the forest," said the hermit, "hath allowed me the use of these animals, to protect my solitude until the times shall mend."

Having said this, he fixed his torch in a twisted branch of iron which served for a candlestick; and, placing the oaken trivet before the embers of the fire, which he refreshed with some dry wood, he placed a stool upon one side of the table, and beckoned to the knight to do the same upon the other.

They sat down, and gazed with great gravity at each other, each thinking in his heart that he had seldom seen a stronger or more athletic figure than was placed opposite to him.

"Reverend hermit," said the knight, after looking long and fixedly at his host, "were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness; first, where I am to put my horse?—secondly, what I can have for supper?—thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?"

"I will reply to you," said the hermit, "with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose." So saying, he pointed successively to two corners of the hut. "Your stable," said he, "is there—your bed there; and," reaching down a platter with two handfuls of parched pease upon it from the neighbouring shelf, and placing it upon the table, he added, "your supper is here."

The knight shrugged his shoulders, and leaving the hut, brought in his horse, (which in the interim he had fastened to a tree,) unsaddled him with much attention, and spread upon the steed's weary back his own mantle.

The hermit was apparently somewhat moved to compassion by the anxiety as well as address which the stranger displayed in tending his horse; for, muttering something about provender left for the keeper's palfrey, he dragged out of a recess a bundle of forage, which he spread before the knight's charger, and immediately afterwards shook down a quantity of dried fern in the corner which he had assigned for the rider's couch. The knight returned him thanks for his courtesy; and, this duty done, both resumed their seats by the table, whereon stood the trencher of pease placed between them. The hermit, after a long grace, which had once been Latin, but of which original language few traces remained, excepting here and there the long rolling termination of some word or phrase, set example to his guest, by modestly putting into a very large mouth, furnished with teeth which might have ranked with those of a boar both in sharpness and whiteness, some three or four dried pease, a miserable grist as it seemed for so large and able a mill.

The knight, in order to follow so laudable an example, laid aside his helmet, his corslet, and the greater part of his armour, and showed to the hermit a head thick-curled with yellow hair, high features, blue eyes, remarkably bright and sparkling, a mouth well formed, having an upper lip clothed with mustaches darker than his hair, and bearing altogether the look of a bold, daring, and enterprising man, with which his strong form well corresponded.

The hermit, as if wishing to answer to the confidence of his guest, threw back his cowl, and showed a round bullet head belonging to a man in the prime of life. His close-shaven crown, surrounded by a circle of stiff curled black hair, had something the appearance of a parish pinfold begirt by its high hedge. The features expressed nothing of monastic austerity, or of ascetic privations; on the contrary, it was a bold bluff

countenance, with broad black eyebrows, a well-turned forehead, and cheeks as round and vermilion as those of a trumpeter, from which descended a long and curly black beard. Such a visage, joined to the brawny form of the holy man, spoke rather of sirloins and haunches, than of pease and pulse. This incongruity did not escape the guest. After he had with great difficulty accomplished the mastication of a mouthful of the dried pease, he found it absolutely necessary to request his pious entertainer to furnish him with some liquor; who replied to his request by placing before him a large can of the purest water from the fountain.

"It is from the well of St. Dunstan," said he, "in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!" And applying his black beard to the pitcher, he took a draught much more moderate in quantity than his encomium seemed to warrant.

"It seems to me, reverend father," said the knight, "that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy, but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvellously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living upon parched pease and cold water."

"Sir Knight," answered the hermit, "your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself, even as the pulse and water was blessed to the children Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego, who drank the same rather than defile themselves with the wine and meats which were appointed them by the King of the Saracens."

"Holy Father," said the knight, "upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?"

"Thou mayst call me," answered the hermit, "the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts—They add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that, as being unworthy of such addition.—And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honourable guest?"

"Truly," said the knight, "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight,—many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished."

The hermit could scarcely forbear from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been, to the license of courts and of camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that when the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left these dogs for my protection, and also those bundles of forage, he left me also some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations."

"I dare be sworn he did so," said the knight; "I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl.—Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these pease, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage," (pointing to the provisions upon the table,) "and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay."

The hermit cast a wistful look upon the knight, in which there was a sort of comic expression of hesitation, as if uncertain how far he should act prudently in trusting his guest. There was, however, as much of bold frankness in the knight's countenance as was possible to be expressed by features. His smile, too, had something in it irresistibly comic, and gave an assurance of faith and loyalty, with which his host could not refrain from sympathizing.

After exchanging a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the further side of the hut, and opened a hutch, which was concealed with great care and sor nuity. Out of the recesses of a dark closet, int this aperture gave admittance, he brought pasty, baked in a pewter platter of unusual sions. This mighty dish he placed before h who, using his poniard to cut it open, lost no making himself acquainted with its contents.

"How long is it since the good keeper h here?" said the knight to his host, after havin lowed several hasty morsels of this reinforce the hermit's good cheer.

"About two months," answered the father

"By the true Lord," answered the knight, thing in your hermitage is miraculous, Hol for I would have been sworn that the fat buc furnished this venison had been running within the week."

The hermit was somewhat discountenance observation; and, moreover, he made but figure while gazing on the diminution of the p which his guest was making desperate in warfare in which his previous profession of ab left him no pretext for joining.

"I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk," s knight, stopping short of a sudden, "and I t me it is a custom there that every host who en a guest shall assure him of the wholesomene food, by partaking of it along with him. F from me to suspect so holy a man of aught i table; nevertheless I will be highly bound would you comply with this Eastern custom."

"To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir K will for once depart from my rule," replied the And as there were no forks in those days, his were instantly in the bowels of the pasty.

The ice of ceremony being once broken, it matter of rivalry between the guest and th tainer which should display the best appeti although the former had probably fasted lon the hermit fairly surpassed him.

"Holy Clerk," said the knight, when his was appeased, "I would gage my good hors against a zecchin, that that same honest k whom we are obliged for the venison has le stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or so trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. Thi be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unwo dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorit think, were you to search yonder crypt onc you would find that I am right in my conjectu

The hermit only replied by a grin; and r to the hutch, he produced a leathern bottle might contain about four quarts. He also forth two large drinking cups, made out of t of the urus, and hooped with silver. Havi this goodly provision for washing down the he seemed to think no farther ceremonious necessary on his part; but filling both cups, a ing, in the Saxon fashion, "*Waes hael*, Sir S Knight!" he emptied his own at a draught.

"*Drink hael*, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurs swered the warrior, and did his host reason i lar brimmer.

"Holy Clerk," said the stranger, after the was thus swallowed, "I cannot but marve man possessed of such thews and sinews and who therewithal shows the talent of so trencher-man, should think of abiding by hi this wilderness. In my judgment, you are keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and of the strong, than to live here upon pulse an or even upon the charity of the keeper. were I as thou, I should find myself both and plenty out of the king's deer. There is goodly herd in these forests, and a buck wi be missed that goes to the use of Saint Du chaplain."

"Sir Sluggish Knight," replied the Clerk are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbe I am true hermit to the king and law, and w spoil my liege's game. I should be sure of th and, an my gown saved me not, were in so of hanging."

"Nevertheless, were I as thou," said the

: my walk by moonlight, when forest-
rs were warm in bed, and ever and
attered my prayers,—I would let fly a
he herds of dun deer that feed in the
'e me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never
a pastime?"
iggard," answered the hermit, "thou
that can concern thee of my house-
omething more than he deserves who
uarters by violence. Credit me, it is
the good which God sends thee, than
ently curious how it comes. Fill thy
ome; and do not, I pray thee, by fur-
it inquiries, put me to show that thou
have made good thy lodging had I
oppose thee."
h," said the knight, "thou makest me
ian ever! Thou art the most myste-
ever met; and I will know more of
art. As for thy threats, know, holy
akest to one whose trade it is to find
erever it is to be met with."
sh Knight, I drink to thee," said the
ecting thy valour much, but deeming
itly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take
h me, I will give thee, in all friendship
love, such sufficing penance and com-
on, that thou shalt not for the next
sin the sin of excess of curiosity."
pledged him, and desired him to name

tone," replied the hermit, "from the
elilah and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to
f Goliath, at which I am not a match
if I am to make the election, what
od friend, to these trinkets?"
ng, he opened another hutch, and took
couple of broadswords and bucklers,
used by the yeomanry of the period.
io watched his motions, observed that
ce of concealment was furnished with
ood long-bows, a cross-bow, a bundle
ie latter, and half-a-dozen sheaves of
former. A harp, and other matters of
onical appearance, were also visible
recess was opened.
thee, brother Clerk," said he, "I will
ore offensive questions. The contents
rd are an answer to all my inquiries;
upon there" (here he stooped and took
on which I would more gladly prove
hee, than at the sword and buckler."
Knight," said the hermit, "thou hast
reason for thy surname of the Slug-
omise thee I suspect thee grievously.
hou art my guest, and I will not put
to the proof without thine own free
down, then, and fill thy cup; let us
d be merry. If thou knowest ever a
shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty
st so long as I serve the chapel of St.
h, please God, shall be till I change
ing for one of green turf. But come,
or it will crave some time to tune the
ight pitches the voice and sharpens the
of wine. For my part, I love to feel
ny very finger-ends before they make
gs tinkle."*

CHAPTER XVII.

e, within yon studious nook,
my brass-embossed book,
ayed with many a holy deed
artyrs crowned with heavenly meed;
, as my taper wastes dim,
t, ere I sleep, my measured hymn.
* * *
but would cast his pomp away,
ike my staff and amice gray,
to the world's tumultuous stage
r the peaceful HERMITAGE. WARTON.

ANDING the prescription of the genial
which his guest willingly complied, he
found it no easy matter to bring the harp to har-
mony.

"Methinks, holy father," said he, "the instrument wants one string, and the rest have been somewhat misused."

"Ay, mark'st thou that," replied the hermit; "that shows thee a master of the craft. wine and wassail," he added, gravely casting up his eyes—"all the fault of wine and wassail!—I told Allan-a-Dale, the northern minstrel that he would damage the harp if he touched it after the seventh cup, but he would not be controlled—Friend, I drink to thy successful performance."

So saying, he took off his cup with much gravity, at the same time shaking his head at the intemperance of the Scottish harper.

The knight, in the mean time, had brought the strings into some order, and after a short prelude, asked his host whether he would choose a *sirvente* in the language of *oc*, or a *lai* in the language of *oui*, or a *virelai*, or a ballad in the vulgar English.†

"A ballad, a ballad," said the hermit, "against all the *oc*s and *oui*s of France. Downright English am I, Sir Knight, and downright English was my patron St. Dunstan, and scorned *oc* and *oui*, as he would have scorned the parings of the devil's hoof—downright English alone shall be sung in this cell."

"I will assay, then," said the knight, "a ballad composed by a Saxon glee-man, whom I knew in Holy Land."

It speedily appeared, that if the knight was not a complete master of the minstrel art, his taste for it had at least been cultivated under the best instructers. Art had taught him to soften the faults of a voice which had little compass, and was naturally rough rather than mellow, and, in short, had done all that culture can do in supplying natural deficiencies. His performance, therefore, might have been termed very respectable by abler judges than the hermit, especially as the knight threw into the notes now a degree of spirit, and now of plaintive enthusiasm, which gave force and energy to the verses which he sung.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

1.

High deeds achieved of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulders borne,
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
Each dint upon his batter'd shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, as fell the twilight hour:—

2.

"Joy to the fair!—thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
Save his good arms and battle-steed;
His spurs, to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile!

3.

"Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favour fired to feats of might;
Unnoted shall she not remain,
Where meet the bright and noble train;
Minstrel shall sing and herald tell—
'Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won
The listed field at Askalon!

4.

"'Note well her smile!—it edged the blade
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.

* HERMIT.—All readers, however slightly acquainted with black letter, must recognise in the Clerk of Copmanhurst, Friar Tuck, the buxom Confessor of Robin Hood's gang, the Curtal Friar of Fountain's Abbey.

† The realm of France, it is well known, was divided betwixt the Norman and Teutonic race, who spoke the language in which the word Yes is pronounced as *oui*, and the inhabitants of the southern regions, whose speech bearing some affinity to the Italian, pronounced the same word *oc*. The poets of the former race were called *Minstrels*, and their poems *Lays*; those of the latter were termed *Troubadours*, and their compositions called *sirvente*s, and other names. Richard, a professed admirer of the joyous science in all its branches, could imitate either the minstrel or troubadour. It is less likely that he should have been able to compose or sing an English ballad; yet so much do we wish to assimilate Him of the Lion Heart to the band of warriors whom he led, that the anachronism, if there be one, may readily be forgiven.

Seest thou her locks, whose sunny glow
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow?
Twines not of them one golden thread,
But for its sake a Paynim bled.'

5.

"Joy to the fair!—my name unknown,
Each deed, and all its praise thine own;
Then oh! unbar this churlish gate,
The night dew falls, the hour is late.
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame."

During this performance, the hermit demeaned himself much like a first-rate critic of the present day at a new opera. He reclined back upon his seat, with his eyes half shut; now folding his hands and twisting his thumbs, he seemed absorbed in attention, and anon, balancing his expanded palms, he gently flourished them in time to the music. At one or two favourite cadences, he threw in a little assistance of his own, where the knight's voice seemed unable to carry the air so high as his worshipful taste approved. When the song was ended, the anchorite emphatically declared it a good one, and well sung.

"And yet," said he, "I think my Saxon countrymen had herded long enough with the Normans, to fall into the tone of their melancholy ditties. What took the honest knight from home? or what could he expect but to find his mistress agreeably engaged with a rival on his return, and his serenade, as they call it, as little regarded as the caterwauling of a cat in the gutter? Nevertheless, Sir Knight, I drink this cup to thee, to the success of all true lovers. I fear you are none," he added, on observing that the knight (whose brain began to be heated with these repeated draughts) qualified his flagon from the water pitcher.

"Why," said the knight, "did you not tell me that this water was from the well of your blessed patron, St. Dunstan?"

"Ay, truly," said the hermit, "and many a hundred of pagans did he baptize there, but I never heard that he drank any of it. Every thing should be put to its proper use in this world. St. Dunstan knew, as well as any one, the prerogatives of a jovial friar."

And so saying, he reached the harp, and entertained his guest with the following characteristic song, to a sort of derry-down chorus, appropriate to an old English ditty.*

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

1.

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through, from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

2.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at even-song prick'd through with a spear;
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

3.

Your monarch?—Pshaw! many a prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown,
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a Friar!

4.

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

5.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

6.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot.
And the goodwife would wish the goodman in the mire,
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

7.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope;
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar,
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

* It may be proper to remind the reader, that the chorus of "derry down" is supposed to be as ancient, not only as the times of the Heptarchy, but as those of the Druids, and to have furnished the chorus to the hymns of those venerable persons when they went to the wood to gather mistletoe.

"By my troth," said the knight, "thou
well and lustily, and in high praise of th
And talking of the devil, Holy Clerk, ar
afraid that he may pay you a visit durin
your uncanonical pastimes?"

"I uncanonical!" answered the hermit;
the charge—I scorn it with my heels!—I
duty of my chapel duly and truly—Two ma
morning and evening, primes, noons an
aves, credos, paters"——

"Excepting moonlight nights, when th
is in season," said his guest.

"*Exceptis excipiendis*," replied the he
our old abbot taught me to say, when in
laymen should ask me if I kept every p
mine order."

"True, holy father," said the knight;
devil is apt to keep an eye on such exce
goes about, thou knowest, like a roaring lio

"Let him roar here if he dares," said the
touch of my cord will make him roar as lo
tongs of St. Dunstan himself did. I nev
man, and I as little fear the devil and his im
Dunstan, Saint Dubric, Saint Winibald, Sa
fred, Saint Swibert, Saint Willick, not f
Saint Thomas a Kent, and my own poor
speed. I defy every devil of them, come cu
tail.—But to let you into a secret, I never s
such subjects, my friend, until after mornin

He changed the conversation; fast a
grew the mirth of the parties, and many a
exchanged betwixt them, when their revel
terrupted by a loud knocking at the door
mitage.

The occasion of this interruption we ca
plain by resuming the adventures of ano
our characters; for, like old Ariosto, we d
ourselves upon continuing uniformly to
pany with any one personage of our dram

CHAPTER XVIII.

Away! our journey lies through dell and dis
Where the blithe fawn trips by its timid mot
Where the broad oak, with intercepting bou
Chequers the sunbeam in the green-sward all
Up and away! for lovely paths are these
To tread, when the glad Sun is on his throne
Less pleasant, and less safe, when Cynthia's
With doubtful glimmer lights the dreary for
Ettri

When Cedric the Saxon saw his son
senseless in the lists at Ashby, his first in
to order him into the custody and care
attendants, but the words choaked in his
could not bring himself to acknowledge,
of such an assembly, the son whom he ha
and disinherited. He ordered, however,
keep an eye upon him; and directed that
two of his serfs, to convey Ivanhoe to As
as the crowd had dispersed. Oswald, ho
anticipated in this good office. The crow
indeed, but the knight was nowhere to be

It was in vain that Cedric's cup-bearer loo
for his young master—he saw the bloo
which he had lately sunk down, but him
no longer; it seemed as if the fairies ha
him from the spot. Perhaps Oswald (for
were very superstitious) might have ad
such hypothesis, to account for Ivanhoe's
ance, had he not suddenly cast his eye up
attired like a squire, in whom he recogni
tures of his fellow-servant Gurth. Anxio
ing his master's fate, and in despair at his
appearance, the translated swine-herd wa
for him every where, and had neglected,
the concealment on which his own safet
Oswald deemed it his duty to secure Gu
gitive of whose fate his master was to ju

Renewing his inquiries concerning
Ivanhoe, the only information which th
could collect from the bystanders was, th
had been raised with care by certain
grooms, and placed in a litter belongin
among the spectators, which had immedi

of the press. Oswald, on receiving , resolved to return to his master for ions, carrying along with him Gurth, ered in some sort as a deserter from edric.

ad been under very intense and ago-sions concerning his son; for Nature r rights, in spite of the patriotic sto-oured to disown her. But no sooner d that Ivanhoe was in careful, and adly hands, than the paternal anxiety n excited by the dubiety of his fate, to the feeling of injured pride and what he termed Wilfred's filial diso-. him wander his way," said he—"let wounds for whose sake he encountered tter to do the juggling tricks of the y that, to maintain the fame and ho-glish ancestry with the glaive and good old weapons of his country."

ain the honour of ancestry," said as present, "it is sufficient to be wise brave in execution—to be boldest , and gentlest among the gentle. I save his father's"—

ady Rowena!—on this subject only I Prepare yourself for the Prince's festi-een summoned thither with unwonted honour and of courtesy, such as the ns have rarely used to our race since Hastings. Thither will I go, were it ese proud Normans how little the fate ould of a son, who defied their bravest, can affect a

aid Rowena, "do I not go; and I pray lest what you mean for courage and be accounted hardness of heart."

ome, then, ungrateful lady," answered is the hard heart, which can sacrifice oppressed people to an idle and unau-ment. I seek the noble Athelstane, tend the banquet of John of Anjou."

ordingly to the banquet, of which we entioned the principal events. Imme-tiring from the castle, the Saxon ir attendants, took horse; and it was e which attended their doing so, that irst time, cast his eyes upon the de-The noble Saxon had returned from we have seen, in no very placid hu-ed but a pretext for wreaking his an-one. "The gyves!" he said, "the .—Hundibert!—Dogs and villains!— e knave unfettered?"

ng to remonstrate, the companions of m with a halter, as the readiest cord He submitted to the operation with-e, except that, darting a reproachful ster, he said, "This comes of loving ood better than mine own.

ad forward!" said Cedric.

full time," said the noble Athelstane; not the faster, the worthy Abbot Wal-tions for a rere-supper* will be alto-

s, however, used such speed as to nt of St. Withold's before the appre-place. The Abbot, himself of ancient received the noble Saxons with the uberant hospitality of their nation, ndulged to a late, or rather an early ey take leave of their reverend host ng until they had shared with him a tion.

ade left the court of the monastery, pened somewhat alarming to the Sax-people of Europe, were most addicted s observance of omens, and to whose e traced most of those notions upon till to be found among our popular or the Normans being a mixed race, and better informed according to the information of the times, had lost most of the superstitious preju-dices which their ancestors had brought from Scandi-navia, and piqued themselves upon thinking freely on such topics.

In the present instance, the apprehension of im-pending evil was inspired by no less respectable a prophet than a large lean black dog, which, sitting upright, howled most piteously as the foremost riders left the gate, and presently afterwards, barking wildly, and jumping to and fro, seemed bent upon attaching itself to the party.

"I like not that music, father Cedric," said Athel-stane; for by this title of respect he was accustomed to address him.

"Nor I either, uncle," said Wamba; "I greatly fear we shall have to pay the piper."

"In my mind," said Athelstane, upon whose memory the Abbot's good ale (for Burton was already famous for that genial liquor) had made a favourable impression,—"in my mind we had better turn back, and abide with the Abbot until the afternoon. It is unlucky to travel where your path is crossed by a monk, a hare, or a howling dog, until you have eaten your next meal."

"Away!" said Cedric, impatiently; "the day is already too short for our journey. For the dog, I know it to be the cur of the runaway slave Gurth, a useless fugitive like its master."

So saying, and rising at the same time in his stir-rups, impatient at the interruption of his journey, he launched his javelin at poor Fangs—for Fangs it was, who, having traced his master thus far upon his stolen expedition had here lost him, and was now, in his uncouth way, rejoicing at his reappearance. The ja-velin inflicted a wound upon the animal's shoulder, and narrowly missed pinning him to the earth; and Fangs fled howling from the presence of the enraged thane. Gurth's heart swelled within him; for he felt this meditated slaughter of his faithful adherent in a degree much deeper than the harsh treatment he had himself received. Having in vain attempted to raise his hand to his eyes, he said to Wamba, who, seeing his master's ill humour, had prudently retreated to the rear, "I pray thee, do me the kindness to wipe my eyes with the skirt of thy mantle: the dust offends me, and these bonds will not let me help myself one way or another."

Wamba did him the service he required, and they rode side by side for some time, during which Gurth maintained a moody silence. At length he could repress his feelings no longer.

"Friend Wamba," said he, "of all those who are fools enough to serve Cedric, thou alone hast dexterity enough to make thy folly acceptable to him. Go to him, therefore, and tell him that neither for love nor fear will Gurth serve him longer. He may strike the head from me—he may scourge me—he may load me with irons—but henceforth he shall never compel me either to love or to obey him. Go to him, then, and tell him that Gurth the son of Beowulph renounces his service."

"Assuredly," said Wamba, "fool as I am, I shall not do your fool's errand. Cedric hath another javelin stuck in his girdle, and thou knowest he does not always miss his mark."

"I care not," replied Gurth, "how soon he makes a mark of me. Yesterday he left Wilfred, my young master, in his blood. To-day he has striven to kill before my face the only other living creature that ever showed me kindness. By St. Edmund, St. Dunstan, St. Withold, St. Edward the Confessor, and every other Saxon saint in the calendar," (for Cedric never swore by any that was not of Saxon lineage, and all his household had the same limited devotion,) "I will never forgive him!"

"To my thinking now," said the Jester, who was frequently wont to act as peace-maker in the family, "our master did not propose to hurt Fangs, but only to affright him. For, if you observed, he rose in his stirrups, as thereby meaning to overcast the mark; and so he would have done, but Fangs happening to bound up at the very moment, received a scratch, which I will be bound to heal with a penny's breadth of tar."

* ...was a night-meal, and sometimes signified a ...as given at a late hour, after the regular sup-...ppearance. L. T.

"If I thought so," said Gurth—"if I could but think so—but no—I saw the javelin was well aimed—I heard it whizz through the air with all the wrathful malevolence of him who cast it, and it quivered after it had pitched in the ground, as if with regret for having missed its mark. By the hog dear to St. Anthony, I renounce him!"

And the indignant swineherd resumed his sullen silence, which no efforts of the Jester could again induce him to break.

Mean while Cedric and Athelstane, the leaders of the troop, conversed together on the state of the land, on the dissensions of the royal family, on the feuds and quarrels among the Norman nobles, and on the chance which there was that the oppressed Saxons might be able to free themselves from the yoke of the Normans, or at least to elevate themselves into national consequence and independence, during the civil convulsions which were likely to ensue. On this subject Cedric was all animation. The restoration of the independence of his race was the idol of his heart, to which he had willingly sacrificed domestic happiness and the interests of his own son. But, in order to achieve this great revolution in favour of the native English, it was necessary that they should be united among themselves, and act under an acknowledged head. The necessity of choosing their chief from the Saxon blood-royal was not only evident in itself, but had been made a solemn condition by those whom Cedric had intrusted with his secret plans and hopes. Athelstane had this quality at least; and though he had few mental accomplishments or talents to recommend him as a leader, he had still a goodly person, was no coward, had been accustomed to martial exercises, and seemed willing to defer to the advice of counsellors more wise than himself. Above all, he was known to be liberal and hospitable, and believed to be good-natured. But whatever pretensions Athelstane had to be considered as head of the Saxon confederacy, many of that nation were disposed to prefer to his the title of the Lady Rowena, who drew her descent from Alfred, and whose father having been a chief renowned for wisdom, courage, and generosity, his memory was highly honoured by his oppressed contrymen.

It would have been no difficult thing for Cedric, had he been so disposed, to have placed himself at the head of a third party, as formidable at least as any of the others. To counterbalance their royal descent, he had courage, activity, energy, and above all, that devoted attachment to the cause which had procured him the epithet of The Saxon, and his birth was inferior to none, excepting only that of Athelstane and his ward. These qualities, however, were unalloyed by the slightest shade of selfishness; and, instead of dividing yet farther his weakened nation by forming a faction of his own, it was a leading part of Cedric's plan to extinguish that which already existed by promoting a marriage betwixt Rowena and Athelstane. An obstacle occurred to this his favourite project, in the mutual attachment of his ward and his son: and hence the original cause of the banishment of Wilfred from the house of his father.

This stern measure Cedric had adopted, in hopes that, during Wilfred's absence, Rowena might relinquish her preference, but in this hope he was disappointed; a disappointment which might be attributed in part to the mode in which his ward had been educated. Cedric, to whom the name of Alfred was as that of a deity, had treated the sole remaining scion of that great monarch with a degree of observance, such as, perhaps, was in those days scarce paid to an acknowledged princess. Rowena's will had been in almost all cases a law to his household; and Cedric himself, as if determined that her sovereignty should be fully acknowledged within that little circle at least, seemed to take a pride in acting as the first of her subjects. Thus trained in the exercise not only of free will, but despotic authority, Rowena was, by her previous education, disposed both to resist and to resent any attempt to control her affections, or dispose of her hand contrary to her inclinations, and to assert her independence in a case in which even those

females who have been trained up to ob
subjection, are not infrequently apt to dis
thority of guardians and parents. The op
she felt strongly, she avowed boldly;
who could not free himself from his ha
erence to her opinions, felt totally at a
enforce his authority of guardian.

It was in vain that he attempted to da
the prospect of a visionary throne. R
possessed strong sense, neither considere
practicable, nor as desirable, so far as s
cerned, could it have been achieved.
tempting to conceal her avowed preferen
of Ivanhoe, she declared that, were t
knight out of question, she would rat
fuge in a convent, than share a throne
stane, whom, having always despised,
gan on account of the trouble she rec
account, thoroughly to detest.

Nevertheless, Cedric, whose opinion
constancy was far from strong, persist
every means in his power to bring ab
posed match, in which he conceived he w
an important service to the Saxon caus
den and romantic appearance of his son
at Ashby, he had justly regarded as alm
blow to his hopes. His paternal affecti
had for an instant gained the victory ov
patriotism; but both had returned in fu
under their joint operation, he was no
making a determined effort for the union
and Rowena, together with expediting
measures which seemed necessary to for
toration of Saxon independence.

On this last subject, he was now lab
Athelstane, not without having reason
and then, to lament, like Hotspur, th
have moved such a dish of skimmed mi
nourable an action. Athelstane, it is tr
enough, and loved to have his ears tickl
of his high descent, and of his right by i
homage and sovereignty. But his petty va
ficiently gratified by receiving this homage
of his immediate attendants, and of the
approached him. If he had the courage
danger, he at least hated the trouble of
it; and while he agreed in the general p
down by Cedric concerning the claim of
to independence, and was still more easi
of his own title to reign over them when
dence should be attained, yet when the
serting these rights came to be discussed
"Athelstane the Unready," slow, irresol
tinating, and unenterprising. The warm
sioned exhortations of Cedric had as littl
his impassive temper, as red-hot balls
the water, which produce a little sound
and are instantly extinguished.

If, leaving this task, which might be
spurring a tired jade, or to hammering up
Cedric fell back to his ward Rowena,
little more satisfaction from conferring w
as his presence interrupted the discourse
lady and her favourite attendant upon t
and fate of Wilfred, Elgitha failed not to
her mistress and herself, by recurring to t
of Athelstane in the lists, the most disas
ject which could greet the ears of Ced
sturdy Saxon, therefore, the day's journey
with all manner of displeasure and dis
that he more than once internally cursed
ment, and him who had proclaimed it, t
his own folly in ever thinking of going t

At noon, upon the motion of Athelstan
lers paused in a woodland shade by a
repose their horses and partake of som
with which the hospitable Abbot had loa
ter mule. Their repast was a pretty lo
these several interruptions rendered it i
them to hope to reach Rotherwood witho
all night, a conviction which induced the
on their way at a more hasty pace th
hitherto used.

CHAPTER XIX.

A train of armed men, some noble dame
Escorting, (so their scatter'd words discover'd,
As unperceived I hung upon their rear,)
Are close at hand, and mean to pass the night
Within the castle.

Orra, a Tragedy.

THE travellers had now reached the verge of the ooded country, and were about to plunge into its cesses, held dangerous at that time from the numr of outlaws whom oppression and poverty had iven to despair, and who occupied the forests in ich large bands as could easily bid defiance to the eble police of the period. From these rovers, howrer, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Cedc and Athelstane accounted themselves secure, as ey had in attendance ten servants, besides Wamba id Gurth, whose aid could not be counted upon, the ie being a jester and the other a captive. It may be ldad, that in travelling thus late through the forest, edric and Athelstane relied on their descent and aracter, as well as their courage. The outlaws, hom the severity of the forest laws had reduced to is roving and desperate mode of life, were chiefly asants and yeomen of Saxon descent, and were nerally supposed to respect the persons and property their countrymen.

As the travellers journeyed on their way, they were armed by repeated cries for assistance; and when ey rode up to the place from whence they came, ey were surprised to find a horse-litter placed upon e ground, beside which sat a young woman, richly essed in the Jewish fashion, while an old man, hose yellow cap proclaimed him to belong to the me nation, walked up and down with gestures exessive of the deepest despair, and wrung his hands, if affected by some strange disaster.

To the inquiries of Athelstane and Cedric, the old w could for some time only answer by invoking the otection of all the patriarchs of the Old Testament ccessively against the sons of Ishmael, who were ming to smite them, hip and thigh, with the edge the sword. When he began to come to himself t of this agony of terror, Isaac of York (for it was r old friend) was at length able to explain, that he d hired a body-guard of six men at Ashby, together ith mules for carrying the litter of a sick friend. his party had undertaken to escort him as far as ncaster. They had come thus far in safety; but ving received information from a wood-cutter that re was a strong band of outlaws lying in wait in e woods before them, Isaac's mercenaries had not ly taken flight, but had carried off with them the orses which bore the litter, and left the Jew and his ughter without the means either of defence or of treat, to be plundered, and probably murdered, by e banditti, who they expected every moment would ing down upon them. "Would it but please your lours," added Isaac, in a tone of deep humiliation, to permit the poor Jews to travel under your safed, I swear by the tables of our law, that never s favour been conferred upon a child of Israel since days of our captivity, which shall be more grately acknowledged."

"Dog of a Jew!" said Athelstane, whose memory as of that petty kind which stores up trifles of all nds, but particularly trifling offences, "dost not rember how thou didst beard us in the gallery at the t-yard? Fight or flee, or compound with the outrs as thou dost list, ask neither aid nor company m us; and if they rob only such as thee, who rob the world, I, for mine own share, shall hold them ght honest folk."

Cedric did not assent to the severe proposal of his mpanion. "We shall do better," said he, "to leave m two of our attendants and two horses to convey m back to the next village. It will diminish our ngth but little; and with your good sword, noble lstane, and the aid of those who remain, it will ght work for us to face twenty of those runan."

owena, somewhat alarmed by the mention of outs in force, and so near them, strongly seconded proposal of her guardian. But Rebecca, suddenly quitting her dejected posture, and making her way through the attendants to the palfrey of the Saxon lady, knelt down, and, after the Oriental fashion in addressing superiors, kissed the hem of Rowena's garment. Then rising, and throwing back her veil, she implored her in the great name of the God whom they both worshipped, and by that revelation of the Law upon Mount Sinai, in which they both believed, that she would have compassion upon them, and suffer them to go forward under their safeguard. "It is not for myself that I pray this favour," said Rebecca; "nor is it even for that poor old man. I know, that to wrong and to spoil our nation is a light fault, if not a merit, with the Christians; and what is it to us whether it be done in the city, in the desert, or in the field? But it is in the name of one dear to many, and dear even to you, that I beseech you to let this sick person be transported with care and tenderness under your protection. For, if evil chance him, the last moment of your life would be imbittered with regret for denying that which I ask of you."

The noble and solemn air with which Rebecca made this appeal, gave it double weight with the fair Saxon.

"The man is old and feeble," she said to her guardian, "the maiden young and beautiful, their friend sick and in peril of his life—Jews though they be, we cannot as Christians leave them in this extremity. Let them unload two of the sumpter-mules, and put the baggage behind two of the serfs. The mules may transport the litter, and we have led horses for the old man and his daughter."

Cedric readily assented to what she proposed, and Athelstane only added the condition, "that they should travel in the rear of the whole party, where Wamba," he said, "might attend them with his shield of boar's brawn."

"I have left my shield in the tilt-yard," answered the Jester, "as has been the fate of many a better knight than myself."

Athelstane coloured deeply, for such had been his own fate on the last day of the tournament; while Rowena, who was pleased in the same proportion, as if to make amends for the brutal jest of her unfeeling suitor, requested Rebecca to ride by her side.

"It were not fit I should do so," answered Rebecca, with proud humility, "where my society might be held a disgrace to my protectress."

By this time the change of baggage was hastily achieved; for the single word "outlaws" rendered every one sufficiently alert, and the approach of twilight made the sound yet more impressive. Amid the bustle, Gurth was taken from horseback, in the course of which removal he prevailed upon the Jester to slack the cord with which his arms were bound. It was so negligently refastened, perhaps intentionally, on the part of Wamba, that Gurth found no difficulty in freeing his arms altogether from bondage, and then, gliding into the thicket, he made his escape from the party.

The bustle had been considerable, and it was some time before Gurth was missed; for, as he was to be placed for the rest of the journey behind a servant, every one supposed that some other of his companions had him under his custody, and when it began to be whispered among them that Gurth had actually disappeared, they were under such immediate expectation of an attack from the outlaws, that it was not held convenient to pay much attention to the circumstance.

The path upon which the party travelled was now so narrow, as not to admit, with any sort of convenience, above two riders abreast, and began to descend into a dingle, traversed by a brook whose banks were broken, swampy, and overgrown with dwarf willows. Cedric and Athelstane, who were at the head of their retinue, saw the risk of being attacked at this pass; but neither of them having had much practice in war, no better mode of preventing the danger occurred to them than that they should hasten through the defile as fast as possible. Advancing, therefore, without much order, they had just crossed the brook with a part of their followers, when they were assailed in front, flank, and rear at once, with an

impetuosity to which, in their confused and ill-prepared condition, it was impossible to offer effectual resistance. The shout of "A white dragon!—a white dragon!—Saint George for merry England!" war-cries adopted by the assailants, as belonging to their assumed character of Saxon outlaws, was heard on every side, and on every side enemies appeared with a rapidity of advance and attack which seemed to multiply their numbers.

Both the Saxon chiefs were made prisoners at the same moment, and each under circumstances expressive of his character. Cedric, the instant that an enemy appeared, launched at him his remaining javelin, which, taking better effect than that which he had hurled at Fangs, nailed the man against an oak-tree that happened to be close behind him. Thus far successful, Cedric spurred his horse against a second, drawing his sword at the same time, and striking with such inconsiderate fury, that his weapon encountered a thick branch which hung over him, and he was disarmed by the violence of his own blow. He was instantly made prisoner, and pulled from his horse by two or three of the banditti who crowded around him. Athelstane shared his captivity, his bridle having been seized, and he himself forcibly dismounted, long before he could draw his weapon, or assume any posture of effectual defence.

The attendants, embarrassed with baggage, surprised and terrified at the fate of their masters, fell an easy prey to the assailants; while the Lady Rowena, in the centre of the cavalcade, and the Jew and his daughter in the rear, experienced the same misfortune.

Of all the train none escaped except Wamba, who showed upon the occasion much more courage than those who pretended to greater sense. He possessed himself of a sword belonging to one of the domestics, who was just drawing it with a tardy and irresolute hand, laid it about him like a lion, drove back several who approached him, and made a brave though ineffectual attempt to succour his master. Finding himself overpowered, the Jester at length threw himself from his horse, plunged into the thicket, and favoured by the general confusion, escaped from the scene of action.

Yet the valiant Jester, as soon as he found himself safe, hesitated more than once whether he should not turn back and share the captivity of a master to whom he was sincerely attached.

"I have heard men talk of the blessings of freedom," he said to himself, "but I wish any wise man would teach me what use to make of it now that I have it."

As he pronounced these words aloud, a voice very near him called out in a low and cautious tone, "Wamba!" and, at the same time, a dog, which he recognised to be Fangs, jumped up and fawned upon him. "Gurth!" answered Wamba, with the same caution, and the swineherd immediately stood before him.

"What is the matter?" said he eagerly; "what mean these cries, and that clashing of swords?"

"Only a trick of the times," said Wamba; "they are all prisoners."

"Who are prisoners?" exclaimed Gurth, impatiently.

"My lord, and my lady, and Athelstane, and Hundibert, and Oswald."

"In the name of God!" said Gurth, "how came they prisoners?—and to whom?"

"Our master was too ready to fight," said the Jester; "and Athelstane was not ready enough, and no other person was ready at all. And they are prisoners to green cassocks, and black visors. And they lie all tumbled about on the green, like the crab-apples that you shake down to your swine. And I would laugh at it," said the honest Jester, "if I could for weeping." And he shed tears of unfeigned sorrow.

Gurth's countenance kindled—"Wamba," he said, "thou hast a weapon, and thy heart was ever stronger than thy brain—we are only two—but a sudden attack from men of resolution will do much—follow me!"

"Whither?—and for what purpose?" said the Jester.

"To rescue Cedric."

"But you have renounced his service but now," said Wamba.

"That," said Gurth, "was but while he was fortunate—follow me!"

As the Jester was about to obey, a third person suddenly made his appearance, and commanded them both to halt. From his dress and arms, Wamba would have conjectured him to be one of those outlaws who had just assailed his master; but, besides that he wore no mask, the glittering baldric across his shoulder, with the rich bugle-horn which it supported, as well as the calm and commanding expression of his voice and manner, made him, not withstanding the twilight, recognise Locksley the yeoman, who had been victorious, under such disadvantageous circumstances, in the contest for the prize of archery.

"What is the meaning of all this," said he, "or who is it that rifle, and ransom, and make prisoners, in these forests?"

"You may look at their cassocks close by," said Wamba, "and see whether they be thy children's coats or no—for they are as like thine own, as one green pea-cod is to another."

"I will learn that presently," answered Locksley; "and I charge ye, on peril of your lives, not to stir from the place where ye stand, until I have returned. Obey me, and it shall be the better for you and your masters.—Yet stay, I must render myself as like these men as possible."

So saying, he unbuckled his baldric with the bugle, took a feather from his cap, and gave them to Wamba; then drew a vizard from his pouch, and, repeating his charges to them to stand fast, went to execute his purposes of reconnoitring.

"Shall we stand fast, Gurth?" said Wamba; "or shall we e'en give him leg-bail? In my foolish mind, he had all the equipage of a thief too much in readiness, to be himself a true man."

"Let him be the devil," said Gurth, "an he will. We can be no worse of waiting his return. If he belong to that party, he must already have given th[illegible] the alarm, and it will avail nothing either to fight [illegible] fly. Besides, I have late experience, that ar[illegible] thieves are not the worst men in the world to [illegible] to deal with."

The yeoman returned in the course of a few mi[illegible]

"Friend Gurth," he said, "I have mingled [illegible] yon men, and have learnt to whom they belong, [illegible] whither they are bound. There is, I think, no c[illegible] that they will proceed to any actual violence agai[illegible] their prisoners. For three men to attempt them [illegible] this moment, were little else than madness; for th[illegible] are good men of war, and have, as such, placed [illegible] tinels to give the alarm when any one approach[illegible] But I trust soon to gather such a force, as may act [illegible] defiance of all their precautions; you are both [illegible] vants, and, as I think, faithful servants, of Cedric, th[illegible] Saxon, the friend of the rights of Englishmen. [illegible] shall not want English hands to help him in th[illegible] extremity. Come then with me, until I gather m[illegible] aid."

So saying, he walked through the wood at a g[illegible] pace, followed by the jester and the swine-herd. [illegible] was not consistent with Wamba's humour to [illegible] long in silence.

"I think," said he, looking at the baldric and b[illegible] which he still carried, "that I saw the arrow [illegible] which won this gay prize, and that not so long [illegible] as Christmas."

"And I," said Gurth, "could take it on my [illegible] dome, that I have heard the voice of the good yeo[illegible] who won it, by night as well as by day, and that [illegible] moon is not three days older since I did so."

"Mine honest friends," replied the yeoman, "[illegible] or what I am, is little to the present purpose; [illegible] I free your master, you will have reason to think [illegible] the best friend you have ever had in your lives. [illegible] whether I am known by one name or another [illegible] whether I can draw a bow as well or better th[illegible] cow-keeper, or whether it is my pleasure to wa[illegible] sunshine or by moonlight, are matters, which, as [illegible] do not concern you, so neither need ye busy yours[illegible] respecting them."

.eads are in the lion's mouth," said Wamba, per to Gurth, "get them out how we can." —be silent," said Gurth. "Offend him not ly, and I trust sincerely that all will go well."

CHAPTER XX.

hen autumn nights were long and drear,
And forest walks were dark and dim,
w sweetly on the pilgrim's ear
Was wont to steal the hermit's hymn!

votion borrows Music's tone,
And Music took Devotion's wing;
d, like the bird that hails the sun,
They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.

The Hermit of St. Clement's Well.

s after three hours' good walking that the of Cedric, with their mysterious guide, ar- small opening in the forest, in the centre of rew an oak-tree of enormous magnitude, its twisted branches in every direction. this tree four or five yeomen lay stretched ound, while another, as sentinel, walked to n the moonlight shade.

hearing the sound of feet approaching, the stantly gave the alarm, and the sleepers as started up and bent their bows. Six arrows n the string were pointed towards the quar- which the travellers approached, when their ing recognised, was welcomed with every respect and attachment, and all signs and a rough reception at once subsided.

re is the Miller?" was his first question.

he road towards Rotherham."

h how many?" demanded the leader, for such d to be.

n six men, and good hope of booty, if it please olas."

ostly spoken," said Locksley; "and where is Dale?"

ed up towards the Watling-street, to watch rior of Jorvaulx."

is well thought on also," replied the Cap- and where is the Friar?"

s cell."

er will I go," said Locksley. "Disperse and r companions. Collect what force you can, s game afoot that must be hunted hard, and to bay. Meet me here by daybreak.—And, e added, "I have forgotten what is most y of the whole. Two of you take the road towards Torquilstone, the Castle of Front- . A set of gallants, who have been mas- g in such guise as our own, are carrying a prisoners thither. Watch them closely, for hey reach the castle before we collect our r honour is concerned to punish them, and ind means to do so. Keep a close watch on refore; and despatch one of your comrades, est of foot, to bring the news of the yeomen ut."

promised implicit obedience, and departed ently on their different errands. In the ile, their leader and his two companions, y looked upon him with great respect, as some fear, pursued their way to the Chapel anhurst.

they had reached the little moonlight glade, front the reverend, though ruinous chapel, ude hermitage, so well suited to ascetic de- Wamba whispered to Gurth, "If this be the n of a thief, it makes good the old proverb, er the church the farther from God.—And ckscomb," he added, "I think it be even so n but to the black sanctus which they are the hermitage!"

the anchorite and his guest were perform- full extent of their very powerful lungs, an ng song, of which this was the burden:—

mie, trowl the brown bowl to me,
lly boy, bully boy,
e, trowl the brown bowl to me:
o! jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinking,
e, trowl the brown bowl to me."

hat is not ill sung," said Wamba, who had thrown in a few of his own flourishes to help out the chorus. "But who, in the saint's name, ever expected to have heard such a jolly chant come from out a hermit's cell at midnight!"

"Marry, that should I," said Gurth, "for the jolly Clerk of Copmanhurst is a known man, and kills half the deer that are stolen in this walk. Men say that the keeper has complained to his official, and that he will be stripped of his cowl and cope alto- gether, if he keep not better order."

While they were thus speaking, Locksley's loud and repeated knocks had at length disturbed the an- chorite and his guest. "By my beads," said the her- mit, stopping short in a grand flourish, "here come more benighted guests. I would not for my cowl that they found us in this goodly exercise. All men have their enemies, good Sir Sluggard; and there be those malignant enough to construe the hospitable refreshment which I have been offering to you, a weary traveller, for the matter of three short hours, into sheer drunkenness and debauchery, vices alike alien to my profession and my disposition."

"Base calumniators!" replied the knight; "I would I had the chastising of them. Nevertheless, Holy Clerk, it is true that all have their enemies; and there be those in this very land whom I would rather speak to through the bars of my helmet than barefaced."

"Get thine iron pot on thy head then, friend Slug- gard, as quickly as thy nature will permit," said the hermit, "while I remove these pewter flagons, whose late contents run strangely in mine own pate; and to drown the clatter—for, in faith, I feel somewhat unsteady—strike into the tune which thou hearest me sing; it is no matter for the words—I scarce know them myself."

So saying, he struck up a thundering *De profundis clamavi*, under cover of which he removed the appa- ratus of their banquet; while the knight, laughing heartily, and arming himself all the while, assisted his host with his voice from time to time as his mirth permitted.

"What devil's matins are you after at this hour?" said a voice from without.

"Heaven forgive you, Sir Traveller!" said the her- mit, whose own noise, and perhaps his nocturnal potations, prevented from recognising accents which were tolerably familiar to him—"Wend on your way, in the name of God and Saint Dunstan, and disturb not the devotions of me and my holy brother."

"Mad priest," answered the voice from without, "open to Locksley!"

"All's safe—all's right," said the hermit to his companion.

"But who is he?" said the Black Knight; "it imports me much to know."

"Who is he?" answered the hermit; "I tell thee he is a friend."

"But what friend?" answered the knight; "for he may be friend to thee and none of mine?"

"What friend?" replied the hermit; "that, now, is one of the questions that is more easily asked than answered. What friend?—why, he is, now that I bethink me a little, the very same honest keeper I told thee of a while since."

"Ay, as honest a keeper as thou art a pious her- mit," replied the knight, "I doubt it not. But undo the door to him before he beat it from its hinges."

The dogs, in the mean time, which had made a dreadful baying at the commencement of the dis- turbance, seemed now to recognise the voice of him who stood without; for totally changing their man- ner, they scratched and whined at the door, as if interceding for his admission. The hermit speedily unbolted his portal, and admitted Locksley, with his two companions.

"Why, hermit," was the yeoman's first question as soon as he beheld the knight, "what boon companion hast thou here?"

"A brother of our order," replied the friar, shaking his head; "we have been at our orisons all night."

"He is a monk of the church militant, I think," answered Locksley; "and there be more of them abroad. I tell thee, friar, thou must lay down the rosary and take up the quarter-staff; we shall need

every one of our merry men, whether clerk or layman.—But," he added, taking him a step aside, "art thou mad? to give admittance to a knight thou dost not know! Hast thou forgot our articles?"

"Not know him!" replied the friar, boldly, "I know him as well as the beggar knows his dish."

"And what is his name, then?" demanded Locksley.

"His name," said the hermit—"his name is Sir Anthony of Scrabelstone—as if I would drink with a man, and did not know his name!"

"Thou hast been drinking more than enough, friar," said the woodsman, "and I fear, prating more than enough too."

"Good yeoman," said the knight, coming forward, "be not wroth with my merry host. He did but afford me the hospitality which I would have compelled from him if he had refused it."

"Thou compel!" said the friar; "wait but till I have changed this gray gown for a green cassock, and if I make not a quarter-staff ring twelve upon thy pate, I am neither true clerk nor good woodsman."

While he spoke thus, he stript off his gown, and appeared in a close black buckram doublet and drawers, over which he speedily did on a cassock of green, and hose of the same colour. "I pray thee truss my points," said he to Wamba, "and thou shalt have a cup of sack for thy labour."

"Gramercy for thy sack," said Wamba; "but think'st thou it is lawful for me to aid you to transmew thyself from a holy hermit into a sinful forester?"

"Never fear," said the hermit; "I will but confess the sins of my green cloak to my grayfriar's frock, and all shall be well again."

"Amen!" answered the Jester; "a broadcloth penitent should have a sackcloth confessor, and your frock may absolve my motley doublet into the bargain."

So saying, he accommodated the friar with his assistance in tying the endless number of points, as the laces which attached the hose to the doublet were then termed.

While they were thus employed, Locksley led the knight a little apart, and addressed him thus:—"Deny it not, Sir Knight—you are he who decided the victory to the advantage of the English against the strangers on the second day of the tournament at Ashby."

"And what follows if you guess truly, good yeoman?" replied the knight.

"I should in that case hold you," replied the yeoman, "a friend to the weaker party."

"Such is the duty of a true knight at least," replied the Black Champion; "and I would not willingly that there were reason to think otherwise of me."

"But for my purpose," said the yeoman, "thou shouldst be as well a good Englishman as a good knight; for that, which I have to speak of, concerns, indeed, the duty of every honest man, but is more especially that of a true-born native of England."

"You can speak to no one," replied the knight, "to whom England, and the life of every Englishman, can be dearer than to me."

"I would willingly believe so," said the woodsman, "for never had this country such need to be supported by those who love her. Hear me, and I will tell thee of an enterprise, in which, if thou be'st really that which thou seemest, thou mayst take an honourable part. A band of villains, in the disguise of better men than themselves, have made themselves master of the person of a noble Englishman, called Cedric the Saxon, together with his ward, and his friend Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and have transported them to a castle in this forest, called Torquilstone. I ask of thee, as a good knight and a good Englishman, wilt thou aid in their rescue?"

"I am bound by my vow to do so," replied the knight; "but I would willingly know who you are, who request my assistance in their behalf?"

"I am," said the forester, "a nameless man; but I am the friend of my country, and of my country's friends—With this account of me you must for the present remain satisfied, the more especially since you yourself desire to continue unknown. Believe, however, that my word, when pledged, is as inviolate as if I wore golden spurs."

"I willingly believe it," said the knight; "I have been accustomed to study men's countenances, and I can read in thine honesty and resolution. I will, therefore, ask thee no further questions, but aid thee in setting at freedom these oppressed captives; which done, I trust we shall part better acquainted, and well satisfied with each other."

"So," said Wamba to Gurth,—for the friar being now fully equipped, the Jester, having approached to the other side of the hut, had heard the conclusion of the conversation,—"So we have got a new ally?—I trust the valour of the knight will be truer metal than the religion of the hermit, or the honesty of the yeoman; for this Locksley looks like a born deer-stealer, and the priest like a lusty hypocrite."

"Hold thy peace, Wamba," said Gurth; "it may all be as thou dost guess; but were the horned devil to rise and proffer me his assistance to set at liberty Cedric and the Lady Rowena, I fear I should hardly have religion enough to refuse the foul fiend's offer, and bid him get behind me."

The friar was now completely accoutred as a yeoman, with sword and buckler, bow, and quiver, and a strong partisan over his shoulder. He left his cell at the head of the party, and, having carefully locked the door, deposited the key under the threshold.

"Art thou in condition to do good service, friar," said Locksley, "or does the brown bowl still run in thy head?"

"Not more than a draught of St. Dunstan's fountain will allay," answered the priest; "something there is of a whizzing in my brain, and of instability in my legs, but you shall presently see both pass away."

So saying, he stepped to the stone basin, in which the waters of the fountain as they fell formed bubbles which danced in the white moonlight, and took so long a draught as if he had meant to exhaust the spring.

"When didst thou drink as deep a draught of water before, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst?" said the Black Knight.

"Never since my wine-butt leaked, and let out its liquor by an illegal vent," replied the friar, "and so left me nothing to drink but my patron's bounty here."

Then plunging his hands and head into the fountain, he washed from them all marks of the midnight revel.

Thus refreshed and sobered, the jolly priest twirled his heavy partisan round his head with three fingers, as if he had been balancing a reed, exclaiming at the same time, "Where be those false ravishers, who carry off wenches against their will? May the foul fiend fly off with me, if I am not man enough for a dozen of them."

"Swearest thou, Holy Clerk?" said the Black Knight.

"Clerk me no Clerks," replied the transformed priest; "by Saint George and the Dragon, I am no longer a shaveling than while my frock is on my back—When I am cased in my green cassock, I will drink, swear, and woo a lass, with any blithe forester in the West Riding."

"Come on, Jack Priest," said Locksley, "and be silent; thou art as noisy as a whole convent on a holy eve, when the Father Abbot has gone to bed.—Come on you, too, my masters, tarry not to talk of it—I say, come on, we must collect all our forces, and few enough we shall have, if we are to storm the Castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf."

"What! is it Front-de-Bœuf," said the Black Knight, "who has stopt on the king's highway the king's liege subjects?—Is he turned thief and oppressor?"

"Oppressor he ever was," said Locksley.

"And for thief," said the priest, "I doubt if ever he were even half so honest a man as many a thief of my acquaintance."

"Move on, priest, and be silent," said the yeoman; "it were better you led the way to the place of rendezvous, than say what should be left unsaid, both in decency and prudence."

CHAPTER XXI.

w many hours and years have past,
man forms have round this table sate,
or taper, on it's surface gleam'd !
e. I hear the sound of time long pass'd
muring o'er us, in the lofty void
dark arches, like the ling'ring voices
who long within their graves have slept.

Orra, a Tragedy.

these measures were taking in behalf of
his companions, the armed men by whom
had been seized, hurried their captives
ards the place of security, where they in-
imprison them. But darkness came on
the paths of the wood seemed but imper-
wn to the marauders. They were com-
ake several long halts, and once or twice to
their road to resume the direction which
d to pursue. The summer morn had dawned
ere they could travel in full assurance that
the right path. But confidence returned
and the cavalcade now moved rapidly for-
eau while, the following dialogue took place
ie two leaders of the banditti.

me thou shouldst leave us, Sir Maurice,"
'emplar to De Bracy, "in order to prepare
part of thy mystery. Thou art next, thou
o act the Knight Deliverer."

thought better of it," said De Bracy; "I
ave thee till the prize is fairly deposited in
Bœuf's castle. There will I appear before
Rowena in mine own shape, and trust that
t down to the vehemence of my passion the
f which I have been guilty."

what has made thee change thy plan, De
replied the Knight Templar.

concerns thee nothing," answered his com-

d hope, however, Sir Knight," said the
"that this alteration of measures arises
uspicion of my honourable meaning, such
e endeavoured to instil into thee?"

oughts are my own," answered De Bracy;
l laughs, they say, when one thief robs
and we know, that were he to spit fire and
instead, it would never prevent a Templar
ving his bent."

leader of a Free Company," answered the
'from dreading at the hands of a comrade
, the injustice he does to all mankind."

unprofitable and perilous recrimination,"
De Bracy; "suffice it to say, I know the
the Temple-Order, and I will not give thee
of cheating me out of the fair prey for
ave run such risks."

;" replied the Templar, "what hast thou to
ou knowest the vows of our order."

well," said De Bracy, "and also how they
Come, Sir Templar, the laws of gallantry
eral interpretation in Palestine, and this is
which I will trust nothing to your con-

he truth, then," said the Templar; "I care
ur blue-eyed beauty. There is in that train
will make me a better mate."

! wouldst thou stoop to the waiting dam-
De Bracy.

ir Knight," said the Templar, haughtily.
waiting-woman will I not stoop. I have a
ng the captives as lovely as thine own."

e mass, thou meanest the fair Jewess!"
racy.

I do," said Bois-Guilbert, "who shall gain-

e that I know," said De Bracy, "unless it
ow of celibacy, or a check of conscience for
e with a Jewess."

ny vow," said the Templar, "our Grand
ath granted me a dispensation. And for
ence, a man that has slain three hundred
need not reckon up every little failing, like
girl at her first confession upon Good Fri-

knowest best thine own privileges," said
. "Yet, I would have sworn thy thought had been more on the old usurer's money bags, than on the black eyes of the daughter."

"I can admire both," answered the Templar; "besides, the old Jew is but half-prize. I must share his spoils with Front-de-Bœuf, who will not lend us the use of his castle for nothing. I must have something that I can term exclusively my own by this foray of ours, and I have fixed on the lovely Jewess as my peculiar prize. But, now thou knowest my drift, thou wilt resume thine own original plan, wilt thou not?—Thou hast nothing, thou seest, to fear from my interference."

"No," replied De Bracy, "I will remain beside my prize. What thou sayst is passing true, but I like not the privileges acquired by the dispensation of the Grand Master, and the merit acquired by the slaughter of three hundred Saracens. You have too good a right to a free pardon, to render you very scrupulous about peccadilloes."

While this dialogue was proceeding, Cedric was endeavouring to wring out of those who guarded him an avowal of their character and purpose. "You should be Englishmen," said he; "and yet, sacred Heaven! you prey upon your countrymen as if you were very Normans. You should be my neighbours, and, if so, my friends; for which of my English neighbours have reason to be otherwise? I tell ye, yeomen, that even those among ye who have been branded with outlawry have had from me protection; for I have pitied their miseries, and curst the oppression of their tyrannic nobles. What, then, would you have of me? or in what can this violence serve ye?—Ye are worse than brute beasts in your actions, and will you imitate them in their very dumbness?"

It was in vain that Cedric expostulated with his guards, who had too many good reasons for their silence to be induced to break it either by his wrath or his expostulations. They continued to hurry him along, travelling at a very rapid rate, until, at the end of an avenue of huge trees, arose Torquilstone, now the hoary and ancient castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. It was a fortress of no great size, consisting of a donjon, or large and high square tower, surrounded by buildings of inferior height, which were encircled by an inner court-yard. Around the exterior of the wall was a deep moat, supplied with water from a neighbouring rivulet. Front-de-Bœuf, whose character placed him often at feud with his enemies, had made considerable additions to the strength of his castle, by building towers upon the outward wall, so as to flank it at every angle. The access, as usual in castles of the period, lay through an arched barbican, or outwork, which was terminated and defended by a small turret at each corner.

Cedric no sooner saw the turrets of Front-de-Bœuf's castle raise their gray and moss-grown battlements, glimmering in the morning sun above the wood by which they were surrounded, than he instantly augured more truly concerning the cause of his misfortune.

"I did injustice," he said, "to the thieves and outlaws of these woods, when I supposed such banditti to belong to their bands; I might as justly have confounded the foxes of these brakes with the ravening wolves of France. Tell me, ye dogs—is it my life or my wealth that your master aims at? Is it too much that two Saxons, myself, and the noble Athelstane, should hold land in the country which was once the patrimony of our race?—Put us then to death, and complete your tyranny by taking our lives, as you began with our liberties. If the Saxon Cedric cannot rescue England, he is willing to die for her. Tell your tyrannical master, I do only beseech him to dismiss the Lady Rowena in honour and safety. She is a woman, and he need not dread her; and with us will die all who dare fight in her cause."

The attendants remained as mute to this address as to the former, and they now stood before the gate of the castle. De Bracy winded his horn three times, and the archers and cross-bow men, who had manned the wall upon seeing their approach, hastened to lower the drawbridge, and admit them. The prisoners were compelled by their guards to alight, and were conducted to an apartment where a hasty repast was offered them, of which none but Athelstane fel

any inclination to partake. Neither had the descendant of the Confessor much time to do justice to the good cheer placed before them, for their guards gave him and Cedric to understand that they were to be imprisoned in a chamber apart from Rowena. Resistance was vain; and they were compelled to follow to a large room, which rising on clumsy Saxon pillars, resembled those refectories and chapter-houses which may be still seen in the most ancient parts of our most ancient monasteries.

The Lady Rowena was next separated from her train, and conducted, with courtesy, indeed, but still without consulting her inclination, to a distant apartment. The same alarming distinction was conferred on Rebecca, in spite of her father's entreaties, who offered even money, in this extremity of distress, that she might be permitted to abide with him. "Base unbeliever," answered one of his guards, "when thou hast seen thy lair, thou wilt not wish thy daughter to partake it." And, without farther discussion, the old Jew was forcibly dragged off in a different direction from the other prisoners. The domestics, after being carefully searched and disarmed, were confined in another part of the castle; and Rowena was refused even the comfort she might have derived from the attendance of her handmaiden Elgitha.

The apartment in which the Saxon chiefs were confined, for to them we turn our first attention, although at present used as a sort of guard-room, had formerly been the great hall of the castle. It was now abandoned to meaner purposes, because the present lord, among other additions to the convenience, security, and beauty of his baronial residence, had erected a new and noble hall, whose vaulted roof was supported by lighter and more elegant pillars, and fitted up with that higher degree of ornament, which the Normans had already introduced into architecture.

Cedric paced the apartment, filled with indignant reflections on the past and on the present, while the apathy of his companion served, instead of patience and philosophy, to defend him against every thing save the inconvenience of the present moment; and so little did he feel even this last, that he was only from time to time roused to a reply by Cedric's animated and impassioned appeal to him.

"Yes," said Cedric, half speaking to himself, and half addressing himself to Athelstane, "it was in this very hall that my father feasted with Torquil Wolfganger, when he entertained the valiant and unfortunate Harold, then advancing against the Norwegians, who had united themselves to the rebel Tosti. It was in this hall that Harold returned the magnanimous answer to the ambassador of his rebel brother. Oft have I heard my father kindle as he told the tale. The envoy of Tosti was admitted, when this ample room could scarce contain the crowd of noble Saxon leaders, who were quaffing the blood-red wine around their monarch."

"I hope," said Athelstane, somewhat moved by this part of his friend's discourse, "they will not forget to send us some wine and refections at noon—we had scarce a breathing-space allowed to break our fast, and I never have the benefit of my food when I eat immediately after dismounting from horseback, though the leeches recommend that practice."

Cedric went on with his story without noticing this interjectional observation of his friend.

"The envoy of Tosti," he said, "moved up the hall, undismayed by the frowning countenances of all around him, until he made his obeisance before the throne of King Harold.

'What terms,' he said, 'Lord King, hath thy brother Tosti to hope, if he should lay down his arms, and crave peace at thy hands?'

'A brother's love,' cried the generous Harold, 'and the fair earldom of Northumberland.'

'But should Tosti accept these terms,' continued the envoy, 'what lands shall be assigned to his faithful ally, Hardrada, King of Norway?'

'Seven feet of English ground,' answered Harold, fiercely, 'or, as Hardrada is said to be a giant, perhaps we may allow him twelve inches more.'

"The hall rung with acclamations, and c
horn was filled to the Norwegian, who sh
speedily in possession of his English territory.

"I could have pledged him with all my sou
Athelstane, "for my tongue cleaves to my pa

"The baffled envoy," continued Cedric, p
with animation his tale, though it interested
listener, "retreated, to carry to Tosti and his
ominous answer of his injured brother. It w
that the distant towers of York, and the bloody
of the Derwent,* beheld that direful conflict, in
after displaying the most undaunted valour, th
of Norway, and Tosti, both fell, with ten thou
their bravest followers. Who would have
that upon the proud day when this battle wa
the very gale which waved the Saxon banne
umph, was filling the Norman sails, and im
them to the fatal shores of Sussex?—Who
have thought that Harold, within a few bri
would himself possess no more of his kingdom
the share which he allotted in his wrath to th
wegian invader? Who would have thought th
noble Athelstane—that you, descended of E
blood, and that I, whose father was not th
defender of the Saxon crown, should be pris
a vile Norman, in the very hall in which our
tors held such high festival?"

"It is sad enough," replied Athelstane;
trust they will hold us to a moderate ransom—
rate it cannot be their purpose to starve us ou
and yet, although it is high noon, I see no p
tions for serving dinner. Look up at the w
noble Cedric, and judge by the sunbeams if
on the verge of noon."

"It may be so," answered Cedric; "but I
look on that stained lattice without its aw
other reflections than those which concern th
ing moment, or its privations. When that
was wrought, my noble friend, our hardy
knew not the art of making glass, or of stain
The pride of Wolfganger's father brought a
from Normandy to adorn his hall with this n
cies of emblazonment, that breaks the gold
of God's blessed day into so many fantas
The foreigner came here poor, beggarly, c
and subservient, ready to doff his cap to the
native of the household. He returned pamp
proud, to tell his rapacious countrymen of the
and the simplicity of the Saxon nobles—a f
Athelstane, foreboded of old, as well as fore
those descendants of Hengist and his hard
who retained the simplicity of their manne
made these strangers our bosom friends, ou
dential servants; we borrowed their artists a
arts, and despised the honest simplicity an
hood with which our brave ancestors supporte
selves, and we became enervated by Norm
long ere we fell under Norman arms. Far be
our homely diet, eaten in peace and liberty, t

* A great topographical blunder occurred here in fo
tions. The bloody battle alluded to in the text, fo
won by King Harold, over his brother the rebellious T
an auxiliary force of Danes, or Norsemen, was said in
and a corresponding note, to have taken place at St
Leicestershire, and upon the river Welland. This is a
into which the author has been led by trusting to his
and so confounding two places of the same name. T
ford, Strangford, or Staneford, at which the battle w
fought, is a ford upon the river Derwent, at the d
about seven miles from York, and situated in that
opulent county. A long wooden bridge over the Der
sit of which, with one remaining buttress, is still sho
curious traveller, was furiously contested. One N
long defended it by his single arm, and was at leng
with a spear thrust through the planks of the bridge fr
beneath.

The neighbourhood of Stamford, on the Derwent
some memorials of the battle. Horseshoes, swords
heads of halberds, or bills, are often found there; on
called the "Danes' Well," another the "Battle flats
tradition that the weapon with which the Norwegian
was slain, resembled a pear, or as others say, that t
or boat in which the soldier floated under the bridge
the blow, had such a shape, the country people usual
great market, which is held at Stamford, with an ente
called the Pear-pie feast, which after all may be a c
of the Spear-pie feast. For more particulars, Drake
of York may be referred to. The author's mistake w
out to him, in the most obliging manner, by Robert
of Bossal House. The battle was fought in 1066.

luxurious dainties, the love of which hath delivered us as bondsmen to the foreign conqueror!"

"I should," replied Athelstane, "hold very humble diet a luxury at present; and it astonishes me, noble Cedric, that you can bear so truly in mind the memory of past deeds, when it appeareth you forget the very hour of dinner."

"It is time lost," muttered Cedric apart and impatiently, "to speak to him of aught else but that which concerns his appetite! The soul of Hardicanute hath taken possession of him, and he hath no pleasure save to fill, to swill, and to call for more. Alas!" said he, looking at Athelstane with compassion, "that so dull a spirit should be lodged in so goodly a form! Alas! that such an enterprise as the regeneration of England should turn on a hinge so imperfect! Wedded to Rowena, indeed, her nobler and more generous soul may yet awake the better nature which is torpid within him. Yet how should this be, while Rowena, Athelstane, and I myself, remain the prisoners of this brutal marauder, and have been made so perhaps from a sense of the dangers which our liberty might bring to the usurped power of his nation?"

While the Saxon was plunged in these painful reflections, the door of their prison opened, and gave entrance to a sewer, holding his white rod of office. This important person advanced into the chamber with a grave pace, followed by four attendants, bearing in a table covered with dishes, the sight and smell of which seemed to be an instant compensation to Athelstane for all the inconvenience he had undergone. The persons who attended on the feast were masked and cloaked.

"What mummery is this?" said Cedric; "think you that we are ignorant whose prisoners we are, when we are in the castle of your master? Tell him," he continued, willing to use this opportunity to open a negotiation for his freedom,—"Tell your master, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, that we know no reason he can have for withholding our liberty, excepting his unlawful desire to enrich himself at our expense. Tell him that we yield to his rapacity, as in similar circumstances we should do to that of a literal robber. Let him name the ransom at which he rates our liberty, and it shall be paid, providing the exaction is suited to our means."

The sewer made no answer, but bowed his head.

"And tell Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said Athelstane, "that I send him my mortal defiance, and challenge him to combat with me, on foot or horseback, at any secure place, within eight days after our liberation; which, if he be a true knight, he will not, under these circumstances, venture to refuse or to delay."

"I shall deliver to the knight your defiance," answered the sewer; "mean while I leave you to your food."

The challenge of Athelstane was delivered with no good grace; for a large mouthful, which required the exercise of both jaws at once, added to a natural hesitation, considerably damped the effect of the bold defiance it contained. Still, however, his speech was hailed by Cedric as an incontestible token of reviving spirit in his companion, whose previous indifference had begun, notwithstanding his respect for Athelstane's descent, to wear out his patience. But he now cordially shook hands with him in token of his approbation, and was somewhat grieved when Athelstane observed, "that he would fight a dozen such men as Front-de-Bœuf, if, by so doing, he could hasten his departure from a dungeon where they put so much garlic into their pottage." Notwithstanding this intimation of a relapse into the apathy of sensuality, Cedric placed himself opposite to Athelstane, and soon showed, that if the distresses of his country could banish the recollection of food while the table was uncovered, yet no sooner were the victuals put there, than he proved that the appetite of his Saxon ancestors had descended to him along with their other qualities.

The captives had not long enjoyed their refreshment, however, ere their attention was disturbed even from this most serious occupation by the blast of a horn winded before the gate. It was repeated three times, with as much violence as if it had been blown before an enchanted castle by the destined knight, at whose summons halls and towers, barbican and battlement, were to roll off like a morning vapour. The Saxons started from the table, and hastened to the window. But their curiosity was disappointed; for these outlets only looked upon the court of the castle, and the sound came from beyond its precincts. The summons, however, seemed of importance, for a considerable degree of bustle instantly took place in the castle.

CHAPTER XXII.

My daughter—O my ducats—O my daughter!
—— —— O my Christian ducats!
Justice—the Law—my ducats, and my daughter!
Merchant of Venice.

Leaving the Saxon chiefs to return to their banquet as soon as their ungratified curiosity should permit them to attend to the calls of their half-satiated appetite, we have to look in upon the yet more severe imprisonment of Isaac of York. The poor Jew had been hastily thrust into a dungeon-vault of the castle, the floor of which was deep beneath the level of the ground, and very damp, being lower than even the moat itself. The only light was received through one or two loop-holes far above the reach of the captive's hand. These apertures admitted, even at mid-day, only a dim and uncertain light, which was changed for utter darkness long before the rest of the castle had lost the blessing of day. Chains and shackles, which had been the portion of former captives, from whom active exertions to escape had been apprehended, hung rusted and empty on the walls of the prison, and in the rings of one of those sets of fetters there remained two mouldering bones, which seemed to have been once those of the human leg, as if some prisoner had been left not only to perish there, but to be consumed to a skeleton.

At one end of this ghastly apartment was a large fire-grate, over the top of which were stretched some transverse iron bars, half devoured with rust.

The whole appearance of the dungeon might have appalled a stouter heart than that of Isaac, who, nevertheless, was more composed under the imminent pressure of danger, than he had seemed to be while affected by terrors, of which the cause was as yet remote and contingent. The lovers of the chase say that the hare feels more agony during the pursuit of the greyhounds, than when she is struggling in their fangs.* And thus it is probable, that the Jews, by the very frequency of their fear on all occasions, had their minds in some degree prepared for every effort of tyranny which could be practised upon them; so that no aggression, when it had taken place, could bring with it that surprise which is the most disabling quality of terror. Neither was it the first time that Isaac had been placed in circumstances so dangerous. He had therefore experience to guide him, as well as hope, that he might again, as formerly, be delivered as a prey from the fowler. Above all, he had upon his side the unyielding obstinacy of his nation, and that unbending resolution, with which Israelites have been frequently known to submit to the uttermost evils which power and violence can inflict upon them, rather than gratify their oppressors by granting their demands.

In this humour of passive resistance, and with his garment collected beneath him to keep his limbs from the wet pavement, Isaac sat in a corner of his dungeon, where his folded hands, his dishevelled hair and beard, his furred cloak and high cap, seen by the wiry and broken light, would have afforded a study for Rembrandt, had that celebrated painter existed at the period. The Jew remained, without altering his position, for nearly three hours, at the expiry of which, steps were heard on the dungeon stair. The bolts screamed as they were withdrawn—the hinges creaked as the wicket opened, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, followed by the two Saracen slaves of the Templar, entered the prison.

* *Nota Bene.*—We by no means warrant the accuracy of this piece of natural history, which we give on the authority of the Wardour MS. L. T.

Front-de-Bœuf, a tall and strong man, whose life had been spent in public war or in private feuds and broils, and who had hesitated at no means of extending his feudal power, had features corresponding to his character, and which strongly expressed the fiercer and more malignant passions of the mind. The scars with which his visage was seamed, would, on features of a different cast, have excited the sympathy and veneration due to the marks of honourable valour; but, in the peculiar case of Front-de-Bœuf, they only added to the ferocity of his countenance, and to the dread which his presence inspired. This formidable baron was clad in a leathern doublet, fitted close to his body, which was frayed and soiled with the stains of his armour. He had no weapon, excepting a poniard at his belt, which served to counterbalance the weight of the bunch of rusty keys that hung at his right side.

The black slaves who attended Front-de-Bœuf were stripped of their gorgeous apparel, and attired in jerkins and trowsers of coarse linen, their sleeves being tucked up above the elbow, like those of butchers when about to exercise their function in the slaughter-house. Each had in his hand a small pannier; and, when they entered the dungeon, they stopt at the door until Front-de-Bœuf himself carefully locked and double-locked it. Having taken this precaution, he advanced slowly up the apartment towards the Jew, upon whom he kept his eye fixed, as if he wished to paralyze him with his glance, as some animals are said to fascinate their prey. It seemed indeed as if the sullen and malignant eye of Front-de-Bœuf possessed some portion of that supposed power over his unfortunate prisoner. The Jew sate with his mouth a-gape, and his eyes fixed on the savage baron with such earnestness of terror, that his frame seemed literally to shrink together, and to diminish in size while encountering the fierce Norman's fixed and baleful gaze. The unhappy Isaac was deprived not only of the power of rising to make the obeisance which his terror dictated, but he could not even doff his cap, or utter any word of supplication; so strongly was he agitated by the conviction that tortures and death were impending over him.

On the other hand, the stately form of the Norman appeared to dilate in magnitude, like that of the eagle, which ruffles up its plumage when about to pounce on its defenceless prey. He paused within three steps of the corner in which the unfortunate Jew had now, as it were, coiled himself up into the smallest possible space, and made a sign for one of the slaves to approach. The black satellite came forward accordingly, and, producing from his basket a large pair of scales and several weights, he laid them at the feet of Front-de-Bœuf, and again retired to the respectful distance, at which his companion had already taken his station.

The motions of these men were slow and solemn as if there impended over their souls some preconception of horror and of cruelty. Front-de-Bœuf himself opened the scene by thus addressing his ill-fated captive.

"Most accursed dog of an accursed race," he said, awaking with his deep and sullen voice the sullen echoes of his dungeon vault, "seest thou these scales?"

The unhappy Jew returned a feeble affirmative.

"In these very scales shalt thou weigh me out," said the relentless Baron, "a thousand silver pounds, after the just measure and weight of the Tower of London."

"Holy Abraham!" returned the Jew, finding voice through the very extremity of his danger, "heard man ever such a demand?—Who ever heard, even in a minstrel's tale, of such a sum as a thousand pounds of silver?—What human sight was ever blessed with the vision of such a mass of treasure?—Not within the walls of York, ransack my house and that of all my tribe, wilt thou find the tithe of that huge sum of silver that thou speakest of."

"I am reasonable," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "and if silver be scant, I refuse not gold. At the rate of a mark of gold for each six pounds of silver, thou shalt free thy unbelieving carcass from such punishment as thy heart has never even conceived."

"Have mercy on me, noble knight!" exclaimed Isaac; "I am old, and poor and helpless.
unworthy to triumph over me—It is a poor
crush a worm."

"Old thou mayst be," replied the knight;
shame to their folly who have suffered thee
gray in usury and knavery—Feeble thou mays
when had a Jew either heart or hand—But r
well known thou art."

"I swear to you, noble knight," said the Je
all which I believe, and by all which we be
common"— —

"Perjure not thyself," said the Norman, inter
him, "and let not thine obstinacy seal thy doo
thou hast seen and well considered the fa
awaits thee. Think not I speak to thee only t
thy terror, and practise on the base cowardi
hast derived from thy tribe. I swear to thee
which thou dost not believe, by the gospel wh
church teaches, and by the keys which are gi
to bind and to loose, that my purpose is deep
remptory. This dungeon is no place for
Prisoners ten thousand times more distinguish
thou have died within these walls, and their fa
never been known! But for thee is reserved
and lingering death, to which theirs were luxu

He again made a signal for the slaves to ap
and spoke to them apart, in their own langua
he also had been in Palestine, where, perhaps,
learnt his lesson of cruelty. The Saracens pr
from their baskets a quantity of charcoal, a
bellows, and a flask of oil. While the one s
light with a flint and steel, the other dispos
charcoal in the large rusty grate which we h
ready mentioned, and exercised the bellows u
fuel came to a red glow.

"Seest thou, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf," th
of iron bars above that glowing charcoal?*—
warm couch thou shalt lie, stripped of thy clo
if thou wert to rest on a bed of down. One o

* This horrid species of torture may remind the reade
to which the Spaniards subjected Guatimozin, in ord
tort a discovery of his concealed wealth. But, in fac
stance of similar barbarity is to be found nearer home,
curs in the annals of Queen Mary's time, containing
other examples of atrocity. Every reader must recoll
after the fall of the Catholic Church, and the Pres
Church Government had been established by law, the r
especially the wealth, of the Bishops, Abbots, Prior
forth, were no longer vested in ecclesiastics, but in la
priators of the church revenues, or, as the Scottish
called them, *titulars* of the temporalities of the benefice
having no claim to the spiritual character of their pred
in office.

Of these laymen, who were thus invested with eccle
revenues, some were men of high birth and rank, lik
mous Lord James Stewart, the Prior of St. Andrews,
not fail to keep for their own use the rents, lands, and
of the church. But if, on the other hand, the titulars w
of inferior importance, who had been inducted into the
the interest of some powerful person, it was generall
stood that the new Abbot should grant for his patron's
such leases and conveyances of the church lands and
might afford their protector the lion's share of the boot
was the origin of those who were wittily termed T
Bishops, being a sort of imaginary prelate, whose im
set up to enable his patron and principal to plunder the
under his name.

There were other cases, however, in which men who
grants of these secularized benefices, were desirous of
them for their own use, without having the influence
to establish their purpose; and these became frequentl
to protect themselves, however unwilling to submit to
actions of the feudal tyrant of the district

Bannatyne, secretary to John Knox, recounts a singula
of oppression practised on one of those titular abbots
Earl of Cassilis in Ayrshire, whose extent of feudal
was so wide that he was usually termed the King of
We give the fact as it occurs in Bannatyne's Journal,
mising that the Journalist held his master's opinions, b
respect to the Earl of Cassilis as an opposer of the king
and as being a detester of the practice of granting chur
nues to titulars, instead of their being devoted to pi
such as the support of the clergy, expense of schools,
relief of the national poor. He mingles in the narrativ
fore, a well deserved feeling of execration against th
who employed the torture, with a tone of ridicule tow
patient, as if, after all, it had not been all bestowed on
equivocal and amphibious character as a titular abbot.
titles his narrative,

† A *Tulchan* is a calf's skin stuffed, and placed befor
who has lost its calf, to induce the animal to part w
milk. The resemblance between such a Tulchan and a
named to transmit the temporalities of a benefice to so
erful patron, is easily understood.

hall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the ll anoint thy wretched limbs with oil, lest should burn.—Now, choose betwixt such a scorching bed and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver; for, by the head of my father, thou hast no other option."

OF CASSILIS' TYRANNY AGAINST A QUICK (i. e.) LIVING MAN.

Allan Stewart, friend to Captain James Stewart of by means of the Queen's corrupted court, obtained of Crossraguel. The said Earl thinking himself ... any King in these quarters, determined to have that ... (as he hath divers others) to pay at his plea ... because he could not find sic security as his insatia... required, this shift was devised. The said Mr ... company with the Laird of Bargany, (also a Ken... by the Earl and his friends, enticed to leave the which he had with the Laird, and come to make with the said Earl. The simplicity of the impru... was suddenly abused; and so he passed his time with ... days, which he did in Mayb le with Thomas uncle to the said Earl; after which the said Mr Allan the quiet company, to visit the place and bounds of (his abbacy,) of which the said Earl being surely ad... determined to put in practice the tyranny which long had conceaved. And so, as king of the country, ap... the said Mr. Allan, and carried him to the house of ... where for a season he was honourably treated, (gif a ... think any entertainment pleasing,) but after that ... were spent, and that the Earl could not obtain the ...sraguel according to his awin appetite, he deter... prove gif a collation could work that which neither supper could do for a long time. And so the said was carried to a secret chamber; with him passed ...able Earl, his worshipful brother, and such as were to be servants at that banquet. In the chamber there ... iron chimlay, under it a fire; other grit provision was ... The first course was,—'My Lord Abbot,' (said the ...) will please you confess here, that with your own con... remain in my company, because ye durst not commit ... the hands of others.' The Abbot answered, 'Would ...ed, that I should make a manifest lie for your plea... truth is, my lord, it is against my will that I am here; ... have I any pleasure in your company.'—'But ye ... in with me, nevertheless, at this time,' said the Earl. ...able to resist your will and pleasure,' said the Abbot, ...ce.'—'Ye must then obey me,' said the Earl,—and were presented unto him certain letters to subscribe, which there was a five years' tack, and a nineteen ..., and a charter of feu of all the lands of Crossraguel, ... clauses necessary for the Earl to haste him to hell. ...ltery, sacrilege, oppression, barbarous cruelty, and ...ed upon theft, deserve hell, the great King of Car... more escape hell for ever, than the imprudent Ab... the fire for a season as follows.

...at the Earl spied repugnance, and saw that he could ... his purpose by fair means, he commanded his cooks ... the banquet: and so first they flayed the sheep, that ...k off the Abbot's clothes even to his skin, and next ... him to the chimney—his legs to the one end, and the other; and so they began to beet [*i. e.* feed] the ...nes to his buttocks, sometimes to his legs, some... shoulders and arms; and that the roast might not ... that it might rest in soppe, they spared not flambing ...asting as a cook bastes roasted meat); Lord, look ... cruelty! and that the crying of the miserable man ... be heard, they closed his mouth that the voice ...opped. It may be suspected that some partisan of [Darnley's] murder was there. In that torment they ...or man, till that often he cried for God's sake to ...m'; for he had as meikle gold in his awin purse as ... powder enough to shorten his pain. The famous ...rick and his cooks perceiving the roast to be aneuch, ... to be tane fra the fire, and the Earl himself be... ...in this manner:—'*Benedicite, Jesus Maria*, you are ...stinate man that ever I saw; gif I had known that ... so stubborn, I would not for a thousand crowns ...ed you so; I never did so to man before you.' And ...rned to the same practice within two days, and ... till that he had obtained his foremost purpose, that ...ad got all his pieces subscryvit alswell as ane half ...d could do it. The Earl thinking himself sure ...ong as he had the half roasted Abbot in his awin ...d yet being ashamed of his presence by reason of ...cruelty, left the place of Denure in the hands of cer... servants, and the half roasted Abbot to be kept there.

The Laird of Bargany, out of whose company the ... had been enticed, understanding, (not the extremity,) ...aining of the man, sent to the court, and raised let... ...vrance of the person of the man according to the ... being disobeyed, the said Earl for his contempt ...ced rebel, and put to the horne. But yet hope was ... neither to the afflicted to be delivered, neither yet to ...er [*i. e.* procurer] of the letters to obtain any comfort ... in that time God was despised, and the lawful au... ...contemned in Scotland, in hope of the sudden re... ...giment of that cruel murderer of her awin husband, ...ords the said Earl was called one; and yet, oftener ... he was solemnly sworn to the King and to his Re...

...nalist then recites the complaint of the injured Allan ...mmendator of Crossraguel, to the Regent and Privy ...erring his having been carried, partly by flattery, ...rce, to the black vault of Denure, a strong fortalice, ...ock overhanging the Irish channel, where its ruins ...ible. Here he stated he *had been required to execute conveyances of the whole churches and parsonages* belonging to the Abbey of Crossraguel, which he utterly refused as an unreasonable demand, and the more so that he had already conveyed them to John Stewart of Cardonall, by whose interest he had been made Commendator. The complainant proceeds to state, that he was, after many menaces, stript, bound, and his limbs exposed to fire in the manner already described, till, compelled by excess of agony, he subscribed the charter and leases presented to him, of the contents of which he was totally ignorant. A few days afterwards, being again required to execute a ratification of these deeds before a notary and witnesses and refusing to do so, he was once more subjected to the same torture, until his agony was so excessive that he exclaimed, "Fye on you, why do you not strike your whingers into me, or blow me up with a barrel of powder, rather than torture me thus unmercifully?" upon which the Earl commanded Alexander Richard, one of his attendants, to stop the patient's mouth with a napkin, which was done accordingly. Thus he was once more compelled to submit to their tyranny. The petition concluded with stating, that the Earl, under pretence of the deeds thus iniquitously obtained, had taken possession of the whole place and living of Crossraguel, and enjoyed the profits thereof for three years.

The doom of the Regent and Council shows singularly the total interruption of justice at this calamitous period, even in the most clamant cases of oppression. The Council declined interference with the course of the ordinary justice of the county, (which was completely under the said Earl of Cassilis' control,) and only enacted, that he should forbear molestation of the unfortunate commendator, under the surety of two thousand pounds Scots. The Earl was appointed also to keep the peace towards the celebrated George Buchanan, who had a pension out of the same Abbacy, to a similar extent, and under the like penalty.

The consequences are thus described by the Journalist already quoted.

"The said Laird of Bargany perceiving that the ordiner justice could neither help the oppressed, nor yet the afflicted, applied his mind to the next remedy, and in the end, by his servants, took the house of Denure, where the poor Abbot was kept prisoner. The bruit flew fra Carrick to Galloway, and so suddenly assembled herd and hyre-man that pertained to the band of the Kennedies; and so within a few hours was the house of Denure environed again. The master of Cassilis was the frackast [*i. e.* the readiest or boldest] and would not stay, but in his heat would lay fire to the dungeon, with no small boasting that all enemies within the house should die.

"He was required and admonished by those that were within to be more moderate, and not to hazard himself so foolishly. But no admonition would help, till that the wind of an hacquebute blasted his shoulder, and then ceased he from further pursuit in fury. The Laird of Bargany had before purchest (obtained) of the authorities, letters, charging all faithful subjects to the King's Majesty, to assist him against that cruel tyrant and mansworn traitor, the Earl of Cassilis; which letters, with his private writings, he published, and shortly found sic concurrence of Kyle and Cunynghame with his other friends, that the Carrick company drew back fra the house: and so the other approached, furnished the house with more men, delivered the said Mr. Allan, and carried him to Ayr, where, publicly at the market cross of the said town, he declared how cruelly he was entreated, and how the murdered King suffered not sic torment as he did, excepting only he escaped the death: and, therefore, publicly did revoke all things that were done in that extremity, and especially he revoked the subscription of the three writings, to wit, of a fyve yeir tack and nineteen year tack, and of a charter of feu. And so the house remained, and remains (till this day, the 7th of February, 1571,) in the custody of the said Laird of Bargany and of his servants. And so cruelty was disappointed of proffeit present, and shall be eternallie punished, unless he earnestly repent. And thus far for the cruelty committed, to give occasion unto others, and to such as hate the monstrous dealing of degenerate nobility, to look more diligently upon their behaviours, and to paint them forth unto the world, that they themselves may be ashamed of their own beastliness, and that the world may be advertised and admonished to abhor, detest, and avoid the company of all sic tyrants, who are not worthy of the society of men, but ought to be sent suddenly to the devil, with whom they must burn without end, for their contempt of God, and cruelty committed against his creatures. Let Cassilis and his brother be the first to be the example unto others. Amen. Amen."*

This extract has been somewhat amended or modernized in orthography, to render it more intelligible to the general reader. I have to add, that the Kennedies of Bargany, who interfered in behalf of the oppressed Abbot, were themselves a younger branch of the Cassilis family, but held different politics, and were powerful enough in this, and other instances, to bid them defiance.

The ultimate issue of this affair does not appear; but as the house of Cassilis are still in possession of the greater part of the feus and leases which belonged to Crossraguel Abbey, it is probable the talons of the King of Carrick were strong enough in those disorderly times, to retain the prey which they had so mercilessly fixed upon.

I may also add, that it appears by some papers in my possession, that the officers or Country Keepers on the border, were accustomed to torment their prisoners by binding them to the iron bars of their chimneys, to extort confession.

* Bannatyne's Journal.

"It is impossible," exclaimed the miserable Jew—"it is impossible that your purpose can be real! The good God of nature never made a heart capable of exercising such cruelty!"

"Trust not to that, Isaac," said Front-de-Bœuf, "it were a fatal error. Dost thou think that I, who have seen a town sacked, in which thousands of my Christian countrymen perished by sword, by flood, and by fire, will blench from my purpose for the outcries or screams of one single wretched Jew? or thinkest thou that these swarthy slaves, who have neither law, country, nor conscience, but their master's will—who use the poison, or the stake, or the poniard, or the cord, at his slightest wink—thinkest thou that *they* will have mercy, who do not even understand the language in which it is asked?—Be wise, old man; discharge thyself of a portion of thy superfluous wealth; repay to the hands of a Christian a part of what thou hast acquired by the usury thou hast practised on those of his religion. Thy cunning may soon swell out once more thy shrivelled purse, but neither leech nor medicine can restore thy scorched hide and flesh wert thou once stretched on these bars. Tell down thy ransom, I say, and rejoice that at such rate thou canst redeem thee from a dungeon, the secrets of which few have returned to tell. I waste no more words with thee—choose between thy dross and thy flesh and blood, and as thou choosest, so shall it be."

"So may Abraham, Jacob, and all the fathers of my people assist me," said Isaac, "I cannot make the choice, because I have not the means of satisfying your exorbitant demand!"

"Seize him and strip him slaves," said the knight, "and let the fathers of his race assist him if they can."

The assistants, taking their directions more from the Baron's eye and his hand than his tongue, once more stepped forward, laid hands on the unfortunate Isaac, plucked him up from the ground, and, holding him between them, waited the hard-hearted Baron's farther signal. The unhappy Jew eyed their countenances and that of Front-de-Bœuf, in hope of discovering some symptoms of relenting; but that of the Baron exhibited the same cold, half-sullen, half-sarcastic smile which had been the prelude to his cruelty; and the savage eyes of the Saracens, rolling gloomily under their dark brows, acquiring a yet more sinister expression by the whiteness of the circle which surrounds the pupil, evinced rather the secret pleasure which they expected from the approaching scene, than any reluctance to be its directors or agents. The Jew then looked at the glowing furnace, over which he was presently to be stretched, and seeing no chance of his tormentor's relenting, his resolution gave way.

"I will pay," he said, "the thousand pounds of silver—That is," he added after a moment's pause, "I will pay it with the help of my brethren; for I must beg as a mendicant at the door of our synagogue ere I make up so unheard-of a sum.—When and where must it be delivered?"

"Here," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "here it must be delivered—weighed it must be—weighed and told down on this very dungeon floor.—Thinkest thou I will part with thee until thy ransom is secure?"

"And what is to be my surety," said the Jew, "that I shall be at liberty after this ransom is paid?"

"The word of a Norman noble, thou pawn-broking slave," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "the faith of a Norman nobleman, more pure than the gold and silver of thee and all thy tribe."

"I crave pardon, noble lord," said Isaac timidly, "but wherefore should I rely wholly on the word of one who will trust nothing to mine?"

"Because thou canst not help it, Jew," said the knight, sternly. "Wert thou now in thy treasure-chamber at York, and were I craving a loan of thy shekels, it would be thine to dictate the time of payment, and the pledge of security. This is *my* treasure-chamber. Here I have thee at advantage, nor will I again deign to repeat the terms on which I grant thee liberty."

The Jew groaned deeply.—"Grant me," he said, "at least with my own liberty, that of the companions with whom I travel. They scorned Jew, yet they pitied my desolation, and be tarried to aid me by the way, a share of my come upon them; moreover, they may con some sort to my ransom."

"If thou meanest yonder Saxon chur Front-de-Bœuf, "their ransom will depend o terms than thine. Mind thine own concer warn thee, and meddle not with those of th

"I am, then," said Isaac, "only to be set together with mine wounded friend?"

"Shall I twice recommend it," said Bœuf, "to a son of Israel, to meddle with concerns, and leave those of others alone thou hast made thy choice, it remains but payest down thy ransom, and that at a shor

"Yet hear me," said the Jew—"for the that very wealth which thou wouldst ob expense of thy"— Here he stopt short, afr tating the savage Norman. But Front-de-I laughed, and himself filled up the blank at v Jew had hesitated. "At the expense of science, thou wouldst say, Isaac; speak it o thee, I am reasonable. I can bear the repr a loser, even when that loser is a Jew. Tl not so patient, Isaac, when thou didst invok against Jacques Fitzdotterel, for calling the rious blood-sucker, when thy exactions had his patrimony."

"I swear by the Talmud," said the Jew, " valour has been misled in that matter. Fi drew his poniard upon me in mine own because I craved him for mine own silver. of payment was due at the Passover."

"I care not what he did," said Front-d "the question is, when shall I have mine when shall I have the shekels, Isaac?"

"Let my daughter Rebecca go forth to answered Isaac, "with your safe condu knight, and so soon as man and horse ca the treasure"— Here he groaned deeply, l after the pause of a few seconds,—"The shall be told down on this very floor."

"Thy daughter!" said Front-de-Bœuf, prised,—"By heavens, Isaac, I would I had of this. I deemed that yonder black-browed been thy concubine, and I gave her to be maiden to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after ion of patriarchs and heroes of the days of set us in these matters a wholesome examp

The yell which Isaac raised at this unfeel munication made the very vault to ring, tounded the two Saracens so much that th their hold of the Jew. He availed hims enlargement to throw himself on the paven clasp the knees of Front-de-Bœuf.

"Take all that you have asked," said Knight—take ten times more—reduce me to to beggary, if thou wilt,—nay, pierce me with iard, broil me on that furnace, but spare my d deliver her in safety and honour!—As thou of woman, spare the honour of a helpless She is the image of my deceased Rachael, last of six pledges of her love—Will you widowed husband of his sole remaining co Will you reduce a father to wish that his o child were laid beside her dead mother, in of our fathers?"

"I would," said the Norman, somewhat "that I had known of this before. I thou race had loved nothing save their money—

"Think not so vilely of us, Jews though said Isaac, eager to improve the moment of sympathy; "the hunted fox, the tortured loves its young—the despised and persecute Abraham love their children!"

"Be it so," said Front-de-Bœuf; "I will in future, Isaac, for thy very sake—but it a now, I cannot help what has happened, or follow; my word is passed to my comrade nor would I break it for ten Jews and Je boot. Besides, why shouldst thou think come to the girl, even if she became Bois- booty?"

ıere will, there must!" exclaimed Isaac, wring-
ıs hands in agony; "when did Templars
aught but cruelty to men, and dishonour to
n!"

of an infidel," said Front-de-Bœuf, with
eyes, and not sorry, perhaps, to seize a pre-
working himself into a passion, "blaspheme
Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, but take
instead to pay me the ransom thou hast pro-
or woe betide thy Jewish throat!"

robber and villain!" said the Jew, retorting the
of his oppressor with passion, which, however
he now found it impossible to bridle, "I
thee nothing—not one silver penny will I
unless my daughter is delivered to me in
and honour?"

thou in thy senses, Israelite?" said the Nor-
sternly—"has thy flesh and blood a charm
st heated iron and scalding oil?"

care not!" said the Jew, rendered desperate by
al affection; "do thy worst. My daughter is
sh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times
those limbs which thy cruelty threatens. No
will I give thee, unless I were to pour it molten
thy avaricious throat—no, not a silver penny
give thee, Nazarene, were it to save thee from
deep damnation thy whole life has merited! Take
fe if thou wilt, and say, the Jew, amidst his tor-
knew how to disappoint the Christian."

We shall see that," said Front-de-Bœuf; "for by
blessed rood, which is the abomination of thy
sed tribe, thou shalt feel the extremities of fire
steel!—Strip him, slaves, and chain him down
the bars."

spite of the feeble struggles of the old man, the
ens had already torn from him his upper gar-
, and were proceeding totally to disrobe him,
the sound of a bugle, twice winded without the
, penetrated even to the recesses of the dungeon,
immediately after loud voices were heard calling
Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf. Unwilling to be
engaged in his hellish occupation, the savage
gave the slaves a signal to restore Isaac's gar-
, and, quitting the dungeon with his attendants,
t the Jew to thank God for his own deliverance,
lament over his daughter's captivity, and proba-
ıte, as his personal or parental feelings might
strongest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

> **Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words**
> **Can no way change you to a milder form,**
> **I'll woo you, like a soldier, at arms' end,**
> **And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.**
>
> *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

s apartment to which the Lady Rowena had
introduced was fitted up with some rude at-
s at ornament and magnificence, and her being
l there might be considered as a peculiar mark
pect not offered to the other prisoners. But the
of Front-de-Bœuf, for whom it had been origi-
furnished, was long dead, and decay and neg-
ad impaired the few ornaments with which her
had adorned it. The tapestry hung down from
alls in many places, and in others was tarnished
aded under the effects of the sun, or tattered and
ed by age. Desolate, however, as it was, this
the apartment of the castle which had been
d most fitting for the accommodation of the
n heiress; and here she was left to meditate
her fate, until the actors in this nefarious drama
arranged the several parts which each of them
to perform. This had been settled in a council
by Front-de-Bœuf, De Bracy, and the Templar,
ich, after a long and warm debate concerning
several advantages which each insisted upon
ng from his peculiar share in this audacious
prise, they had at length determined the fate of
unhappy prisoners.

was about the hour of noon, therefore, when De
y for whose advantage the expedition had been
planned, appeared to prosecute his views upon
and and possessions of the Lady Rowena.

The interval had not entirely been bestowed in holding council with his confederates, for De Bracy had found leisure to decorate his person with all the foppery of the times. His green cassock and vizard were now flung aside. His long luxuriant hair was trained to flow in quaint tresses down his richly furred cloak. His beard was closely shaved, his doublet reached to the middle of his leg, and the girdle which secured it, and at the same time supported his ponderous sword, was embroidered and embossed with gold work. We have already noticed the extravagant fashion of the shoes at this period, and the points of Maurice de Bracy's might have challenged the prize of extravagance with the gayest, being turned up and twisted like the horns of a ram. Such was the dress of a gallant of the period; and, in the present instance, that effect was aided by the handsome person and good demeanour of the wearer, whose manners partook alike of the grace of a courtier, and the frankness of a soldier.

He saluted Rowena by doffing his velvet bonnet, garnished with a golden brooch, representing St. Michael trampling down the Prince of Evil. With this, he gently motioned the lady to a seat; and, as she still retained her standing posture, the knight ungloved his right hand, and motioned to conduct her thither. But Rowena declined, by her gesture, the proffered compliment, and replied, "If I be in the presence of my jailor, Sir Knight—nor will circumstances allow me to think otherwise—it best becomes his prisoner to remain standing till she learns her doom."

"Alas! fair Rowena," returned De Bracy, "you are in presence of your captive, not your jailor; and it is from your fair eyes that De Bracy must receive that doom which you fondly expect from him."

"I know you not, sir," said the lady, drawing herself up with all the pride of offended rank and beauty; "I know you not—and the insolent familiarity with which you apply to me the jargon of a troubadour, forms no apology for the violence of a robber."

"To thyself, fair maid," answered De Bracy, in his former tone—"to thine own charms be ascribed whate'er I have done which passed the respect due to her whom I have chosen queen of my heart, and loadstar of my eyes."

"I repeat to you, Sir Knight, that I know you not, and that no man wearing chain and spurs ought thus to intrude himself upon the presence of an unprotected lady."

"That I am unknown to you," said De Bracy, "is indeed my misfortune; yet let me hope that De Bracy's name has not yet been always unspoken, when minstrels or heralds have praised deeds of chivalry, whether in the lists or in the battle-field."

"To heralds and to minstrels, then, leave thy praise, Sir Knight," replied Rowena, "more suiting for their mouths than for thine own; and tell me which of them shall record in song, or in book of tourney, the memorable conquest of this night, a conquest obtained over an old man, followed by a few timid hinds; and its booty, an unfortunate maiden, transported against her will to the castle of a robber?"

"You are unjust, Lady Rowena," said the knight, biting his lips in some confusion, and speaking in a tone more natural to him than that of affected gallantry, which he had at first adopted; "yourself free from passion, you can allow no excuse for the frenzy of another, although caused by your own beauty."

"I pray you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "to cease a language so commonly used by strolling minstrels that it becomes not the mouth of knights or nobles. Certes, you constrain me to sit down, since you enter upon such commonplace terms, of which each vile crowder hath a stock that might last from hence to Christmas."

"Proud damsel," said De Bracy, incensed at finding his gallant style procured him nothing but contempt—"proud damsel, thou shalt be as proudly encountered. Know then, that I have supported my pretensions to your hand in the way that best suited thy character. It is meeter for thy humour to be wooed with bow and bill, than in set terms, and in courtly language."

"Courtesy of tongue," said Rowena, "when it is

used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown. I wonder not that the restraint appears to gall you—more it were for your honour to have retained the dress and language of an outlaw, than to veil the deeds of one under an affectation of gentle language and demeanour."

"You counsel well, lady," said the Norman; "and in the bold language which best justifies bold action, I tell thee, thou shalt never leave this castle, or thou shalt leave it as Maurice de Bracy's wife. I am not wont to be baffled in my enterprises, nor needs a Norman noble scrupulously to vindicate his conduct to the Saxon maiden whom he distinguishes by the offer of his hand. Thou art proud, Rowena, and thou art the fitter to be my wife. By what other means couldst thou be raised to high honour and to princely place, saving by my alliance? How else wouldst thou escape from the mean precincts of a country grange, where Saxons herd with the swine which form their wealth, to take thy seat, honoured as thou shouldst be, and shalt be, amid all in England that is distinguished by beauty, or dignified by power?"

"Sir Knight," replied Rowena, "the grange which you contemn hath been my shelter from infancy; and, trust me, when I leave it—should that day ever arrive—it shall be with one who has not learnt to despise the dwelling and manners in which I have been brought up."

"I guess your meaning, lady," said De Bracy, "though you may think it lies too obscure for my apprehension. But dream not, that Richard Cœur de Lion will ever resume his throne, far less that Wilfred of Ivanhoe, his minion, will ever lead thee to his footstool, to be there welcomed as the bride of a favourite. Another suitor might feel jealousy while he touched this string; but my firm purpose cannot be changed by a passion so childish and so hopeless. Know, lady, that this rival is in my power, and that it rests but with me to betray the secret of his being within the castle to Front-de-Bœuf, whose jealousy will be more fatal than mine."

"Wilfred here?" said Rowena, in disdain; "that is as true as that Front-de-Bœuf is his rival."

De Bracy looked at her steadily for an instant. "Wert thou really ignorant of this?" said he; "didst thou not know that Wilfred of Ivanhoe travelled in the litter of the Jew?—a meet conveyance for the crusader, whose doughty arm was to reconquer the Holy Sepulchre!" And he laughed scornfully.

"And if he is here," said Rowena, compelling herself to a tone of indifference, though trembling with an agony of apprehension which she could not suppress, "in what is he the rival of Front-de-Bœuf? or what has he to fear beyond a short imprisonment, and an honourable ransom, according to the use of chivalry?"

"Rowena," said De Bracy, "art thou, too, deceived by the common error of thy sex, who think there can be no rivalry but that respecting their own charms? Knowest thou not there is a jealousy of ambition and of wealth, as well as of love; and that this our host Front-de-Bœuf, will push from his road him who opposes his claim to the fair barony of Ivanhoe, as readily, eagerly, and unscrupulously, as if he were preferred to him by some blue-eyed damsel? But smile on my suit, lady, and the wounded champion shall have nothing to fear from Front-de-Bœuf, whom else thou mayst mourn for, as in the hands of one who has never shown compassion."

"Save him, for the love of Heaven!" said Rowena, her firmness giving way under terror for her lover's impending fate.

"I can—I will—it is my purpose," said De Bracy; "for, when Rowena consents to be the bride of De Bracy, who is it shall dare to put forth a violent hand upon her kinsman—the son of her guardian—the companion of her youth? But it is thy love must buy his protection. I am not romantic fool enough to further the fortune, or avert the fate, of one who is likely to be a successful obstacle between me and my wishes. Use thine influence with me in his behalf, and he is safe,—refuse to employ it, Wilfred dies, and thou thyself art not the nearer to freedom."

"Thy language," answered Rowena, "ha[s] indifferent bluntness something which ca[n] reconciled with the horrors it seems to ex[press] believe not that thy purpose is so wicked, or t[hy power] so great."

"Flatter thyself, then, with that belief," [said De] Bracy, "until time shall prove it false. Thy [lover lies] wounded in this castle—thy preferred lover. [He is a] bar betwixt Front-de-Bœuf and that which F[ront-de-] Bœuf loves better than either ambition or [beauty.] What will it cost beyond the blow of a poniar[d, or the] thrust of a javelin, to silence his opposition[?] Nay, were Front-de-Bœuf afraid to justify [a deed so] open, let the leech but give his patient a wron[g draught;] let the chamberlain, or the nurse who tends [him,] pluck the pillow from his head, and Wilfr[ed in his] present condition, is sped without the effusion [of blood.] Cedric also"——

"And Cedric also," said Rowena, repea[ting his] words; "my noble—my generous guardian[! I de]served the evil I have encountered, for forge[tting his] fate even in that of his son!"

"Cedric's fate also depends upon thy [determi]nation," said De Bracy; "and I leave thee to [form it.]"

Hitherto Rowena had sustained her part in [this try]ing scene with undismayed courage, but it [was be]cause she had not considered the danger a[s serious] and imminent. Her disposition was natur[ally that] which physiognomists consider as proper to f[air com]plexions, mild, timid, and gentle; but it had b[een tem]pered, and, as it were, hardened, by the circu[mstances] of her education. Accustomed to see the wi[ll of all,] even of Cedric himself, (sufficiently arbitr[ary with] others,) give way before her wishes, she had [acquired] that sort of courage and self-confidence whi[ch arises] from the habitual and constant deference of t[he circle] in which we move. She could scarce con[ceive the] possibility of her will being opposed, far les[s that of] its being treated with total disregard.

Her haughtiness and habit of domination w[as, there]fore, a fictitious character, induced over tha[t which] was natural to her, and it deserted her when [her eyes] were opened to the extent of her own danger[, as well] as that of her lover and her guardian; and w[hen she] found her will, the slightest expression of w[hich was] wont to command respect and attention, no[w placed] in opposition to that of a man of a strong, fi[erce, and] determined mind, who possessed the advant[age over] her, and was resolved to use it, she quailed be[fore him.]

After casting her eyes around, as if to loo[k for the] aid which was nowhere to be found, and aft[er a few] broken interjections, she raised her hands to [heaven,] and burst into a passion of uncontrolled vexa[tion and] sorrow. It was impossible to see so beautif[ul a crea]ture in such extremity without feeling for he[r, and De] Bracy was not unmoved, though he was [yet more] embarrassed than touched. He had, in tru[th, gone] too far to recede; and yet, in Rowena's pre[sent con]dition, she could not be acted on either by a[rgument] or threats. He paced the apartment to and [fro, now] vainly exhorting the terrified maiden to [compose] herself, now hesitating concerning his own [line of] conduct.

If, thought he, I should be moved by the t[ears and] sorrow of this disconsolate damsel, what [should I] reap but the loss of those fair hopes for whi[ch I have] encountered so much risk, and the ridicule [of Prince] John and his jovial comrades. "And yet," [he said] to himself, "I feel myself ill-framed for [the part] which I am playing. I cannot look on so f[air a face] while it is disturbed with agony, or on t[hose eyes] when they are drowned in tears. I would [she had] retained her original haughtiness of dispo[sition, or] that I had a larger share of Front-de-Bœuf['s thrice-]tempered hardness of heart!"

Agitated by these thoughts, he could on[ly bid the] unfortunate Rowena be comforted, and as[sure her] that as yet she had no reason for the exce[ss of de]spair to which she was now giving way. B[ut in this] task of consolation De Bracy was interrupt[ed by the] horn, "hoarse-winded blowing far and keen[," which] had at the same time alarmed the other in[mates of] the castle, and interrupted their several [plans of] avarice and of license. Of them all, per[haps...]

cy least regretted the interruption; for his confer-
e with the Lady Rowena had arrived at a point,
ere he found it equally difficult to prosecute or to
go his enterprise.

nd here we cannot but think it necessary to offer
e better proof than the incidents of an idle tale, to
licate the melancholy representation of manners
ch has been just laid before the reader. It is
vous to think that those valiant barons, to whose
d against the crown the liberties of England were
bted for their existence, should themselves have
such dreadful oppressors, and capable of excesses
rary not only to the laws of England, but to
e of nature and humanity. But, alas! we have
to extract from the industrious Henry one of
e numerous passages which he has collected
contemporary historians, to prove that fiction
f can hardly reach the dark reality of the hor-
of the period.

e description given by the author of the Saxon
onicle of the cruelties exercised in the reign of
g Stephen by the great barons and lords of cas-
who were all Normans, affords a strong proof of
excesses of which they were capable when their
ions were inflamed. "They grievously oppressed
poor people by building castles; and when they
built, they filled them with wicked men, or
er devils, who seized both men and women who
imagined had any money, threw them into pri-
and put them to more cruel tortures than the
tyrs ever endured. They suffocated some in mud,
suspended others by the feet, or the head, or the
mbs, kindling fires below them. They squeezed
heads of some with knotted cords till they
ced their brains, while they threw others into
geons swarming with serpents, snakes, and
s." But it would be cruel to put the reader to the
of perusing the remainder of this description.*

another instance of these bitter fruits of con-
t, and perhaps the strongest that can be quoted,
may mention, that the Empress Matilda, though
ghter of the King of Scotland, and afterwards
Queen of England and Empress of Germany,
daughter, the wife, and the mother of monarchs,
obliged, during her early residence for education
ngland, to assume the veil of a nun, as the only
ns of escaping the licentious pursuit of the Nor-
nobles. This excuse she stated before a great
ncil of the clergy of England, as the sole reason
her having taken the religious habit. The assem-
l clergy admitted the validity of the plea, and the
oriety of the circumstances upon which it was
ded; giving thus an indubitable and most remark-
e testimony to the existence of that disgraceful
nse by which that age was stained. It was a
tter of public knowledge, they said, that after the
quest of King William, his Norman followers,
ed by so great a victory, acknowledged no law
their own wicked pleasure, and not only despoiled
conquered Saxons of their lands and their goods,
invaded the honour of their wives and of their
ghters with the most unbridled license; and
ce it was then common for matrons and maidens
oble families to assume the veil, and take shelter
convents, not as called thither by the vocation of
l, but solely to preserve their honour from the
ridled wickedness of man.

ch and so licentious were the times, as an-
ced by the public declaration of the assembled
y, recorded by Eadmer; and we need add no-
more to vindicate the probability of the scenes
h we have detailed, and are about to detail, upon
more apocryphal authority of the Wardour MS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I'll woo her as the lion woos his bride.
Douglas.

ILE the scenes we have described were passing
her parts of the castle, the Jewess Rebecca
ed her fate in a distant and sequestered turret.
r she had been led by two of her disguised
ers, and on being thrust into the little cell, she
found herself in the presence of an old sybil, who
kept murmuring to herself a Saxon rhyme, as if to
beat time to the revolving dance which her spindle
was performing upon the floor. The hag raised her
head as Rebecca entered, and scowled at the fair
Jewess with the malignant envy with which old age
and ugliness, when united with evil conditions, are
apt to look upon youth and beauty.

"Thou must up and away, old house-cricket," said
one of the men; "our noble master commands it—
Thou must even leave this chamber to a fairer guest."

"Ay," grumbled the hag, "even thus is service
requited. I have known when my bare word would
have cast the best man-at-arms among ye out of sad-
dle and out of service; and now must I up and away
at the command of every groom such as thou."

"Good Dame Urfried," said the other man, "stand
not to reason on it, but up and away. Lord's hests
must be listened to with a quick ear. Thou hast had
thy day, old dame, but thy sun has long been set.
Thou art now the very emblem of an old war-horse
turned out on the barren heath—thou hast had thy
paces in thy time, but now a broken amble is the best
of them—Come, amble off with thee."

"Ill omens dog ye both!" said the old woman;
"and a kennel be your burying-place! May the evil
demon Zernebock tear me limb from limb, if I leave
my own cell ere I have spun out the hemp on my
distaff!"

"Answer it to our lord, then, old housefiend," said
the man, and retired; leaving Rebecca in company
with the old woman, upon whose presence she had
been thus unwillingly forced.

"What devil's deed have they now in the wind?"
said the old hag, murmuring to herself, yet from time
to time casting a sidelong and malignant glance at
Rebecca; "but it is easy to guess—Bright eyes, black
locks, and a skin like paper, ere the priest stains it
with his black unguent—Ay, it is easy to guess why
they send her to this lone turret, whence a shriek
could no more be heard than at the depth of five hun-
dred fathoms beneath the earth.—Thou wilt have
owls for thy neighbours, fair one; and their screams
will be heard as far, and as much regarded, as thine
own. Outlandish, too," she said, marking the dress
and turban of Rebecca—"What country art thou of?
—a Saracen? or an Egyptian?—Why dost not an-
swer?—thou canst weep, canst thou not speak?"

"Be not angry, good mother," said Rebecca.

"Thou needst say no more," replied Urfried; "men
know a fox by the train, and a Jewess by her tongue."

"For the sake of mercy," said Rebecca, "tell me
what I am to expect as the conclusion of the violence
which hath dragged me hither! Is it my life they
seek, to atone for my religion? I will lay it down
cheerfully."

"Thy life, minion?" answered the sybil; "what
would taking thy life pleasure them?—Trust me, thy
life is in no peril. Such usage shalt thou have as was
once thought good enough for a noble Saxon maiden.
And shall a Jewess, like thee, repine because she hath
no better? Look at me—I was as young and twice
as fair as thou, when Front-de-Bœuf, father of this
Reginald, and his Normans, stormed this castle. My
father and his seven sons defended their inheritance
from story to story, from chamber to chamber—There
was not a room, not a step of the stair, that was not
slippery with their blood. They died—they died every
man; and ere their bodies were cold, and ere their
blood was dried, I had become the prey and the scorn
of the conqueror!"

"Is there no help?—Are there no means of escape?"
said Rebecca—"Richly, richly would I requite thine
aid."

"Think not of it," said the hag; "from hence
there is no escape but through the gates of death;
and it is late, late," she added, shaking her gray
head, "ere these open to us—Yet it is comfort to think
that we leave behind us on earth those who shall be
wretched as ourselves. Fare thee well, Jewess!—
Jew or Gentile, thy fate would be the same; for thou
hast to do with them that have neither scruple nor
pity. Fare thee well, I say. My thread is spun out
—thy task is yet to begin."

* Henry's Hist. edit. 1805, vol. vii. p. 346.

"Stay! stay! for Heaven's sake!" said Rebecca; "stay, though it be to curse and to revile me—thy presence is yet some protection."

"The presence of the mother of God were no protection," answered the old woman. "There she stands," pointing to a rude image of the Virgin Mary, "see if she can avert the fate that awaits thee."

She left the room as she spoke, her features writhed into a sort of sneering laugh, which made them seem even more hideous than their habitual frown. She locked the door behind her, and Rebecca might hear her curse every step for its steepness, as slowly and with difficulty she descended the turret-stair.

Rebecca was now to expect a fate even more dreadful than that of Rowena; for what probability was there that either softness or ceremony would be used towards one of her oppressed race, whatever shadow of these might be preserved towards a Saxon heiress? Yet had the Jewess this advantage, that she was better prepared by habits of thought, and by natural strength of mind, to encounter the dangers to which she was exposed. Of a strong and observing character, even from her earliest years, the pomp and wealth which her father displayed within his walls, or which she witnessed in the houses of other wealthy Hebrews, had not been able to blind her to the precarious circumstances under which they were enjoyed. Like Damocles at his celebrated banquet, Rebecca perpetually beheld, amid that gorgeous display, the sword which was suspended over the heads of her people by a single hair. These reflections had tamed and brought down to a pitch of sounder judgment a temper, which, under other circumstances, might have waxed haughty, supercilious, and obstinate.

From her father's example and injunctions, Rebecca had learnt to bear herself courteously towards all who approached her. She could not indeed imitate his excess of subservience, because she was a stranger to the meanness of mind, and to the constant state of timid apprehension, by which it was dictated; but she bore herself with a proud humility, as if submitting to the evil circumstances in which she was placed as the daughter of a despised race, while she felt in her mind the consciousness that she was entitled to hold a higher rank from her merit, than the arbitrary despotism of religious prejudice permitted her to aspire to.

Thus prepared to expect adverse circumstances, she had acquired the firmness necessary for acting under them. Her present situation required all her presence of mind, and she summed it up accordingly.

Her first care was to inspect the apartment; but it afforded few hopes either of escape or protection. It contained neither secret passage nor trap-door, and unless where the door by which she had entered joined the main building, seemed to be circumscribed by the round exterior wall of the turret. The door had no inside bolt or bar. The single window opened upon an embattled space surmounting the turret, which gave Rebecca at first sight, some hopes of escaping; but she soon found it had no communication with any other part of the battlements, being an isolated bartisan, or balcony, secured, as usual, by a parapet, with embrasures, at which a few archers might be stationed for defending the turret, and flanking with their shot the wall of the castle on that side.

There was therefore no hope but in passive fortitude, and in that strong reliance on Heaven natural to great and generous characters. Rebecca, however erroneously taught to interpret the promises of Scripture to the chosen people of Heaven, did not err in supposing the present to be their hour of trial, or in trusting that the children of Zion would be one day called in with the fulness of the Gentiles. In the mean while, all around her showed that their present state was that of punishment and probation, and that it was their especial duty to suffer without sinning. Thus prepared to consider herself as the victim of misfortune, Rebecca had early reflected upon her own state, and schooled her mind to meet the dangers which she had probably to encounter.

The prisoner trembled, however, and changed colour, when a step was heard on the stair, and the door of the turret-chamber slowly opened, and a tall man, dressed as one of those banditti to wh owed their misfortune, slowly entered, and door behind him; his cap, pulled down brows, concealed the upper part of his fac held his mantle in such a manner as to m rest. In this guise, as if prepared for the ex some deed, at the thought of which he wa ashamed, he stood before the affrighted yet, ruffian as his dress bespoke him, he se loss to express what purpose had brought ther, so that Rebecca, making an effort up had time to anticipate his explanation. already unclasped two costly bracelets an which she hastened to proffer to the suppose concluding naturally that to gratify his av to bespeak his favour.

"Take these," she said, "good friend, and sake be merciful to me and my aged fathe ornaments are of value, yet are they trifline he would bestow to obtain our dismissal castle, free and uninjured."

"Fair flower of Palestine," replied the "these pearls are orient, but they yield in w to your teeth; the diamonds are brilliant, cannot match your eyes; and ever since I ha up this wild trade, I have made a vow to pref to wealth."

"Do not do yourself such wrong," said "take ransom, and have mercy!—Gold will you pleasure,—to misuse us, could only brin morse. My father will willingly satiate th wishes; and if thou wilt act wisely, thou m chase with our spoils thy restoration to civil mayst obtain pardon for past errors, and beyond the necessity of committing more."

"It is well spoken," replied the outlaw i finding it difficult probably to sustain, in conversation which Rebecca had opened in guage; "but know, bright lily of the vale that thy father is already in the hands of a alchemist, who knows how to convert into silver even the rusty bars of a dungeon gr venerable Isaac is subjected to an alembic, w distil from him all he holds dear, without a ance from my requests or thy entreaty. Th must be paid by love and beauty, and in no will I accept it."

"Thou art no outlaw," said Rebecca, in language in which he addressed her; "no o refused such offers. No outlaw in this lan dialect in which thou hast spoken. Thou a law, but a Norman—a Norman, noble p birth—O, be so in thy actions, and cast off t mask of outrage and violence!"

"And thou, who canst guess so truly," s de Bois-Guilbert, dropping the mantle from "art no true daughter of Israel, but in all, s and beauty, a very witch of Endor. I am no law, then, fair rose of Sharon. And I am will be more prompt to hang thy neck and pearls and diamonds, which so well beco than to deprive thee of these ornaments."

"What wouldst thou have of me," said "if not my wealth? We can have naugh mon between us—you are a Christian—I a ess.—Our union were contrary to the law the church and the synagogue."

"It were so, indeed," replied the Temp ing; "wed with a Jewess? *Despardieu* she were the Queen of Sheba! And kno sweet daughter of Zion, that were the mos king to offer me his most Christian daug Languedoc for a dowery, I could not wed against my vow to love any maiden, other *par amours*, as I will love thee. I am a Behold the cross of my Holy Order."

"Darest thou appeal to it," said Rebec occasion like the present?"

"And if I do so," said the Templar, "i not thee, who art no believer in the blessed salvation."

"I believe as my fathers taught," said "and may God forgive my belief if erroneou Sir Knight, what is *yours*, when you appe

which you deem most holy, even
ut to transgress the most solemn of
night, and as a man of religion?"
an I well preached, O daughter of
ed the Templar; "but, gentle Ec-
arrow Jewish prejudices make thee
privilege. Marriage were an endur-
part of a Templar; but what lesser
se, I shall speedily be absolved from
ptory of our Order. Not the wisest
t his father, whose examples you
y are weighty, claimed wider privi-
r soldiers of the Temple of Zion have
in its defence. The protectors of
I may claim license by the example

st the Scripture," said the Jewess,
the saints, only to justify thine own
gacy, thy crime is like that of him
ison from the most healthful and

Templar flashed fire at this reproof
said, "Rebecca; I have hitherto
thee, but now my language shall be
r. Thou art the captive of my bow
st to my will by the laws of all
I I abate an inch of my right, or
ng by violence what thou refusest
essity."
said Rebecca—"stand back, and
offer st to commit a sin so deadly!
mayst indeed overpower, for God
als, and trusted their defence to
But I will proclaim thy villany,
e end of Europe to the other. I
superstition of thy brethren what
might refuse me. Each Preceptory
f thy Order, shall learn, that, like a
sinned with a Jewess. Those who
y crimes, will hold thee accursed for
honoured the cross thou wearest, as
tter of my people."
-witted, Jewess," replied the Tem-
of the truth of what she spoke, and
his Order condemned in the most
and under high penalties, such in-
w prosecuted, and that, in some
legradation had followed upon it—
witted," he said; "but loud must
mplaint, if it is heard beyond the iron
le; within these, murmurs, laments,
e, and screams for help, die alike
e thing only can save thee, Rebecca.
ate—embrace our religion, and thou
such state, that many a Norman
s well in pomp as in beauty to the
best lance among the defenders of

y fate!" said Rebecca—"and, sacred
t fate?—embrace thy religion! and
it be that harbours such a villain?
lance of the Templars!—Craven
rn priest! I spit at thee, and I defy
of Abraham's promise hath opened
s daughter—even from this abyss of

she threw open the lattice window
e bartisan, and in an instant after,
y verge of the parapet, with not the
between her and the tremendous
nprepared for such a desperate effort,
rto stood perfectly motionless, Bois-
her time to intercept nor to stop her.
advance, she exclaimed, "Remain
proud Templar, or at thy choice ad-
nearer, and I plunge myself from
y body shall be crushed out of the
manity upon the stones of that court-
ne the victim of thy brutality!"
his, she clasped her hands and ex-
ards heaven, as if imploring mercy
e she made the final plunge. The
d, and a resolution which had never
distress, gave way to his admiration
of her fortitude. "Come down," he said, "rash girl! I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I will offer thee no offence."

"I will not trust thee, Templar," said Rebecca; "thou hast taught me better how to estimate the virtues of thine Order. The next Preceptory would grant thee absolution for an oath, the keeping of which concerned naught but the honour or the dishonour of a miserable Jewish maiden."

"You do me injustice," exclaimed the Templar fervently; "I swear to you by the name which I bear—by the cross on my bosom—by the sword on my side—by the ancient crest of my fathers do I swear, I will do thee no injury whatsoever! If not for thyself, yet for thy father's sake forbear! I will be his friend, and in this castle he will need a powerful one."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "I know it but too well—dare I trust thee?"

"May my arms be reversed, and my name dishonoured," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, "if thou shalt have reason to complain of me! Many a law, many a commandment have I broken, but my word never."

"I will then trust thee," said Rebecca, "thus far;" and she descended from the verge of the battlement, but remained standing close by one of the embrasures, or *machicolles*, as they were then called.—"Here," she said, "I take my stand. Remain where thou art, and if thou shalt attempt to diminish by one step the distance now between us, thou shalt see that the Jewish maiden will rather trust her soul with God, than her honour to the Templar!"

While Rebecca spoke thus, her high and firm resolve, which corresponded so well with the expressive beauty of her countenance, gave to her looks, air, and manner, a dignity that seemed more than mortal. Her glance quailed not, her cheek blanched not, for the fear of a fate so instant and so horrible; on the contrary, the thought that she had her fate at her command, and could escape at will from infamy to death, gave a yet deeper colour of carnation to her complexion, and a yet more brilliant fire to her eye. Bois-Guilbert, proud himself and high-spirited, thought he had never beheld beauty so animated and so commanding.

"Let there be peace between us, Rebecca," he said.

"Peace, if thou wilt," answered Rebecca—"Peace—but with this space between."

"Thou needst no longer fear me," said Bois-Guilbert.

"I fear thee not," replied she; "thanks to him that reared this dizzy tower so high, that naught could fall from it and live—thanks to him, and to the God of Israel!—I fear thee not."

"Thou dost me injustice," said the Templar; "by earth, sea, and sky, thou dost me injustice! I am not naturally that which you have seen me, hard, selfish, and relentless. It was woman that taught me cruelty, and on woman therefore I have exercised it; but not upon such as thou. Hear me, Rebecca—Never did knight take lance in his hand with a heart more devoted to the lady of his love than Brian de Bois-Guilbert. She, the daughter of a petty baron, who boasted for all his domains but a ruinous tower, and an unproductive vineyard, and some few leagues of the barren Landes of Bourdeaux, her name was known wherever deeds of arms were done, known wider than that of many a lady's that had a county for a dowery.—Yes," he continued, pacing up and down the little platform, with an animation in which he seemed to lose all consciousness of Rebecca's presence—"Yes, my deeds, my danger, my blood, made the name of Adelaide de Montemare known from the court of Castile to that of Byzantium. And how was I requited?—When I returned with my dear-bought honours, purchased by toil and blood, I found her wedded to a Gascon squire, whose name was never heard beyond the limits of his own paltry domain! Truly did I love her, and bitterly did I revenge me of her broken faith! But my vengeance has recoiled on myself. Since that day I have separated myself from life and its ties—My manhood must know no domestic home—must be soothed by no affectionate wife—My age must know no kindly hearth—My grave must be solitary, and no offspring must outlive

me, to bear the ancient name of Bois-Guilbert. At the feet of my Superior I have laid down the right of self-action—the privilege of independence. The Templar, a serf in all but the name, can possess neither lands nor goods, and lives, moves, and breathes, but at the will and pleasure of another."

"Alas!" said Rebecca, "what advantages could compensate for such an absolute sacrifice?"

"The power of vengeance, Rebecca," replied the Templar, "and the prospects of ambition."

"An evil recompense," said Rebecca, "for the surrender of the rights which are dearest to humanity."

"Say not so, maiden," answered the Templar; "revenge is a feast for the gods! And if they have reserved it, as priests tell us, to themselves, it is because they hold it an enjoyment too precious for the possession of mere mortals. And ambition? it is a temptation which could disturb even the bliss of heaven itself."—He paused a moment, and then added, "Rebecca! she who could prefer death to dishonour, must have a proud and a powerful soul. Mine thou must be!—Nay, start not," he added, "it must be with thine own consent, and on thine own terms. Thou must consent to share with me hopes more extended than can be viewed from the throne of a monarch! -Hear me ere you answer, and judge ere you refuse. -The Templar loses, as thou hast said, his social rights, his power of free agency, but he becomes a member and a limb of a mighty body, before which thrones already tremble,—even as the single drop of rain which mixes with the sea becomes an individual part of that resistless ocean, which undermines rocks and ingulfs royal armadas. Such a swelling flood is that powerful league. Of this mighty Order I am no mean member, but already one of the Chief Commanders, and may well aspire one day to hold the batoon of Grand Master. The poor soldiers of the Temple will not alone place their foot upon the necks of kings—a hemp-sandall'd monk can do that. Our mailed step shall ascend their throne -our gauntlet shall wrench the sceptre from their gripe. Not the reign of your vainly-expected Messiah offers such power to your dispersed tribes as my ambition may aim at. I have sought but a kindred spirit to share it, and I have found such in thee."

"Sayest thou this to one of my people?" answered Rebecca. "Bethink thee"——

"Answer me not," said the Templar, "by urging the difference of our creeds; within our secret conclaves we hold these nursery tales in derision. Think not we long remained blind to the idiotical folly of our founders, who forswore every delight of life for the pleasure of dying martyrs by hunger, by thirst, and by pestilence, and by the swords of savages, while they vainly strove to defend a barren desert, valuable only in the eyes of superstition. Our Order soon adopted bolder and wider views, and found out a better indemnification for our sacrifices. Our immense possessions in every kingdom of Europe, our high military fame, which brings within our circle the flower of chivalry from every Christian clime—these are dedicated to ends of which our pious founders little dreamed, and which are equally concealed from such weak spirits as embrace our Order on the ancient principles, and whose superstition makes them our passive tools. But I will not further withdraw the veil of our mysteries. That bugle-sound announces something which may require my presence. Think on what I have said.—Farewell! I do not say forgive me the violence I have threatened, for it was necessary to the display of thy character. Gold can be only known by the application of the touchstone. I will soon return, and hold further conference with thee."

He re-entered the turret-chamber, and descended the stair, leaving Rebecca scarcely more terrified at the prospect of the death to which she had been so lately exposed, than at the furious ambition of the bold bad man in whose power she found herself so unhappily placed. When she entered the turret-chamber, her first duty was to return thanks to the God of Jacob for the protection which he had afforded her, and to implore its continuance for her and for her father. Another name glided into her petition—it was that of the wounded Christian, whom fate had placed in the hands of bloodthirsty men, his enemies. Her heart indeed checked her, as in communing with the Deity in prayer, she in her devotions the recollection of one with fate hers could have no alliance—a Nazarene enemy to her faith. But the petition was breathed, nor could all the narrow prejudice sect induce Rebecca to wish it recalled.

CHAPTER XXV.

A damn'd cramp piece of penmanship as ever I saw i
She Stoops to C

When the Templar reached the hall of the he found De Bracy already there. "Your lov said De Bracy, "hath, I suppose, been disturb mine, by this obstreperous summons. But y come later and more reluctantly, and therefor sume your interview has proved more agreeab mine."

"Has your suit, then, been unsuccessfully the Saxon heiress?" said the Templar.

"By the bones of Thomas a Becket," an De Bracy, "the Lady Rowena must have heard cannot endure the sight of women's tears."

"Away!" said the Templar; "thou a lead Free Company, and regard a woman's tears! drops sprinkled on the torch of love, make the blaze the brighter."

"Gramercy for the few drops of thy sprin replied De Bracy; "but this damsel hath wept to extinguish a beacon-light. Never was such ing of hands and such overflowing of eyes, si days of St. Niobe, of whom Prior Aymer to A water-fiend hath possessed the fair Saxon."

"A legion of fiends have occupied the bosom Jewess," replied the Templar; "for, I think no one, not even Apollyon himself, could have i such indomitable pride and resolution.—But w Front-de-Bœuf? That horn is sounded mo more clamorously."

"He is negotiating with the Jew, I suppose," De Bracy, coolly; "probably the howls of Isa drowned the blast of the bugle. Thou mayst by experience, Sir Brian, that a Jew parting w treasures on such terms as our friend Front-d is like to offer, will raise a clamour loud enoug heard over twenty horns and trumpets to boo we will make the vassals call him."

They were soon after joined by Front-de-Bœu had been disturbed in his tyrannic cruelty in th ner with which the reader is acquainted, and h tarried to give some necessary directions.

"Let us see the cause of this cursed clamou Front-de-Bœuf—"here is a letter, and, if I n not, it is in Saxon."

He looked at it, turning it round and round a had really some hopes of coming at the meani inverting the position of the paper, and then han to De Bracy.

"It may be magic spells for aught I know," s Bracy, who possessed his full proportion of th rance which characterized the chivalry of the "Our chaplain attempted to teach me to wri said, "but all my letters were formed like spea and sword-blades, and so the old shaveling g the task."

"Give it me," said the Templar. "We have the priestly character, that we have some kno to enlighten our valour."

"Let us profit by your most reverend kno then," said De Bracy; "what says the scroll?

"It is a formal letter of defiance," answe Templar; "but, by our Lady of Bethlehem, if i a foolish jest, it is the most extraordinary cart ever was sent across the drawbridge of a h castle."

"Jest!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "I would gladl who dares jest with me in such a matter!—R Sir Brian."

* I wish the Prior had also informed them when Ni sainted. Probably during that enlightened period whe
"Pan to Moses lent his pagan horn."

The Templar accordingly read it as follows:—

"I, Wamba, the son of Witless, Jester to a noble and free-born man, Cedric of Rotherwood, called the Saxon,—And I, Gurth, the son of Beowulph, the swineherd"——

"Thou art mad," said Front-de-Bœuf, interrupting the reader.

"By St. Luke, it is so set down," answered the Templar. Then resuming his task, he went on,—"I, Gurth, the son of Beowulph, swineherd unto the said Cedric, with the assistance of our allies and confederates, who make common cause with us in this our feud, namely, the good knight, called for the present *Le Noir Faineant*, and the stout yeoman, Robert Locksley, called Cleave-the-wand, Do you, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and your allies and accomplices whomsoever, to wit, that whereas you have, without cause given or feud declared, wrongfully and by mastery seized upon the person of our lord and master the said Cedric; also upon the person of a noble and freeborn damsel, the Lady Rowena of Hargottstandstede; also upon the person of a noble and freeborn man, Athelstane of Coningsburgh; also upon the persons of certain freeborn men, their *cnichts;* also upon certain serfs, their born bondsmen; also upon a certain Jew, named Isaac of York, together with his daughter, a Jewess, and certain horses and mules: which noble persons, with their *cnichts* and slaves, and also with the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess aforesaid, were all in peace with his majesty, and travelling as liege subjects upon the king's highway; therefore we require and demand that the said noble persons, namely, Cedric of Rotherwood, Rowena of Hargottstandstede, Athelstane of Coningsburgh, with their servants, *cnichts*, and followers, also the horses and mules, Jew and Jewess aforesaid, together with all goods and chattels to them pertaining, be, within an hour after the delivery hereof, delivered to us, or to those whom we shall appoint to receive the same, and that untouched and unharmed in body and goods. Failing of which, we do pronounce to you, that we hold ye as robbers and traitors, and will wager our bodies against ye in battle, siege, or otherwise, and do our utmost to your annoyance and destruction. Wherefore may God have you in his keeping.—Signed by us upon the eve of St. Withold's day, under the great trysting oak in the Hart-hill Walk, the above being written by a holy man, Clerk to God, our Lady, and St. Dunstan, in the Chapel of Copmanhurst."

At the bottom of this document was scrawled, in the first place, a rude sketch of a cock's head and comb, with a legend expressing this hieroglyphic to be the sign manual of Wamba, son of Witless. Under this respectable emblem stood a cross, stated to be the mark of Gurth, the son of Beowulph. Then was written, in rough bold characters, the words, *Le Noir Faineant.* And, to conclude the whole, an arrow, neatly enough drawn, was described as the mark of the yeoman Locksley.

The knights heard this uncommon document read from end to end, and then gazed upon each other in silent amazement as being utterly at a loss to know what it could portend. De Bracy was the first to break silence by an uncontrollable fit of laughter, wherein he was joined, though with more moderation, by the Templar. Front-de-Bœuf, on the contrary, seemed impatient of their ill-timed jocularity.

"I give you plain warning," he said, "fair sirs, that ye had better consult how to bear yourselves under these circumstances, than give way to such misplaced merriment."

"Front-de-Bœuf has not recovered his temper since his late overthrow," said De Bracy to the Templar; "he is cowed at the very idea of a cartel, though it come but from a fool and a swineherd."

"By St. Michael, answered Front-de-Bœuf, "I would thou couldst stand the whole brunt of this adventure thyself, De Bracy. These fellows dared not have acted with such inconceivable impudence, had they not been supported by some strong bands. There are enough of outlaws in this forest to resent my protecting the deer. I did but tie one fellow, who was taken redhanded and in the fact, to the horns of a wild stag, which gored him to death in five minutes, and I had as many arrows shot at me as there were launched against yonder target at Ashby.—Here, fellow," he added, to one of his attendants, "hast thou sent out to see by what force this precious challenge is to be supported?"

"There are at least two hundred men assembled in the woods," answered a squire who was in attendance.

"Here is a proper matter!" said Front-de-Bœuf; "this comes of lending you the use of my castle, that cannot manage your undertaking quietly, but you must bring this nest of hornets about my ears!"

"Of hornets?" said De Bracy; "of stingless drones rather; a band of lazy knaves, who take to the wood, and destroy the venison rather than labour for their maintenance."

"Stingless!" replied Front-de-Bœuf; "fork-headed shafts of a cloth-yard in length, and these shot within the breadth of a French crown, are sting enough."

"For shame, Sir Knight!" said the Templar. "Let us summon our people, and sally forth upon them. One knight—ay, one man-at-arms, were enough for twenty such peasants."

"Enough, and too much," said De Bracy; "I should only be ashamed to couch lance against them."

"True," answered Front-de-Bœuf: "were they black Turks or Moors, Sir Templar, or the craven peasants of France, most valiant De Bracy; but these are English yeomen, over whom we shall have no advantage, save what we may derive from our arms and horses, which will avail us little in the glades of the forest. Sally, saidst thou? we have scarce men enough to defend the castle. The best of mine are at York; so is all your band, De Bracy; and we have scarcely twenty, besides the handful that were engaged in this mad business."

"Thou dost not fear," said the Templar, "that they can assemble in force sufficient to attempt the castle?"

"Not so, Sir Brian," answered Front-de-Bœuf. "These outlaws have indeed a daring captain; but without machines, scaling ladders, and experienced leaders, my castle may defy them."

"Send to thy neighbours," said the Templar "let them assemble their people, and come to the rescue of three knights, besieged by a jester and a swineherd in the baronial castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf!"

"You jest, Sir Knight," answered the baron; "but to whom should I send?—Malvoisin is by this time at York with his retainers, and so are my other allies, and so should I have been, but for this infernal enterprise."

"Then send to York, and recall our people," said De-Bracy. "If they abide the shaking of my standard, or the sight of my Free Companions, I will give them credit for the boldest outlaws ever bent bow in green-wood."

"And who shall bear such a message?" said Front-de Bœuf; "they will beset every path, and rip the errand out of his bosom.—I have it," he added, after pausing for a moment—"Sir Templar, thou canst write as well as read, and if we can but find the writing materials of my chaplain, who died a twelvemonth since in the midst of his Christmas carousals"——

"So please ye," said the squire, who was still in attendance, "I think old Urfried has them somewhere in keeping, for love of the confessor. He was the last man, I have heard her tell, who ever said aught to her, which man ought in courtesy to address to maid or matron."

"Go, search them out, Engerbred," said Front-de-Bœuf; "and then, Sir Templar, thou shalt return an answer to this bold challenge."

"I would rather do it at the sword's point, than at that of the pen," said Bois-Guilbert; "but be it as you will."

He sat down accordingly, and indited, in the French language, an epistle of the following tenor:—

"Sir Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, with his noble and knightly allies and confederates, receive no defiances at the hands of slaves, bondsmen, or fugitives. If the person calling himself the Black Knight have indeed a claim to the honours of chivalry he ought to know

that he stands degraded by his present association, and has no right to ask reckoning at the hands of good men of noble blood. Touching the prisoners we have made, we do in Christian charity require you to send a man of religion, to receive their confession, and reconcile them with God; since it is our fixed intention to execute them this morning before noon, so that their heads being placed on the battlements, shall show to all men how lightly we esteem those who have bestirred themselves in their rescue. Wherefore, as above, we require you to send a priest to reconcile them to God, in doing which you shall render them the last earthly service."

This letter being folded, was delivered to the squire, and by him to the messenger who waited without, as the answer to that which he had brought.

The yeoman having thus accomplished his mission, returned to the head-quarters of the allies, which were for the present established under a venerable oak-tree, about three arrow-flights distant from the castle. Here Wamba and Gurth, with their allies the Black Knight and Locksley, and the jovial hermit, awaited with impatience an answer to their summons. Around, and at a distance from them, were seen many a bold yeoman, whose silvan dress and weatherbeaten countenances showed the ordinary nature of their occupation. More than two hundred had already assembled, and others were fast coming in. Those whom they obeyed as leaders were only distinguished from the others by a feather in the cap, their dress, arms, and equipments being in all other respects the same.

Besides these bands, a less orderly and a worse armed force, consisting of the Saxon inhabitants of the neighbouring township, as well as many bondsmen and servants from Cedric's extensive estate, had already arrived, for the purpose of assisting in his rescue. Few of these were armed otherwise than with such rustic weapons as necessity sometimes converts to military purposes. Boar-spears, scythes, flails, and the like, were their chief arms; for the Normans, with the usual policy of conquerors, were jealous of permitting to the vanquished Saxons the possession or the use of swords and spears. These circumstances rendered the assistance of the Saxons far from being so formidable to the besieged, as the strength of the men themselves, their superior numbers, and the animation inspired by a just cause, might otherwise well have made them. It was to the leaders of this motley army that the letter of the Templar was now delivered.

Reference was at first made to the chaplain for an exposition of its contents.

"By the crook of St. Dunstan," said that worthy ecclesiastic, "which hath brought more sheep within the sheepfold than the crook of e'er another saint in Paradise, I swear that I cannot expound unto you this jargon, which, whether it be French or Arabic, is beyond my guess."

He then gave the letter to Gurth, who shook his head gruffly, and passed it to Wamba. The Jester looked at each of the four corners of the paper with such a grin of affected intelligence as a monkey is apt to assume upon similar occasions, then cut a caper, and gave the letter to Locksley.

"If the long letters were bows, and the short letters broad arrows, I might know something of the matter," said the brave yeoman; "but as the matter stands, the meaning is as safe, for me, as the stag that's at twelve times distance."

"I must be clerk, then," said the Black Knight; and taking the letter from Locksley, he first read it over to himself, and then explained the meaning in Saxon to his confederates.

"Execute the noble Cedric!" exclaimed Wamba; "by the rood, thou must be mistaken, Sir Knight."

"Not I, my worthy friend," replied the knight, "I have explained the words as they are here set down."

"Then, by St. Thomas of Canterbury," replied Gurth, "we will have the castle, should we tear it down with our hands!"

"We have nothing else to tear it with," replied Wamba; "but mine are scarce fit to make mammocks of freestone and mortar"

"'Tis but a contrivance to gain time," said Locksley; "they dare not do a deed for which I could exact a fearful penalty."

"I would," said the Black Knight, "there were some one among us who could obtain admission into the castle, and discover how the case stands with the besieged. Methinks, as they require a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might at once exercise his pious vocation, and procure us the information we desire."

"A plague on thee, and thy advice!" said the pious hermit; "I tell thee, Sir Slothful Knight, that when I doff my friar's frock, my priesthood, my sanctity, my very Latin, are put off along with it; and when in my green jerkin, I can better kill twenty deer than confess one Christian."

"I fear," said the Black Knight, "I fear greatly, there is no one here that is qualified to take upon him, for the nonce, this same character of father confessor?"

All looked on each other, and were silent.

"I see," said Wamba, after a short pause, "that the fool must be still the fool, and put his neck in the venture which wise men shrink from. You must know, my dear cousins and countrymen, that I wore russet before I wore motley, and was bred to be a friar, until a brain-fever came upon me and left me just wit enough to be a fool. I trust, with the assistance of the good hermit's frock, together with the priesthood, sanctity, and learning which are stitched into the cowl of it, I shall be found qualified to administer both worldly and ghostly comfort to our worthy master Cedric, and his companions in adversity."

"Hath he sense enough, thinkst thou?" said the Black Knight, addressing Gurth.

"I know not," said Gurth; "but if he hath not, it will be the first time he hath wanted wit to turn his folly to account."

"On with the frock, then, good fellow," quoth the Knight, "and let thy master send us an account of their situation within the castle. Their numbers must be few, and it is five to one they may be accessible by a sudden and bold attack. Time wears—away with thee."

"And in the mean time," said Locksley, "we will beset the place so closely, that not so much as a fly shall carry news from thence. So that, my good friend," he continued, addressing Wamba, "thou mayst assure these tyrants, that whatever violence they exercise on the persons of their prisoners, shall be most severely repaid upon their own."

"*Pax vobiscum*," said Wamba, who was now muffled in his religious disguise.

And so saying, he imitated the solemn and stately deportment of a friar, and departed to execute his mission.

CHAPTER XXVI.

> The hottest horse will oft be cool,
> The dullest will show fire;
> The friar will often play the fool,
> The fool will play the friar.
>
> Old Song.

WHEN the Jester, arrayed in the cowl and frock of the hermit, and having his knotted cord twisted round his middle, stood before the portal of the castle of Front de Bœuf, the warder demanded of him his name and errand.

"*Pax vobiscum*," answered the Jester, "I am a poor brother of the Order of St. Francis, who come hither to do my office to certain unhappy prisoners now secured within this castle."

"Thou art a bold friar," said the warder, "to come hither, where, saving our own drunken confessor, a cock of thy feather hath not crowed these twenty years."

"Yet I pray thee, do mine errand to the lord of the castle," answered the pretended friar; "trust me he will find good acceptance with him, and the cock shall crow, that the whole castle shall hear him."

"Gramercy," said the warder; "but if I come to shame for leaving my post upon thine errand, I will try whether a friar's gray gown be proof against a gray-goose shaft."

With this threat he left his turret, and carried

hall of the castle his unwonted intelligence, that oly friar stood before the gate and demanded in- nt admission. With no small wonder he received master's commands to admit the holy man imme- tely; and, having previously manned the entrance guard against surprise, he obeyed, without further uple, the commands which he had received. The ebrained self-conceit which had emboldened Wam- to undertake this dangerous office, was scarce suf- ent to support him when he found himself in the sence of a man so dreadful, and so much dreaded, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, and he brought out his vobiscum, to which he, in a good measure, trusted supporting his character, with more anxiety and itation than had hitherto accompanied it. But nt-de-Bœuf was accustomed to see men of all ks tremble in his presence, so that the timidity of supposed father did not give him any cause of picion. "Who and whence art thou, priest?" l he.

Pax vobiscum," reiterated the Jester, "I am a r servant of St. Francis, who, travelling through wilderness, have fallen among thieves, (as Scrip- hath it,) *quidam viator incidit in latrones*, which ves have sent me unto this castle in order to do ghostly office on two persons condemned by your ourable justice."

Ay, right," answered Front-de-Bœuf; "and canst u tell me, holy father, the number of those ban- i?"

Gallant sir," answered the Jester, "*nomen illis io*, their name is legion."

'Tell me in plain terms what numbers there are, priest, thy cloak and cord will ill protect thee."

'Alas!" said the supposed friar, "*cor meum eructa-*, that is to say, I was like to burst with fear! but I ceive they may be—what of yeomen—what of nmons, at least five hundred men."

What!" said the Templar, who came into the hall t moment, "muster the wasps so thick here? it is e to stifle such a mischievous brood." Then taking nt-de-Bœuf aside, "Knowest thou the priest?"

He is a stranger from a distant convent," said nt-de-Bœuf; "I know him not."

Then trust him not with thy purpose in words." wered the Templar. "Let him carry a written er to De Bracy's company of Free Companions, to ır instantly to their master's aid. In the mean e, and that the shaveling may suspect nothing, mit him to go freely about his task of preparing se Saxon hogs for the slaughter-house."

It shall be so," said Front-de-Bœuf. And he forth- h appointed a domestic to conduct Wamba to the ırtment where Cedric and Athelstane were con- d.

'he impatience of Cedric had been rather enhanced n diminished by his confinement. He walked n one end of the hall to the other, with the attitude ne who advances to charge an enemy, or to storm breach of a beleaguered place, sometimes ejaculat- to himself, sometimes addressing Athelstane, who tly and stoically awaited the issue of the adven- e, digesting, in the meantime, with great com- ure, the liberal meal which he had made at noon, l not greatly interesting himself about the dura- n of his captivity, which he concluded, would, all earthly evils, find an end in Heaven's good le.

Pax vobiscum," said the Jester, entering the ırtment; "the blessing of St. Dunstan, St. Dennis, Duthoc, and all other saints whatsoever, be upon and about ye."

'Enter freely," answered Cedric to the supposed r; "with what intent art thou come hither?"

'To bid you prepare yourselves for death," an- ered the Jester.

'It is impossible!" replied Cedric, starting. "Fear- s and wicked as they are, they dare not attempt h open and gratuitous cruelty!"

'Alas!" said the Jester, "to restrain them by their se of humanity, is the same as to stop a runaway se with a bridle of silk thread. Bethink thee, refore, noble Cedric, and you also, gallant Athel- ne, what crimes you have committed in the flesh; for this very day will ye be called to answer at a higher tribunal."

"Hearest thou this, Athelstane?" said Cedric; "we must rouse up our hearts to this last action, since bet- ter it is we should die like men, than live like slaves."

"I am ready," answered Athelstane, "to stand the worst of their malice, and shall walk to my death with as much composure as ever I did to my dinner."

"Let us then unto our holy gear, father," said Cedric.

"Wait yet a moment, good uncle," said the Jester, in his natural tone; "better look long before you leap in the dark."

"By my faith," said Cedric, "I should know that voice!"

"It is that of your trusty slave and jester," an- swered Wamba, throwing back his cowl. "Had you taken a fool's advice formerly, you would not have been here at all. Take a fool's advice now, and you will not be here long."

"How mean'st thou knave?" answered the Saxon.

"Even thus," replied Wamba; "take thou this frock and cord, which are all the orders I ever had, and march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the long leap in thy stead."

"Leave thee in my stead!" said Cedric, astonished at the proposal; "why, they would hang thee, my poor knave."

"E'en let them do as they are permitted," said Wamba; "I trust—no disparagement to your birth—that the son of Witless may hang in a chain with as much gravity as the chain hung upon his ancestor the alderman."

"Well, Wamba," answered Cedric, "for one thing will I grant thy request. And that is, if thou wilt make the exchange of garments with Lord Athel- stane instead of me."

"No, by St. Dunstan," answered Wamba; "there were little reason in that. Good right there is, that the son of Witless should suffer to save the son of Hereward; but little wisdom there were in his dying for the benefit of one whose fathers were strangers to his."

"Villain," said Cedric, "the fathers of Athelstane were monarchs of England!"

"They might be whomsoever they pleased," replied Wamba; "but my neck stands too straight upon my shoulders to have it twisted for their sake. Where- fore, good my master, either take my proffer your- self, or suffer me to leave this dungeon as free as I entered."

"Let the old tree wither," continued Cedric, "so the stately hope of the forest be preserved. Save the noble Athelstane, my trusty Wamba! it is the duty of each who has Saxon blood in his veins. Thou and I will abide together the utmost rage of our injurious oppressors, while he, free and safe, shall arouse the awakened spirits of our countrymen to avenge us."

"Not so, father Cedric," said Athelstane, grasping his hand,—for, when roused to think or act, his deeds and sentiments were not unbecoming his high race —"Not so," he continued; "I would rather remain in this hall a week without food save the prisoner's stinted loaf, or drink save the prisoner's measure of water, than embrace the opportunity to escape which the slave's untaught kindness has purveyed for his master."

"You are called wise men, sirs," said the Jester, "and I a crazed fool; but uncle Cedric, and cousin Athelstane, the fool shall decide this controversy for ye, and save ye the trouble of straining courtesies any farther. I am like John-a-Duck's mare, that will let no man mount her but John-a-Duck. I came to save my master, and if he will not consent—basta—I can but go away home again. Kind service cannot be chucked from hand to hand like a shuttlecock or stool-ball. I'll hang for no man but my own born master."

"Go, then, noble Cedric," said Athelstane, "neglect not this opportunity. Your presence without may encourage friends to our rescue—your remaining here would ruin us all."

"And is there any prospect, then of rescue from without?" said Cedric, looking to the Jester.

"Prospect, indeed!" echoed Wamba; "let me tell you, when you fill my cloak, you are wrapped in a general's cassock. Five hundred men are there without, and I was this morning one of their chief leaders. My fool's cap was a casque, and my bauble a truncheon. Well, we shall see what good they will make by exchanging a fool for a wise man. Truly, I fear they will lose in valour what they may gain in discretion. And so farewell, master, and be kind to poor Gurth and his dog Fangs; and let my cockscomb hang in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful——fool."

The last word came out with a sort of double expression, betwixt jest and earnest. The tears stood in Cedric's eyes.

"Thy memory shall be preserved," he said, "while fidelity and affection have honour upon earth! But that I trust I shall find the means of saving Rowena, and thee, Athelstane, and thee also, my poor Wamba, thou shouldst not overbear me in this matter."

The exchange of dress was now accomplished, when a sudden doubt struck Cedric.

"I know no language," he said, "but my own, and a few words of their mincing Norman. How shall I bear myself like a reverend brother?"

"The spell lies in two words," replied Wamba—"*Pax vobiscum* will answer all queries. If you go or come, eat or drink, bless or ban, *Pax vobiscum* carries you through it all. It is as useful to a friar as a broomstick to a witch, or a wand to a conjurer. Speak it but thus, in a deep grave tone, *Pax vobiscum!*—it is irresistible—Watch and ward, knight and squire, foot and horse, it acts as a charm upon them all. I think, if they bring me out to be hanged to-morrow, as is much to be doubted they may, I will try its weight upon the finisher of the sentence."

"If such prove the case," said his master, "my religious orders are soon taken—*Pax vobiscum*. I trust I shall remember the pass-word.—Noble Athelstane, farewell; and farewell, my poor boy, whose heart might make amends for a weaker head—I will save you, or return and die with you. The royal blood of our Saxon kings shall not be spilt while mine beats in my veins; nor shall one hair fall from the head of the kind knave who risked himself for his master, if Cedric's peril can prevent it.—Farewell."

"Farewell, noble Cedric," said Athelstane; "remember it is the true part of a friar to accept refreshment, if you are offered any."

"Farewell, uncle," added Wamba; "and remember *Pax vobiscum*."

Thus exhorted, Cedric sallied forth upon his expedition; and it was not long ere he had occasion to try the force of that spell which his Jester had recommended as omnipotent. In a low-arched and dusky passage, by which he endeavoured to work his way to the hall of the castle, he was interrupted by a female form.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said the pseudo friar, and was endeavouring to hurry past, when a soft voice replied, "*Et vobis—quæso, domine reverendissime, pro misericordia vestra.*"

"I am somewhat deaf," replied Cedric, in good Saxon, and at the same time muttered to himself, "A curse on the fool and his *Pax vobiscum!* I have lost my javelin at the first cast."

It was, however, no unusual thing for a priest of those days to be deaf of his Latin ear, and this the person who now addressed Cedric knew full well.

"I pray you of dear love, reverend father," she replied in his own language, "that you will deign to visit with your ghostly comfort a wounded prisoner of this castle, and have such compassion upon him and us, as thy holy office teaches—Never shall good deed so highly advantage thy convent."

"Daughter," answered Cedric, much embarrassed, "my time in this castle will not permit me to exercise the duties of mine office—I must presently forth—there is life and death upon my speed."

"Yet, father, let me entreat you by the vow you have taken on you," replied the suppliant, "not to leave the oppressed and endangered without counsel or succour."

"May the fiend fly away with me, and leave me in Ifrin with the souls of Odin and of Thor!" answered Cedric impatiently, and would probably have proceeded in the same tone of total departure from his spiritual character, when the colloquy was interrupted by the harsh voice of Urfried, the old crone of the turret.

"How, minion," said she to the female speaker, "is this the manner in which you requite the kindness which permitted thee to leave thy prison-cell yonder?—Puttest thou the reverend man to use ungracious language to free himself from the importunities of a Jewess?"

"A Jewess!" said Cedric, availing himself of the information to get clear of their interruption,—"Let me pass, woman! stop me not at your peril. I am fresh from my holy office, and would avoid pollution."

"Come this way, father," said the old hag, "thou art a stranger in this castle, and canst not leave it without a guide. Come hither, for I would speak with thee.—And you, daughter of an accursed race, go to the sick man's chamber, and tend him until my return; and wo betide you if you again quit it without my permission!"

Rebecca retreated. Her importunities had prevailed upon Urfried to suffer her to quit the turret, and Urfried had employed her services where she herself would most gladly have paid them, by the bedside of the wounded Ivanhoe. With an understanding awake to their dangerous situation, and prompt to avail herself of each means of safety which occurred, Rebecca had hoped something from the presence of a man of religion, who, she learned from Urfried, had penetrated into this godless castle. She watched the return of the supposed ecclesiastic, with the purpose of addressing him, and interesting him in favour of the prisoners; with what imperfect success the reader has been just acquainted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

> Fond wretch! and what canst thou relate,
> But deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin?
> Thy deeds are proved—thou know'st thy fate;
> But come, thy tale—begin—begin.
> \- - - - - -
> But I have griefs of other kind,
> Troubles and sorrows more severe;
> Give me to ease my tortured mind,
> Lend to my woes a patient ear;
> And let me, if I may not find
> A friend to help—find one to hear.
>
> *Crabbe's Hall of Justice*

WHEN Urfried had with clamours and menaces driven Rebecca back to the apartment from which she had sallied, she proceeded to conduct the unwilling Cedric into a small apartment, the door of which she heedfully secured. Then fetching from a cupboard a stoup of wine and two flagons, she placed them on the table, and said in a tone rather asserting a fact than asking a question, "Thou art Saxon, father—Deny it not," she continued, observing that Cedric hastened not to reply; "the sounds of my native language are sweet to mine ears, though seldom heard save from the tongues of the wretched and degraded serfs on whom the proud Normans impose the meanest drudgery of this dwelling. Thou art a Saxon, father—a Saxon, and, save as thou art a servant of God, a freeman.—Thine accents are sweet in mine ear."

"Do not Saxon priests visit this castle, then?" replied Cedric; "it were, methinks, their duty to comfort the outcast and oppressed children of the soil."

"They come not—or if they come, they better love to revel at the boards of their conquerors," answered Urfried, "than to hear the groans of their countrymen—so, at least, report speaks of them—of myself I can say little. This castle, for ten years, has opened to no priest save the debauched Norman chaplain who partook the nightly revels of Front-de-Bœuf, and he has been long gone to render an account of his stewardship.—But thou art a Saxon—a Saxon priest, and I have one question to ask of thee."

"I am a Saxon," answered Cedric, "but unworthy, surely, of the name of priest. Let me begone on

y—I swear I will return, or send one of our more worthy to hear your confession."
y yet awhile," said Urfried; "the accents of ce which thou hearest now will soon be choked e cold earth, and I would not descend to it beast I have lived. But wine must give me h to tell the horrors of my tale." She poured ip, and drank it with a frightful avidity, which desirous of draining the last drop in the goblt stupifies," she said, looking upwards as she l her draught, "but it cannot cheer.—Partake r, if you would hear my tale without sinking pon the pavement." Cedric would have avoiding her in this ominous conviviality, but the nich she made to him expressed impatience spair. He complied with her request, and anher challenge in a large wine-cup; she then ed with her story, as if appeased by his comre.
as not born," she said, "father, the wretch ou now seest me. I was free, was happy, was d, loved, and was beloved. I am now a slave, le and degraded—the sport of my masters' s while I had yet beauty—the object of their pt, scorn, and hatred, since it has passed Dost thou wonder, father, that I should hate d, and, above all, the race that has wrought nge in me? Can the wrinkled decrepit hag hee, whose wrath must vent itself in impotent forget she was once the daughter of the noble of Torquilstone, before whose frown a thoussals trembled?"
u the daughter of Torquil Wolfganger!" said receding as he spoke; "thou—thou—the r of that noble Saxon, my father's friend and ion in arms!"
father's friend!" echoed Urfried; "then Celed the Saxon stands before me, for the noble rd of Rotherwood had but one son, whose well known among his countrymen. But if t Cedric of Rotherwood, why this religious -hast thou too despaired of saving thy country, ght refuge from oppression in the shade of the ?"
natters not who I am," said Cedric; "proceed, y woman, with thy tale of horror and guilt!— ere must be—there is guilt even in thy living ."
re is—there is," answered the wretched woeep, black, damning guilt—guilt, that lies like at my breast—guilt, that all the penitential hereafter cannot cleanse.—Yes, in these halls, with the noble and pure blood of my father r brethren—in these very halls, to have lived amour of their murderer, the slave at once and taker of his pleasures, was to render every which I drew of vital air, a crime and a
etched woman!" exclaimed Cedric. "And e friends of thy father—while each true Saxon s it breathed a requiem for his soul, and those aliant sons, forgot not in their prayers the d Ulrica—while all mourned and honoured l, thou hast lived to merit our hate and exe- —lived to unite thyself with the vile tyrant rdered thy nearest and dearest—who shed the f infancy, rather than a male of the noble f Torquil Wolfganger should survive—with thou lived to unite thyself, and in the bands ss love!"
awless bands, indeed, but not in those of answered the hag; "love will sooner visit the of eternal doom, than those unhallowed -No, with that at least I cannot reproach hatred to Front-de-Bœuf and his race gony soul most deeply, even in the hour of his dearments."
hated him, and yet you lived," replied Cedretch! was there no poniard—no knife—no —Well was it for thee, since thou didst prize existence, that the secrets of a Norman caske those of the grave. For had I but dreamed aughter of Torquil living in foul communion murderer of her father the sword of a true Saxon had found thee out even in the arms paramour!"
"Wouldst thou indeed have done this justice name of Torquil?" said Ulrica, for we may n aside her assumed name of Urfried; "thou a the true Saxon report speaks thee! for even these accursed walls, where, as thou well guilt shrouds itself in inscrutable mystery, eve has the name of Cedric been sounded—and I, wr and degraded, have rejoiced to think that th breathed an avenger of our unhappy nation. have had my hours of vengeance—I have fo the quarrels of our foes, and heated drunken into murderous broil—I have seen their blood f have heard their dying groans! Look on me, —are there not still left on this foul and fade some traces of the features of Torquil?"
"Ask me not of them, Ulrica," replied Cedr tone of grief mixed with abhorrence; "these form such a resemblance as arises from the of the dead, when a fiend has animated the corpse."
"Be it so," answered Ulrica; "yet wor fiendish features the mask of a spirit of light they were able to set at variance the elder Fr Bœuf and his son Reginald! The darkness should hide what followed, but revenge must l veil, and darkly intimate what it would raise th to speak aloud. Long had the smouldering discord glowed between the tyrant father a savage son—long had I nursed, in secret, the tural hatred—it blazed forth in an hour of dr wassail, and at his own board fell my oppres the hand of his own son—such are the secret vaults conceal!—Rend asunder, ye accursed ar she added, looking up towards the roof, "an in your fall all who are conscious of the h mystery!"
"And thou, creature of guilt and misery, Cedric, "what became thy lot on the death ravisher?"
"Guess it, but ask it not.—Here—here I dw age, premature age, has stamped its ghastly fe on my countenance—scorned and insulted w was once obeyed, and compelled to bound the r which had once such ample scope, to the eff petty malice of a discontented menial, or the unheeded curses of an impotent hag—condem hear from my lonely turret the sounds of rev which I once partook, or the shrieks and gr new victims of oppression."
"Ulrica," said Cedric, "with a heart which fear, regrets the lost reward of thy crimes, as as the deeds by which thou didst acquire that how didst thou dare to address thee to on wears this robe? Consider, unhappy woman could the sainted Edward himself do for the he here in bodily presence? The royal Co was endowed by Heaven with power to clea ulcers of the body, but only God himself can c leprosy of the soul."
"Yet, turn not from me, stern prophet of w she exclaimed, "but tell me, if thou canst, i shall terminate these new and awful feelin burst on my solitude.—Why do deeds, long done, rise before me in new and irresistible h What fate is prepared beyond the grave for whom God has assigned on earth a lot o unspeakable wretchedness? Better had I t Woden, Hertha, and Zernebock—to Mista, Skogula, the Gods of our yet unbaptized an than endure the dreadful anticipations which l late haunted my waking and my sleeping hou
"I am no priest," said Cedric, turning with from this miserable picture of guilt, wretch and despair; "I am no priest, though I wear a garment."
"Priest or layman," answered Ulrica, "t the first I have seen for twenty years, by wh was feared or man regarded; and dost thou despair?"
"I bid thee repent," said Cedric. "Seek t and penance, and mayest thou find acceptan I cannot, I will not, longer abide with thee."

"Stay yet a moment!" said Ulrica; "leave me not now, son of my father's friend, lest the demon whom has governed my life should tempt me to avenge myself of thy hard-hearted scorn. Thinkest thou, if Front-de-Bœuf found Cedric the Saxon in his castle, in such a disguise, that thy life would be a long one?—Already his eye has been upon thee like a falcon on his prey."

"And be it so," said Cedric; "and let him tear me with beak and talons, ere my tongue say one word which my heart doth not warrant. I will die a Saxon—true in word, open in deed. I bid thee avaunt!—touch me not, stay me not!—The sight of Front-de-Bœuf himself is less odious to me than thou, degraded and degenerate as thou art."

"Be it so," said Ulrica, no longer interrupting him; "go thy way, and forget, in the insolence of thy superiority, that the wretch before thee is the daughter of thy father's friend. Go thy way—if I am separated from mankind by my sufferings—separated from those whose aid I might most justly expect—not less will I be separated from them in my revenge! No man shall aid me, but the ears of all men shall tingle to hear of the deed which I shall dare to do!—Farewell!—thy scorn has burst the last tie which seemed yet to unite me to my kind—a thought that my woes might claim the compassion of my people."

"Ulrica," said Cedric, softened by this appeal, "hast thou borne up and endured to live through so much guilt and so much misery, and wilt thou now yield to despair when thine eyes are opened to thy crimes, and when repentance were thy fitter occupation?"

"Cedric," answered Ulrica, "thou little knowest the human heart. To act as I have acted, to think as I have thought, requires the maddening love of pleasure, mingled with the keen appetite of revenge, the proud consciousness of power; draughts too intoxicating for the human heart to bear, and yet retain the power to prevent. Their force has long passed away. Age has no pleasures, wrinkles have no influence, revenge itself dies away in impotent curses. Then comes remorse, with all its vipers, mixed with vain regrets for the past, and despair for the future!—Then, when all other strong impulses have ceased, we become like the fiends in hell, who may feel remorse, but never repentance. But thy words have awakened a new soul within me—Well hast thou said, all is possible for those who dare to die!—Thou hast shown me the means of revenge, and be assured I will embrace them. It has hitherto shared this wasted bosom with other and with rival passions—henceforward it shall possess me wholly, and thou thyself shalt say, that, whatever was the life of Ulrica, her death well became the daughter of the noble Torquil. There is a force without beleaguering this accursed castle—hasten to lead them to the attack, and when thou shalt see a red flag wave from the turret on the eastern angle of the donjon, press the Normans hard—they will then have enough to do within, and you may win the wall in spite both of bow and mangonel.—Begone, I pray thee—follow thine own fate, and leave me to mine."

Cedric would have inquired farther into the purpose which she thus darkly announced, but the stern voice of Front-de-Bœuf was heard, exclaiming, "Where tarries this loitering priest? By the scallop-shell of Compostella, I will make a martyr of him, if he loiters here to hatch treason among my domestics!"

"What a true prophet," said Ulrica, "is an evil conscience! But heed him not—out and to thy people—Cry your Saxon onslaught, and let them sing their war-song of Rollo, if they will; vengeance shall bear a burden to it."

As she thus spoke, she vanished through a private door, and Reginald Front-de-Bœuf entered the apartment. Cedric, with some difficulty, compelled himself to make obeisance to the haughty Baron, who returned his courtesy with a slight inclination of the head.

"Thy penitents, father, have made a long shrift—it is the better for them, since it is the last they shall ever make. Hast thou prepared them for death?"

"I found them," said Cedric, in such French as he could command, "expecting the worst, from the moment they knew into whose power they had fallen."

"How now, Sir Friar," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "thy speech methinks, smacks of a Saxon tongue?"

"I was bred in the convent of St. Withold of Burton," answered Cedric.

"Ay?" said the Baron; "it had been better for thee to have been a Norman, and better for my purpose too; but need has no choice of messengers. That St. Withold's of Burton is a howlet's nest worth the harrying. The day will soon come that the frock shall protect the Saxon as little as the mail-coat."

"God's will be done," said Cedric, in a voice tremulous with passion, which Front-de-Bœuf imputed to fear.

"I see," said he, "thou dreamest already that our men-at-arms are in thy refectory and thy ale-vaults. But do me one cast of thy holy office, and, come what list of others, thou shalt sleep as safe in thy cell as a snail within his shell of proof."

"Speak your commands," said Cedric, with suppressed emotion.

"Follow me through this passage, then, that I may dismiss thee by the postern."

And as he strode on his way before the supposed friar, Front-de-Bœuf thus schooled him in the part which he desired he should act.

"Thou seest, Sir Friar, yon herd of Saxon swine, who have dared to environ this castle of Torquilstone. Tell them whatever thou hast a mind of the weakness of this fortalice, or aught else that can detain them before it for twenty-four hours. Mean time bear thou this scroll—But soft—canst read, Sir Priest?"

"Not a jot I," answered Cedric, "save on my breviary; and then I know the characters, because I have the holy service by heart, praised be Our Lady and St. Withold!"

"The fitter messenger for my purpose.—Carry thou this scroll to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin; say it cometh from me, and is written by the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and that I pray him to send it to York with all the speed man and horse can make. Mean while, tell him to doubt nothing, he shall find us whole and sound behind our battlement—Shame on it, that we should be compelled to hide thus by a pack of runagates, who are wont to fly even at the flash of our pennons and the tramp of our horses! I say to thee, priest, contrive some cast of thine art to keep the knaves where they are, until our friends bring up their lances. My vengeance is awake, and she is a falcon that slumbers not till she has been gorged."

"By my patron saint," said Cedric, with deeper energy than became his character, "and by every saint who has lived and died in England, your commands shall be obeyed! Not a Saxon shall stir from before these walls, if I have art and influence to detain them there."

"Ha!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "thou changest thy tone, Sir Priest, and speakest brief and bold, as if thy heart were in the slaughter of the Saxon herd; and yet thou art thyself of kindred to the swine."

Cedric was no ready practiser of the art of dissimulation, and would at this moment have been much the better of a hint from Wamba's more fertile brain. But necessity, according to the ancient proverb, sharpens invention, and he muttered something under his cowl concerning the men in question being excommunicated outlaws both to church and to kingdom.

"*Despardieux*," answered Front-de-Bœuf, "thou hast spoken the very truth—I forgot that the knaves can strip a fat abbot, as well as if they had been born south of yonder salt channel. Was it not he of St. Ives whom they tied to an oak-tree, and compelled to sing a mass while they were rifling his mails and his wallets?—No, by our Lady—that jest was played by Gualtier of Middleton, one of our own companions-at-arms. But they were Saxons who robbed the chapel at St. Bees of cup, candlestick, and chalice, were they not?"

"They were godless men," answered Cedric.

"Ay, and they drank out all the good wine and ale that lay in store for many a secret carousal, when ye pretend ye are but busied with vigils and primes!—Priest, thou art bound to revenge such sacrilege—

"I am indeed bound to vengeance," murmured Cedric; "Saint Withold knows my heart."

Front-de-Bœuf, in the mean while, led the way to a postern, where, passing the moat on a single plank, they reached a small barbican, or exterior defence, which communicated with the open field by a well-fortified sally-port.

"Begone, then; and if thou wilt do mine errand, and if thou return hither when it is done, thou shalt see Saxon flesh cheap as ever was hog's in the shambles of Sheffield. And, hark thee, thou seemest to be a jolly confessor—come hither after the onslaught, and thou shalt have as much Malvoisie as would drench thy whole convent."

"Assuredly we shall meet again," answered Cedric.

"Something in hand the whilst," continued the Norman; and, as they parted at the postern door, he thrust into Cedric's reluctant hand a gold byzant, adding, "Remember, I will flay off both cowl and skin, if thou failest in thy purpose."

"And full leave will I give thee to do both," answered Cedric, leaving the postern, and striding forth over the free field with a joyful step; "if, when we meet next, I deserve not better at thine hand."—Turning then back towards the castle, he threw the piece of gold towards the donor, exclaiming at the same time, "False Norman, thy money perish with thee!"

Front-de-Bœuf heard the words imperfectly, but the action was suspicious—"Archers," he called to the warders on the outward battlements, "send me an arrow through yon monk's frock!—yet stay," he said, as his retainers were bending their bows, "it avails not—we must thus far trust him since we have no better shift. I think he dares not betray me—at the worst I can but treat with these Saxon dogs whom I have safe in kennel.—Ho! Giles jailor, let them bring Cedric of Rotherwood before me, and the other churl, his companion—him I mean of Coningsburgh—Athelstane there, or what call they him? Their very names are an encumbrance to a Norman knight's mouth, and have, as it were, a flavour of bacon—Give me a stoup of wine, as jolly Prince John said, that I may wash away the relish—place it in the armory, and thither lead the prisoners."

His commands were obeyed; and, upon entering that Gothic apartment, hung with many spoils won by his own valour and that of his father, he found a flagon of wine on the massive oaken table, and the two Saxon captives under the guard of four of his dependants. Front-de-Bœuf took a long draught of wine, and then addressed his prisoners;—for the manner in which Wamba drew the cap over his face, the change of dress, the gloomy and broken light, and the Baron's imperfect acquaintance with the features of Cedric, (who avoided his Norman neighbours, and seldom stirred beyond his own domains,) prevented him from discovering that the most important of his captives had made his escape.

"Gallants of England," said Front-de-Bœuf, "how relish ye your entertainment at Torquilstone?—Are ye yet aware what your *surquedy* and *outrecuidance** merit, for scoffing at the entertainment of a prince of the House of Anjou?—Have ye forgotten how ye requited the unmerited hospitality of the royal John? By God and St. Dennis, an ye pay not the richer ransom, I will hang ye up by the feet from the iron bars of these windows, till the kites and hooded crows have made skeletons of you!—Speak out, ye Saxon dogs—what bid ye for your worthless lives?—How say you, you of Rotherwood?"

"Not a doit I," answered poor Wamba—"and for hanging up by the feet, my brain has been topsy-turvy, they say, ever since the biggin was bound first round my head; so turning me upside down may peradventure restore it again."

"Saint Genevieve!" said Front-de-Bœuf, "what have we got here?"

And with the back of his hand he struck Cedric's cap from the head of the Jester, and throwing open his collar, discovered the fatal badge of servitude, the silver collar round his neck.

"Giles—Clement—dogs and varlets!" exclaimed the furious Norman, "what have you brought me here?"

"I think I can tell you," said De Bracy, who just entered the apartment. "This is Cedric's clown, who fought so manful a skirmish with Isaac of York, about a question of precedence."

"I shall settle it for them both," replied Front-de-Bœuf; "they shall hang on the same gallows, unless his master and this boar of Coningsburgh will pay well for their lives. Their wealth is the least they can surrender; they must also carry off with them the swarms that are besetting the castle, subscribe a surrender of their pretended immunities, and live under us as serfs and vassals; too happy if, in the new world that is about to begin, we leave them the breath of their nostrils.—Go," said he, to two of his attendants, "fetch me the right Cedric hither, and I pardon your error for once; the rather that you but mistook a fool for a Saxon franklin."

"Ay, but," said Wamba, "your chivalrous excellency will find there are more fools than franklins among us."

"What means the knave?" said Front-de-Bœuf, looking towards his followers, who, lingering and loath, faltered forth their belief, that if this were not Cedric who was there in presence, they knew not what was become of him.

"Saints of Heaven!" exclaimed De Bracy, "he must have escaped in the monk's garments!"

"Fiends of hell!" echoed Front-de-Bœuf, "it was then the boar of Rotherwood whom I ushered to the postern, and dismissed with my own hands!—And thou," he said to Wamba, "whose folly could over reach the wisdom of idiots yet more gross than thyself—I will give thee holy orders—I will shave thy crown for thee!—Here, let them tear the scalp from his head, and then pitch him headlong from the battlements—Thy trade is to jest, canst thou jest now?"

"You deal with me better than your word, noble knight," whimpered forth poor Wamba, whose habits of buffoonery were not to be overcome even by the immediate prospect of death; "if you give me the red cap you propose, out of a simple monk you will make a cardinal."

"The poor wretch," said De Bracy, "is resolved to die in his vocation.—Front-de-Bœuf you shall not slay him. Give him to me to make sport for my Free Companions.—How sayst thou, knave? Wilt thou take heart of grace, and go to the wars with me?"

"Ay, with my master's leave," said Wamba; "for, look you, I must not slip collar" (and he touched that which he wore) "without his permission."

"Oh, a Norman saw will soon cut a Saxon collar," said De Bracy."

"Ay, noble sir," said Wamba, "and thence goes the proverb—

> 'Norman saw on English oak,
> On English neck a Norman yoke;
> Norman spoon in English dish,
> And England ruled as Normans wish;
> Blithe world to England never will be more,
> Till England's rid of all the four.'"

"Thou dost well, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, "to stand there listening to a fool's jargon, when destruction is gaping for us! Seest thou not we are overreached, and that our proposed mode of communicating with our friends without has been disconcerted by this same motley gentleman thou art so fond to brother? What views have we to expect but instant storm?"

"To the battlements then," said De Bracy; "when didst thou ever see me the graver for the thoughts of battle? Call the Templar yonder, and let him fight but half so well for his life as he has done for his Order—Make thou to the walls thyself with thy huge body—Let me do my poor endeavour in my own way, and I tell thee the Saxon outlaws may as well attempt to scale the clouds, as the castle of Torquilstone; or, if you will treat with the banditti, why not employ the mediation of this worthy franklin, who seems in such deep contemplation of the wine-flagon?—Here, Saxon," he continued, addressing

* *Surquedy* and *outrecuidance*—insolence and presumption.

Athelstane, and handing the cup to him, "rinse thy throat with that noble liquor, and rouse up thy soul to say what thou wilt do for thy liberty."

"What a man of mould may," answered Athelstane, "providing it be what a man of manhood ought.—Dismiss me free, with my companions, and I will pay a ransom of a thousand marks."

"And wilt moreover assure us the retreat of that scum of mankind who are swarming around the castle, contrary to God's peace and the king's?" said Front-de-Bœuf.

"In so far as I can," answered Athelstane, "I will withdraw them; and I fear not but that my father Cedric will do his best to assist me."

"We are agreed then," said Front-de-Bœuf—"thou and they are to be set at freedom, and peace is to be on both sides, for payment of a thousand marks. It is a trifling ransom, Saxon, and thou wilt owe gratitude to the moderation which accepts of it in exchange of your persons. But mark, this extends not to the Jew Isaac."

"Nor to the Jew Isaac's daughter," said the Templar, who had now joined them.

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "belong to this Saxon's company."

"I were unworthy to be called Christian, if they did" replied Athelstane: "deal with the unbelievers as ye list."

"Neither does the ransom include the Lady Rowena," said De Bracy. "It shall never be said I was scared out of a fair prize without striking a blow for it."

"Neither," said Front-de-Bœuf, "does our treaty refer to this wretched Jester, whom I retain, that I may make him an example to every knave who turns jest into earnest."

"The Lady Rowena," answered Athelstane, with the most steady countenance, "is my affianced bride. I will be drawn by wild horses before I consent to part with her. The slave Wamba has this day saved the life of my father Cedric—I will lose mine ere a hair of his head be injured."

"Thy affianced bride?—The Lady Rowena the affianced bride of a vassal like thee?" said De Bracy; "Saxon, thou dreamest that the days of thy seven kingdoms are returned again. I tell thee, the Princes of the House of Anjou confer not their wards on men of such lineage as thine."

"My lineage, proud Norman," replied Athelstane, "is drawn from a source more pure and ancient than that of a beggarly Frenchman, whose living is won by selling the blood of the thieves whom he assembles under his paltry standard. Kings were my ancestors, strong in war and wise in council, who every day feasted in their hall more hundreds than thou canst number individual followers; whose names have been sung by minstrels, and their laws recorded by Wittenagemotes; whose bones were interred amid the prayers of saints, and over whose tombs minsters have been builded."

"Thou hast it, De Bracy," said Front-de-Bœuf, well pleased with the rebuff which his companion had received; "the Saxon hath hit thee fairly."

"As fairly as a captive can strike," said De Bracy, with apparent carelessness; "for he whose hands are tied should have his tongue at freedom.—But thy glibness of reply, comrade," rejoined he, speaking to Athelstane, "will not win the freedom of the Lady Rowena."

To this Athelstane, who had already made a longer speech than was his custom to do on any topic, however interesting, returned no answer. The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a menial, who announced that a monk demanded admittance at the postern gate.

"In the name of Saint Bennet, the prince of these bull-beggars," said Front-de-Bœuf, "have we a real monk this time or another impostor? Search him, slaves—for an ye suffer a second impostor to be palmed upon you, I will have your eyes torn out, and hot coals put into the sockets."

"Let me endure the extremity of your anger, my lord," said Giles, "if this be not a real shaveling. Your squire Jocelyn knows him well, and will vouch him to be brother Ambrose, a monk in attendan[ce] upon the Prior of Jorvaulx."

"Admit him," said Front-de-Bœuf; "most lik[ely] he brings us news from his jovial master. Surely [the] devil keeps holiday, and the priests are relieved fr[om] duty, that they are strolling thus wildly through [the] country. Remove these prisoners; and, Saxon, th[ink] on what thou hast heard."

"I claim," said Athelstane, "an honourable imprisonment, with due care of my board and of my couch, as becomes my rank, and as is due to one who is in treaty for ransom. Moreover, I hold him that deems himself the best of you, bound to answer to me with his body for this aggression on my freedom. This defiance hath already been sent to thee by thy sewer; thou underliest it, and art bound to answer me.—There lies my glove."

"I answer not the challenge of my prisoner," said Front-de-Bœuf; "nor shalt thou, Maurice de Bracy.—Giles," he continued, "hang the franklin's glove upon the tine of yonder branched antlers: there shall it remain until he is a free man. Should he then presume to demand it, or to affirm he was unlawfully made my prisoner, by the belt of Saint Christopher, he will speak to one who hath never refused to meet a foe on foot or on horseback, alone or with his vassals at his back!"

The Saxon prisoners were accordingly removed, just as they introduced the monk Ambrose, who appeared to be in great perturbation.

"This is the real *Deus vobiscum*," said Wamba, as he passed the reverend brother; "the others were but counterfeits."

"Holy Mother!" said the monk, as he addressed the assembled knights, "I am at last safe and in Christian keeping!"

"Safe thou art," replied De Bracy; "and for Christianity, here is the stout Baron Reginald Front-de-Bœuf, whose utter abomination is a Jew; and the good Knight Templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose trade is to slay Saracens—If these are not good marks of Christianity, I know no other which they bear about them."

"Ye are friends and allies of our reverend father in God, Aymer, Prior of Jorvaulx," said the monk, without noticing the tone of De Bracy's reply; "ye owe him aid both by knightly faith and holy charity; for what saith the blessed Saint Augustin, in his treatise *De Civitate Dei*"——

"What saith the devil!" interrupted Front-de-Bœuf; "or rather what dost *thou* say, Sir Priest? We have little time to hear texts from the holy fathers."

"*Sancta Maria!*" ejaculated Father Ambrose, "how prompt to ire are these unhallowed laymen!—But be it known to you, brave knights, that certain murderous caitiffs, casting behind them fear of God, and reverence of his church, and not regarding the bull of the holy see, *Si quis, suadente Diabolo*"—

"Brother priest," said the Templar, "all this we know or guess at—tell us plainly, is thy master, the Prior, made prisoner, and to whom?"

"Surely," said Ambrose, "he is in the hands of the men of Belial, infesters of these woods, and contemners of the holy text, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets naught of evil.'"

"Here is a new argument for our swords, sirs," said Front-de-Bœuf, turning to his companions; "and so, instead of reaching us any assistance, the Prior of Jorvaulx requests aid at our hands? a man is well helped of these lazy churchmen when he hath most to do!—But speak out, priest, and say at once, what doth thy master expect from us?"

"So please you," said Ambrose, "violent hands having been imposed on my reverend superior, contrary to the holy ordinance which I did already quote, and the men of Belial having rifled his mails and budgets, and stripped him of two hundred marks of pure refined gold, they do yet demand of him a large sum beside, ere they will suffer him to depart from their uncircumcised hands. Wherefore the reverend father in God prays you, as his dear friends, to rescue him, either by paying down the ransom at which they hold him, or by force of arms, at your best discretion."

"The foul fiend quell the Prior!" said Front-de-

morning's draught has been a deep one. [illegible] of a Norman baron [illegible] to [illegible] a churchman, whose bags [illegible] as weighty as ours?—And how can we [illegible] to [illegible], that are cooped up [illegible] our number, and expect an assault [illegible]?"

[illegible] what I was about to tell you," said [illegible] your [illegible] allowed me time. [illegible] and these foul onslaughts [illegible] brain. Nevertheless, it is of [illegible] a camp and raise a bank [illegible]"

[illegible]," said De Bracy, "and let us [illegible]," and so saying, [illegible] window which led to a sort of [illegible] balcony, and immediately called to those in the apartment—"Saint Den[illegible] monk hath brought true tidings!—[illegible]ward mantelets and pavisses,* and the [illegible] of the wood like a dark [illegible] storm."

Front-de-Bœuf also looked out upon the [illegible] snatched his bugle; and, after [illegible] and loud blast, commanded his men on the walls.

[illegible] look to the eastern side, where the walls [illegible] Noble Bois-Guilbert, thy trade hath well [illegible] how to attack and defend, look thou to [illegible]—I myself will take post at the bar[illegible] do not confine your exertions to any one [illegible] ends!—we must this day be every where, [illegible] ourselves, were it possible, so as to carry [illegible] succour and relief wherever the attack [illegible] Our numbers are few, but activity and [illegible] supply that defect, since we have only [illegible]scal clowns."

[illegible] knights," exclaimed Father Ambrose, [illegible] bustle and confusion occasioned by the [illegible] for defence, "will none of ye hear the [illegible] reverend father in God, Aymer, Prior of [illegible] beseech thee to hear me, noble Sir Re[illegible]"

"[illegible] thy petitions to heaven," said the fierce [illegible] for we on earth have no time to listen to [illegible] there Anselm! see that seething pitch and [illegible] to pour on the heads of these audacious [illegible] that the cross-bow-men lack not bolts.† [illegible] my banner with the old bull's head—[illegible] shall soon find with whom they have to [illegible]"

"[illegible] sir," continued the monk, persevering [illegible] to draw attention, "consider my [illegible] and let me discharge myself of my [illegible]and."

"[illegible] this prating dotard," said Front-de-[illegible] him up in the chapel, to tell his beads till [illegible] over. It will be a new thing to the saints [illegible] to hear aves and paters; they have [illegible] honoured, I trow, since they were cut [illegible]"

"[illegible] not the holy saints, Sir Reginald," [illegible] "we shall have need of their aid to-day [illegible]"

"[illegible]," said Front-de-[illegible] [illegible] the battle-[illegible] There is a huge [illegible] sufficient to bear [illegible] earth."

[illegible] had in the mean time been looking [illegible] with rather [illegible] Front-de-Bœuf or his [illegible]

"[illegible]," he said, "these men [illegible] than could [illegible] however they came by it. See ye how dexterously they avail themselves of every cover which a tree or bush affords, and shun exposing themselves to the shot of our cross-bows? I spy neither banner nor pennon among them, and yet will I gage my golden chain, that they are led on by some noble knight or gentleman, skilful in the practice of wars."

"I espy him," said De Bracy; "I see the waving of a knight's crest, and the gleam of his armour. See yon tall man in the black mail, who is busied marshalling the farther troop of the rascaille yeomen—by Saint Dennis, I hold him to be the same whom we called *Le Noir Faineant*, who overthrew thee, Front-de-Bœuf, in the lists at Ashby."

"So much the better," said Front-de-Bœuf, "that he comes here to give me my revenge. Some hilding fellow he must be, who dared not stay to assert his claim to the tourney prize which chance had assigned him. I should in vain have sought for him where knights and nobles seek their foes, and right glad am I he hath here shown himself among yon villain yeomanry."

The demonstrations of the enemy's immediate approach cut off all farther discourse. Each knight repaired to his post, and at the head of the few followers whom they were able to muster, and who were in numbers inadequate to defend the whole extent of the walls, they awaited with calm determination the threatened assault.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

> This wandering race, sever'd from other men,
> Boast yet their intercourse with human arts;
> The seas, the woods, the deserts, which they haunt,
> Find them acquainted with their secret treasures:
> And unregarded herbs, and flowers, and blossoms,
> Display undreamt-of powers when gather'd by them.
>
> *The Jew.*

Our history must needs retrograde for the space of a few pages, to inform the reader of certain passages material to his understanding the rest of this important narrative. His own intelligence may indeed have easily anticipated that, when Ivanhoe sunk down, and seemed abandoned by all the world, it was the importunity of Rebecca which prevailed on her father to have the gallant young warrior transported from the lists to the house which for the time the Jews inhabited in the suburbs of Ashby.

It would not have been difficult to have persuaded Isaac to this step in any other circumstances, for his disposition was kind and grateful. But he had also the prejudices and scrupulous timidity of his persecuted people, and those were to be conquered.

"Holy Abraham!" he exclaimed, "he is a good youth, and my heart bleeds to see the gore trickle down his rich embroidered hacqueton, and his corslet of goodly price—but to carry him to our house!—damsel, hast thou well considered?—he is a Christian, and by our law we may not deal with the stranger and Gentile, save for the advantage of our commerce."

"Speak not so, my dear father," replied Rebecca; "we may not indeed mix with them in banquet and in jollity; but in wounds and in misery, the Gentile becometh the Jew's brother."

"I would I knew what the Rabbi Jacob Ben Tudela would opine on it," replied Isaac:—"nevertheless, the good youth must not bleed to death. Let Seth and Reuben bear him to Ashby."

"Nay, let them place him in my litter," said Rebecca; "I will mount one of the palfreys."

"That were to expose thee to the gaze of those dogs of Ishmael and of Edom," whispered Isaac, with a suspicious glance towards the crowd of knights and squires. But Rebecca was already busied in carrying her charitable purpose into effect, and listed not what he said, until Isaac, seizing the sleeve of her mantle, again exclaimed, in a hurried voice—"Beard of Aaron!—what if the youth perish! if he die in our custody, shall we not be held guilty of his blood, and be torn to pieces by the multitude?"

"He will not die, my father," said Rebecca, gently extricating herself from the grasp of Isaac—"he will

* [illegible] were temporary and moveable defences formed of [illegible] cover of which [illegible] advanced to the [illegible] places of old. Pavisses were a species of [illegible] covering the whole person employed on the same [illegible]

† [illegible] the arrow peculiarly fitted to the cross-bow, as [illegible] long bow was called a shaft. Hence the English [illegible] either make a shaft or a bolt of it," signifying a [illegible] to make one use or other of the thing spoken of.

not die, unless we abandon him; and if so, we are indeed answerable for his blood to God and to man."

"Nay," said Isaac, releasing his hold, "it grieveth me as much to see the drops of his blood, as if they were so many golden byzants from mine own purse; and I well know, that the lessons of Miriam, daughter of the Rabbi Manasses of Byzantium, whose soul is in Paradise, have made thee skilful in the art of healing, and that thou knowest the craft of herbs, and the force of elixirs. Therefore, do as thy mind giveth thee—thou art a good damsel, a blessing, and a crown, and a song of rejoicing unto me and unto my house, and unto the people of my fathers."

The apprehensions of Isaac, however, were not ill founded; and the generous and grateful benevolence of his daughter exposed her, on her return to Ashby, to the unhallowed gaze of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. The Templar twice passed and repassed them on the road, fixing his bold and ardent look on the beautiful Jewess; and we have already seen the consequences of the admiration which her charms excited, when accident threw her into the power of that unprincipled voluptuary.

Rebecca lost no time in causing the patient to be transported to their temporary dwelling, and proceeded with her own hands to examine and to bind up his wounds. The youngest reader of romances and romantic ballads, must recollect how often the females, during the dark ages, as they are called, were initiated into the mysteries of surgery, and how frequently the gallant knight submitted the wounds of his person to her cure, whose eyes had yet more deeply penetrated his heart.

But the Jews, both male and female, possessed and practised the medical science in all its branches, and the monarchs and powerful barons of the time frequently committed themselves to the charge of some experienced sage among this despised people, when wounded or in sickness. The aid of the Jewish physicians was not the less eagerly sought after, though a general belief prevailed among the Christians, that the Jewish Rabbins were deeply acquainted with the occult sciences, and particularly with the cabalistical art, which had its name and origin in the studies of the sages of Israel. Neither did the Rabbins disown such acquaintance with supernatural arts, which added nothing (for what could add aught?) to the hatred with which their nation was regarded, while it diminished the contempt with which that malevolence was mingled. A Jewish magician might be the subject of equal abhorrence with a Jewish usurer, but he could not be equally despised. It is besides probable, considering the wonderful cures they are said to have performed, that the Jews possessed some secrets of the healing art peculiar to themselves, and which, with the exclusive spirit arising out of their condition, they took great care to conceal from the Christians amongst whom they dwelt.

The beautiful Rebecca had been heedfully brought up in all the knowledge proper to her nation, which her apt and powerful mind had retained, arranged, and enlarged, in the course of a progress beyond her years, her sex, and even the age in which she lived. Her knowledge of medicine and of the healing art had been acquired under an aged Jewess, the daughter of one of their most celebrated doctors, who loved Rebecca as her own child, and was believed to have communicated to her secrets, which had been left to herself by her sage father at the same time, and under the same circumstances. The fate of Miriam had indeed been to fall a sacrifice to the fanaticism of the times; but her secrets had survived in her apt pupil.

Rebecca, thus endowed with knowledge as with beauty, was universally revered and admired by her own tribe, who almost regarded her as one of those gifted women mentioned in the sacred history. Her father himself, out of reverence for her talents, which involuntarily mingled itself with his unbounded affection, permitted the maiden a greater liberty than was usually indulged to those of her sex by the habits of her people, and was, as we have just seen, frequently guided by her opinion, even in preference to his own.

When Ivanhoe reached the habitation of Isaac, he was still in a state of unconsciousness, owing to the profuse loss of blood which had taken place during his exertions in the lists. Rebecca examined the wound, and having applied to it such vulnerary remedies as her art prescribed, informed her father that if fever could be averted, of which the great bleeding rendered her little apprehensive, and if the healing balsam of Miriam retained its virtue, there was nothing to fear for his guest's life, and that he might with safety travel to York with them on the ensuing day. Isaac looked a little blank at this annunciation. His charity would willingly have stopped short at Ashby, or at most would have left the wounded Christian to be tended in the house where he was residing at present, with an assurance to the Hebrew to whom it belonged, that all expenses should be duly discharged. To this, however, Rebecca opposed many reasons, of which we shall only mention two that had peculiar weight with Isaac. The one was, that she would on no account put the phial of precious balsam into the hands of another physician even of her own tribe, lest that valuable mystery should be discovered; the other, that this wounded knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, was an intimate favourite of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and that, in case the monarch should return, Isaac, who had supplied his brother John with treasure to prosecute his rebellious purposes, would stand in no small need of a powerful protector who enjoyed Richard's favour.

"Thou art speaking but sooth, Rebecca," said Isaac, giving way to these weighty arguments—"it were an offending of Heaven to betray the secrets of the blessed Miriam; for the good which Heaven giveth, is not rashly to be squandered upon others, whether it be talents of gold and shekels of silver, or whether it be the secret mysteries of a wise physician—assuredly they should be preserved to those to whom Providence hath vouchsafed them. And him whom the Nazarenes of England call the Lion's Heart, assuredly it were better for me to fall into the hands of a strong lion of Idumea than into his, if he shall have got assurance of my dealing with his brother. Wherefore I will lend ear to thy counsel, and this youth shall journey with us unto York, and our house shall be as a home to him until his wounds shall be healed. And if he of the Lion Heart shall return to the land, as is now noised abroad, then shall this Wilfred of Ivanhoe be unto me as a wall of defence, when the king's displeasure shall burn high against thy father. And if he doth not return, this Wilfred may natheless repay us our charges when he shall gain treasure by the strength of his spear and of his sword, even as he did yesterday and this day also. For the youth is a good youth, and keepeth the day which he appointeth, and restoreth that which he borroweth, and succoureth the Israelite, even the child of my father's house, when he is encompassed by strong thieves and sons of Belial."

It was not until evening was nearly closed that Ivanhoe was restored to consciousness of his situation. He awoke from a broken slumber, under the confused impressions which are naturally attendant on the recovery from a state of insensibility. He was unable for some time to recall exactly to memory the circumstances which had preceded his fall in the lists, or to make out any connected chain of the events in which he had been engaged upon the yesterday. A sense of wounds and injury, joined to great weakness and exhaustion, was mingled with the recollection of blows dealt and received, of steeds rushing upon each other, overthrowing and overthrown—of shouts and clashing of arms, and all the heady tumult of a confused fight. An effort to draw aside the curtain of his couch was in some degree successful, although rendered difficult by the pain of his wound.

To his great surprise he found himself in a room magnificently furnished, but having cushions instead of chairs to rest upon, and in other respects partaking so much of Oriental costume, that he began to doubt whether he had not, during his sleep, been transported back again to the land of Palestine. The impression was increased, when, the tapestry being drawn aside, a female form, dressed in a rich habit, which partook more of the Eastern taste than that of

…e, glided through the door which it concealed, …as followed by a swarthy domestic.

…the wounded knight was about to address this …pparition, she imposed silence by placing her …r finger upon her ruby lips, while the attendant, …aching him, proceeded to uncover Ivanhoe's …nd the lovely Jewess satisfied herself that the …ge was in its place, and the wound doing well. …erformed her task with a graceful and dignified …city and modesty, which might, even in more …ed days, have served to redeem it from what…night seem repugnant to female delicacy. The …f so young and beautiful a person engaged in …lance on a sick-bed, or in dressing the wound of …f a different sex, was melted away and lost …t of a beneficent being contributing her effec…id to relieve pain, and to avert the stroke of … Rebecca's few and brief directions were given … Hebrew language to the old domestic; and he had been frequently her assistant in similar … obeyed them without reply.

…accents of an unknown tongue, however harsh …night have sounded when uttered by another, …coming from the beautiful Rebecca, the roman…d pleasing effect which fancy ascribes to the …s pronounced by some beneficent fairy, unin…ble, indeed, to the ear, but, from the sweetness …earance, and benignity of aspect, which accom…d them, touching and affecting to the heart. …out making an attempt at further question, Ivan…suffered them in silence to take the measures …hought most proper for his recovery; and it was …ntil those were completed, and this kind phy…n about to retire, that his curiosity could no longer …ppressed.—"Gentle maiden," he began in the …ian tongue, with which his Eastern travels had …red him familiar, and which he thought most … to be understood by the turban'd and caftan'd …el who stood before him—"I pray you gentle …en, of your courtesy"——

…here he was interrupted by his fair physician, …le which she scarce could suppress dimpling for …stant a face, whose general expression was that …ntemplative melancholy. "I am of England, …night, and speak the English tongue, although …ress and my lineage belong to another climate."

…"oble damsel," again the Knight of Ivanhoe …; and again Rebecca hastened to interrupt …

…estow not on me, Sir Knight," she said, "the …t of noble. It is well you should speedily know …your handmaiden is a poor Jewess, the daughter …at Isaac of York, to whom you were so lately a … and kind lord. It well becomes him, and those … household, to render to you such careful tend…as your present state necessarily demands."

…now not whether the fair Rowena would have …altogether satisfied with the species of emotion …which her devoted knight had hitherto gazed on …eautiful features, and fair form, and lustrous …f the lovely Rebecca; eyes whose brilliancy was …d, and, as it were, mellowed, by the fringe of …ng silken eyelashes, and which a minstrel would …compared to the evening star darting its rays …gh a bower of jessamine. But Ivanhoe was too …a Catholic to retain the same class of feelings …ds a Jewess. This Rebecca had foreseen, and …s very purpose she had hastened to mention her …'s name and lineage; yet—for the fair and wise …ter of Isaac was not without a touch of female …ness—she could not but sigh internally when …lance of respectful admiration, not altogether …ed with tenderness, with which Ivanhoe had …to regarded his unknown benefactress, was …nged at once for a manner cold, composed, and …ed, and fraught with no deeper feeling than …which expressed a grateful sense of courtesy …d from an unexpected quarter, and from one of …erior race. It was not that Ivanhoe's former …ge expressed more than that general devotional …ge which youth always pays to beauty; yet it …ortifying that one word should operate as a spell …move poor Rebecca, who could not be supposed …ther ignorant of her title to such homage, into a degraded class, to whom it could not be honourably rendered.

But the gentleness and candour of Rebecca's nature imputed no fault to Ivanhoe for sharing in the universal prejudices of his age and religion. On the contrary the fair Jewess, though sensible her patient now regarded her as one of a race of reprobation, with whom it was disgraceful to hold any beyond the most necessary intercourse, ceased not to pay the same patient and devoted attention to his safety and convalescence. She informed him of the necessity they were under of removing to York, and of her father's resolution to transport him thither, and tend him in his own house until his health should be restored. Ivanhoe expressed great repugnance to this plan, which he grounded on unwillingness to give farther trouble to his benefactors.

"Was there not," he said, "in Ashby, or near it, some Saxon franklin, or even some wealthy peasant, who would endure the burden of a wounded countryman's residence with him until he should be again able to bear his armour?—Was there no convent of Saxon endowment, where he could be received?—Or could he not be transported as far as Burton, where he was sure to find hospitality with Waltheoff, the Abbott of St. Withold's, to whom he was related?"

"Any, the worst of these harbourages," said Rebecca, with a melancholy smile, "would unquestionably be more fitting for your residence than the abode of a despised Jew; yet, Sir Knight, unless you would dismiss your physician, you cannot change your lodging. Our nation, as you well know, can cure wounds, though we deal not in inflicting them; and in our own family, in particular, are secrets which have been handed down since the days of Solomon, and of which you have already experienced the advantages. No Nazarene—I crave your forgiveness, Sir Knight—no Christian leech, within the four seas of Britain, could enable you to bear your corslet within a month."

"And how soon wilt *thou* enable me to brook it?" said Ivanhoe, impatiently.

"Within eight days, if thou wilt be patient and conformable to my directions," replied Rebecca.

"By Our Blessed Lady," said Wilfred, "if it be not a sin to name her here, it is no time for me or any true knight to be bedridden; and if thou accomplish thy promise, maiden, I will pay thee with my casque full of crowns, come by them as I may."

"I will accomplish my promise," said Rebecca, "and thou shalt bear thine armour on the eighth day from hence, if thou wilt grant me but one boon in the stead of the silver thou dost promise me."

"If it be within my power, and such as a true Christian knight may yield to one of thy people," replied Ivanhoe, "I will grant thy boon blithely and thankfully."

"Nay," answered Rebecca, "I will but pray of thee to believe henceforward that a Jew may do good service to a Christian, without desiring other guerdon than the blessing of the Great Father who made both Jew and Gentile."

"It were sin to doubt it, maiden," replied Ivanhoe; "and I repose myself on thy skill without further scruple or question, well trusting you will enable me to bear my corslet on the eighth day. And now, my kind leech, let me inquire of the news abroad. What of the noble Saxon Cedric and his household?—what of the lovely Lady"—— He stopt, as if unwilling to speak Rowena's name in the house of a Jew. "Of her, I mean, who was named Queen of the tournament?"

"And who was selected by you, Sir Knight, to hold that dignity, with judgment which was admired as much as your valour," replied Rebecca.

The blood which Ivanhoe had lost did not prevent a flush from crossing his cheek, feeling that he had incautiously betrayed his deep interest in Rowena by the awkward attempt he had made to conceal it.

"It was less of her I would speak," said he, "than of Prince John; and I would fain know somewhat of a faithful squire, and why he now attends me not?"

"Let me use my authority as a leech," answered Rebecca, "and enjoin you to keep silence, and avoid agitating reflections, whilst I apprise you of w…

you desire to know. Prince John hath broken off the tournament, and set forward in all haste towards York, with the nobles, knights, and churchmen of his party, after collecting such sums as they could wring, by fair means or foul, from those who are esteemed the wealthy of the land. It is said he designs to assume his brother's crown."

"Not without a blow struck in its defence," said Ivanhoe, raising himself upon the couch, "if there were but one true subject in England! I will fight for Richard's title with the best of them—ay, one to two, in his just quarrel!"

"But that you may be able to do so," said Rebecca, touching his shoulder with her hand, "you must now observe my directions, and remain quiet."

"True, maiden," said Ivanhoe, "as quiet as these disquieted times will permit—And of Cedric and his household?"

"His steward came but brief while since," said the Jewess, "panting with haste, to ask my father for certain moneys, the price of wool the growth of Cedric's flocks, and from him I learned that Cedric and Athelstane of Coningsburgh had left Prince John's lodging in high displeasure, and were about to set forth on their return homeward."

"Went any lady with them to the banquet?" said Wilfred.

"The Lady Rowena," said Rebecca, answering the question with more precision than it had been asked—"The Lady Rowena went not to the Prince's feast, and, as the steward reported to us, she is now on her journey back to Rotherwood, with her guardian Cedric. And touching your faithful squire Gurth"—

"Ha!" exclaimed the knight, "knowest thou his name?—But thou dost," he immediately added, "and well thou mayst, for it was from thy hand, and, as I am now convinced, from thine own generosity of spirit that he received but yesterday a hundred zecchins."

"Speak not of that," said Rebecca, blushing deeply; "I see how easy it is for the tongue to betray what the heart would gladly conceal."

"But this sum of gold," said Ivanhoe, gravely, "my honour is concerned in repaying it to your father."

"Let it be as thou wilt," said Rebecca, "when eight days have passed away; but think not, and speak not now, of aught that may retard thy recovery."

"Be it so, kind maiden," said Ivanhoe; "I were most ungrateful to dispute thy commands. But one word of the fate of poor Gurth, and I have done with questioning thee."

"I grieve to tell thee, Sir Knight," answered the Jewess, "that he is in custody by the order of Cedric."—And then observing the distress which her communication gave to Wilfred, she instantly added, "But the steward Oswald said, that if nothing occurred to renew his master's displeasure against him, he was sure that Cedric would pardon Gurth, a faithful serf, and one who stood high in favour, and who had but committed this error out of the love which he bore to Cedric's son. And he said, moreover, that he and his comrades, and especially Wamba the Jester, were resolved to warn Gurth to make his escape by the way, in case Cedric's ire against him could not be mitigated."

"Would to God they may keep their purpose!" said Ivanhoe; "but it seems as if I were destined to bring ruin on whomsoever hath shown kindness to me. My king, by whom I was honoured and distinguished, thou seest that the brother most indebted to him is raising his arms to grasp his crown; my regard hath brought restraint and trouble on the fairest of her sex;—and now my father in his mood may slay this poor bondsman, but for his love and loyal service to me!—Thou seest, maiden, what an ill-fated wretch thou dost labour to assist; be wise, and let me go, ere the misfortunes which track my footsteps like sleuth-hounds, shall involve thee also in their pursuit."

"Nay," said Rebecca, "thy weakness and thy grief, Sir Knight, make thee miscalculate the purposes of Heaven. Thou hast been restored to thy country when it most needed the assistance of a strong hand and a true heart, and thou ha the pride of thine enemies and those of thy their horn was most highly exalted; and which thou hast sustained, seest thou no ven has raised thee a helper and a phys among the most despised of the land?—T of good courage, and trust that thou art p some marvel which thine arm shall work people. Adieu—and having taken the medi I shall send thee by the hand of Reube thyself again to rest, that thou mayst be th to endure the journey on the succeeding d

Ivanhoe was convinced by the reas obeyed the directions, of Rebecca. Th which Reuben administered was of a se narcotic quality, and secured the patient undisturbed slumbers. In the morning hi sician found him entirely free from feverish and fit to undergo the fatigue of a journey.

He was deposited in the horse-litter brought him from the lists, and every taken for his travelling with ease. In o stance only even the entreaties of Reb unable to secure sufficient attention to the dation of the wounded knight. Isaac, like th traveller of Juvenal's tenth satire, had ever robbery before his eyes, conscious that h alike accounted fair game by the maraudi noble, and by the Saxon outlaw. He the neyed at a great rate, and made short shorter repasts, so that he passed by Cedric stane who had several hours the start who had been delayed by their protracted the convent of Saint Withold's. Yet su virtue of Miriam's balsam, or such the Ivanhoe's constitution, that he did not s the hurried journey that inconvenience kind physician had apprehended.

In another point of view, however, the J proved somewhat more than good speed. dity with which he insisted on travelling, b disputes between him and the party wh hired to attend him as a guard. These Saxons, and not free by any means from t love of ease and good living which the stigmatized as laziness and gluttony. Shylock's position, they had accepted th ment in hopes of feeding upon the wealth were very much displeased when they fo selves disappointed, by the rapidity with insisted on their proceeding. They remon upon the risk of damage to their horses by t marches. Finally, there arose betwixt Isa satellites a deadly feud, concerning the wine and ale to be allowed for consumpti meal. And thus it happened, that when th danger approached, and that which Isaac likely to come upon him, he was deserted contented mercenaries on whose protecti relied, without using the means necessary their attachment.

In this deplorable condition the Jew, with ter and her wounded patient, were found by has already been noticed, and soon after into the power of De Bracy and his co Little notice was at first taken of the horse it might have remained behind but for the De Bracy, who looked into it under the that it might contain the object of his ent Rowena had not unveiled herself. But I astonishment was considerable, when he that the litter contained a wounded man, conceiving himself to have fallen into the powe outlaws, with whom his name might be a for himself and his friends, frankly avowe be Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The ideas of chivalrous honour, which, wildness and levity, never utterly abandon cy, prohibited him from doing the knight in his defenceless condition, and equally his betraying him to Front-de-Bœuf, who had no scruples to put to death under a stances, the rival claimant of the fief of Iv the other hand, to liberate a suitor prefe

as the events of the tournament, and 's previous banishment from his fa- iad made matter of notoriety, was a ; the flight of De Bracy's generosity. e betwixt good and evil was all which lf capable of adopting, and he com- f his own squires to keep close by the uffer no one to approach it. If ques- re directed by their master to say, that r of the Lady Rowena was employed n of their comrades who had been e scuffle. On arriving at Torquilstone, the Templar and the lord of that castle it upon their own schemes, the one on ars, and the other on his daughter, De- s conveyed Ivanhoe, still under the aded comrade, to a distant apartment. on was accordingly returned by these -de-Bœuf, when he questioned them ot make for the battlements upon the

companion!" he replied in great wrath nt. "No wonder that churls and yeo- esumptuous as even to lay leaguer be- d that clowns and swineherds send bles, since men-at-arms have turned ses, and Free Companions are grown g folk's curtains, when the castle is ailed.--To the battlements, ye loiter- he exclaimed, raising his stentorian ches around rung again, "to the bat- will splinter your bones with this trun-

kily replied, "that they desired nothing go to the battlements, providing Front- l bear them out with their master who ed them to tend the dying man."

man, knaves!" rejoined the Baron; "I e shall all be dying men an we stand nore stoutly. But I will relieve the is caitiff companion of yours.--Here, fiend of a Saxon witch hearest me this bedridden fellow, since he must d, whilst these knaves use their wea- e two arblasts, comrades, with wind- rells*--to the barbican with you, and ich bolt through a Saxon brain."

io, like most of their description, were se and detested inaction, went joyfully danger as they were commanded, and of Ivanhoe was transferred to Urfried, , she, whose brain was burning with f injuries and with hopes of vengeance, duced to devolve upon Rebecca the ent.

CHAPTER XXIX.

watch tower yonder, valiant soldier, field, and say how goes the battle.
Schiller's Maid of Orleans.

peril is often also a moment of open- ss and affection. We are thrown off e general agitation of our feelings, and sity of those which, at more tranquil dence at least conceals, if it cannot ress them. In finding herself once e of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished sation of pleasure which she experi- a time when all around them both was despair. As she felt his pulse, and in- s health, there was a softness in her ter accents implying a kinder interest ld herself have been pleased to have pressed. Her voice faltered and her , and it was only the cold question of t you, gentle maiden?" which recalled and reminded her the sensations which not and could not be mutual. A sigh was scarce audible; and the questions sed the knight concerning his state of t in the tone of calm friendship. Ivan- hoe answered her hastily that he was, in point of health, as well, and better than he could have expected—"Thanks," he said, "dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill."

"He calls me *dear* Rebecca," said the maiden to herself, "but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse—his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess!"

"My mind, gentle maiden," continued Ivanhoe, "is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of these men who were my warders just now, I learn that I am a prisoner, and, if I judge aright of the loud hoarse voice which even now dispatched them hence on some military duty, I am in the castle of Front-de-Bœuf—If so, how will this end, or how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

"He names not the Jew or Jewess," said Rebecca internally; "yet what is our portion in him, and how justly am I punished by Heaven for letting my thoughts dwell upon him!" She hastened after this brief self-accusation to give Ivanhoe what information she could; but it amounted only to this, that the Templar Bois-Guilbert, and the Baron Front-de-Bœuf, were commanders within the castle; that it was beleaguered from without, but by whom she knew not. She added that there was a Christian priest within the castle who might be possessed of more information.

"A Christian priest!" said the knight, joyfully; "fetch him thither, Rebecca, if thou canst—say a sick man desires his ghostly counsel—say what thou wilt, but bring him—something I must do or attempt, but how can I determine until I know how matters stand without?"

Rebecca, in compliance with the wishes of Ivanhoe, made that attempt to bring Cedric into the wounded Knight's chamber, which was defeated as we have already seen by the interference of Urfried, who had been also on the watch to intercept the supposed monk. Rebecca retired to communicate to Ivanhoe the result of her errand.

They had not much leisure to regret the failure of this source of intelligence, or to contrive by what means it might be supplied; for the noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamour. The heavy, yet hasty step of the men-at-arms, traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armour, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text, "The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

"Fret not thyself, noble knight," answered Rebecca, "the sounds have ceased of a sudden—it may be they join not battle."

"Thou knowest naught of it," said Wilfred, impatiently; "this dead pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the instant muttering of the storm—it will burst anon in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

was a cross bow, the windlace the machine that weapon, and the quarrell, so called from ound shaped head, was the bolt adapted to it.

"Thou wilt but injure thyself by the attempt, noble knight," replied his attendant. Observing his extreme solicitude, she firmly added, "I myself will stand at the lattice, and describe to you as I can what passes without."

"You must not—you shall not!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "each lattice, each aperture, will be soon a mark for the archers; some random shaft" —

"It shall be welcome!" murmured Rebecca, as with firm pace she ascended two or three steps, which led to the window of which they spoke.

"Rebecca, dear Rebecca," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "this is no maiden's pastime—do not expose thyself to wounds and death, and render me for ever miserable for having given the occasion; at least, cover thyself with yonder ancient buckler, and show as little of your person at the lattice as may be."

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm. Indeed the situation which she thus obtained was peculiarly favourable for this purpose, because, being placed on an angle of the main building, Rebecca could not only see what passed beyond the precincts of the castle, but also commanded a view of the outwork likely to be the first object of the meditated assault. It was an exterior fortification of no great height or strength, intended to protect the postern-gate, through which Cedric had been recently dismissed by Front-de-Bœuf. The castle moat divided this species of barbican from the rest of the fortress, so that, in case of its being taken, it was easy to cut off the communication with the main building, by withdrawing the temporary bridge. In the outwork was a sallyport corresponding to the postern of the castle, and the whole was surrounded by a strong palisade. Rebecca could observe, from the number of men placed for the defence of this post, that the besieged entertained apprehensions for its safety; and from the mustering of the assailants in a direction nearly opposite to the outwork, it seemed no less plain that it had been selected as a vulnerable point of attack.

These appearances she hastily communicated to Ivanhoe, and added, "The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed!—Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."

"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."*

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure,
hoe; "I know not who may bear the de
I ween it might now be mine own. Ca
see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this dista
Rebecca; "but when the sun glances
shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" e
anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that
from this station," said Rebecca; "b
the other side of the castle is also as
appear even now preparing to advance—
protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—T
vance first bear huge shields and def
plank; the others follow, bending their
come on.—They raise their bows!—God
give the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly in
the signal for assault, which was given
of a shrill bugle, and at once answered
of the Norman trumpets from the battle
mingled with the deep and hollow c
nakers, (a species of kettle-drum,) retorte
defiance the challenge of the enemy. T
both parties augmented the fearful din, t
crying "Saint George for merry Englan
Normans answering them with loud c
avant De Bracy!—Beau-seant! B
Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!" acco
war-cries of their different commanders

It was not, however, by clamour tha
was to be decided, and the desperate
assailants were met by an equally vigo
on the part of the besieged. The arche
their woodland pastimes to the most ef
the long bow, shot, to use the appro
of the time, so "wholly together," tha
which a defender could show the least p
son, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. I
discharge, which continued as thick
hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow
vidual aim, and flew by scores together,
embrasure and opening in the parapets,
every window where a defender either
had post, or might be suspected to be s
this sustained discharge, two or three of
were slain, and several others wounded.
dent in their armour of proof, and in the
their situation afforded, the followers
Bœuf and his allies, showed an obstina
proportioned to the fury of the attack, an
the discharge of their large cross-bow
with their long bows, slings, and other
pons, to the close and continued show
and, as the assailants were necessarily
ently protected, did considerably more
they received at their hand. The whiz
and of missiles, on both sides was only
the shouts which arose when either si
sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bedridde
claimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that
dom or death is played out by the han
Look from the window once again, kin
beware that you are not marked by th
neath—Look out once more, and tell m
advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened b
which she had employed in mental devo
again took post at the lattice, sheltering
ever, so as not to be visible from beneat

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" ag
the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flyi
to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the
shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanh

* The author has been here upbraided with false heraldry, as having charged metal upon metal. It should be remembered, however, that heraldry had only its first rude origin during the crusades, and that all the minutiæ of its fantastic science were the work of time, and introduced at a much later period. Those who think otherwise must suppose that the Goddess of *Armoirers*, like the Goddess of Arms, sprung into the world completely equipped in all the gaudy trappings of the department she presides over.

In corroboration of what is above stated, it may be observed, that the arms, which were assumed by Godfrey of Boulogne himself, after the conquest of Jerusalem, was a cross counter patent cantoned with four little crosses or, upon a field azure, displaying thus metal upon metal. The heralds have tried to explain this undeniable fact in different modes but Ferne gallantly contends, that a prince of Godfrey's qualities should not be bound by the ordinary rules. The Scottish Nisbet and the same Ferne, insist that the chief, of the Crusade must have assigned to Godfrey this extraordinary and unwonted coat-of-arms, in order to induce those who should behold them to make inquiries; and hence to give them the name of *arma inquirenda* But with reverence to these grave authorities, it seems unlikely
that the assembled princes of Europe should
Godfrey a coat armorial so much contrary to th
such rule had then existed; at any rate, it prove
metal, now accounted a solecism in heraldry,
other cases similar to that in the text. See F
Gentrie, p. 238. Edition 1586. Nisbet's *Herald*
Second Edition.

…ct right on to carry the castle by pure force of …he archery may avail but little against stone …nd bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the …ock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears him- …r as the leader is, so will his followers be."
…ee him not," said Rebecca.
…ul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he … from the helm when the wind blows highest?"
… blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, … him now; he leads a body of men close under …er barrier of the barbican.* They pull down …s and palisades; they hew down the barriers …xes. His high black plume floats abroad over …ong, like a raven over the field of the slain. …ave made a breach in the barriers—they rush … are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the …s; I see his gigantic form above the press. …rong again to the breach, and the pass is dis- …and to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! …e meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of …ans moved by adverse winds!"
…urned her head from the lattice, as if unable to endure a sight so terrible.
…k forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mis- …he cause of her retiring; "the archery must … degree have ceased, since they are now fight- …d to hand.—Look again, there is now less …"
…ca again looked forth, and almost imme- …xclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front- …f and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on …ach, amid the roar of their followers, who …he progress of the strife—Heaven strike with …se of the oppressed and of the captive!" She …tered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is …—he is down!"
… is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear …ake, tell me which has fallen?"
… Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; …stantly again shouted with joyful eagerness …no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts …d!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there …enty men's strength in his single arm. His … broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman …sses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—The …oops and totters like an oak under the steel of …dman—he falls—he falls!"
…nt-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.
…nt-de-Bœuf?" answered the Jewess; "his …h to the rescue, headed by the haughty …—their united force compels the champion to … They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."
… assailants have won the barriers, have they …aid Ivanhoe.
…y have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca— …ey press the besieged hard upon the outer …me plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and …ur to ascend upon the shoulders of each …own go stones, beams, and trunks of trees …r heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded …ear, fresh men supply their places in the …—Great God! hast thou given men thine own … that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the … of their brethren!"
…nk not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no … such thoughts—Who yield?—who push their …
… ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, …ing; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them …shed reptiles—The besieged have the better."
…t George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; … false yeomen give way?"
…" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves …omanly—the Black knight approaches the … with his huge axe—the thundering blows …e deals, you may hear them above all the din …outs of the battle—Stones and beams are … down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh, God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "The Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others—Alas!—I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foemen's shot, that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron—Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such *derring-do!**—a fetterlock, and a shackle-bolt on a field sable—what may that mean?—seest thou naught else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat—Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprize; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honour of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas," said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honour around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the *melée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are victorious and renowned—Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

…* Gothic castle and city had, beyond the outer-walls, a …on composed of palisades, called the barriers, which … the scene of severe skirmishes, as these must neces- …rried before the walls themselves could be approach- … of those valiant feats of arms which adorn the chi- … of Froissart took place at the barriers of besieged …

* *Derring-do*—desperate courage

"Alas!" said the fair Jewess, "and what is it, valiant knight, save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vain glory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch?—What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled—of all the travail and pain you have endured—of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe; "Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory?" continued Rebecca; "alas, is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb—is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim—are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

"By the soul of Hereward!" replied the knight impatiently, "thou speakest, maiden, of thou knowest not what. Thou wouldst quench the pure light of chivalry, which alone distinguishes the noble from the base, the gentle knight from the churl and the savage; which rates our life far, far beneath the pitch of our honour; raises us victorious over pain, toil, and suffering, and teaches us to fear no evil but disgrace. Thou art no Christian, Rebecca; and to thee are unknown those high feelings which swell the bosom of a noble maiden when her lover hath done some deed of emprize which sanctions his flame. Chivalry!—why, maiden, she is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed, the redresser of grievances, the curb of the power of the tyrant—Nobility were but an empty name without her, and liberty finds the best protection in her lance and her sword."

"I am, indeed," said Rebecca, "sprung from a race whose courage was distinguished in the defence of their own land, but who warred not, even while yet a nation, save at the command of the Deity, or in defending their country from oppression. The sound of the trumpet wakes Judah no longer, and her despised children are now but the unresisting victims of hostile and military oppression. Well hast thou spoken, Sir Knight,—until the God of Jacob shall raise up for his chosen people a second Gideon, or a new Maccabeus, it ill beseemeth the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war."

The high-minded maiden concluded the argument in a tone of sorrow, which deeply expressed her sense of the degradation of her people, embittered perhaps by the idea that Ivanhoe considered her as one not entitled to interfere in a case of honour, and incapable of entertaining or expressing sentiments of honour and generosity.

"How little he knows this bosom," she said, "to imagine that cowardice or meanness of soul must needs be its guests, because I have censured the fantastic chivalry of the Nazarenes! Would to heaven that the shedding of mine own blood, drop by drop, could redeem the captivity of Judah! Nay, would to God it could avail to set free my father, and this his benefactor, from the chains of the oppressor! The proud Christian should then see whether the daughter of God's chosen people dared not to die as bravely as the vainest Nazarene maiden, that boasts her descent from some petty chieftain of the rude and frozen north!"

She then looked towards the couch of the wounded knight.

"He sleeps," she said; "nature exhausted by sufferance and the waste of spirits, his wearied frame embraces the first moment of temporary relaxation to sink into slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time?—When yet but a short space, and those fair features will be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which forsakes them not even in slee[p]—the nostril shall be distended, the mouth [...] eyes fixed and bloodshot; and when the [...] noble knight may be trodden on by the lo[...] of this accursed castle, yet stir not when [...] lifted up against him!—And my father[...] father! evil is it with his daughter, wher[...] hairs are not remembered because of the g[...] of youth!—What know I but that these e[...] messengers of Jehovah's wrath to the [...] child, who thinks of a stranger's captivi[...] parent's? who forgets the desolation of J[...] looks upon the comeliness of a Gentile an[...] ger?—But I will tear this folly from my he[...] every fibre bleed as I rend it away!"

She wrapped herself closely in her vei[...] down at a distance from the couch of th[...] knight, with her back turned towards it, [...] or endeavouring to fortify her mind, not o[...] the impending evils from without, but al[...] those treacherous feelings which assailed [...] within.

CHAPTER XXX.

Approach the chamber, look upon his bed.
His is the passing of no peaceful ghost,
Which, as the lark arises to the sky,
'Mid morning's sweetest breeze and softest de[...]
Is wing'd to heaven by good men's sighs and t[...]
Anselm parts otherwise.

During the interval of quiet which fo[...] first success of the besiegers, while the one [...] preparing to pursue their advantage, and t[...] strengthen their means of defence, the T[...] De Bracy held brief council together in th[...] castle.

"Where is Front-de-Bœuf?" said the [...] had superintended the defence of the fortr[...] other side; "men say he hath been slain."

"He lives," said the Templar, coolly, "l[...] but had he worn the bull's head of whic[...] the name, and ten plates of iron to fenc[...] he must have gone down before yonde[...] Yet a few hours, and Front-de-Bœuf is w[...] thers—a powerful limb lopped off Prince [...] terprise."

"And a brave addition to the kingdom [...] said De Bracy; "this comes of reviling [...] angels, and ordering images of holy thing[...] men to be flung down on the heads of the[...] yeomen."

"Go to—thou art a fool," said the Tem[...] superstition is upon a level with Front-de-B[...] of faith; neither of you can render a reas[...] belief or unbelief."

"Benedicite, Sir Templar," replied De[...] pray you to keep better rule with your ton[...] am the theme of it. By the Mother of He[...] a better Christian man than thou and thy [...] for the *bruit* goeth shrewly out, that the [...] Order of the temple of Zion nurseth not [...] ties within its bosom, and that Sir Bria[...] Guilbert is of the number."

"Care not thou for such reports," said th[...] "but let us think of making good the ca[...] fought these villain yeomen on thy side?"

"Like fiends incarnate," said De Bra[...] swarmed close up the walls, headed, as [...] the knave who won the prize at the ar[...] knew his horn and baldric. And this is ol[...] boasted policy, encouraging these malape[...] rebel against us! Had I not been armed i[...] villain had marked me down seven tim[...] little remorse as if I had been a buck in s[...] told every rivet on my armour with a cloth[...] that rapped against my ribs with as little c[...] as if my bones had been of iron—But th[...] shirt of Spanish mail under my plate-coat, [...] fairly sped."

"But you maintained your post?" sai[...] plar. "We lost the outwork on our part."

"That is a shrewd loss," said De B[...] knaves will find cover there to assault [...]

re closely, and may, if not well watched, gain some guarded corner of a tower, or some forgotten win-w, and so break in upon us. Our numbers are too for the defence of every point, and the men com-m that they can nowhere show themselves, but y are the mark for as many arrows as a parish-t on a holyday even. Front-de-Bœuf is dying too, we shall receive no more aid from his bull's head and tal strength. How think you, Sir Brian, were we better make a virtue of necessity, and compound h the rogues by delivering up our prisoners?"

'How?" exclaimed the Templar; "deliver up our oners, and stand an object alike of ridicule and eration, as the doughty warriors who dared by a ht-attack to possess themselves of the persons of arty of defenceless travellers, yet could not make d a strong castle against a vagabond troop of out-s, led by swineherds, jesters, and the very refuse mankind?—Shame on thy counsel, Maurice de cy! —The ruins of this castle shall bury both my y and my shame, ere I consent to such base and honourable composition."

Let us to the walls, then," said De Bracy, care-ly; "that man never breathed, be he Turk or nplar, who held life at lighter rate than I do. But ust there is no dishonour in wishing I had here e two scores of my gallant troop of Free Com-ions?—Oh, my brave lances! if ye knew but how d your captain were this day bested, how soon uld I see my banner at the head of your clump of ars! And how short while would these rabble vil-s stand to endure your encounter!"

'Wish for whom thou wilt," said the Templar, ut let us make what defence we can with the sol-rs who remain—They are chiefly Front-de-Bœuf's lowers, hated by the English for a thousand acts insolence and oppression."

'The better," said De Bracy; "the rugged slaves l defend themselves to the last drop of their blood, they encounter the revenge of the peasants with-. Let us up and be doing, then, Brian de Bois-lbert; and, live or die, thou shalt see Maurice De y bear himself this day as a gentleman of blood lineage."

To the walls!" answered the Templar; and they ascended the battlements to do all that skill l dictate, and manhood accomplish, in defence e place. They readily agreed that the point of st danger was that opposite to the outwork of the assailants had possessed themselves. The , indeed, was divided from that barbican by the , and it was impossible that the besiegers could l the postern-door, with which the outwork cor-onded, without surmounting that obstacle; but s the opinion both of the Templar and De Bracy, the besiegers, if governed by the same policy leader had already displayed, would endeavour, formidable assault, to draw the chief part of the nders' observation to this point, and take mea-to avail themselves of every negligence which t take place in the defence elsewhere. To guard t such an evil, their numbers only permitted the s to place sentinels from space to space along alls in communication with each other, who give the alarm whenever danger was threat-Mean while, they agreed that De Bracy should mand the defence at the postern, and the Tem-should keep with him a score of men or there-s as a body of reserve, ready to hasten to any point which might be suddenly threatened. oss of the barbican had also this unfortunate that, notwithstanding the superior height of tle walls, the besieged could not see from with the same precision as before, the opera-of the enemy; for some straggling underwood ched so near the sallyport of the outwork, that ilants might introduce into it whatever force ought proper, not only under cover, but even t the knowledge of the defenders. Utterly un-, therefore, upon what point the storm was to De Bracy and his companion were under the y of providing against every possible contin-and their followers, however brave, experi-he anxious dejection of mind incident to men enclosed by enemies, who possessed the power of choosing their time and mode of attack.

Mean while, the lord of the beleaguered and endangered castle lay upon a bed of bodily pain and mental agony. He had not the usual resource of bigots in that superstitious period, most of whom were wont to atone for the crimes they were guilty of by liberality to the church, stupifying by this means their terrors by the idea of atonement and forgiveness; and although the refuge which success thus purchased, was no more like to the peace of mind which follows on sincere repentance, than the turbid stupefaction procured by opium resembles healthy and natural slumbers, it was still a state of mind preferable to the agonies of awakened remorse. But among the vices of Front-de-Bœuf, a hard and griping man, avarice was predominant; and he preferred setting church and churchmen at defiance, to purchasing from them pardon and absolution at the price of treasure and of manors. Nor did the Templar, an infidel of another stamp, justly characterize his associate, when he said Front-de-Bœuf could assign no cause for his unbelief and contempt for the established faith; for the Baron would have alleged that the Church sold her wares too dear, that the spiritual freedom which she put up to sale was only to be bought like that of the chief captain of Jerusalem, "with a great sum," and Front-de-Bœuf preferred denying the virtue of the medicine, to paying the expense of the physician.

But the moment had now arrived when earth and all his treasures were gliding from before his eyes, and when the savage Baron's heart, though hard as a nether millstone, became appalled as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of futurity. The fever of his body aided the impatience and agony of his mind, and his death-bed exhibited a mixture of the newly awakened feelings of horror, combating with the fixed and inveterate obstinacy of his disposition;—a fearful state of mind, only to be equalled in those tremendous regions, where there are complaints without hope, remorse without repentance, a dreadful sense of present agony, and a presentiment that it cannot cease or be diminished!

"Where be these dog-priests now," growled the Baron, "who set such price on their ghostly mummery—where be all those unshod Carmelites, for whom old Front-de-Bœuf founded the convent of St. Anne, robbing his heir of many a fair rood of meadow, and many a fat field and close—where be the greedy hounds now? Swilling, I warrant me, at the ale, or playing their juggling tricks at the bedside of some miserly churl.—Me, the heir of their founder—me, whom their foundation binds them to pray for—me—ungrateful villains as they are!—they suffer to die like the houseless dog on yonder common, unshriven and unhouseled!—Tell the Templar to come hither—he is a priest, and may do something—But no!—as well confess myself to the devil as to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who recks neither of heaven nor of hell.—I have heard old men talk of prayer—prayer by their own voice—such need not to court or to bribe the false priest—But I—I dare not!"

"Lives Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said a broken and shrill voice close by his bedside, "to say there is that which he dares not!"

The evil conscience and the shaken nerves of Front-de-Bœuf heard, in this strange interruption to his soliloquy the voice of one of those demons, who, as the superstition of the times believed, beset the beds of dying men, to distract their thoughts, and turn them from the meditations which concerned their eternal welfare. He shuddered and drew himself together; but, instantly summoning up his wonted resolution, he exclaimed, "Who is there?—what art thou, that darest to echo my words in a tone like that of the night-raven?—Come before my couch that I may see thee."

"I am thine evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," replied the voice.

"Let me behold thee then in thy bodily shape, if thou be'st indeed a fiend," replied the dying knight; "think not that I will blench from thee.—By the eternal dungeon, could I but grapple with these horrors that hover round me, as I have done with mortal dan-

gers, heaven or hell should never say that I shrunk from the conflict!"

"Think on thy sins, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," said the almost unearthly voice, "on rebellion, on rapine, on murder!—Who stirred up the licentious John to war against his gray-headed father—against his generous brother?"

"Be thou fiend, priest, or devil," replied Front-de-Bœuf, "thou liest in thy throat!—Not I stirred John to rebellion—not I alone—there were fifty knights and barons, the flower of the midland counties—better men never laid lance in rest—And must I answer for the fault done by fifty?—False fiend, I defy thee! Depart, and haunt my couch no more—let me die in peace if thou be mortal—if thou be a demon, thy time is not yet come."

"In peace thou shalt NOT die," repeated the voice; "even in death shalt thou think on thy murders—on the groans which this castle has echoed—on the blood that is engrained in its floors!"

"Thou canst not shake me by thy petty malice," answered Front-de-Bœuf, with a ghastly and constrained laugh. "The infidel Jew—it was merit with heaven to deal with him as I did, else wherefore are men canonized who dip their hands in the blood of Saracens?—The Saxon porkers, whom I have slain, they were the foes of my country, and of my lineage, and of my liege lord.—Ho! ho! thou seest there is no crevice in my coat of plate—Art thou fled?—art thou silenced?"

"No, foul parricide!" replied the voice; "think of thy father!—think of his death!—think of his banquet-room flooded with his gore, and that poured forth by the hand of a son!"

"Ha!" answered the Baron, after a long pause, "an thou knowest that, thou art indeed the author of evil, and as omniscient as the monks call thee!—That secret I deemed locked in my own breast, and in that of one besides—the temptress, the partaker of my guilt.—Go, leave me, fiend! and seek the Saxon witch Ulrica, who alone could tell thee what she and I alone witnessed.—Go, I say, to her, who washed the wounds, and straighted the corpse, and gave to the slain man the outward show of one parted in time and in the course of nature—Go to her, she was my temptress, the foul provoker, the more foul rewarder, of the deed—let her, as well as I, taste of the tortures which anticipate hell!"

"She already tastes them," said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front-de-Bœuf; "she hath long drunken of this cup, and its bitterness is now sweetened to see that thou dost partake it.—Grind not thy teeth, Front-de-Bœuf—roll not thine eyes—clench not thy hand, nor shake it at me with that gesture of menace!—The hand which, like that of thy renowned ancestor, who gained thy name, could have broken with one stroke the skull of a mountain-bull, is now unnerved and powerless as mine own!"

"Vile murderous hag!" replied Front-de-Bœuf; "detestable screech-owl! it is then thou who art come to exult over the ruins thou hast assisted to lay low?"

"Ay, Reginald Front-de-Bœuf," answered she, "it is Ulrica!—it is the daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfganger!—it is the sister of his slaughtered sons!—it is she who demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred, name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front-de-Bœuf!—Think of my wrongs, Front-de-Bœuf, and answer me if I speak not truth. Thou hast been my evil angel, and I will be thine—I will dog thee till the very instant of dissolution!"

"Detestable fury!" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, "that moment shalt thou never witness—Ho! Giles, Clement, and Eustace! Saint Maur, and Stephen! seize this damned witch, and hurl her from the battlements headlong—she has betrayed us to the Saxon!—Ho! Saint Maur! Clement! false-hearted knaves, where tarry ye?"

"Call on them again, valiant Baron," said the hag, with a smile of grisly mockery; "summon thy vassals around thee, doom them that loiter to the scourge and the dungeon—But know, mighty chief," she continued, suddenly changing her tone, "thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience at the
—Listen to these horrid sounds," for the di
recommenced assault and defence now rung
loud from the battlements of the castle; "in
cry is the downfall of thy house—The blood-
fabric of Front-de-Bœuf's power totters to
dation, and before the foes he most despis
Saxon, Reginald!—the scorned Saxon as
walls!—Why liest thou here, like a worn-
when the Saxon storms thy place of strengt

"Gods and fiends!" exclaimed the wounde
"O, for one moment's strength, to drag mys
mêlée, and perish as becomes my name!"

"Think not of it, valiant warrior!" repl
"thou shalt die no soldier's death, but perish
fox in his den, when the peasants have set f
cover around it."

"Hateful hag! thou liest!" exclaimed F
Bœuf; "my followers bear them bravely—
are strong and high—my comrades in arms
whole host of Saxons, were they headed by
and Horsa!—The war-cry of the Templar an
Free Companions rises high over the confli
by mine honour, when we kindle the blazing
for joy of our defence, it shall consume th
and bones; and I shall live to hear thou
from earthly fires to those of that hell, whi
sent forth an incarnate fiend more utterly dia

"Hold thy belief," replied Ulrica, "till
reach thee—But, no!" she said, interrupting
"thou shalt know, even now, the doom,
thy power, strength, and courage, is unable
though it is prepared for thee by this feet
Markest thou the smouldering and suffocati
which already eddies in sable folds thro
chamber?—Didst thou think it was but the
ing of thy bursting eyes—the difficulty of
bered breathing?—No! Front-de-Bœuf, the
other cause—Rememberest thou the magazi
that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "t
not set fire to it?—By heaven, thou hast,
castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Ulr
frightful composure; "and a signal shall s
to warn the besiegers to press hard upon t
would extinguish them.—Farewell, Front-
—May Mista, Skogula, and Zernebock, go
ancient Saxons—fiends, as the priests now
—supply the place of comforters at your d
which Ulrica now relinquishes!—But know,
give thee comfort to know it, that Ulrica is
the same dark coast with thyself, the comp
thy punishment as the companion of thy gu
now, parricide, farewell for ever!—May each
this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that
thine ear!"

So saying, she left the apartment; and F
Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderou
she locked and double-locked the door beh
thus cutting off the most slender chance of
In the extremity of agony he shouted upon
vants and allies—"Stephen and Saint Mau
ment and Giles!—I burn here unaided!—To t
—to the rescue, brave Bois-Guilbert, valiant D
—It is Front-de-Bœuf who calls!—It is your
ye traitor squires!—Your ally—your brother
ye perjured and faithless knights!—all the c
to traitors upon your recreant heads, do you
me to perish thus miserably!—They hear r
they cannot hear me—my voice is lost in t
battle.—The smoke rolls thicker and thicker
has caught upon the floor below—O, for one
of the air of heaven, were it to be purchas
stant annihilation!" And in the mad fren
spair, the wretch now shouted with the sho
fighters, now muttered curses on himself,
kind, and on Heaven itself.—"The red fir
through the thick smoke!" he exclaimed;
mon marches against me under the bann
own element—Foul spirit, avoid!—I go not
without my comrades—all, all are thine, th
son these walls—Thinkest thou Front-de-B
be singled out to go alone?—No—the infidel

—the licentious De Bracy—Ulrica, the foul murdering strumpet—the men who aided my enterprises—the dog Saxons and accursed Jews, who are my prisoners—all, all shall attend me—a goodly fellowship as ever took the downward road—Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed in his frenzy till the vaulted roof rang again. "Who laughed there?" exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, in altered mood, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own mad laughter from returning upon his ear—"who laughed there?—Ulrica, was it thou?—Speak, witch, and I forgive thee—for, only thou or the fiend of hell himself could have laughed at such a moment. Avaunt—avaunt!"—

But it were impious to trace any farther the picture of the blasphemer and parricide's death-bed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
———— And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture—let us swear
That you are worth your breeding.

King Henry V.

Cedric, although not greatly confident in Ulrica's message, omitted not to communicate her promise to the Black Knight and Locksley. They were well pleased to find they had a friend within the place, who might, in the moment of need, be able to facilitate their entrance, and readily agreed with the Saxon that a storm, under whatever disadvantages, ought to be attempted, as the only means of liberating the prisoners now in the hands of the cruel Front-de-Bœuf.

"The royal blood of Alfred is endangered," said Cedric.

"The honour of a noble lady is in peril," said the Black Knight.

"And, by the Saint Christopher at my baldric," said the good yeoman, "were there no other cause than the safety of that poor faithful knave, Wamba, I would jeopard a joint ere a hair of his head were hurt."

"And so would I," said the Friar; "what, sirs! I trust well that a fool—I mean, d'ye see me, sirs, a fool that is free of his guild and master of his craft, and can give as much relish and flavour to a cup of wine as ever a flitch of bacon can—I say, brethren, such a fool shall never want a wise clerk to pray for or fight for him at a strait, while I can say a mass or flourish a partisan."

And with that he made his heavy halberd to play around his head as a shepherd boy flourishes his light crook.

"True, Holy Clerk," said the Black Knight, "true as if Saint Dunstan himself had said it.—And now, good Locksley, were it not well that noble Cedric should assume the direction of this assault?"

"Not a jot I," returned Cedric; "I have never been wont to study either how to take or how to hold out those abodes of tyrannic power, which the Normans have erected in this groaning land. I will fight among the foremost; but my honest neighbours well know I am not a trained soldier in the discipline of wars, or the attack of strongholds."

"Since it stands thus with noble Cedric," said Locksley, "I am most willing to take on me the direction of the archery; and ye shall hang me up on my own trysting-tree, an the defenders be permitted to show themselves over the walls without being stuck with as many shafts as there are cloves in a gammon of bacon at Christmas."

"Well said, stout yeoman," answered the Black Knight; "and if I be thought worthy to have a charge in these matters, and can find among these brave men as many as are willing to follow a true English knight, for so I may surely call myself, I am ready, with such skill as my experience has taught me, to lead them to the attack of these walls."

The parts being thus distributed to the leaders, they commenced the first assault, of which the reader has already heard the issue.

When the barbican was carried, the Sable Knight sent notice of the happy event to Locksley, requesting him at the same time, to keep such a strict observation on the castle as might prevent the defenders from combining their force for a sudden sally, and recovering the outwork which they had lost. This the knight was chiefly desirous of avoiding, conscious that the men whom he led, being hasty and untrained volunteers, imperfectly armed and unaccustomed to discipline, must, upon any sudden attack, fight at great disadvantage with the veteran soldiers of the Norman knights, who were well provided with arms both defensive and offensive; and who, to match the zeal and high spirit of the besiegers, had all the confidence which arises from perfect discipline and the habitual use of weapons.

The knight employed the interval in causing to be constructed a sort of floating bridge, or long raft, by means of which he hoped to cross the moat in despite of the resistance of the enemy. This was a work of some time, which the leaders the less regretted, as it gave Ulrica leisure to execute her plan of diversion in their favour, whatever that might be.

When the raft was completed, the Black Knight addressed the besiegers:—"It avails not waiting here longer, my friends; the sun is descending to the west—and I have that upon my hands which will not permit me to tarry with you another day. Besides, it will be a marvel if the horsemen come not upon us from York, unless we speedily accomplish our purpose. Wherefore, one of ye go to Locksley, and bid him commence a discharge of arrows on the opposite side of the castle, and move forward as if about to assault it; and you, true English hearts, stand by me, and be ready to thrust the raft endlong over the moat whenever the postern on our side is thrown open. Follow me boldly across, and aid me to burst yon sallyport in the main wall of the castle. As many of you as like not this service, or are but ill armed to meet it, do you man the top of the outwork, draw your bowstrings to your ears, and mind you quell with your shot whatever shall appear to man the rampart—Noble Cedric, wilt thou take the direction of those which remain?"

"Not so, by the soul of Hereward!" said the Saxon; "lead I cannot; but may posterity curse me in my grave, if I follow not with the foremost wherever thou shalt point the way—The quarrel is mine, and well it becomes me to be in the van of the battle."

"Yet, bethink thee, noble Saxon," said the knight, "thou hast neither hauberk, nor corslet, nor aught but that light helmet, target, and sword."

"The better!" answered Cedric; "I shall be the lighter to climb these walls. And,—forgive the boast, Sir Knight,—thou shalt this day see the naked breast of a Saxon as boldly presented to the battle as ever ye beheld the steel corslet of a Norman."

"In the name of God, then," said the knight, "fling open the door, and launch the floating bridge."

The portal, which led from the inner-wall of the barbican to the moat, and which corresponded with a sallyport in the main wall of the castle, was now suddenly opened; the temporary bridge was then thrust forward, and soon flashed in the waters, extending its length between the castle and outwork, and forming a slippery and precarious passage for two men abreast to cross the moat. Well aware of the importance of taking the foe by surprise, the Black Knight, closely followed by Cedric, threw himself upon the bridge, and reached the opposite side. Here he began to thunder with his axe upon the gate of the castle, protected in part from the shot and stones cast by the defenders by the ruins of the former drawbridge, which the Templar had demolished in his retreat from the barbican, leaving the counterpoise still attached to the upper part of the portal. The followers of the knight had no such shelter; two were instantly shot with cross-bow bolts, and two more fell into the moat; the others retreated back into the barbican.

The situation of Cedric and of the Black Knight was now truly dangerous, and would have been still more so, but for the constancy of the archers in the barbican, who ceased not to shower their arrows upon the battlements, distracting the attention of those by whom they were manned, and thus affording a respite

[illegible] was
leave [illegible] and [illegible] Cedric [illegible]
the [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

W[illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] De Bracy [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] Cedric and the Black Knight. A [illegible] which he [illegible] he [illegible] pinnacle, which [illegible] through [illegible] the battlements [illegible]. The [illegible] were [illegible], for no armour was proof against the shot of this tremendous archer.

"Do you give ground, base knaves!" said De Bracy; "*Mount joye St. Dennis!* Give me the lever!"

And, snatching it up, he assailed again the loosened pinnacle, which was of weight enough, if thrown down, not only to have destroyed the remnant of the drawbridge which sheltered the two foremost assailants, but also to have sunk the rude float of planks over which they had crossed. All saw the danger, and the boldest, even the stout Friar himself, avoided setting foot on the raft. Thrice did Locksley bend his shaft against De Bracy, and thrice did his arrow bound back from the knight's armour of proof.

"Curse on thy Spanish steel-coat!" said Locksley, "had English smith forged it, these arrows had gone through, an as if it had been silk or sendal." He then began to call out, "Comrades! friends! noble Cedric! bear back, and let the ruin fall."

His warning voice was unheard, for the din which the Knight himself occasioned by his strokes upon the postern would have drowned twenty war-trumpets. The faithful Gurth indeed sprung forward on the planked bridge, to warn Cedric of his impending fate, or to share it with him. But his warning would have come too late; the massive pinnacle already tottered, and De Bracy, who still heaved at his task, would have accomplished it had not the voice of the Templar sounded close in his ears:

[illegible]

[illegible] —
[illegible], villains! let despair give
[illegible] or let me forward! I will cope with th
[illegible] myself!"

And well and chivalrously did De Bracy
[illegible] the fame he had acquired in the c
[illegible] that dreadful period. The vaulted pa
which the postern gave entrance, and in wh
two redoubted champions were now fightin
hand, rung with the furious blows which
each other, De Bracy with his sword, t
Knight with his ponderous axe. At length
[illegible] received a blow, which, though its f
partly parried by his shield, for otherwise ne
would De Bracy have again moved limb, c
[illegible] with so much violence on his crest, that
[illegible] his length on the paved floor.

"Yield thee, De Bracy," said the Black C
stooping over him, and holding against t
his helmet the fatal poniard with which th
despatched their enemies, (and which was
dagger of mercy,)—"yield thee, Maurice
rescue or no rescue, or thou art but a dead r

"I will not yield," replied De Bracy faint
unknown conqueror. Tell me thy name, or
pleasure on me—it shall never be said tha
De Bracy was prisoner to a nameless churl.

The Black Knight whispered something
ear of the vanquished.

"I yield me to be true prisoner, rescue or n
answered the Norman, exchanging his ton
and determined obstinacy for one of deep tl
[illegible] submission.

"Go to the barbican," said the victor, in
authority, "and there wait my further order

"Yet first, let me say," said De Bracy,
[illegible] thee to know. Wilfred of Ivanhoe is
and a prisoner, and will perish in the burni
without present help."

"Wilfred of Ivanhoe!" exclaimed the Blac
—"prisoner, and perish!—The life of every m
castle shall answer it if a hair of his head be
Show me his chamber!"

"Ascend yonder winding stair," said D
"it leads to his apartment—Wilt thou not
guidance?" he added, in a submissive voice

"No. To the barbican, and there wait r
[illegible]

[illegible] from his brief slumber by the noise of the [illegible] his attendant, who had, at his anxious [illegible] placed herself at the window to watch [illegible] to him the fate of the attack, was for some [illegible] by the increase [illegible]. At length the [illegible] of smoke [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the progress of [illegible]

[illegible] here [illegible]

[illegible] and save [illegible] own life," said [illegible] "for no [illegible]"

[illegible] not [illegible] said Rebecca; "we will [illegible] [illegible] great God! my [illegible] father [illegible] what will be his fate!"

[illegible] moment the door of the apartment flew [illegible] the Templar [illegible] himself—a ghastly [illegible] his gilt [illegible] was broken and bloody, [illegible] plume was [illegible] away, partly burnt [illegible] casque. "I have found thee," said he to [illegible] "thou shalt prove I will keep my word to [illegible] and woe. [illegible] There is but one path [illegible] I have cut my way through fifty dangers to [illegible] the [illegible] instantly follow me!"

[illegible]" answered Rebecca, "I will not follow [illegible] how were born of woman—if thou hast but a [illegible] human charity in thee—if thy heart be not [illegible] thy breastplate—save my aged father—save [illegible] ded knight!"

[illegible]ght," answered the Templar, with his cha[illegible] calmness, "a knight, Rebecca, must en[illegible] his fate, whether it meet him in the shape of [illegible] flame—and who recks how or when a Jew [illegible] th his!"

[illegible]ge warrior," said Rebecca, "rather will I [illegible] the flames than accept safety from thee!"

[illegible] shalt not choose, Rebecca—once didst thou [illegible] it never mortal did so twice."

[illegible]ng, he seized on the terrified maiden, who [illegible] air with her shrieks, and bore her out of the [illegible] his arms in spite of her cries, and without re[illegible] the menaces and defiance which Ivanhoe [illegible] against him. "Hound of the Temple—[illegible] thine Order—set free the damsel! Traitor of [illegible] ert, it is Ivanhoe commands thee!—Villain, [illegible] thy heart's blood!"

[illegible] not found thee, Wilfred," said the Black [illegible] ho at that instant entered the apartment, [illegible] ay shouts."

[illegible] best true knight," said Wilfred, "think [illegible] e—pursue yon ravisher—save the Lady [illegible] look to the noble Cedric!"

[illegible] r turn," answered he of the fetterlock, "but [illegible] st."

[illegible] ing upon Ivanhoe, he bore him off with as [illegible] as the Templar had carried off Rebecca, [illegible] th him to the postern, and having there [illegible] his burden to the care of two yeomen, he [illegible] red the castle to assist in the rescue of the [illegible] ners.

[illegible] et was now in bright flames, which flashed [illegible] sly from window and shot-hole. But in [illegible] s, the great thickness of the walls and the [illegible] ofs of the apartments resisted the progress [illegible] es, and there the rage of man still triumphed, [illegible] ce more dreadful element held mastery else[illegible] r the besiegers pursued the defenders of the [illegible] chamber to chamber, and satiated in their [illegible] vengeance which had long animated them [illegible] e soldiers of the tyrant Front-de-Bœuf. [illegible] e garrison resisted to the uttermost—few of [illegible] d quarter—none received it. The air was [illegible] groans and clashing of arms—the floors [illegible] ery with the blood of despairing and expir[illegible] es.

[illegible] this scene of confusion, Cedric rushed in [illegible] owena, whilst the faithful Gurth, following

[illegible] hor has some idea that this passage imitated from [illegible] e of Philidaspes, before the divine Mandane, when [illegible] abylon is on fire, and he proposes to carry her from [illegible] But the theft, if there be one, would be rather too [illegible] ished by the penance of searching for the original [illegible] ugh the interminable volumes of the Grand Cyrus.

him closely through the [illegible] his own safety while he [illegible] that were aimed at his [illegible] [illegible] He [illegible] [illegible] Rebecca [illegible] [illegible] Wamba [illegible] [illegible]

When [illegible] was [illegible] with the [illegible] the dragon! [illegible] Lord! [illegible] [illegible] rescue [illegible] other [illegible] have [illegible]

A [illegible] [illegible] the Templar [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the court of the castle [illegible] contest. He [illegible] horseback [illegible] on horseback [illegible] that of this renowned [illegible] the last chance of safety [illegible] to them. The drawbridge had been lowered by his orders, but the [illegible] was beset; for the archers, who had hitherto [illegible] annoyed the castle on that side by their missiles, no sooner saw the flames breaking out, and the bridge lowered, than they thronged to the entrance, as well to prevent the escape of the garrison, as to secure their own share of booty ere the castle should be burnt down. On the other hand, a party of the besiegers who had entered by the postern were now issuing out into the court-yard, and attacking with fury the remnant of the defenders, who were thus assaulted on both sides at once.

Animated, however, [illegible] engaged by the example of their indomitable leader, the remaining soldiers of the [illegible] fought with the utmost valour; and, being well armed, succeeded more than once in driving back the assailants, though much inferior in numbers. Rebecca, placed on horseback before one of the Templar's Saracen slaves, was in the midst of the little party; and Bois-Guilbert, notwithstanding the confusion [illegible] showed every attention to her safety. Repeatedly he was by her side, and, neglecting his own defence, held before her the fence of his triangular steel-plated shield; and anon starting from his position by her, he cried his war-cry, dashed forward, struck to earth the most forward of the assailants, and was on the same instant once more at her bridle rein.

Athelstane, who, as the reader knows, was slothful, but not cowardly, beheld the female form whom the Templar protected thus sedulously, and doubted not that it was Rowena whom the knight was carrying off, in despite of all resistance which could be offered.

"By the soul of Saint Edward," he said, "I will rescue her from yonder over-proud knight, and he shall die by my hand!"

"Think what you do!" cried Wamba; "hasty hand catches frog for fish—by my bauble, yonder is none of my Lady Rowena—see but her long dark locks! Nay, an ye will not know black from white, ye may be leader, but I will be no follower—no bones of mine shall be broken unless I know for whom. And you without armour too! Bethink you, silk bonnet never kept out steel blade. Nay, then, if wilful will to water, wilful must drench. *Deus vobiscum*, most doughty Athelstane!"—he concluded, loosening

the hold which he had hitherto kept upon the Saxon's limbs.

To snatch a mace from the pavement, on which it lay beside one whose dying grasp had just relinquished it, —to rush on the Templar's band, and to strike in quick succession to the right and left, levelling a warrior at each blow, was, for Athelstane's great strength, now animated with unusual fury, but the work of a single moment; he was soon within two yards of Bois-Guilbert, whom he defied in his loudest tone.

"Turn, false-hearted Templar! let go her whom thou art unworthy to touch—turn, limb of a band of murdering and hypocritical robbers!"

"Dog!" said the Templar, grinding his teeth, "I will teach thee to blaspheme the holy Order of the Temple of Zion;" and with these words, half-wheeling his steed, and making a demi-volte towards the Saxon, and rising in the stirrups, so as to take full advantage of the descent of the weapon, he struck a fearful blow upon the head of Athelstane.

Well said Wamba, that silken bonnet keeps out no steel blade. So trenchant was the Templar's weapon, that it shore asunder, as it had been a willow twig, the tough and plaited handle of the mace, which the ill-fated Saxon reared to parry the blow, and, descending on his head, levelled him with the earth.

"Ha! Beau-seant!" exclaimed Bois-Guilbert, "thus be it to the maligners of the Temple-knights!" Taking advantage of the dismay which was spread by the fall of Athelstane, and calling aloud, "Those who would save themselves, follow me!" he pushed across the drawbridge, dispersing the archers who would have intercepted them. He was followed by his Saracens, and some five or six men-at-arms, who had mounted their horses. The Templar's retreat was rendered perilous by the numbers of arrows shot off at him and his party; but this did not prevent him from galloping round to the barbican, of which, according to his previous plan, he supposed it possible that De Bracy might have been in possession.

"De Bracy! De Bracy!" he shouted, "art thou there?"

"I am here," replied De Bracy, "but I am a prisoner."

"Can I rescue thee?" cried Bois-Guilbert.

"No," replied De Bracy; "I have rendered me, rescue or no rescue. I will be true prisoner. Save thyself—there are hawks abroad—put the seas betwixt you and England—I dare not say more."

"Well," answered the Templar, "an thou wilt tarry there, remember I have redeemed word and glove. Be the hawks where they will, methinks the walls of the Preceptory of Templestowe will be cover sufficient, and thither will I, like heron to her haunt."

Having thus spoken, he galloped off with his followers.

Those of the castle who had not gotten to horse, still continued to fight desperately with the besiegers, after the departure of the Templar, but rather in despair of quarter than that they entertained any hope of escape. The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore raised on the field of battle by the scalds of the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled grey hair flew back from her uncovered head; the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity; and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and slaughter: *

1.

Whet the bright steel,
Sons of the White Dragon!
Kindle the torch,
Daughter of Hengist!
The steel glimmers not for the carving of the banquet,
It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed;
The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
Whet the steel, the raven croaks!
Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling!
Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon!
Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist!

2.

The black cloud is low over the thane's castle;
The eagle screams—he rides on its bosom.
Scream not, grey rider of the sable cloud,
Thy banquet is prepared!
The maidens of Valhalla look forth,
The race of Hengist will send them guests.
Shake your black tresses, maidens of Valhalla!
And strike your loud timbrels for joy!
Many a haughty step bends to your halls,
Many a helmed head.

3.

Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,
The black clouds gather round;
Soon shall they be red as the blood of the valiant!
The destroyer of forests shall shake his red crest against them.
He, the bright consumer of palaces,
Broad waves he his blazing banner,
Red, wide and dusky,
Over the strife of the valiant:
His joy is in the clashing swords and broken bucklers;
He loves to lick the hissing blood as it bursts warm from the wound!

4.

All must perish!
The sword cleaveth the helmet;
The strong armour is pierced by the lance;
Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,
Engines break down the fences of the battle.
All must perish!
The race of Hengist is gone—
The name of Horsa is no more!
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the sword!
Let your blades drink blood like wine;
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,
By the light of the blazing halls!
Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,
And spare neither for pity nor fear,
For vengeance hath but an hour;
Strong hate itself shall expire!
I also must perish!

The towering flames had now surmounted every obstruction, and rose to the evening skies one huge and burning beacon, seen far and wide through the adjacent country. Tower after tower crashed down, with blazing roof and rafter; and the combatants were driven from the court-yard. The vanquished, of whom very few remained, scattered and escaped into the neighbouring wood. The victors, assembling in large bands, gazed with wonder, not unmixed with fear, upon the flames, in which their own ranks and arms glanced dusky red. The maniac figure of the Saxon Ulrica was for a long time visible on the lofty stand she had chosen, tossing her arms abroad with wild exultation, as if she reigned empress of the conflagration which she had raised. At length, with a terrific crash, the whole turret gave way, and she perished in the flames which had consumed her tyrant. An awful pause of horror silenced each murmur of the armed spectators, who, for the space of several minutes, stirred not a finger, save to sign the cross. The voice of Locksley was then heard, "Shout, yeomen!—the den of tyrants is no more! Let each bring his spoil to our chosen place of rendezvous at the Trysting-tree in the Harthill-walk; for there at break of day will we make just partition among our own bands, together with our worthy allies in this great deed of vengeance."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Trust me, each state must have its policies:
Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters;
Even the wild outlaw, in his forest walk,
Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline;
For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
But laws were made to draw that union closer.

The daylight had dawned upon the glades of the oak forest. The green boughs glittered with

* It will readily occur to the antiquary, that these verses are intended to imitate the antique poetry of the Scalds—the minstrels of the old Scandinavians—the race, as the Laureate so happily terms them,

"Stern to inflict, and stubborn to endure,
Who smiles in death."

The poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, after their civilisation and conversion, was of a different and softer character; but in the circumstances of Ulrica, she may not be unnaturally supposed to return to the wild strains which animated her forefathers during the time of Paganism and untamed ferocity.

dew. The hind led her fawn from the covert of high fern to the more open walks of the greenwood, and no huntsman was there to watch or intercept the stately hart, as he paced at the head of the antler'd herd.

The outlaws were all assembled around the Trysting-tree in the Harthill-walk, where they had spent the night in refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the siege, some with wine, some with slumber, many with hearing and recounting the events of the day, and computing the heaps of plunder which their success had placed at the disposal of their Chief.

The spoils were indeed very large; for, notwithstanding that much was consumed, a great deal of plate, rich armour, and splendid clothing, had been secured by the exertions of the dauntless outlaws, who could be appalled by no danger when such rewards were in view. Yet so strict were the laws of their society, that no one ventured to appropriate any part of the booty, which was brought into one common mass, to be at the disposal of their leader.

The place of rendezvous was an aged oak; not however the same to which Locksley had conducted Gurth and Wamba in the earlier part of the story, but one which was the centre of a silvan amphitheatre, within half a mile of the demolished castle of Torquilstone. Here Locksley assumed his seat—a throne of turf erected under the twisted branches of the huge oak, and the silvan followers were gathered around him. He assigned to the Black Knight a seat at his right hand, and to Cedric a place upon his left.

"Pardon my freedom, noble sirs," he said, "but in these glades I am monarch—they are my kingdom; and these my wild subjects would reck but little of my power, were I, within my own dominions, to yield place to mortal man.—Now, sirs, who hath seen our chaplain? where is our curtal Friar? A mass amongst Christian men best begins a busy morning."—No one had seen the Clerk of Copmanhurst. "Over gods forbode!" said the outlaw chief, "I trust the jolly priest hath but abidden by the wine-pot a thought too late. Who saw him since the castle was ta'en?"

"I," quoth the Miller, "marked him busy about the door of a cellar, swearing by each saint in the calendar he would taste the smack of Front-de-Bœuf's Gascoigne wine."

"Now, the saints, as many as there be of them," said the Captain, "forfend, lest he has drunk too deep of the wine-butts, and perished by the fall of the castle!—Away, Miller!—take with you enow of men, seek the place where you last saw him—throw water from the moat on the scorching ruins—I will have them removed stone by stone ere I lose my curtal Friar."

The numbers who hastened to execute this duty, considering that an interesting division of spoil was about to take place, showed how much the troop had at heart the safety of their spiritual father.

"Meanwhile, let us proceed," said Locksley; "for when this bold deed shall be sounded abroad, the bands of De Bracy, of Malvoisin, and other allies of Front-de-Bœuf, will be in motion against us, and it were well for our safety that we retreat from the vicinity.—Noble Cedric," he said, turning to the Saxon, "that spoil is divided into two portions; do thou make choice of that which best suits thee, to recompense thy people who were partakers with us in this adventure."

"Good yeoman," said Cedric, "my heart is oppressed with sadness. The noble Athelstane of Coningsburgh is no more—the last sprout of the sainted Confessor! Hopes have perished with him which can never return!—A sparkle hath been quenched by his blood, which no human breath can again rekindle! My people, save the few who are now with me, do but wait my presence to transport his honoured remains to their last mansion. The Lady Rowena is desirous to return to Rotherwood, and must be escorted by a sufficient force. I should, therefore, ere now, have left this place; and I waited—not to share the booty, for, so help me God and Saint Withold! as neither I nor any of mine will touch the value of a liard,—I waited but to render my thanks to thee and thy bold yeomen, for the life and honour ye have saved."

"Nay, but," said the Chief Outlaw, "we did but half the work at most—take of the spoil what may reward your own neighbours and followers."

"I am rich enough to reward them from mine own wealth," answered Cedric.

"And some," said Wamba, "have been wise enough to reward themselves; they do not march off empty-handed altogether. We do not all wear motley."

"They are welcome," said Locksley; "our laws bind none but ourselves."

"But, thou, my poor knave," said Cedric, turning about and embracing his Jester, "how shall I reward thee, who feared not to give thy body to chains and death instead of mine!—All forsook me, when the poor fool was faithful!"

A tear stood in the eye of the rough thane as he spoke—a mark of feeling which even the death of Athelstane had not extracted; but there was something in the half-instinctive attachment of his clown, that waked his nature more keenly than even grief itself.

"Nay," said the Jester, extricating himself from his master's caress, "if you pay my service with the water of your eye, the Jester must weep for company, and then what becomes of his vocation?—But, uncle, if you would indeed pleasure me, I pray you to pardon my playfellow Gurth, who stole a week from your service to bestow it on your son."

"Pardon him!" exclaimed Cedric; "I will both pardon and reward him.—Kneel down, Gurth."—The swineherd was in an instant at his master's feet—"THEOW and ESNE* art thou no longer," said Cedric, touching him with a wand; "FOLKFREE and SACLESS† art thou in town and from town, in the forest as in the field. A hide of land I give to thee in my steads of Walbrugham, from me and mine to thee and thine aye and for ever; and God's malison on his head who this gainsays!"

No longer a serf, but a freeman and a landholder, Gurth sprung upon his feet, and twice bounded aloft to almost his own height from the ground.

"A smith and a file," he cried, "to do away the collar from the neck of a freeman!—Noble master! doubled is my strength by your gift, and doubly will I fight for you!—There is a free spirit in my breast—I am a man changed to myself and all around.—Ha, Fangs!" he continued,—for that faithful cur, seeing his master thus transported, began to jump upon him, to express his sympathy,—"knowest thou thy master still?"

"Ay," said Wamba, "Fangs and I still know thee, Gurth, though we must needs abide by the collar; it is only thou art likely to forget both us and thyself."

"I shall forget myself indeed ere I forget thee, true comrade," said Gurth; "and were freedom fit for thee, Wamba, the master would not let thee want it."

"Nay," said Wamba, "never think I envy thee, brother Gurth; the serf sits by the hall-fire when the freeman must forth to the field of battle—And what saith Oldhelm of Malmsbury—Better a fool at a feast than a wise man at a fray."

The tramp of horses was now heard, and the Lady Rowena appeared, surrounded by several riders, and a much stronger party of footmen, who joyfully shook their pikes and clashed their brown-bills for joy of her freedom. She herself, richly attired, and mounted on a dark chestnut palfrey, had recovered all the dignity of her manner, and only an unwonted degree of paleness showed the sufferings she had undergone. Her lovely brow, though sorrowful, bore on it a cast of reviving hope for the future, as well as of grateful thankfulness for the past deliverance. She knew that Ivanhoe was safe, and she knew that Athelstane was dead. The former assurance filled her with the most sincere delight; and if she did not absolutely rejoice at the latter, she might be pardoned for feeling the full advantage of being freed from further persecution on the only subject in which she had ever been contradicted by her guardian Cedric.

As Rowena bent her steed towards Locksley's seat, that bold yeoman, with all his followers, rose to receive her, as if by a general instinct of courtesy. The blood rose to her cheeks, as, courteously waving

* Thrall and bondsman. † A lawful freeman.

[illegible]

Again bowing [illegible] Rowena [illegible] to depart; [illegible] was to attend her [illegible] himself [illegible] De Bracy. He [illegible] his arms crossed [illegible] hopes she might [illegible] He looked [illegible], however, and [illegible] flash of shame [illegible] countenance. He stood a moment [illegible] forward, took [illegible] his knee before her.

"Will the Lady Rowena [illegible] captive knight [illegible] dishonoured [illegible]?"

"Sir Knight," answered Rowena, "in enterprises such as yours the real dishonour lies not in failure, but in success."

"Conquest, lady, should soften the heart," answered De Bracy; "let me but know that the Lady Rowena forgives the violence occasioned by an ill-fated passion, and she shall soon learn that De Bracy knows how to serve her in nobler ways."

"I forgive you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "as a Christian."

"That means," said Wamba, "that she does not forgive him at all."

"But I can never forgive the misery and desolation your madness has occasioned," continued Rowena.

"Unloose your hold on the lady's rein," said Cedric, coming up. "By the bright sun above us, but it were shame, I would pin thee to the earth with my javelin; but be well assured, thou shalt smart, Maurice De Bracy, for thy share in this foul deed."

"He threatens safely who threatens a prisoner," said De Bracy; "but when had a Saxon any touch of courtesy?"

Then retiring two steps backward, he permitted the lady to move on.

Cedric, ere they departed, expressed his peculiar gratitude to the Black Champion, and earnestly intreated him to accompany him to Rotherwood.

"I know," he said, "that ye errant knights desire to carry your fortunes on the point of your lance, and reck not of land or goods; but war is a changeful mistress, and a home is sometimes desirable even to the champion whose trade is wandering. Thou hast [illegible]

[illegible] God speed him, and on they moved through the [illegible] forest.

They had scarce departed, ere a sudden p[illegible] moved from under the greenwood branch[illegible] slowly round the sylvan amphitheatre, and [illegible] same direction with Rowena and her follow[illegible] priests of a neighbouring convent, in expect[illegible] the ample donation, or *soul-scat*, which Ce[illegible] proposed, attended upon the car in which th[illegible] Athelstane was laid, and sang hymns as it [illegible] and slowly borne on the shoulders of his v[illegible] his castle of Coningsburgh, to be there dep[illegible] the grave of Hengist, from whom the dec[illegible] rived his long descent. Many of his vas[illegible] assembled at the news of his death, and foll[illegible] bier with all the external marks, at least, of [illegible] and sorrow. Again the outlaws arose, and [illegible] same rude and spontaneous homage to deat[illegible] they had so lately rendered to beauty—the sl[illegible] and mournful step of the priests brought bac[illegible] remembrance such of their comrades as had [illegible] the yesterday's affray. But such recollectio[illegible] not long with those who lead a life of dan[illegible] enterprise, and ere the sound of the death-h[illegible] died on the wind, the outlaws were again [illegible] the distribution of their spoil.

"Valiant knight," said Locksley to th[illegible] Champion, "without whose good heart an[illegible] arm our enterprise must altogether have fa[illegible] it please you to take from that mass of sp[illegible] ever may best serve to pleasure you, and t[illegible] you of this my Trysting-tree!"

"I accept the offer," said the Knight, "a[illegible] as it is given; and I ask permission to dispo[illegible] Maurice de Bracy at my own pleasure."

"He is thine already," said Locksley, "[illegible] for him! else the tyrant had graced the highe[illegible] of this oak, with as many of his Free-Compa[illegible] we could gather, hanging thick as acorns aro[illegible] But he is thy prisoner, and he is safe, th[illegible] had slain my father."

"De Bracy," said the Knight, "thou art f[illegible] part. He whose prisoner thou art scorns [illegible] mean revenge for what is past. But bewa[illegible] future, lest a worse thing befall thee.—Ma[illegible] Bracy, I say beware!"

[illegible]

e laugh occasioned by this incident was
composed, the chief Outlaw took from his
ch bugle and baldric which he had recently
he strife of archery near Ashby.
Knight," he said to the Knight of the Fetterlock,
disdain not to grace by your acceptance a
an English yeoman has once worn, this
you to keep as a memorial of your gallant
nd if you have aught to do, and, as happeneth
a gallant knight, ye chance to be hard
any forest between Trent and Tees, wind
upon the horn, thus, *Wa-sa-hoa!* and it
chance ye shall find helpers and rescue."
gave breath to the bugle, and winded once
the call which he described, until the knight
the notes.

cy for the gift, bold yeoman," said the
and better help than thine and thy ran-
I never seek, were it at my utmost need."
n his turn he winded the call till all the
rang.

own and clearly," said the yeoman; "be-
an thou knowest not as much of wood-
war!—thou hast been a striker of deer in
warrant.—Comrades, mark these three
the call of the Knight of the Fetterlock;
o hears it, and hastens not to serve him at
will have him scourged out of our band
own bowstring."

ve our leader!" shouted the yeomen, "and
e Black Knight of the Fetterlock!—May
e our service, to prove how readily it will

now proceeded to the distribution of the
ch he performed with the most laudable
y. A tenth part of the whole was set apart
urch, and for pious uses; a portion was
d to a sort of public treasury; a part was
the widows and children of those who
or to be expended in masses for the souls
had left no surviving family. The rest
d amongst the outlaws, according to their
merit; and the judgment of the Chief, on
ubtful questions as occurred, was delivered
shrewdness, and received with absolute
. The Black Knight was not a little sur-
ind that men, in a state so lawless, were
s among themselves so regularly and equi-
ned, and all that he observed added to his
the justice and judgment of their leader.
ch had taken his own proportion of the
while the treasurer, accompanied by four
n, was transporting that belonging to the
e place of concealment or of security, the
oted to the church still remained unappro-

d," said the leader, "we could hear tidings
us chaplain—he was never wont to be ab-
meat was to be blessed, or spoil to be parted;
s duty to take care of these the tithes of
sful enterprise. It may be the office has
over some of his canonical irregularities.
e a holy brother of his a prisoner at no
nce, and I would fain have the Friar to
deal with him in due sort—I greatly mis-
afety of the bluff priest."

right sorry for that," said the Knight of
ock, "for I stand indebted to him for the
itality of a merry night in his cell. Let us
s of the castle; it may be we shall there
tidings of him."

ey thus spoke, a loud shout among the
nounced the arrival of him for whom they
they learned from the stentorian voice of
himself, long before they saw his burly

room, my merry men!" he exclaimed;
your godly father and his prisoner—Cry
once more.—I come, noble leader, like an
my prey in my clutch."—And making his
gh the ring, amidst the laughter of all

* upon the bugle were anciently called mots, and
shed in the old treatises on hunting, not by mu-
ers, but by written words.

around, he appeared in majestic triumph, his huge partisan in one hand, and in the other a halter, one end of which was fastened to the neck of the unfortunate Isaac of York, who, bent down by sorrow and terror, was dragged on by the victorious priest, who shouted aloud, "Where is Allan-a-Dale, to chronicle me in a ballad, or if it were but a lay?—By Saint Hermangild, the jingling crowder is ever out of the way where there is an apt theme for exalting valour!"

"Curtal Priest," said the Captain, "thou hast been at a wet mass this morning, as early as it is. In the name of Saint Nicholas, whom hast thou got here?"

"A captive to my sword and to my lance, noble Captain," replied the Clerk of Copmanhurst; "to my bow and to my halberd, I should rather say; and yet I have redeemed him by my divinity from a worse captivity. Speak, Jew—have I not ransomed thee from Sathanas?—have I not taught thee thy *credo*, thy *pater*, and thine *Ave Maria*?—Did I not spend the whole night in drinking to thee, and in expounding of mysteries?"

"For the love of God!" ejaculated the poor Jew, "will no one take me out of the keeping of this mad—I mean this holy man?"

"How's this, Jew?" said the Friar, with a menacing aspect; "dost thou recant, Jew?—Bethink thee, if thou dost relapse into thine infidelity, though thou art not so tender as a suckling pig—I would I had one to break my fast upon—thou art not too tough to be roasted! Be conformable, Isaac, and repeat the words after me. *Ave Maria!*—"

"Nay, we will have no profanation, mad Priest," said Locksley; "let us rather hear where you found this prisoner of thine."

"By Saint Dunstan," said the Friar, "I found him where I sought for better ware! I did step into the cellarage to see what might be rescued there; for though a cup of burnt wine, with spice, be an evening's draught for an emperor, it were waste, methought, to let so much good liquor be mulled at once; and I had caught up one runlet of sack, and was coming to call more aid among these lazy knaves, who are ever to seek when a good deed is to be done, when I was advised of a strong door—Aha! thought I, here is the choicest juice of all in this secret crypt; and the knave butler, being disturbed in his vocation, hath left the key in the door—In therefore I went, and found just nothing besides a commodity of rusted chains and this dog of a Jew, who presently rendered himself my prisoner, rescue or no rescue. I did but refresh myself after the fatigue of the action, with the unbeliever, with one humming cup of sack, and was proceeding to lead forth my captive, when, crash after crash, as with wild thunder-dint and levin-fire, down toppled the masonry of an outer tower, (marry beshrew their hands that built it not the firmer!) and blocked up the passage. The roar of one falling tower followed another—I gave up thought of life; and deeming it a dishonour to one of my profession to pass out of this world in company with a Jew, I heaved up my halberd to beat his brains out; but I took pity on his gray hairs, and judged it better to lay down the partisan, and take up my spiritual weapon for his conversion. And truly, by the blessing of Saint Dunstan, the seed has been sown in good soil; only that, with speaking to him of mysteries through the whole night, and being in a manner fasting, (for the few draughts of sack which I sharpened my wits with were not worth marking,) my head is well nigh dizzied, I trow.—But I was clean exhausted.—Gilbert and Wibbald know in what state they found me—quite and clean exhausted."

"We can bear witness," said Gilbert; "for when we had cleared away the ruin, and by Saint Dunstan's help lighted upon the dungeon stair, we found the runlet of sack half empty, the Jew half dead, and the Friar more than half—exhausted, as he calls it."

"Ye be knaves! ye lie!" retorted the offended Friar; "it was you and your gormandizing companions that drank up the sack, and called it your morning draught. I am a pagan, an I kept it not for the Captain's own throat. But what recks it? The Jew

is converted, and understands all I have told him, very nearly as well as myself or thou."

"Jew," said the Captain, "is this true? hast thou renounced thy unbelief?"

"May I so find mercy in your eyes," said the Jew, "as I know not one word which the reverend prelate spake to me all this fearful night. Alas! I was so distraught with agony, and fear, and grief, that had our holy father Abraham come to preach to me, he had found but a deaf listener."

"Thou liest, Jew, and thou knowest thou dost," said the Friar; "I will remind thee but of one word of our conference—thou didst promise to give all thy substance to our holy Order."

"So help me the Promise, fair sirs," said Isaac, even more alarmed than before, "as no such sounds ever crossed my lips! Alas! I am an aged beggar'd man—I fear me a childless—have ruth on me, and let me go!"

"Nay," said the Friar, "if thou dost retract vows made in favour of holy Church, thou must do penance."

Accordingly, he raised his halberd, and would have laid the staff of it lustily on the Jew's shoulders, had not the Black Knight stopped the blow, and thereby transferred the Holy Clerk's resentment to himself.

"By Saint Thomas of Kent," said he, "an I buckle to my gear, I will teach thee, sir lazy lover, to mell with thine own matters, maugre thine iron case there!"

"Nay, be not wroth with me," said the Knight; "thou knowest I am thy sworn friend and comrade."

"I know no such thing," answered the Friar; "and defy thee for a meddling coxcomb!"

"Nay but," said the Knight, who seemed to take a pleasure in provoking his quondam host, "hast thou forgotten how, that for my sake (for I say nothing of the temptation of the flagon and the pasty) thou didst break thy vow of fast and vigil?"

"Truly, friend," said the Friar, clenching his huge fist, "I will bestow a buffet on thee."

"I accept of no such presents," said the Knight; "I am content to take thy cuff as a loan, but I will repay thee with usury as deep as ever thy prisoner there exacted in his traffic."

"I will prove that presently," said the Friar.

"Hola!" cried the Captain, "what art thou after, mad Friar? brawling beneath our Trysting-tree?"

"No brawling," said the Knight, "it is but a friendly interchange of courtesy.—Friar, strike an thou darest—I will stand thy blow, if thou wilt stand mine."

"Thou hast the advantage with that iron pot on thy head," said the churchman; "but have at thee—Down thou goest, an thou wert Goliath of Gath in his brazen helmet."

The Friar bared his brawny arm up to the elbow, and putting his full strength to the blow, gave the Knight a buffet that might have felled an ox. But his adversary stood firm as a rock. A loud shout was uttered by all the yeomen around; for the Clerk's cuff was proverbial amongst them, and there were few who, in jest or earnest, had not had occasion to know its vigour.

"Now, Priest," said the Knight, pulling off his gauntlet, "if I had vantage on my head, I will have none on my hand—stand fast as a true man."

"*Genam meam dedi vapulatori*—I have given my cheek to the smiter," said the Priest; "an thou canst stir me from the spot, fellow, I will freely bestow on thee the Jew's ransom."

So spoke the burly Priest, assuming, on his part, high defiance. But who may resist his fate? The buffet* of the Knight was given with such strength and good will, that the Friar rolled head over heels upon the plain, to the great amazement of all the spectators. But he arose neither angry nor crestfallen.

"Brother," said he to the Knight, "thou shouldst have used thy strength with more discretion. I had mumbled but a lame mass an thou hadst broken my jaw, for the piper plays ill that wants the nether chops. Nevertheless, there is my hand, in friendly witness, that I will exchange no more cuffs with thee, having been a loser by the barter. End now all unkindness. Let us put the Jew to ransom, since the leopard will not change his spots, and a Jew he will continue to be."

"The Priest," said Clement, "is not half so confident of the Jew's conversion, since he received that buffet on the ear."

"Go to, knave, what pratest thou of conversions?—what, is there no respect?—all masters and no men?—I tell thee, fellow, I was somewhat totty when I received the good Knight's blow, or I had kept my ground under it. But an thou gibest more of it, thou shalt learn I can give as well as take."

"Peace all!" said the Captain. "And thou, Jew, think of thy ransom; thou needest not to be told that thy race are held to be accursed in all Christian communities, and trust me that we cannot endure thy presence among us. Think, therefore, of an offer, while I examine a prisoner of another cast."

"Were many of Front-de-Bœuf's men taken?" demanded the Black Knight.

"None of note enough to be put to ransom," answered the Captain; "a set of hilding fellows there were, whom we dismissed to find them a new master—enough had been done for revenge and profit; the bunch of them were not worth a cardecu. The prisoner I speak of is better booty—a jolly monk riding to visit his leman, an I may judge by his horse-furniture and wearing apparel.—Here cometh the worthy prelate, as pert as a pyet." And, between two yeomen, was brought before the silvan throne of the outlaw Chief, our old friend, Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx.

* The interchange of a cuff with the jolly priest is not entirely out of character with Richard I., if romances read him aright. In the very romance on the subject of his adventures in Palestine, and his return from thence, it is recorded how he exchanged a pugilistic favour of this nature, while a prisoner in Germany. His opponent was the son of his principal warder, and was so imprudent as to give the challenge to this barter of buffets. The King stood forth like a true man, and received a blow which staggered him. In requital, having previously waxed his hand, a practice unknown, I believe, to the gentlemen of the modern fancy, he returned the box on the ear with such interest as to kill his antagonist on the spot.—See, in *Ellis's Specimens of English Romance, that of Cœur de Lion.*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

——Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?
Marcius. As with a man busied about decrees,
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him or pitying, threatening the other.
Coriolanus.

THE captive Abbot's features and manners exhibited a whimsical mixture of offended pride, and deranged foppery and bodily terror.

"Why, how now, my masters?" said he, with a voice in which all the three emotions were blended. "What order is this amongst ye? Be ye Turks or Christians, that handle a churchman?—Know ye what it is, *manus imponere in servos Domini?* Ye have plundered my mails, torn my cope of curious cut lace, which might have served a cardinal!—Another in my place would have been at his *excommunicabo vos*; but I am placable, and if ye order forth my palfreys, release my brethren, and restore my mails, tell down with all speed an hundred crowns to be expended in masses at the high altar of Jorvaulx Abbey, and make your vow to eat no venison until next Pentecost, it may be you shall hear little more of this mad frolic."

"Holy Father," said the chief Outlaw, "it grieves me to think that you have met with such usage from any of my followers, as calls for your fatherly reprehension."

"Usage!" echoed the priest, encouraged by the mild tone of the silvan leader; "it were usage fit for no hound of good race—much less for a Christian—far less for a priest—and least of all for the Prior of the holy community of Jorvaulx. Here is a profane and drunken minstrel, called Allan-a-Dale—*nebulo quidam*—who has menaced me with corporal punishment—nay, with death itself, an I pay not down four hundred crowns of ransom, to the boot of all the treasure he hath already robbed me of—gold chains and gymmal rings to an unknown value; besides

sen and spoil among their rude hands.
pomander-box and silver crisping-tongs?"
ossible that Allan-a-Dale can have thus
n of your reverend bearing," replied the

as the gospel of Saint Nicodemus," said
he swore, with many a cruel north-coun-
t he would hang me upon the highest
greenwood."
so in very deed? Nay, then, reverend
nk you had better comply with his de-
Allan-a-Dale is the very man to abide by
en he has so pledged it."*
but jest with me," said the astounded
a forced laugh; "and I love a good jest
heart. But, ha! ha! ha! when the mirth
lasted all night, it is time to be grave in

m as grave as a father confessor," replied
; "you must pay a round ransom, Sir
ur convent is likely to be called to a new
your place will know you no more."
Christians," said the Prior, "and hold
to a churchman?"
s! ay, marry are we, and have divinity
boot," answered the Outlaw. "Let our
chaplain stand forth, and expound to this
father the texts which concern this matter."
half-drunk, half-sober, had huddled a
over his green cassock, and now sum-
ther whatever scraps of learning he had
rote in former days, "Holy father," said
faciat salvam benignitatem vestram—
come to the greenwood."
ofane mummery is this?" said the Prior
friend, if thou be indeed of the church, it were a
to show me how I may escape from these
s, than to stand ducking and grinning
orris-dancer."
verend father," said the Friar, "I know
ne mode in which thou mayst escape. This is
Andrew's day with us, we are taking our tithes."
of the church, then, I trust, my good bro-
he Prior
h and lay," said the Friar; "and there-
or, *facite vobis amicos de Mammone*
—make yourselves friends of the Mam-
righteousness, for no other friendship is
your turn."
olly woodsman at heart," said the Prior,
tone; "come, ye must not deal too hard
now well of woodcraft, and can wind a
d lustily, and hollo till every oak rings
, ye must not deal too hard with me."
a horn," said the Outlaw; "we will
he boasts of."
Aymer winded a blast accordingly. The
k his head.
he said, "thou blowest a merry note,
t ransom thee—we cannot afford, as the
good knight's shield hath it, to set thee
st. Moreover, I have found thee—thou
ose, who, with new French graces and
sturb the ancient English bugle notes.
ast flourish on the recheat hath added
o thy ransom, for corrupting the true old
of venerie."
nd," said the Abbot, peevishly, "thou
se with thy woodcraft. I pray thee be
able in this matter of my ransom. At
e I must needs, for once, hold a candle
what ransom am I to pay for walking
street, without having fifty men at my

ot well," said the Lieutenant of the gang
Captain, "that the Prior should name
nsom, and the Jew name the Prior's?"
a mad knave," said the Captain, "but
scends! Here, Jew, step forth. Look
Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey

ary is said to have received similar consolation
Commander in chief, to whom he complained
fficer had used some open threat towards him
xt.

of Jorvaulx, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him?—Thou knowest the income of his convent, I warrant thee."

"O, assuredly," said Isaac. "I have trafficked with the good fathers, and bought wheat and barley, and fruits of the earth, and also much wool. O, it is a rich abbey-stede, and they do live upon the fat, and drink the sweet wines upon the lees, these good fathers of Jorvaulx. Ah, if an outcast like me had such a home to go to, and such incomings by the year and by the month, I would pay much gold and silver to redeem my captivity."

"Hound of a Jew!" exclaimed the Prior, "no one knows better than thy own cursed self, that our holy house of God is indebted for the finishing of our chancel—"

"And for the storing of your cellars in the last season with the due allowance of Gascon wine," interrupted the Jew; "but that—that is small matters."

"Hear the infidel dog!" said the churchman; "he jangles as if our holy community did come under debts for the wines we have a license to drink, *propter necessitatem, et ad frigus depellendum*. The circumcised villain blasphemeth the holy church, and Christian men listen and rebuke him not!"

"All this helps nothing," said the leader.—"Isaac, pronounce what he may pay, without flaying both hide and hair."

"An six hundred crowns," said Isaac, "the good Prior might well pay to your honoured valours, and never sit less soft in his stall."

"Six hundred crowns," said the leader, gravely; "I am contented—thou hast well spoken, Isaac—six hundred crowns.—It is a sentence, Sir Prior."

"A sentence!—a sentence!" exclaimed the band; "Solomon had not done it better."

"Thou hearest thy doom, Prior," said the leader.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said the Prior; "where am I to find such a sum? If I sell the very pyx and candlesticks on the altar at Jorvaulx, I shall scarce raise the half; and it will be necessary for that purpose that I go to Jorvaulx myself; ye may retain as borrows* my two priests."

"That will be but blind trust," said the Outlaw; "we will retain thee, Prior, and send them to fetch thy ransom. Thou shalt not want a cup of wine and a collop of venison the while; and if thou lovest woodcraft, thou shalt see such as your north country never witnessed."

"Or, if so please you," said Isaac, willing to curry favour with the outlaws, "I can send to York for the six hundred crowns, out of certain moneys in my hands, if so be that the most reverend Prior present will grant me a quittance."

"He shall grant thee whatever thou dost list, Isaac," said the Captain; "and thou shalt lay down the redemption money for Prior Aymer as well as for thyself."

"For myself! ah, courageous sirs," said the Jew; "I am a broken and impoverished man; a beggar's staff must be my portion through life, supposing I were to pay you fifty crowns."

"The Prior shall judge of that matter," replied the Captain.—"How say you, Father Aymer? Can the Jew afford a good ransom?"

"*Can* he afford a ransom?" answered the Prior. "Is he not Isaac of York, rich enough to redeem the captivity of the ten tribes of Israel, who were led into Assyrian bondage?—I have seen but little of him myself, but our cellarer and treasurer have dealt largely with him, and report says that his house at York is so full of gold and silver as is a shame in any Christian land. Marvel it is to all living Christian hearts that such gnawing adders should be suffered to eat into the bowels of the state, and even of the holy church herself, with foul usuries and extortions."

"Hold, father," said the Jew, "mitigate and assuage your choler. I pray of your reverence to remember that I force my moneys upon no one. But when churchman and layman, prince and prior, knight and priest, come knocking to Isaac's door, they borrow not his shekels with these uncivil terms. It is then

* Borghs, or borrows, signifies pledges. Hence our word to borrow, because we pledge ourselves to restore what is lent.

"A sentence! a sentence!" exclaimed the chief Outlaw.

"A sentence!—a sentence!" shouted his assessors; "the Christian has shown his good nurture, and dealt with us more generously than the Jew."

"The God of my fathers help me!" said the Jew; "will ye bend to the ground an impoverished creature? I am this day childless, and will ye deprive me of the means of livelihood?"

"Thou wilt have the less to provide for, Jew, if thou art childless," said Aymer.

"Alas! my lord," said Isaac, "your law permits you not to know how the child of our bosom is entwined with the strings of our heart. O Rebecca! daughter of my beloved Rachel! were each leaf on that tree a zecchin, and each zecchin mine own, all that mass of wealth would I give to know whether thou art alive, and escaped the hands of the Nazarene!"

"Was not thy daughter dark-haired?" said one of the outlaws; "and wore she not a veil of twisted sendal, broidered with silver?"

"She did! she did!" said the old man, trembling with eagerness, as formerly with fear. "The blessing of Jacob be upon thee! canst thou tell me aught of her safety?"

"It was she, then," said the yeoman, "who was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our ranks on yester-even. I had drawn my bow to send a shaft after him, but spared him even for the sake of the damsel, who I feared might take harm from the arrow."

"Oh!" answered the Jew, "I would to God thou hadst shot, though the arrow had pierced her bosom! Better the tomb of her fathers than the dishonourable couch of the licentious and savage Templar. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory hath departed from my house!"

"Friends," said the Chief, looking round, "the old man is but a Jew, natheless his grief touches me. Deal uprightly with us, Isaac—will paying this ransom of a thousand crowns leave thee altogether penniless?"

Isaac, recalled to think of his worldly goods, the love of which, by dint of inveterate habit, contended even with his parental affection, grew pale, stammered, and could not deny there might be some small

matter, for she is of fair and comely countenance. I beheld her in the lists of Ashby. Also Brian de Bois-Guilbert is one with whom I may do much—bethink thee how thou mayst deserve my good word with him."

"Alas! alas!" said the Jew, "on every hand the spoilers arise against me—I am given as a prey unto the Assyrian, and a prey unto him of Egypt."

"And what else should be the lot of thy accursed race?" answered the Prior; "for what saith holy writ, *verbum Domini projecerunt, et sapientia est nulla in eis*—they have cast forth the word of the Lord, and there is no wisdom in them; *propterea dabo mulieres eorum exteris*—I will give their women to strangers, that is to the Templar, as in the present matter; *et thesauros eorum haeredibus alienis*, and their treasures to others—as in the present case to these honest gentlemen."

Isaac groaned deeply, and began to wring his hands, and to relapse into his state of desolation and despair. But the leader of the yeomen led him aside.

"Advise thee well, Isaac," said Locksley, "what thou wilt do in this matter; my counsel to thee is to make a friend of this churchman. He is vain, Isaac, and he is covetous; at least he needs money to supply his profusion. Thou canst easily gratify his greed; for think not that I am blinded by thy pretexts of poverty. I am intimately acquainted, Isaac, with the very iron chest in which thou dost keep thy money-bags. What! know I not the great stone beneath the apple-tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber under thy garden at York?" The Jew grew as pale as death. "But fear nothing from me," continued the yeoman, "for we are of old acquainted. Dost thou not remember the sick yeoman whom thy fair daughter Rebecca redeemed from the gyves at York, and kept him in thy house till his health was restored, when thou didst dismiss him recovered, and with a piece of money? Usurer as thou art, thou didst never place coin at better interest than that poor mark, for it has this day saved thee five hundred crowns."

"And thou art he whom we called Diccon Bend-the-Bow?" said Isaac; "I thought ever I knew the accent of thy voice."

"I am Bend-the-Bow," said the Captain, "and Locksley, and have a good name besides all t

"In God's name, Diccon, an thou canst, aid me to recover the child of my bosom!"

"Do not [illegible]," said the Outlaw, "and I will deal with him [illegible]."

He [illegible] the Jew [illegible].

"Prior Aymer," said [illegible] [illegible] Now, [illegible] Isaac [illegible] a bag containing one hundred marks of silver, if [illegible] the Templar shall [illegible] daughter."

"In safety and honour, as when taken from me," said the Jew, "otherwise it is no bargain."

"Peace, Isaac," said the Outlaw, "or I give up [illegible] What say you to this my purpose, Prior Aymer?"

"The matter," quoth the Prior, "is of a mixed condition: for, if I do a good deed on the one hand, yet, on the other, it [illegible] of a Jew, and in so much is against my conscience. Yet, if the Israelite will advantage the Church by giving me somewhat over to the building of our dortour,* I will take it on my conscience to aid him in the matter of his daughter."

"For a score of marks to the dortour," said the Outlaw,—"Be still, I say, Isaac!—or for a brace of silver candlesticks to the altar, we will not stand with you."

"Nay, but, good Diccon Bend-the-Bow"—said Isaac, endeavouring to interpose.

"Good Jew—good beast—good earthworm!" said the yeoman, losing patience; "an thou dost go on to put thy filthy lucre in the balance with thy daughter's life and honour, by Heaven, I will strip thee of every maravedi thou hast in the world, before three days are out!"

Isaac shrunk together, and was silent.

"And what pledge am I to have for all this?" said the Prior.

"When Isaac returns successful through your mediation," said the Outlaw, "I swear by Saint Hubert, I will see that he pays thee the money in good silver, or I will reckon with him [illegible] twenty such sums."

"Well then, Jew," said Aymer, [illegible]

[illegible]

"If you [illegible]

[illegible] wild-geese [illegible] the advance-guard of a [illegible] of Holderness. [illegible]

"The Prior," said [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Knight [illegible]

"Well, Prior," said the Outlaw, "I will detain thee no longer here than to give the Jew a quittance for six hundred crowns at which thy ransom is fixed—I accept of him for my pay-master; and if I hear that ye boggle at allowing him in his accompts the sum so paid by him, Saint Mary, [illegible] an I burn not the abbey over [illegible] the sooner!

With a much [illegible]

"And now," said the Prior [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] for ten [illegible]

"Touching [illegible] Sir Prior [illegible]," they shall be restored [illegible] may enable you to [illegible] to deprive you of the [illegible]. But as concerning rings, jewels, chains, and what else, you must understand that we are men of tender consciences, and will not yield to a venerable man like yourself, who should be dead to the vanities of this life, the strong temptation to break the rule of his foundation, by wearing rings, chains, or other vain gauds."

"Think what you do, my masters," said the Prior, "ere you put your hand on the Church's patrimony—These things are *inter res sacras*, and I wot not what judgment might ensue were they to be handled by laical hands."

"I will take care of that, reverend Prior," said the Hermit of Copmanhurst; "for I will wear them myself."

"Friend, or brother," said the Prior, in answer to this solution of his doubts, "if thou hast really taken religious orders, I pray thee to look how thou wilt answer to thine official for the share thou hast taken in this day's work."

"Friend Prior," returned the Hermit, "you are to know that I belong to a little diocese, where I am my own diocesan, and care as little for the Bishop of York as I do for the Abbot of Jorvaulx, the Prior, and all the convent."

"Thou art utterly irregular," said the Prior; "one of those [illegible] who, taking on them the sacred character without due cause, profane the holy [illegible] at their hands [illegible]

"Nay," said the Prior [illegible]

[illegible]

"Thou be [illegible]," said the Prior, in great wrath, [illegible]

"[illegible]," said the Friar [illegible] I will break your [illegible]

* [illegible]

* *Dortour*, or dormitory.

[illegible]

[illegible] and with torn [illegible] for the occasion.

"[illegible] Cedric, "come [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

"No, [illegible] Heaven [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] for the evil which he forbears. Fare [illegible] [illegible] Outlaw."

[illegible] [illegible] fellowship; and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] strong war horse rode [illegible] through the forest.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

[illegible] what my friend,
[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] tread,
[illegible] *King John.*

There was [illegible] [illegible] in the Castle of York, [illegible] Prince John had [illegible] [illegible] by whose assistance he hoped to [illegible] upon his brother's throne. Waldemar Fitzurse, his able and politic [illegible] were among them, tempering all [illegible] which was necessary [illegible] of their purpose. But [illegible] [illegible] more [illegible] The stalwart [illegible] of Front-de-Bœuf; [illegible] of De Bracy; [illegible] renowned valour of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, were important to the success of their conspiracy, and while cursing in secret [illegible] Prince John [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible]

It was on the morning after the fall of Torquilstone, that [illegible] to spread abroad in the [illegible] York, that De Bracy and Bois-Guilbert, with [illegible] Front-de-Bœuf had been taken or slain. Waldemar [illegible] Prince John [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Saxon Cedric and [illegible] Prince would have treated this deed of violence as a good jest; but now that it interfered with and impeded his own plans, he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] which might have become King Arthur.

"[illegible]!" he said—"were I ever to become the crown of England, I would hang such [illegible] over the drawbridges of their own castles."

"But to become monarch of England," said his [illegible] [illegible] not only that your Grace should [illegible] the transgressions of these un[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] We [illegible] the churl Saxons should have [illegible] your Grace's vision of converting [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] an imagination [illegible] Your Grace is well aware, it will be [illegible] [illegible] Front-de-Bœuf, De Bracy, [illegible] Templar; and yet we have gone too far to [illegible]

Prince John struck his forehead with impatience, [illegible] the apartment.

"The villains," he said, "the base treacherous villains, to desert me at this pinch!"

"Nay, say rather [illegible] madmen," said Waldemar, "who must be [illegible] with follies [illegible] [illegible] at hand."

"What is to be done?" said the Prince, [illegible] before Waldemar.

"I know nothing which can be done," answered his counsellor, "save that which I have already taken order for. I came not to bewail this evil chance with your Grace, until I had done my best to remedy it."

"Thou art ever my better angel, Waldemar," said the Prince; "and when I have such a chancellor to advise withal, the reign of John will be renowned in our annals. What hast thou commanded?"

"I have ordered Louis Winkelbrand, De Bracy's [illegible]

[illegible]nant, to cause his trumpet sound to horse, and to display his banner, and to set presently forth [illegible] of Front-de-B[illegible] [illegible] for the succour of our friends."

Prince John's [illegible] [illegible]

"By the face of God!" [illegible] said. "W[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] place [illegible]."

[illegible] said Fitzurse [illegible] mainly [illegible] [illegible] fatal. [illegible] [illegible] importance to your [illegible]."

"Thou art [illegible] Fitzurse," [illegible] Prince [illegible] De Bracy [illegible] [illegible]

It was [illegible] De Bracy [illegible]

[illegible] De Bracy [illegible] Prince John [illegible] Speak, I charge [illegible] [illegible] Saxon [illegible]!"

"Speak, De Bracy," [illegible] Fitzurse [illegible] the moment [illegible] [illegible] -Where is the Templar?" [illegible] Front-de-Bœuf?"

"The Templar [illegible]," [illegible] De Bracy; "Front-de-[illegible] [illegible] among the [illegible] rafters of his own castle, [illegible]."

"Cold news," said Waldemar, "[illegible], though you speak of fire and conflagration."

"The worst news is not [illegible]," answered De Bracy; [illegible] Prince John, [illegible] low and [illegible] Richard is in England [illegible] have seen [illegible]."

Prince John [illegible] [illegible] the back of [illegible] like to a man [illegible] [illegible].

"Thou ravest, De Bracy," said Fitzurse; "[illegible] not be."

"It is [illegible] as truth itself," said De Bracy; "I was his prisoner [illegible]."

"With Richard Plantagenet, sayest thou?" continued Fitzurse.

"With Richard Plantagenet," replied De Bracy, "with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, with Richard of England."

"And thou wert [illegible]," said Waldemar; "he is then at the head of a power?"

"No; only a few [illegible] were around him, and [illegible] his person is unknown. I heard him say he was about to depart from them. He joined them only to assist at the storming of Torquilstone."

"Ay," said Fitzurse, "such is indeed the fashion of Richard—a true knight-errant he, and will wander in wild adventure, trusting the prowess of his single arm, like any Sir Guy or Sir Bevis, while the weighty affairs of his kingdom slumber, and his own safety is endangered. What dost thou propose to do, De Bracy?"

"I?—I [illegible] Richard the service of my Free Lances [illegible] them. I will lead them to [illegible] and embark for Flanders; thanks [illegible] times, a man of action will always find employment. And thou, Waldemar, wilt thou take lance and shield, and lay down thy policies, and wend along with me, and share the fate which God sends us?"

"I am too old, Maurice, and I have a daughter," answered Waldemar.

"Give her to me, Fitzurse, and I will maintain her as befits her rank, with the help of lance and stirrup," said De Bracy.

"Not so," answered Fitzurse; "I will take sanctuary in this church of Saint Peter—the Archbishop is my sworn brother."

During [illegible] Prince John had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] reflection.

"Ha! [illegible] my good lords, by the [illegible] of Our Lady's [illegible] [illegible]

"I [illegible]," [illegible] De Bracy [illegible] Richard [illegible] [illegible] Prince [illegible] the Queen Mother."

"I [illegible]," said Prince John, [illegible] my brother. [illegible] De Bracy, and you, Waldemar [illegible] [illegible] Truly, [illegible] Waldemar [illegible] make [illegible] King Richard [illegible] De Bracy [illegible] Robert Estoteville [illegible] Earl of Essex [illegible] [illegible] Estoteville alone has strength enough to drive the Free Lances into the Humber." Waldemar Fitzurse and De Bracy looked [illegible] each other's faces with blank dismay.

"There is but one road to safety," continued the Prince, [illegible] [illegible] He paused [illegible] wrath.

"[illegible]," said De Bracy, [illegible] I am [illegible]."

"What [illegible]," said Prince John, with a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] better; and what [illegible] Bracy [illegible] [illegible] it? [illegible] when we commenced our enterprise. It was [illegible] on the hope that Richard would [illegible] a captive in Germany. [illegible] Robert [illegible] in the castle of [illegible]."

"[illegible]," said Waldemar, "[illegible] Henry [illegible] from [illegible] I saw the last [illegible] [illegible] in dungeon [illegible] [illegible]."

"Prison or tomb," said De Bracy, "I wash my hands of the whole matter."

"Villain!" said Prince John, "thou wouldst not bewray our counsel?"

"Counsel was never bewrayed by me," said De Bracy, haughtily, "nor must the name of villain be coupled with mine!"

"Peace, Sir Knight!" said Waldemar; "and you, good my lord, forgive the [illegible] of valiant De Bracy; I trust I shall soon remove them."

"That passes your eloquence, Fitzurse," replied the Knight.

"Why, good Sir Maurice," rejoined the wily politician, "start not aside like a scared steed, without, at least, considering the object of your terror. This Richard—but a day since, and it would have been thy dearest wish to have met him hand to hand in the ranks of battle—a hundred times I have heard thee wish it."

"Ay, say, De Bracy," "but that was as thou sayest, hand to hand, and in the ranks of battle! Thou never heardest me breathe a thought of assaulting him alone, and in a forest."

"Thou art no good knight if thou dost scruple at it," said Waldemar. "Was it in battle that Lancelot de Lac and Sir Tristram won renown? or was it not by encountering gigantic knights under the shade of deep and unknown forests?"

"Ay, but I promise you," said De Bracy, "that neither Tristram nor Lancelot would have been match, hand to hand, for Richard Plantagenet, and I think it was not their wont to take odds against a single man."

"Thou art mad, De Bracy—what is it we propose to thee, a hired and retained captain of Free Companions, whose swords are purchased for Prince John's service? Thou art apprized of our enemy, and then thou scruplest, though thy patron's fortunes, those of thy comrades, thine own, and the life and honour of every one amongst us, be at stake!"

"I tell you," said De Bracy, sullenly, "that he gave me my life. True, he sent me from his presence, and refused my homage—so far I owe him neither favour nor allegiance—but I will not lift hand against him."

"It needs not—send Louis Winkelbrand and a score of thy lances."

"Ye have sufficient ruffians of your own," said De Bracy; "not one of mine shall budge on such an errand."

"Art thou so obstinate, De Bracy?" said Prince John; "and wilt thou forsake me, after so many protestations of zeal for my service?"

"I mean it not," said De Bracy; "I will abide by you in aught that becomes a knight, whether in the lists or in the camp; but this highway practice comes not within my vow."

"Come hither, Waldemar," said Prince John. "An unhappy prince am I. My father, King Henry, had faithful servants. He had but to say that he was plagued with a factious priest, and the blood of Thomas-a-Becket, saint though he was, stained the steps of his own altar. Tracy, Morville, Brito,* loyal and daring subjects, your names, your spirit, are extinct! and although Reginald Fitzurse hath left a son, he hath fallen off from his father's fidelity and courage."

"He has fallen off from neither," said Waldemar Fitzurse; "and since it may not better be, I will take on me the conduct of this perilous enterprise. Dearly, however, did my father purchase the praise of a zealous friend; and yet did his proof of loyalty to Henry fall far short of what I am about to afford; for rather would I assail a whole calendar of saints, than put spear in rest against Cœur-de-Lion. De Bracy, to thee I must trust to keep up the spirits of the doubtful, and to guard Prince John's person. If you receive such news as I trust to send you, our enterprise will no longer wear a doubtful aspect.—Page," he said, "hie to my lodgings, and tell my armourer to be there in readiness; and bid Stephen Wetheral, Broad Thoresby, and the Three Spears of Spyinghow, come to me instantly; and let the scout-master, Hugh Bardon, attend me also.—Adieu, my Prince, till better times." Thus speaking, he left the apartment.

"He goes to make my brother prisoner," said Prince John to De Bracy, "with as little touch of compunction, as if it but concerned the liberty of a Saxon franklin. I trust he will observe our orders, and use our dear Richard's person with all due respect."

De Bracy only answered by a smile.

"By the light of Our Lady's brow," said Prince John, "our orders to him were most precise—though it may be you heard them not, as we stood together in the oriel window—Most clear and positive was our charge that Richard's safety should be cared for, and woe to Waldemar's head if he transgress it!"

"I had better pass to his lodgings," said De Bracy, "and make him fully aware of your Grace's pleasure; for, as it quite escaped my ear, it may not perchance have reached that of Waldemar."

"Nay, nay," said Prince John, impatiently, "I promise thee he heard me; and, besides, I hav the r occupation for thee. Maurice, come hithe me lean on thy shoulder."

They walked a turn through the hall in this fa posture, and Prince John, with an air of the mos fidential intimacy, proceeded to say, "What th thou of this Waldemar Fitzurse, my De Bracy trusts to be our Chancellor. Surely we will pa we give an office so high to one who shows ev how little he reverences our blood, by his so r undertaking this enterprise against Richard. dost think, I warrant, that thou hast lost som of our regard, by thy boldly declining this unpl task. But no, Maurice! I rather honour thee f virtuous constancy. There are things most nec to be done, the perpetrator of which we neithe nor honour; and there may be refusals to ser which shall rather exalt in our estimation thos deny our request. The arrest of my unfort brother forms no such good title to the high of Chancellor, as thy chivalrous and courageous establishes in thee to the truncheon of High Ma Think of this, De Bracy, and begone to thy cha

"Fickle tyrant!" muttered De Bracy, as he le presence of the Prince; "evil luck have they wh thee. Thy Chancellor, indeed! He who hath keeping of thy conscience shall have an easy ch I trow. But High Marshal of England! tha said, extending his arm, as if to grasp the ba office, and assuming a loftier stride along the chamber, "that is indeed a prize worth playing

De Bracy had no sooner left the apartment Prince John summoned an attendant.

"Bid Hugh Bardon, our scout-master, come h as soon as he shall have spoken with Waldemar urse."

The scout-master arrived after a brief delay, d which John traversed the apartment with un and disordered steps.

"Bardon," said he, "what did Waldemar des thee?"

"Two resolute men, well acquainted with northern wilds, and skilful in tracking the tre man and horse."

"And thou hast fitted him?"

"Let your grace never trust me else," ans the master of the spies. "One is from Hexams he is wont to trace the Tynedale and Tevi thieves, as a bloodhound follows the slot of a deer. The other is Yorkshire bred, and has tw his bowstring right oft in merry Sherwood; he k each glade and dingle, copse and highwood, be this and Richmond."

"'Tis well," said the Prince.—"Goes Wald forth with them?"

"Instantly," said Bardon.

"With what attendance?" asked John, carel

"Broad Thoresby goes with him, and Wet whom they call, for his cruelty, Stephen Steel-h and three northern men-at-arms that belong Ralph Middleton's gang—they are called the Sp of Spyinghow."

"'Tis well," said Prince John; then added, a moment's pause, "Bardon, it imports our se that thou keep a strict watch on Maurice de Br so that he shall not observe it, however—And l know of his motions from time to time—with w he converses, what he proposeth. Fail not in th thou wilt be answerable."

Hugh Bardon bowed, and retired.

"If Maurice betrays me," said Prince John he betrays me, as his bearing leads me to fear, have his head, were Richard thundering at the of York."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,
Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey;
Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire
Of wild Fanaticism.

Anonym

OUR tale now returns to Isaac of York.—Mo upon a mule, the gift of the Outlaw, with tw

* Reginald Fitzurse, William de Tracy, Hugh de Morville, and Richard Brito, were the gentlemen of Henry the Second's household, who, instigated by some passionate expressions of their sovereign, slew the celebrated Thomas-a-Becket.

act as his guard and guides, the Jew had
the Preceptory of Templestowe, for the
negotiating his daughter's redemption.
tory was but a day's journey from the
castle of Torquilstone, and the Jew had
it before nightfall; accordingly, hav-
ed his guides at the verge of the forest,
ted them with a piece of silver, he began
with such speed as his weariness permit-
ted. But his strength failed him totally
reached within four miles of the Temple-
king pains shot along his back and thro'
and the excessive anguish which he felt at
now augmented by terror and grief, ren-
ed him altogether unable to proceed far-
small market-town, where dwelt a Jew-
d his tribe, eminent in the medical profes-
whom Isaac was well known. Nathan
received his suffering countryman with
ss which the law prescribed, and which
ractised to each other. He insisted on his
himself to repose, and used such remedies
most in repute to check the progress of
terror, fatigue, ill-usage, and sorrow,
brought upon the poor old Jew.

morrow, when Isaac proposed to arise and
journey, Nathan remonstrated against his
both as his host and as his physician. It
him his life. But Isaac replied,
than his life and limb depended upon his
morning to Templestowe.

plestowe!" said his host with surprise;
his pulse, and then muttered to himself
is abated, yet seems his mind somewhat
and distempered."

and not to Templestowe?" answered his
I grant thee, Nathan, that it is a dwelling
whom the despised Children of the Pro-
stumbling-block and an abomination; yet
est that pressing affairs of traffic some-
us among these bloodthirsty Nazarene
and that we visit the Preceptories of the
as well as the Commanderies of the Knights
s, as they are called.*

it well," said Nathan; "but wottest thou
de Beaumanoir, the chief of their Order,
they term Grand Master, is now himself
towe?"

it not," said Isaac; "our last letters from
at Paris advised us that he was at that
king Philip for aid against the Sultan

h since come to England, unexpected by
n," said Ben Israel; "and he cometh
with a strong and outstretched arm to
and to punish. His countenance is kindled
against those who have departed from the
they have made, and great is the fear of
of Belial. Thou must have heard of his

ell known unto me," said Isaac; "the
liver this Lucas Beaumanoir as a man
slaying for every point of the Nazarene
eir brethren have termed him a fierce de-
he Saracens, and a cruel tyrant to the Chil-
Promise."

ly have they termed him," said Nathan
an. "Other Templars may be moved from
of their hearts' by pleasure, or bribed by
gold and silver; but Beaumanoir is of a
tamp hating sensuality, despising trea-
ressing towards that which they call the
martyrdom. The God of Jacob speedily
n and upon them all! Specially hath
man extended his glove over the children
as holy David over Edom, holding the
Jew to be an offering of as sweet savour
h of a Saracen. Impious and false things
even of the virtues of our medicines, as if
they were the devices of Satan—The Lord rebuke
him!"

"Nevertheless," said Isaac, "I must present my-self at Templestowe, though he hath made his face like unto a fiery furnace seven times heated."

He then explained to Nathan the pressing cause of his journey. The Rabbi listened with interest, and testified his sympathy after the fashion of his people, rending his clothes, and saying, "Ah, my daughter! ah, my daughter! Alas! for the beauty of Zion! Alas! for the captivity of Israel!"

"Thou seest," said Isaac, "how it stands with me, and that I may not tarry. Peradventure, the presence of this Lucas Beaumanoir, being the chief man over them, may turn Brian de Bois-Guilbert from the ill which he doth meditate, and that he may deliver to me my beloved daughter Rebecca."

"Go thou," said Nathan Ben Israel, "and be wise, for wisdom availed Daniel in the den of lions, into which he was cast; and may it go well with thee, even as thy heart wisheth. Yet, if thou canst, keep thee from the presence of the Grand Master, for to do foul scorn to our people is his morning and evening delight. It may be if thou couldst speak with Bois-Guilbert in private, thou shalt the better prevail with him; for men say that these accursed Nazarenes are not of one mind in the Preceptory. May their counsels be confounded and brought to shame! But do thou, brother, return to me as if it were to the house of thy father, and bring me word how it has sped with thee; and well do I hope thou wilt bring with thee Rebecca, even the scholar of the wise Miriam, whose cures the Gentiles slandered as if they had been wrought by necromancy."

Isaac accordingly bade his friend farewell, and about an hour's riding brought him before the Preceptory of Templestowe.

This establishment of the Templars was seated amidst fair meadows and pastures, which the devotion of the former Preceptor had bestowed upon their Order. It was strong and well fortified, a point never neglected by these knights, and which the disordered state of England rendered peculiarly necessary. Two halberdiers, clad in black, guarded the drawbridge, and others in the same sad livery, glided to and fro upon the walls with a funereal pace, resembling spectres more than soldiers. The inferior officers of the Order were thus dressed, ever since their use of white garments, similar to those of the knights and esquires, had given rise to a combination of certain false brethren in the mountains of Palestine, terming themselves Templars, and bringing great dishonour on the Order. A knight was now and then seen to cross the court in his long white cloak, his head depressed on his breast, and his arms folded. They passed each other, if they chanced to meet, with a slow, solemn, and mute greeting; for such was the rule of their Order, quoting thereupon the holy texts "In many words thou shalt not avoid sin," and "Life and death are in the power of the tongue." In a word, the stern ascetic rigour of the Temple discipline, which had been so long exchanged for prodigal and licentious indulgence, seemed at once to have revived at Templestowe under the severe eye of Lucas Beaumanoir.

Isaac paused at the gate, to consider how he might seek entrance in the manner most likely to bespeak their favour; for he was well aware, that to his unhappy race the reviving fanaticism of the Order was not less dangerous than their unprincipled licentiousness; and that his religion would be the object of hate and persecution in the one case, as his wealth would have exposed him in the other to the extortions of unrelenting oppression.

Meantime Lucas Beaumanoir walked in a small garden belonging to the Preceptory, included within the precincts of its exterior fortification, and held sad and confidential communication with a brother of his Order, who had come in his company from Palestine.

The Grand Master was a man advanced in age, as was testified by his long gray beard, and the shaggy gray eyebrows overhanging eyes, of which, however, years had been unable to quench the fire. A formida-

* ...blishments of the Knight Templars were called ... and the title of those who presided in the Order ...or; as the principal Knights of Saint John were ...manders, and their houses Commanderies. But ... were sometimes, it would seem, used indiscrim-

ble warrior, his thin and severe features retained the soldier's fierceness of expression; an ascetic bigot, they were no less marked by the emaciation of abstinence, and the spiritual pride of the self-satisfied devotee. Yet with these severer traits of physiognomy, there was mixed somewhat striking and noble, arising, doubtless, from the great part which his high office called upon him to act among monarchs and princes, and from the habitual exercise of supreme authority over the valiant and high-born Knights, who were united by the rules of the Order. His stature was tall, and his gait, undepressed by age and toil, was erect and stately. His white mantle was shaped with severe regularity, according to the rule of Saint Bernard himself, being composed of what was then called Burrel cloth, exactly fitted to the size of the wearer, and bearing on the left shoulder the octangular cross peculiar to the Order, formed of red cloth. No vair or ermine decked this garment; but in respect of his age, the Grand Master, as permitted by the rules, wore his doublet lined and trimmed with the softest lambskin, dressed with the wool outwards, which was the nearest approach he could regularly make to the use of fur, then the greatest luxury of dress. In his hand he bore that singular *abacus*, or staff of office, with which Templars are usually represented, having at the upper end a round plate, on which was engraved the cross of the Order, inscribed within a circle or orle, as heralds term it. His companion, who attended on this great personage, had nearly the same dress in all respects, but his extreme deference towards his Superior showed that no other equality subsisted between them. The Preceptor, for such he was in rank, walked not in a line with the Grand Master, but just so far behind that Beaumanoir could speak to him without turning round his head.

"Conrade," said the Grand Master, "dear companion of my battles and my toils, to thy faithful bosom alone I can confide my sorrows. To thee alone can I tell how oft, since I came to this kingdom, I have desired to be dissolved and to be with the just. Not one object in England hath met mine eye which it could rest upon with pleasure, save the tombs of our brethren, beneath the massive roof of our Temple Church in yonder proud capital. O, valiant Robert de Ros! did I exclaim internally, as I gazed upon these good soldiers of the cross, where they lie sculptured on their sepulchres,—O, worthy William de Mareschal! open your marble cells, and take to your repose a weary brother, who would rather strive with a hundred thousand pagans than witness the decay of our Holy Order!"

"It is but true," answered Conrade Mont-Fitchet; "it is but too true; and the irregularities of our brethren in England are even more gross than those in France."

"Because they are more wealthy," answered the Grand Master. "Bear with me, brother, although I should something vaunt myself. Thou knowest the life I have led, keeping each point of my Order, striving with devils embodied and disembodied, striking down the roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour, like a good knight and devout priest, wheresoever I met with him—even as blessed Saint Bernard hath prescribed to us in the forty-fifth capital of our rule, *Ut Leo semper feriatur*.* But by the Holy Temple! the zeal which hath devoured my substance and my life, yea the very nerves and marrow of my bones; by that very Holy Temple I swear to thee, that save thyself and some few that still retain the ancient severity of our Order, I look upon no brethren whom I can bring my soul to embrace under that holy name. What say our statutes, and how do our brethren observe them? They should wear no vain or worldly ornament, no crest upon their helmet, no gold upon stirrup or bridle-bit; yet who now go pranked out so proudly and so gaily as the poor soldiers of the Temple? They are forbidden by our statutes to take one bird by means of another,

* In the ordinances of the Knights of the Temple, this phrase is repeated in a variety of forms, and occurs in almost every chapter, as if it were the signal-word of the Order; which may account for its being so frequently put in the Grand Master's mouth.

to shoot beasts with bow or arblast, to hallo
hunting-horn, or to spur the horse after game
now, at hunting and hawking, and each id
of wood and river, who so prompt as the Te
in all these fond vanities? They are forbi
read, save what their Superior permitted, or
to what is read, save such holy things as m
recited aloud during the hours of refection;
their ears are at the command of idle minstre
their eyes study empty romaunts. They we
manded to extirpate magic and heresy. Lo
are charged with studying the accursed cab
secrets of the Jews, and the magic of the P
Saracens. Simpleness of diet was prescri
them, roots, pottage, gruels, eating flesh but
a-week, because the accustomed feeding on f
a dishonourable corruption of the body; and b
their tables groan under delicate fare! The
was to be water, and now, to drink like a Te
is the boast of each *jolly* boon companion! Th
garden, filled as it is with curious herbs and tre
from the Eastern climes, better becomes the h
of an unbelieving Emir, than the plot which Ch
Monks should devote to raise their homely pot-
—And O, Conrade! well it were that the rela
of discipline stopped even here!—Well thou kn
that we were forbidden to receive those d
women, who at the beginning were associat
sisters of our Order, because, saith the forty
chapter, the Ancient Enemy hath, by female s
withdrawn many from the right path to pa
Nay, in the last capital, being, as it were, the
stone which our blessed founder placed on th
and undefiled doctrine which he had enjoin
are prohibited from offering, even to our sist
our mothers, the kiss of affection—*ut omnium*
erum fugiantur oscula.—I shame to speak—I s
to think—of the corruptions which have rushed i
us even like a flood. The souls of our pure fo
the spirits of Hugh de Payen and Godfrey de
Omer, and of the blessed Seven who first jo
dedicating their lives to the service of the Te
are disturbed even in the enjoyment of paradis
I have seen them, Conrade, in the visions o
night—their sainted eyes shed tears for the si
follies of their brethren, and for the foul and s
ful luxury in which they wallow. Beaumano
say, thou slumberest—awake! There is a stain
fabric of the Temple, deep and foul as that left b
streaks of leprosy on the walls of the infected h
of old.* The soldiers of the Cross, who shoul
the glance of a woman as the eye of a basilisk,
open sin, not with the females of their own rac
but with the daughters of the accursed heathen
more accursed Jew. Beaumanoir, thou sle
up, and avenge our cause!—Slay the sinners, ma
female!—Take to thee the brand of Phineas!
vision fled, Conrade, but as I awaked I cou
hear the clank of their mail, and see the wav
their white mantles.—And I will do according t
word. I WILL purify the fabric of the Temple!
the unclean stones in which the plague is, I
remove and cast out of the building."

"Yet bethink thee, reverend father," said M
Fitchet, "the stain hath become engrained by
and consuetude; let thy reformation be cauti
it is just and wise."

"No, Mont-Fitchet," answered the stern ol
"it must be sharp and sudden—the Order is o
crisis of its fate. The sobriety, self-devotio
piety of our predecessors, made us powerful fri
our presumption, our wealth, our luxury, have
up against us mighty enemies.—We must cast
those riches, which are a temptation to prince
must lay down that presumption, which is an o
to them—we must reform that license of ma
which is a scandal to the whole Christian worl
—mark my words—the Order of the Temple w
utterly demolished—and the place thereof sh
more be known among the nations."

"Now may God avert such a calamity!" sa
Preceptor.

"*Amen*," said the Grand Master, with solem

* See the 13th chapter of Leviticus.

must deserve his aid. I tell thee, Conrade,
er the powers in Heaven, nor the powers on
ll longer endure the wickedness of this
1—My intelligence is sure—the ground on
r fabric is reared is already undermined, and
tion we make to the structure of our great-
only sink it the sooner in the abyss. We
ace our steps, and show ourselves the faith-
pions of the Cross, sacrificing to our calling,
our blood and our lives—not alone our lusts
ices—but our ease, our comforts, and our
ffections, and act as men convinced that
leasure which may be lawful to others, is
to the vowed soldier of the Temple."

moment a squire, clothed in a threadbare
(for the aspirants after this holy Order wore
eir noviciate the cast-off garments of the
entered the garden, and, bowing profoundly
e Grand Master, stood silent, awaiting his
n ere he presumed to tell his errand.

ot more seemly," said the Grand Master,
his Damian, clothed in the garments of
humility, thus appear with reverend
fore his superior, than but two days since,
fond fool was decked in a painted coat,
ing as pert and as proud as any popinjay?
Damian, we permit thee—What is thine

r stands without the gate, noble and reve-
er," said the Squire, "who prays to speak
her Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

wert right to give me knowledge of it," said
d Master; "in our presence a Preceptor is
common compeer of our Order, who may not
ording to his own will, but to that of his Mas-
according to the text, 'In the hearing of the
th obeyed me.'—It imports us especially to
this Bois-Guilbert's proceedings," said he,
o his companion.

't speaks him brave and valiant," said Con-

truly is he so spoken of," said the Grand
"in our valour only we are not degenerated
predecessors, the heroes of the Cross. But
rian came into our Order a moody and dis-
man, stirred, I doubt me, to take our vows
nounce the world, not in sincerity of soul,
e whom some touch of light discontent had
o penitence. Since then, he hath become an
l earnest agitator, a murmurer, and a ma-
and a leader amongst those who impugn
rity; not considering that the rule is given
aster even by the symbol of the staff and
the staff to support the infirmities of the
e rod to correct the faults of delinquents.—
' he continued, "lead the Jew to our pre-

ire departed with a profound reverence, and
minutes returned, marshalling in Isaac of
o naked slave, ushered into the presence of
ghty prince, could approach his judgment-
more profound reverence and terror than
which the Jew drew near to the presence
rand Master. When he had approached
e distance of three yards, Beaumanoir made
th his staff that he should come no farther.
kneeled down on the earth, which he kissed
of reverence; then rising, stood before the
his hands folded on his bosom, his head
his breast, in all the submission of Oriental

an," said the Grand Master, "retire, and
uard ready to await our sudden call; and
one to enter the garden until we shall leave
squire bowed and retreated.—"Jew," con-
e haughty old man, "mark me. It suits not
tion to hold with thee long communication,
waste words or time upon any one. Where-
brief in thy answers to what questions I
thee, and let thy words be of truth; for if
e doubles with me, I will have it torn from
lieving jaws."

w was about to reply, but the Grand Master

"Peace, unbeliever!—not a word in our presence, save in answer to our questions.—What is thy business with our brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

Isaac gasped with terror and uncertainty. To tell his tale might be interpreted into scandalizing the Order; yet, unless he told it, what hope could he have of achieving his daughter's deliverance? Beaumanoir saw his mortal apprehension, and condescended to give him some assurance.

"Fear nothing," he said, "for thy wretched person, Jew, so thou dealest uprightly in this matter. I demand again to know from thee thy business with Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

"I am bearer of a letter," stammered out the Jew, "so please your reverend valour, to that good knight, from Prior Aymer of the Abbey of Jorvaulx."

"Said I not these were evil times, Conrade?" said the Master. "A Cistertian Prior sends a letter to a soldier of the Temple, and can find no more fitting messenger than an unbelieving Jew.—Give me the letter."

The Jew, with trembling hands, undid the folds of his Armenian cap, in which he had deposited the Prior's tablets for the greater security, and was about to approach, with hand extended and body crouched, to place it within the reach of his grim interrogator.

"Back, dog!" said the Grand Master; "I touch not misbelievers, save with the sword.—Conrade, take thou the letter from the Jew, and give it to me."

Beaumanoir, being thus possessed of the tablets, inspected the outside carefully, and then proceeded to undo the packthread which secured its folds. "Reverend father," said Conrade, interposing, though with much deference, "wilt thou break the seal?"

"And will I not?" said Beaumanoir, with a frown. "Is it not written in the forty-second capital, *De Lectione Literarum*, that a Templar shall not receive a letter, no not from his father, without communicating the same to the Grand Master, and reading it in his presence?"

He then perused the letter in haste, with an expression of surprise and horror; read it over again more slowly; then holding it out to Conrade with one hand, and slightly striking it with the other, exclaimed—"Here is goodly stuff for one Christian man to write to another, and both members, and no inconsiderable members, of religious professions! When," said he solemnly, and looking upward, "wilt thou come with thy fanners to purge the thrashing-floor?"

Mont-Fitchet took the letter from his Superior, and was about to peruse it. "Read it aloud, Conrade," said the Grand Master,—"and do thou" (to Isaac) "attend to the purport of it, for we will question thee concerning it."

Conrade read the letter, which was in these words: "Aymer, by divine grace, Prior of the Cistertian house of Saint Mary's of Jorvaulx, to Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, a Knight of the holy Order of the Temple, wisheth health, with the bounties of King Bacchus and of my Lady Venus. Touching our present condition, dear Brother, we are a captive in the hands of certain lawless and godless men, who have not feared to detain our person, and put us to ransom; whereby we have also learned of Front-de-Bœuf's misfortune, and that thou hast escaped with that fair Jewish sorceress, whose black eyes have bewitched thee. We are heartily rejoiced of thy safety; nevertheless, we pray thee to be on thy guard in the matter of this second Witch of Endor; for we are privately assured that your Great Master, who careth not a bean for cherry cheeks and black eyes, comes from Normandy to diminish your mirth, and amend your misdoings. Wherefore we pray you heartily to beware, and to be found watching, even as the Holy Text hath it, *Inveniantur vigilantes*. And the wealthy Jew her father, Isaac of York, having prayed of me letters in his behalf, I gave him these, earnestly advising, and in a sort entreating, that you do hold the damsel to ransom, seeing he will pay you from his bags as much as may find fifty damsels upon safer terms, whereof I trust to have my part when we make merry together, as true brothers, not forgetting the wine-cup. For what saith the text, *Vinum lætificat*

cor hominis; and again, *Rex delectabitur pulchritudine tua.*

"Till which merry meeting, we wish you farewell. Given from this den of thieves, about the hour of matins, "AYMER PR. S. M. JORVOLCIENCES.

"*Postscriptum.* Truly your golden chain hath not long abidden with me, and will now sustain, around the neck of an outlaw deer-stealer, the whistle wherewith he calleth on his hounds."

"What sayest thou to this, Conrade?" said the Grand Master. "Den of thieves! and a fit residence is a den of thieves for such a Prior. No wonder that the hand of God is upon us, and that in the Holy Land we lose place by place, foot by foot, before the infidels, when we have such churchmen as this Aymer. And what meaneth he, I trow, by this second Witen of Endor?" said he to his confidant, something apart.

Conrade was better acquainted (perhaps by practice) with the jargon of gallantry, than was his Superior; and he expounded the passage which embarrassed the Grand Master, to be a sort of language used by worldly men towards those whom they loved *par amours;* but the explanation did not satisfy the bigoted Beaumanoir.

"There is more in it than thou dost guess, Conrade; thy simplicity is no match for this deep abyss of wickedness. This Rebecca of York was a pupil of that Miriam of whom thou hast heard. Thou shalt hear the Jew own it even now." Then turning to Isaac, he said aloud, "Thy daughter, then, is prisoner with Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

"Ay, reverend, valorous sir," stammered poor Isaac, "and whatsoever ransom a poor man may pay for her deliverance"——

"Peace!" said the Grand Master. "This thy daughter hath practised the art of healing, hath she not?"

"Ay, gracious sir," answered the Jew, with more confidence; "and knight and yeoman, squire and vassal, may bless the goodly gift which Heaven hath assigned to her. Many a one can testify that she hath recovered them by her art, when every other human aid hath proved vain; but the blessing of the God of Jacob was upon her."

Beaumanoir turned to Mont-Fitchet with a grim smile. "See, brother," he said, "the deceptions of the devouring Enemy! Behold the baits with which he fishes for souls, giving a poor space of earthly life in exchange for eternal happiness hereafter. Well said our blessed rule, *Semper percutiatur leo vorans.*—Up on the lion! Down with the destroyer!" said he, shaking aloft his mystic abacus, as if in defiance of the powers of darkness—"Thy daughter worketh the cures, I doubt not," thus he went on to address the Jew, "by words and sigils, and periapts, and other cabalistical mysteries."

"Nay, reverend and brave Knight," answered Isaac, "but in chief measure by a balsam of marvellous virtue."

"Where had she that secret?" said Beaumanoir.

"It was delivered to her," answered Isaac, reluctantly, "by Miriam, a sage matron of our tribe."

"Ah, false Jew!" said the Grand Master; "was it not from that same witch Miriam, the abomination of whose enchantments have been heard of throughout every Christian land?" exclaimed the Grand Master, crossing himself. "Her body was burnt at a stake, and her ashes were scattered to the four winds; and so be it with me and mine Order, if I do not as much to her pupil, and more also! I will teach her to throw spell and incantation over the soldiers of the blessed Temple.—There, Damian, spurn this Jew from the gate—shoot him dead if he oppose or turn again. With his daughter we will deal as the Christian law and our own high office warrant."

Poor Isaac was hurried off accordingly, and expelled from the preceptory; all his entreaties, and even his offers, unheard and disregarded. He could do no better than return to the house of the Rabbi, and endeavour, through his means, to learn how his daughter was to be disposed of. He had hitherto feared for her honour, he was now to tremble for her life. Meanwhile, the Grand Master ordered to his presence the Preceptor of Templestowe.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

> Say not my heart is fraud—all live by seeming.
> The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
> Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming;
> The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier
> Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
> All practise it; and he who is content
> With showing what he is, shall have small credit
> In church, or camp, or state.—So wags the world.
>
> *Old Play.*

ALBERT MALVOISIN, President, or, in the language of the Order, Preceptor of the establishment of Templestowe, was brother to that Philip Malvoisin who has been already occasionally mentioned in this history, and was, like that baron, in close league with Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

Amongst dissolute and unprincipled men, of whom the Temple Order included but too many, Albert of Templestowe might be distinguished; but with this difference from the audacious Bois-Guilbert, that he knew how to throw over his vices and his ambition the veil of hypocrisy, and to assume in his exterior the fanaticism which he internally despised. Had not the arrival of the Grand Master been so unexpectedly sudden, he would have seen nothing at Templestowe which might have appeared to argue any relaxation of discipline. And, even although surprised, and, to a certain extent, detected, Albert Malvoisin listened with such respect and apparent contrition to the rebuke of his Superior, and made such haste to reform the particulars he censured,—succeeded, in fine, so well in giving an air of ascetic devotion to a family which had been lately devoted to license and pleasure, that Lucas Beaumanoir began to entertain a higher opinion of the Preceptor's morals than the first appearance of the establishment had inclined him to adopt.

But these favourable sentiments on the part of the Grand Master were greatly shaken by the intelligence that Albert had received within a house of religion the Jewish captive, and, as was to be feared, the paramour of a brother of the Order; and when Albert appeared before him, he was regarded with unwonted sternness.

"There is in this mansion, dedicated to the purposes of the holy Order of the Temple," said the Grand Master, in a severe tone, "a Jewish woman, brought hither by a brother of religion, by your connivance, Sir Preceptor."

Albert Malvoisin was overwhelmed with confusion; for the unfortunate Rebecca had been confined in a remote and secret part of the building, and every precaution used to prevent her residence there from being known. He read in the looks of Beaumanoir ruin to Bois-Guilbert and to himself, unless he should be able to avert the impending storm.

"Why are you mute?" continued the Grand Master.

"Is it permitted to me to reply?" answered the Preceptor, in a tone of the deepest humility, although by the question he only meant to gain an instant's space for arranging his ideas.

"Speak, you are permitted," said the Grand Master—"speak, and say, knowest thou the capital of our holy rule,—*De commilitonibus Templi in sancta civitate, qui cum miserrimus mulieribus versantur, propter oblectationem carnis?*"*

"Surely, most reverend father," answered the Preceptor, "I have not risen to this office in the Order, being ignorant of one of its most important prohibitions."

"How comes it, then, I demand of thee once more, that thou hast suffered a brother to bring a paramour, and that paramour a Jewish sorceress, into this holy place, to the stain and pollution thereof?"

"A Jewish sorceress!" echoed Albert Malvoisin; "good angels guard us!"

"Ay, brother, a Jewish sorceress!" said the Grand Master sternly. "I have said it. Darest thou deny that this Rebecca, the daughter of that wretched usurer Isaac of York, and the pupil of the foul witch Miriam, is now—shame to be thought or spoken!—lodged within this thy Preceptory?"

"Your wisdom, reverend father," answered the

* The edict which he quotes, is against communion with women of light character.

ith rolled away the darkness from my . Much did I wonder that so good a in de Bois-Guilbert seemed so fondly ie charms of this female, whom I re-s house merely to place a bar betwixt intimacy, which else might have been ie expense of the fall of our valiant and er."

ing, then, as yet passed betwixt them s vow?" demanded the Grand Master. ider this roof?" said the Preceptor, elf; "Saint Magdalene and the ten ins forbid!—No! if I have sinned in here, it was in the erring thought that reak off our brother's besotted devotion , which seemed to me so wild and un-could not but ascribe it to some touch ore to be cured by pity than reproof. reverend wisdom hath discovered this to be a sorceress, perchance it may ac-his enamoured folly."

t doth!" said Beaumanoir. "See, bro-the peril of yielding to the first devices ients of Satan! We look upon woman the lust of the eye, and to take pleasure ll her beauty; and the Ancient Enemy, Lion, obtains power over us, to com-nan and spell, a work which was begun id folly. It may be that our brother does in this matter deserve rather pity iastisement; rather the support of the strokes of the rod; and that our admo-ayers may turn him from his folly, and his brethern."

ep pity," said Conrade Mont-Fitchet, Order one of its best lances, when the nity most requires the aid of its sons. l Saracens hath this Brian de Bois-with his own hand."

these accursed dogs," said the Grand be a sweet and acceptable offering to angels whom they despise and blas-with their aid will we counteract the ms with which our brother is entwined Ie shall burst the bands of this Delilah, arst the two new cords with which the l bound him, and shall slaughter the eaps upon heaps. But concerning this o hath flung her enchantments over a Holy Temple, assuredly she shall die

ws of England,"—said the Preceptor, delighted that the Grand Master's re-s fortunately averted from himself and had taken another direction, began was carrying it too far.

of England," interrupted Beaumanoir, enjoin each judge to execute justice n jurisdiction. The most petty baron , and condemn a witch found within in And shall that power be denied to ster of the Temple within a preceptory —No! —we will judge and condemn. ll be taken out of the land, and the ereof shall be forgiven. Prepare the the trial of the sorceress."

oisin bowed and retired,—not to give preparing the hall, but to seek out Brian rt, and communicate to him how mat-to terminate. It was not long ere he ming with indignation at a repulse he ained from the fair Jewess. "The un-said, "the ungrateful, to scorn him lood and flames, would have saved her of his own! By Heaven, Malvoisin! roof and rafters crackled and crashed I was the butt of a hundred arrows; n mine armour like hailstones against a ient, and the only use I made of my her protection. This did I endure for the self-willed girl upbraids me that I her to perish, and refuses me not only proof of gratitude, but even the most hat ever she will be brought to grant any. The devil, that possessed her race with o nacy, has concentrated its full force in her s person!"

"The devil," said the Preceptor, "I think, sessed you both. How oft have I preached to caution, if not continence? Did I not tell you there were enough willing Christian damsels met with, who would think it sin to refuse so br knight *le don d'amoureux merci*, and you must anchor your affection on a wilful, obstinate Je By the mass, I think old Lucas Beaumanoir gu right, when he maintains she hath cast a spell you."

"Lucas Beaumanoir!"—said Bois-Guilber proachfully—"Are these your precautions, Malve Hast thou suffered the dotard to learn that Re is in the Preceptory?"

"How could I help it?" said the Preceptor. "I lected nothing that could keep secret your mys but it is betrayed, and whether by the devil or n devil only can tell. But I have turned the mat I could; you are safe if you renounce Rebecca. are pitied the victim of magical delusion. Sh sorceress, and must suffer as such."

"She shall not, by Heaven!" said Bois-Guil

"By Heaven, she must and will!" said Malv "Neither you nor any one else can save her. I Beaumanoir hath settled that the death of a Je will be a sin-offering sufficient to atone for a amorous indulgences of the Knights Templars thou knowest he hath both the power and will to cute so reasonable and pious a purpose."

"Will future ages believe that such stupid bi ever existed!" said Bois-Guilbert, striding up down the apartment.

"What they may believe, I know not," said voisin, calmly; "but I know well, that in thi day, clergy and laymen, take ninety-nine to the dred, will cry *amen* to the Grand Master's sente

"I have it," said Bois-Guilbert. "Albert, th my friend. Thou must connive at her escape, voisin, and I will transport her to some pla greater security and secrecy."

"I cannot, if I would," replied the Preceptor; mansion is filled with the attendants of the G Master, and others who are devoted to him. A be frank with you, brother, I would not embark you in this matter, even if I could hope to brin bark to haven. I have risked enough alrea your sake. I have no mind to encounter a sen of degradation, or even to lose my Preceptory, f sake of a painted piece of Jewish flesh and b And you, if you will be guided by my counsel, wil up this wild-goose chase, and fly your hawk at other game. Think, Bois-Guilbert,—thy present thy future honours, all depend on thy place i Order. Shouldst thou adhere perversely to thy sion for this Rebecca, thou wilt give Beaumano power of expelling thee, and he will not negle He is jealous of the truncheon which he holds trembling gripe, and he knows thou stretches bold hand towards it. Doubt not he will ruin if thou affordest him a pretext so fair as thy p tion of a Jewish sorceress. Give him his sco this matter, for thou canst not control him. the staff is in thine own firm grasp, thou m caress the daughters of Judah, or burn them, a best suit thine own humour."

"Malvoisin," said Bois-Guilbert, "thou art a blooded"——

"Friend," said the Preceptor, hastening to the blank, in which Bois-Guilbert would pro have placed a worse word,—"a cold-blooded fr am, and therefore more fit to give thee advice. thee once more, that thou canst not save Rebe tell thee once more, thou canst but perish wit Go hie thee to the Grand Master—throw thy his feet and tell him"——

"Not at his feet, by Heaven! but to the do very beard will I say"——

"Say to him, then, to his beard," continued voisin, coolly, "that you love this captive Jew distraction; and the more thou dost enlarge passion, the greater will be his haste to end

death of the fair enchantress; while thou, taken in flagrant delict by the avowal of a crime contrary to thine oath, canst hope no aid of thy brethren, and must exchange all thy brilliant visions of ambition and power, to lift perhaps a mercenary spear in some of the petty quarrels between Flanders and Burgundy."

"Thou speakest the truth, Malvoisin," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, after a moment's reflection. "I will give the hoary bigot no advantage over me; and for Rebecca, she hath not merited at my hand that I should expose rank and honour for her sake. I will cast her off—yes, I will leave her to her fate, unless"—

"Qualify not thy wise and necessary resolution," said Malvoisin; "women are but the toys which amuse our lighter hours—ambition is the serious business of life. Perish a thousand such frail baubles as this Jewess, before thy manly step pause in the brilliant career that lies stretched before thee! For the present we part, nor must we be seen to hold close conversation—I must order the hall for his judgment-seat."

"What!" said Bois-Guilbert, "so soon?"

"Ay," replied the Preceptor, "trial moves rapidly on when the judge has determined the sentence beforehand."

"Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, when he was left alone, "thou art like to cost me dear—Why cannot I abandon thee to thy fate, as this calm hypocrite recommends?—One effort will I make to save thee—but beware of ingratitude! for if I am again repulsed, my vengeance shall equal my love. The life and honour of Bois-Guilbert must not be hazarded, where contempt and reproaches are his only reward."

The Preceptor had hardly given the necessary orders when he was joined by Conrade Mont-Fitchet, who acquainted him with the Grand Master's resolution to bring the Jewess to instant trial for sorcery.

"It is surely a dream," said the Preceptor; "we have many Jewish physicians, and we call them not wizards though they work wonderful cures."

"The Grand Master thinks otherwise," said Mont-Fitchet; "and, Albert, I will be upright with thee—wizard or not, it were better that this miserable damsel die, than that Brian de Bois-Guilbert should be lost to the Order, or the Order divided by internal dissension. Thou knowest his high rank, his fame in arms—thou knowest the zeal with which many of our brethren regard him—but all this will not avail him with our Grand Master, should he consider Brian as the accomplice, not the victim, of this Jewess. Were the souls of the twelve tribes in her single body, it were better she suffered alone, than that Bois-Guilbert were partner in her destruction."

"I have been working him even now to abandon her," said Malvoisin; "but still, are there grounds enough to condemn this Rebecca for sorcery?—Will not the Grand Master change his mind when he sees that the proofs are so weak?"

"They must be strengthened, Albert," replied Mont-Fitchet, "they must be strengthened. Dost thou understand me?"

"I do," said the Preceptor, "nor do I scruple to do aught for advancement of the Order—but there is little time to find engines fitting."

"Malvoisin, they *must* be found," said Conrade; "well will it advantage both the Order and thee. This Templestowe is a poor Preceptory—that of Maison-Dieu is worth double its value—thou knowest my interest with our old Chief—find those who can carry this matter through, and thou art Preceptor of Maison-Dieu in the fertile Kent—How sayst thou?"

"There is," replied Malvoisin, "among those who came hither with Bois-Guilbert, two fellows whom I well know; servants they were to my brother Philip de Malvoisin, and passed from his service to that of Front-de-Bœuf—It may be they know something of the witcheries of this woman."

"Away, seek them out instantly—and hark thee, if a *byzant or two will* sharpen their memory, let them not be wanting."

"They would swear the mother that bore them a sorceress for a zecchin," said the Preceptor.

"Away, then," said Mont-Fitchet: "at noon the affair will proceed. I have not seen our senior in such earnest preparation since he condemned to the stake Hamet Alfagi, a convert who relapsed to the Moslem faith."

The ponderous castle-bell had tolled the point of noon, when Rebecca heard a trampling of feet upon the private stair which led to her place of confinement. The noise announced the arrival of several persons, and the circumstance rather gave her joy; for she was more afraid of the solitary visits of the fierce and passionate Bois-Guilbert than of any evil that could befall her besides. The door of the chamber was unlocked, and Conrade and the Preceptor Malvoisin entered, attended by four warders clothed in black, and bearing halberds.

"Daughter of an accursed race!" said the Preceptor, "arise and follow us."

"Whither," said Rebecca, "and for what purpose?"

"Damsel," answered Conrade, "it is not for thee to question, but to obey. Nevertheless, be it known to thee, that thou art to be brought before the tribunal of the Grand Master of our holy Order, there to answer for thine offences."

"May the God of Abraham be praised!" said Rebecca, folding her hands devoutly; "the name of a judge, though an enemy to my people, is to me as the name of a protector. Most willingly do I follow thee—permit me only to wrap my veil around my head."

They descended the stair with slow and solemn step, traversed a long gallery, and, by a pair of folding doors placed at the end, entered the great hall in which the Grand Master had for the time established his court of justice.

The lower part of this ample apartment was filled with squires and yeomen, who made way not without some difficulty for Rebecca, attended by the Preceptor and Mont-Fitchet, and followed by the guard of halberdiers, to move forward to the seat appointed for her. As she passed through the crowd, her arms folded and her head depressed, a scrap of paper was thrust into her hand, which she received almost unconsciously, and continued to hold without examining its contents. The assurance that she possessed some friend in this awful assembly gave her courage to look around, and to mark into whose presence she had been conducted. She gazed, accordingly, upon the scene, which we shall endeavour to describe in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Stern was the law which bade its vot'ries leave
At human woes with human hearts to grieve;
Stern was the law, which at the winning wile
Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile;
But sterner still, when high the iron rod
Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power of God.

The Middle Ages.

THE tribunal, erected for the trial of the innocent and unhappy Rebecca, occupied the dais or elevated part of the upper end of the great hall—a platform, which we have already described as the place of honour, destined to be occupied by the most distinguished inhabitants or guests of an ancient mansion.

On an elevated seat, directly before the accused, sat the Grand Master of the Temple, in full and ample robes of flowing white, holding in his hand the mystic staff, which bore the symbol of the Order. At his feet was placed a table, occupied by two scribes, chaplains of the order, whose duty it was to reduce to formal record the proceedings of the day. The black dresses, bare scalps, and demure looks of these churchmen, formed a strong contrast to the warlike appearance of the knights who attended, either as residing in the Preceptory, or as come thither to attend upon their Grand Master. The Preceptors, of whom there were four present, occupied seats lower in height, and somewhat drawn back behind that of their superior; and the knights, who enjoyed no such rank in the Order, were placed on benches still lower, and preserving the same distance from the

s as these from the Grand Master. Behind still upon the dais or elevated portion of the l the esquires of the Order, in white dresses nor quality.

ole assembly wore an aspect of the most gravity; and in the faces of the knights perceived traces of military daring, united solemn carriage becoming men of a reli- ession, and which, in the presence of their ster, failed not to sit upon every brow.

naining and lower part of the hall was filled ds, holding partisans, and with other at- whom curiosity had drawn thither, to see Grand Master and a Jewish sorceress. By ater part of those inferior persons were, in or other, connected with the Order, and rdingly distinguished by their black dresses. nts from the neighbouring country were not lmittance; for it was the pride of Beau- render the edifying spectacle of the justice administered as public as possible. His eyes seemed to expand as he gazed around bly, and his countenance appeared elated scious dignity, and imaginary merit, of the h he was about to perform. A psalm, which f accompanied with a deep mellow voice, had not deprived of its powers, commenced edings of the day; and the solemn sounds, *ultimus Domino*, so often sung by the before engaging with earthly adversaries, d by Lucas most appropriate to introduce aching triumph, for such he deemed it, over rs of darkness. The deep prolonged notes, a hundred masculine voices accustomed e in the choral chant, arose to the vaulted e hall, and rolled on amongst its arches pleasing yet solemn sound of the rushing waters.

ne sounds ceased, the Grand Master glanced owly around the circle, and observed that 'on of the Preceptors was vacant. Brian uilbert, by whom it had been occupied, had ace, and was now standing near the ex- ner of one of the benches occupied by the Companions of the Temple, one hand ex- s long mantle, so as in some degree to hide while the other held his cross-handled th the point of which, sheathed as it was, owly drawing lines upon the oaken floor.

ppy man!" said the Grand Master, after him with a glance of compassion. "Thou ra[illegible] how this holy work distresses him. an the light look of woman, aided by the the Powers of this world, bring a valiant ly knight!—Seest thou he cannot look up- cannot look upon her; and who knows mpulse from his tormentor his hand forms [illegible] lines on the floor? It may be our afety are thus aimed at; but we spit at and ul enemy. *Semper Leo percutiatur!*"

as communicated apart to his confidential Conrade Mont-Fitchet. The Grand Master l his voice, and addressed the assembly.

end and valiant men, Knights, Preceptors, panions of this Holy Order, my brethren and en!—you also, well-born and pious Esquires, e to wear this holy Cross!—and you also, brethren, of every degree!—Be it known to it is not defect of power in us which hath l the assembling of this congregation; for, nworthy in our person, yet to us is commit- his batoon, full power to judge and to try all rds the weal of this our Holy Order. Holy nard, in the rule of our knightly and religious , hath said, in the fifty-ninth capital,* that not that brethren be called together in coun- t the will and command of the Master; free to us, as to those more worthy fathers preceded us in this our office, to judge, as occasion as of the time and place in which a chapter of the whole Order, or of any part thereof, may be convoked. Also, in all such chapters, it is our duty to hear the advice of our brethren, and to proceed according to our own pleasure. But when the raging wolf hath made an inroad upon the flock, and carried off one member thereof, it is the duty of the kind shepherd to call his comrades together, that with bows and slings they may quell the invader, according to our well-known rule, that the lion is ever to be beaten down. We have therefore summoned to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York—a woman infamous for sortileges and for witcheries; whereby she hath maddened the blood, and besotted the brain, not of a churl, but of a Knight—not of a secular Knight, but of one devoted to the service of the Holy Temple—not of a Knight Companion, but of a Preceptor of our Order, first in honour as in place. Our brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, is well known to ourselves, and to all degrees who now hear me, as a true and zealous champion of the Cross, by whose arm many deeds of valour have been wrought in the Holy Land, and the holy places purified from pollution by the blood of those infidels who defiled them. Neither have our brother's sagacity and prudence been less in repute among his brethren than his valour and discipline; in so much, that knights, both in eastern and western lands, have named De Bois-Guilbert as one who may well be put in nomination as successor to this batoon, when it shall please Heaven to release us from the toil of bearing it. If we were told that such a man, so honoured, and so honourable, suddenly casting away regard for his character, his vows, his brethren, and his prospects, had associated to himself a Jewish damsel, wandered in this lewd company through solitary places, defended her person in preference to his own, and, finally, was so utterly blinded and besotted by his folly, as to bring her even to one of our own Preceptories, what should we say but that the noble knight was possessed by some evil demon, or influenced by some wicked spell?—If we could suppose it otherwise, think not rank, valour, high repute, or any earthly consideration, should prevent us from visiting him with punishment, that the evil thing might be removed, even according to the text, *Auferte malum ex vobis*. For various and heinous are the acts of transgression against the rule of our blessed Order in this lamentable history.—1st, He hath walked according to his proper will, contrary to capital 33, *Quod nullus juxta propriam voluntatem incedat*.—2d, He hath held communication with an excommunicated person, capital 57, *Ut fratres non participent cum excommunicatis*, and therefore hath a portion in *Anathema Maranatha*. 3d, He hath conversed with strange women, contrary to the capital, *Ut fratres non conversantur cum extraneis mulieribus*.—4th, He hath not avoided, nay, he hath, it is to be feared, solicited the kiss of woman; by which, saith the last rule of our renowned Order, *Ut fugiantur oscula*, the soldiers of the Cross are brought into a snare. For which heinous and multiplied guilt, Brian de Bois-Guilbert should be cut off and cast out from our congregation, were he the right hand and right eye thereof."

He paused. A low murmur went through the assembly. Some of the younger part, who had been inclined to smile at the statute *De osculis fugiendis*, became now grave enough, and anxiously waited what the Grand Master was next to propose.

"Such," he said, "and so great should indeed be the punishment of a Knight Templar, who wilfully offended against the rules of his Order in such weighty points. But if, by means of charms and of spells, Satan had obtained dominion over the Knight, perchance because he cast his eyes too lightly upon a damsel's beauty, we are then rather to lament than chastise his backsliding; and, imposing on him only such penance as may purify him from his iniquity, we are to turn the full edge of our indignation upon the accursed instrument, which had so wellnigh occasioned his utter falling away.—Stand forth, therefore, and bear witness, ye who have witnessed these unhappy doings, that we may judge of the sum and bearing thereof; and judge whether our justice may be satisfied with the punishment of this infidel woman,

tor is again referred to the Rules of the Poor Mili- hood of the Temple, which occur in the Works of St. . T.

or if we must go on, with a bleeding heart, to the further proceeding against our brother."

Several witnesses were called upon to prove the risks to which Bois-Guilbert exposed himself in endeavouring to save Rebecca from the blazing castle, and his neglect of his personal defence in attending to her safety. The men gave these details with the exaggerations common to vulgar minds which have been strongly excited by any remarkable event, and their natural disposition to the marvellous was greatly increased by the satisfaction which their evidence seemed to afford to the eminent person for whose information it had been delivered. Thus the dangers which Bois-Guilbert surmounted, in themselves sufficiently great, became portentous in their narrative. The devotion of the Knight to Rebecca's defence was exaggerated beyond the bounds, not only of discretion, but even of the most frantic excess of chivalrous zeal; and his deference to what she said, even although her language was often severe and upbraiding, was painted as carried to an excess, which, in a man of his haughty temper, seemed almost preternatural.

The Preceptor of Templestowe was then called on to describe the manner in which Bois-Guilbert and the Jewess arrived at the Preceptory. The evidence of Malvoisin was skilfully guarded. But while he apparently studied to spare the feelings of Bois-Guilbert, he threw in, from time to time, such hints, as seemed to infer that he laboured under some temporary alienation of mind, so deeply did he appear to be enamoured of the damsel whom he brought along with him. With sighs of penitence, the Preceptor avowed his own contrition for having admitted Rebecca and her lover within the walls of the Preceptory—"But my defence," he concluded, "has been made in my confession to our most reverend father the Grand Master; he knows my motives were not evil, though my conduct may have been irregular. Joyfully will I submit to any penance he shall assign me."

"Thou hast spoken well, Brother Albert," said Beaumanoir; "thy motives were good, since thou didst judge it right to arrest thine erring brother in his career of precipitate folly. But thy conduct was wrong; as he that would stop a runaway steed, and seizing by the stirrup instead of the bridle, receiveth injury himself, instead of accomplishing his purpose. Thirteen pater-nosters are assigned by our pious founder for matins, and nine for vespers; be those services doubled by thee. Thrice a-week are Templars permitted the use of flesh; but do thou keep fast for all the seven days. This do for six weeks to come, and thy penance is accomplished."

With a hypocritical look of the deepest submission, the Preceptor of Templestowe bowed to the ground before his Superior, and resumed his seat.

"Were it not well, brethren," said the Grand Master, "that we examine something into the former life and conversation of this woman, specially that we may discover whether she be one likely to use magical charms and spells, since the truths which we have heard may well incline us to suppose, that in this unhappy course our erring brother has been acted upon by some infernal enticement and delusion?"

Herman of Goodalricke was the Fourth Preceptor present; the other three were Conrade, Malvoisin, and Bois-Guilbert himself. Herman was an ancient warrior, whose face was marked with scars inflicted by the sabre of the Moslemah, and had great rank and consideration among his brethren. He arose and bowed to the Grand Master, who instantly granted him license of speech. "I would crave to know, most Reverend Father, of our valiant brother, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, what he says to these wondrous accusations, and with what eye he himself now regards his unhappy intercourse with this Jewish maiden?"

"Brian de Bois-Guilbert," said the Grand Master, "thou hearest the question which our Brother of Goodalricke desireth thou shouldst answer. I command thee to reply to him."

Bois-Guilbert turned his head towards the Grand Master when thus addressed, and remained silent.

"He is possessed by a dumb devil," said the Grand Master. "Avoid thee, Sathanas!—Speak, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, I conjure thee, by this symbol of our Holy Order."

Bois-Guilbert made an effort to suppress his rising scorn and indignation, the expression of which, he was well aware, would have little availed him. "Brian de Bois-Guilbert," he answered, "replies not, most Reverend Father, to such wild and vague charges. If his honour be impeached, he will defend it with his body, and with that sword which has often fought for Christendom."

"We forgive thee, Brother Brian," said the Grand Master; "though that thou hast boasted thy warlike achievements before us, is a glorifying of thine own deeds, and cometh of the Enemy, who tempteth us to exalt our own worship. But thou hast our pardon, judging thou speakest less of thine own suggestion than from the impulse of him whom, by Heaven's leave, we will quell and drive forth from our assembly." A glance of disdain flashed from the dark fierce eyes of Bois-Guilbert, but he made no reply.—"And now," pursued the Grand Master, "since our Brother of Goodalricke's question has been thus imperfectly answered, pursue we our quest, brethren, and with our patron's assistance, we will search to the bottom this mystery of iniquity.—Let those who have aught to witness of the life and conversation of this Jewish woman, stand forth before us." There was a bustle in the lower part of the hall, and when the Grand Master inquired the reason, it was replied, there was in the crowd a bedridden man, whom the prisoner had restored to the perfect use of his limbs, by a miraculous balsam.

The poor peasant, a Saxon by birth, was dragged forward to the bar, terrified at the penal consequences which he might have incurred by the guilt of having been cured of the palsy by a Jewish damsel. Perfectly cured he certainly was not, for he supported himself forward on crutches to give evidence. Most unwilling was his testimony, and given with many tears; but he admitted that two years since, when residing at York, he was suddenly afflicted with a sore disease, while labouring for Isaac the rich Jew, in his vocation of a joiner; that he had been unable to stir from his bed until the remedies applied by Rebecca's directions, and especially a warming and spicy-smelling balsam, had in some degree restored him to the use of his limbs. Moreover, he said, she had given him a pot of that precious ointment, and furnished him with a piece of money withal, to return to the house of his father, near to Templestowe. "And may it please your gracious Reverence," said the man, "I cannot think the damsel meant harm by me, though she hath the ill hap to be a Jewess; for even when I used her remedy, I said the Pater and the Creed, and it never operated a whit less kindly."

"Peace, slave," said the Grand Master, "and begone! It well suits brutes like thee to be tampering and trinketing with hellish cures, and to be giving your labour to the sons of mischief. I tell thee, the fiend can impose diseases for the very purpose of removing them, in order to bring into credit some diabolical fashion of cure. Hast thou that unguent of which thou speakest?"

The peasant, fumbling in his bosom with a trembling hand, produced a small box, bearing some Hebrew characters on the lid, which was, with most of the audience, a sure proof that the devil had stood apothecary. Beaumanoir, after crossing himself, took the box into his hand, and learned in most of the Eastern tongues, read with ease the motto on the lid,—*The Lion of the Tribe of Judah hath conquered.* "Strange powers of Sathanas," said he, "which can convert Scripture into blasphemy, mingling poison with our necessary food!—Is there no leech here who can tell us the ingredients of this mystic unguent?"

Two mediciners, as they called themselves, the one a monk, the other a barber, appeared, and avouched they knew nothing of the materials, excepting that they savoured of myrrh and camphire, which they took to be Oriental herbs. But with the true professional hatred to a successful practitioner of their art, they insinuated that since the medicine was beyond their own knowledge, it must necessarily have been compounded from an unlawful and magical pharma-

ince they themselves, though no conjurors, rstood every branch of their art, so far as it exercised with the good faith of a Christian. s medical research was ended, the Saxon esired humbly to have back the medicine had found so salutary; but the Grand Mased severely at the request. "What is thy w?" said he to the cripple.

the son of Snell," answered the peasant.

Higg, son of Snell," said the Grand Master, e it is better to be bedridden, than to accept t of unbelievers' medicine that thou mayest walk; better to despoil infidels of their y the strong hand, than to accept of them r gifts, or do them service for wages. Go do as I have said."

," said the peasant, "an it shall not disir Reverence, the lesson comes too late for am but a maimed man; but I will tell my ren, who serve the rich Rabbi Nathan Ben hat your mastership says it is more lawful than to render him faithful service."

ith the prating villain!" said Beaumanoir, not prepared to refute this practical applicageneral maxim.

he son of Snell withdrew into the crowd, sted in the fate of his benefactress, lingered hould learn her doom, even at the risk of ountering the frown of that severe judge, the which withered his very heart within him.

period of the trial, the Grand Master comebecca to unveil herself. Opening her lips rst time, she replied patiently, but with dighat it was not the wont of the daughters of e to uncover their faces when alone in an of strangers." The sweet tones of her voice, oftness of her reply, impressed on the audintiment of pity and sympathy. But Beau whose mind the suppression of each feeling uty which could interfere with his imagined a virtue of itself, repeated his commands ictim should be unveiled. The guards were emove her veil accordingly, when she stood the Grand Master and said, "Nay, but for f your own daughters—Alas," she said, reherself, "ye have no daughters!—yet for nbrance of your mothers—for the love of rs, and of female decency, let me not be thus your presence; it suits not a maiden to be y such rude grooms. I will obey you," she ith an expression of patient sorrow in her ich had almost melted the heart of Beaunself; "ye are elders among your people, ur command I will show the features of an aiden."

thdrew her veil, and looked on them with a ce in which bashfulness contended with Her exceeding beauty excited a murmur of and the younger knights told each other with , in silent correspondence, that Brian's best as in the power of her real charms, rather r imaginary witchcraft. But Higg, the son felt most deeply the effect produced by the he countenance of his benefactress. "Let rth," he said to the warders at the door of —"let me go forth! To look at her again e, for I have had a share in murdering her."

, poor man," said Rebecca, when she heard mation; "thou hast done me no harm by the truth—thou canst not aid me by thy comlamentations. Peace, I pray thee—go home thyself."

as about to be thrust out by the compassion rders, who were apprehensive lest his clamoshould draw upon them reprehension, and iself punishment. But he promised to be d was permitted to remain. The two menwith whom Albert Malvoisin had not failed unicate upon the import of their testimony, v called forward. Though both were hardinflexible villains, the sight of the captive s well as her excelling beauty, at first apstagger them; but an expressive glance Preceptor of Templestowe restored them to their dogged composure; and they delivered, with a precision which would have seemed suspicious to more impartial judges, circumstances either altogether fictitious or trivial, and natural in themselves, but rendered pregnant with suspicion by the exaggerated manner in which they were told, and the sinister commentary which the witnesses added to the facts. The circumstances of their evidence would have been in modern days, divided into two classes—those which were immaterial, and those which were actually and physically impossible. But both were, in those ignorant and superstitious times, easily credited as proofs of guilt. The first class set forth, that Rebecca was heard to mutter to herself in an unknown tongue—that the songs she sung by fits were of a strangely sweet sound, which made the ears of the hearer tingle, and his heart throb—that she spoke at times to herself, and seemed to look upward for a reply—that her garments were of a strange and mystic form, unlike those of women of good repute—that she had rings impressed with cabalistical devices, and that strange characters were broidered on her veil.

All these circumstances, so natural and so trivial, were gravely listened to as proofs, or, at least, as affording strong suspicions that Rebecca had unlawful correspondence with mystical powers.

But there was less equivocal testimony, which the credulity of the assembly, or of the greater part, greedily swallowed, however incredible. One of the soldiers had seen her work a cure upon a wounded man, brought with them to the castle of Torquilstone. She did, he said, make certain signs upon the wound, and repeated certain mysterious words, which he blessed God he understood not, when the iron head of a square cross-bow bolt disengaged itself from the wound, the bleeding was stanched, the wound was closed, and the dying man was, within the quarter of an hour, walking upon the ramparts, and assisting the witness in managing a mangonel, or machine for hurling stones. This legend was probably founded upon the fact, that Rebecca had attended on the wounded Ivanhoe when in the castle of Torquilstone. But it was the more difficult to dispute the accuracy of the witness, as, in order to produce real evidence in support of his verbal testimony, he drew from his pouch the very bolt-head, which, according to his story, had been miraculously extracted from the wound; and as the iron weighed a full ounce, it completely confirmed the tale, however marvellous.

His comrade had been a witness from a neighbouring battlement of the scene betwixt Rebecca and Bois-Guilbert, when she was upon the point of precipitating herself from the top of the tower. Not to be behind his companion, this fellow stated, that he had seen Rebecca perch herself upon the parapet of the turret, and there take the form of a milk-white swan, under which appearance she flitted three times round the castle of Torquilstone; then again settle on the turret, and once more assume the female form.

Less than one half of this weighty evidence would have been sufficient to convict any old woman, poor and ugly, even though she had not been a Jewess. United with that fatal circumstance, the body of proof was too weighty for Rebecca's youth, though combined with the most exquisite beauty.

The Grand Master had collected the suffrages, and now in a solemn tone demanded of Rebecca what she had to say against the sentence of condemnation, which he was about to pronounce.

"To invoke your pity," said the lovely Jewess, with a voice somewhat tremulous with emotion, "would, I am aware, be as useless as I should hold it mean. To state that to relieve the sick and wounded of another religion, cannot be displeasing to the acknowledged Founder of both our faiths, were also unavailing; to plead that many things which these men (whom may heaven pardon!) have spoken against me are impossible, would avail me but little, since you believe in their possibility; and still less would it advantage me to explain, that the peculiarities of my dress, language, and manners, are those of my people—I had well nigh said of my country, but alas! we have no country. Nor will I even vindicate myself at

the expense of my oppressor, who stands there listening to the fictions and surmises which seem to convert the tyrant into the victim.—God be judge between him and me! but rather would I submit to ten such deaths as your pleasure may denounce against me, than listen to the suit which that man of Belial has urged upon me—friendless, defenceless, and his prisoner. But he is of your own faith, and his lightest affirmance would weigh down the most solemn protestations of the distressed Jewess. I will not therefore return to himself the charge brought against me—but to himself—Yes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether these accusations are not false? as monstrous and calumnious as they are deadly?"

There was a pause; all eyes turned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He was silent.

"Speak," she said, "if thou art a man—if thou art a Christian, speak!—I conjure thee, by the habit which thou dost wear, by the name thou dost inherit—by the knighthood thou dost vaunt—by the honour of thy mother—by the tomb and the bones of thy father—I conjure thee to say, are these things true?"

"Answer her, brother," said the Grand Master, "if the Enemy with whom thou dost wrestle will give thee power."

In fact, Bois-Guilbert seemed agitated by contending passions, which almost convulsed his features, and it was with a constrained voice that at last he replied, looking to Rebecca,—"The scroll!—the scroll!"

"Ay," said Beaumanoir, "this is indeed testimony! The victim of her witcheries can only name the fatal scroll, the spell inscribed on which is, doubtless, the cause of his silence."

But Rebecca put another interpretation on the words extorted as it were from Bois-Guilbert, and glancing her eye upon the slip of parchment which she continued to hold in her hand, she read written thereupon in the Arabian character, *Demand a Champion!* The murmuring commentary which ran through the assembly at the strange reply of Bois-Guilbert, gave Rebecca leisure to examine and instantly to destroy the scroll unobserved. When the whisper had ceased, the Grand Master spoke.

"Rebecca, thou canst derive no benefit from the evidence of this unhappy knight, for whom, as we well perceive, the Enemy is yet too powerful. Hast thou aught else to say?"

"There is yet one chance of life left to me," said Rebecca, "even by your own fierce laws. Life has been miserable—miserable, at least, of late—but I will not cast away the gift of God, while he affords me the means of defending it. I deny this charge—I maintain my innocence, and I declare the falsehood of this accusation—I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion."

"And who, Rebecca," replied the Grand Master, "will lay lance in rest for a sorceress? who will be the champion of a Jewess?"

"God will raise me up a champion," said Rebecca—"It cannot be that in merry England—the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there will not be found one to fight for justice. But it is enough that I challenge the trial by combat—there lies my gage."

She took her embroidered glove from her hand, and flung it down before the Grand Master with an air of mingled simplicity and dignity, which excited universal surprise and admiration.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

——There I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of martial daring.

Richard II.

Even Lucas Beaumanoir himself was affected by the mien and appearance of Rebecca. He was not originally a cruel or even a severe man; but with passions by nature cold, and with a high, though mistaken sense of duty, his heart had been gradually hardened by the ascetic life which he pursued, the supreme power which he enjoyed, and the supposed necessity of subduing infidelity and eradicating heresy, which he conceived peculiarly incumbent on him. His features relaxed in their usual severity as he gazed upon the beautiful creature before him, alone, unfriended, and defending herself with so much spirit and courage. He crossed himself twice, as doubting whence arose the unwonted softening of a heart, which on such occasions used to resemble in hardness the steel of his sword. At length he spoke.

"Damsel," he said, "if the pity I feel for thee arise from any practice thine evil arts have made on me, great is thy guilt. But I rather judge it the kinder feelings of nature, which grieves that so goodly a form should be a vessel of perdition. Repent, my daughter—confess thy witchcrafts—turn thee from thine evil faith—embrace this holy emblem, and all shall yet be well with thee here and hereafter. In some sisterhood of the strictest order, shalt thou have time for prayer and fitting penance, and that repentance not to be repented of. This do and live—what has the law of Moses done for thee that thou shouldest die for it?"

"It was the law of my fathers," said Rebecca; "it was delivered in thunders and in storms upon the mountain of Sinai, in cloud and in fire. This, if ye are Christians, ye believe—it is, you say, recalled; but so my teachers have not taught me."

"Let our chaplain," said Beaumanoir, "stand forth, and tell this obstinate infidel"——

"Forgive the interruption," said Rebecca, meekly; "I am a maiden, unskilled to dispute for my religion, but I can die for it, if it be God's will.—Let me pray your answer to my demand of a champion."

"Give me her glove," said Beaumanoir. "This is indeed," he continued, as he looked at the flimsy texture and slender fingers, "a slight and frail gage for a purpose so deadly!—Seest thou, Rebecca, as this thin and light glove of thine is to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the Temple, for it is our Order which thou hast defied."

"Cast my innocence into the scale," answered Rebecca, "and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron."

"Then dost thou persist in thy refusal to confess thy guilt, and in that bold challenge which thou hast made?"

"I do persist, noble sir," answered Rebecca.

"So be it then, in the name of Heaven," said the Grand Master; "and may God show the right!"

"Amen," replied the Preceptors around him, and the word was deeply echoed by the whole assembly.

"Brethren," said Beaumanoir, "you are aware that we might well have refused to this woman the benefit of the trial by combat—but though a Jewess and an unbeliever, she is also a stranger and defenceless, and God forbid that she should ask the benefit of our mild laws, and that it should be refused to her. Moreover, we are knights and soldiers as well as men of religion, and shame it were to us upon any pretence, to refuse proffered combat. Thus, therefore, stands the case. Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York, is, by many frequent and suspicious circumstances, defamed of sorcery, practised on the person of a noble knight of our holy Order, and hath challenged the combat in proof of her innocence. To whom, reverend brethren, is it your opinion that we should deliver the gage of battle, naming him, at the same time, to be our champion on the field?"

"To Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whom it chiefly concerns," said the Preceptor of Goodalricke, "and who, moreover, best knows how the truth stands in this matter."

"But if," said the Grand Master, "our brother Brian be under the influence of a charm or a spell—we speak but for the sake of precaution, for to the arm of none of our holy Order would we more willingly confide this or a more weighty cause."

"Reverend father," answered the Preceptor of Goodalricke, "no spell can affect the champion who comes forward to fight for the judgment of God."

"Thou sayest right, brother," said the Grand Master. "Albert Malvoisin, give this gage of battle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert.—It is our charge to thee, brother," he continued, addressing himself to Bois-Guilbert, "that thou do thy battle manfully, nothing doubting that the good cause shall triumph.—And

ecca, attend, that we assign thee the third
he present to find a champion."
s but brief space," answered Rebecca, "for
, who is also of another faith, to find one
lo battle, wagering life and honour for her
inst a knight who is called an approved sol-

ay not extend it,' answered the Grand
the field must be foughten in our own pre-
d divers weighty causes call us on the
fr on hence."
will be done!" said Rebecca; "I put my
m, to whom an instant is as effectual to
whole age."
iast spoken well, damsel," said the Grand
but well know we who can array himself
zel of light. It remains but to name a fit-
of combat, and if it so hap, also of execu-
ere is the Preceptor of this house?"
Malvoisin, still holding Rebecca's glove in
was speaking to Bois-Guilbert very ear-
in a low voice.
' said the Grand Master, "will he not
gage?"
ll—he doth, most Reverend Father," said
slipping the glove under his own mantle.
the place of combat, I hold the fittest to be
Saint George belonging to this Preceptory,
y us for military exercise."
ell," said the Grand Master.—"Rebecca,
ists shalt thou produce thy champion; and
est to do so, or if thy champion shall be dis-
by the judgment of God, thou shalt then
ath of a sorceress, according to doom.—Let
udgment be recorded, and our record read
t no one may pretend ignorance."
the chaplains, who acted as clerks to the
nmediately engrossed the order in a huge
hich contained the proceedings of the Tem-
hts when solemnly assembled on such
; and when he had finished writing, the
aloud the sentence of the Grand Master,
en translated from the Norman-French in
as couched, was expressed as follows:—
'a, a Jewess, daughter of Isaac of York,
iinted of sorcery, seduction, and other
practices, practised on a Knight of the
Order of the Temple of Zion, doth deny
; and saith that the testimony delivered
r this day, is false, wicked, and disloyal;
by lawful *essoine** of her body as being
combat in her own behalf, she doth offer,
pion instead thereof, to avouch her case, he
; his loyal *devoir* in all knightly sort, with
as to gage of battle do fully appertain, and
peril and cost. And therewith she prof-
age. And the gage having been delivered
le Lord and Knight, Brian de Bois-Guil-
: Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, he was
to do this battle, in behalf of his Order and
s injured and impaired by the practices of
nt. Wherefore the most Reverend Father
nt Lord, Lucas Marquis of Beaumanoir,
of the said challenge, and of the said *es-*
le appellant's body, and assigned the third
' said combat, the place being the enclo-
the lists of Saint George, near to the Pre-
' Templestowe. And the Grand Master
he appellant to appear there by her cham-
ain of doom, as a person convicted of sor-
uction; and also the defendant so to appear,
penalty of being held and adjudged recreant
default; and the noble Lord and most
Father aforesaid appointed the battle to be
s own presence, and according to all that
dable and profitable in such a case. And
aid the just cause!"
!" said the Grand Master; and the word
d by all around. Rebecca spoke not, but
up to heaven, and, folding her hands, re-
a minute without change of attitude. She

gnifies excuse, and here relates to the appellant's appearing by her champion, in excuse of her own count of her sex.

then modestly reminded the Grand Master, that she ought to be permitted some opportunity of free communication with her friends, for the purpose of making her condition known to them, and procuring, if possible, some champion to fight in her behalf.

"It is just and lawful," said the Grand Master; "choose what messenger thou shalt trust, and he shall have free communication with thee in thy prison-chamber."

"Is there," said Rebecca, "any one here, who, either for love of a good cause, or for ample hire, will do the errand of a distressed being?"

All were silent; for none thought it safe, in the presence of the Grand Master, to avow any interest in the calumniated prisoner, lest he should be suspected of leaning towards Judaism. Not even the prospect of reward, far less any feelings of compassion alone, could surmount this apprehension.

Rebecca stood for a few moments in indescribable anxiety, and then exclaimed, "Is it really thus?—And in English land, am I to be deprived of the poor chance of safety which remains to me, for want of an act of charity which would not be refused to the worst criminal?"

Higg, the son of Snell, at length replied, "I am but a maimed man, but that I can at all stir or move was owing to her charitable assistance.—I will do thine errand," he added, addressing Rebecca, "as well as a crippled object can, and happy were my limbs fleet enough to repair the mischief done by my tongue. Alas! when I boasted of thy charity, I little thought I was leading thee into danger!"

"God," said Rebecca, "is the disposer of all. He can turn back the captivity of Judah, even by the weakest instrument. To execute his message the snail is as sure a messenger as the falcon. Seek out Isaac of York—here is that will pay for horse and man—let him have this scroll.—I know not if it be of Heaven the spirit which inspires me, but most truly do I judge that I am not to die this death, and that a champion will be raised up for me. Farewell!—Life and death are in thy haste."

The peasant took the scroll, which contained only a few lines in Hebrew. Many of the crowd would have dissuaded him from touching a document so suspicious; but Higg was resolute in the service of his benefactress. She had saved his body, he said, and he was confident she did not mean to peril his soul.

"I will get me," he said, "my neighbour Buthan's good capul,* and I will be at York within as brief space as man and beast may."

But as it fortuned, he had no occasion to go so far, for within a quarter of a mile from the gate of the Preceptory he met with two riders, whom, by their dress and their huge yellow caps, he knew to be Jews; and, on approaching more nearly, discovered that one of them was his ancient employer, Isaac of York. The other was the Rabbi Ben Samuel; and both had approached as near to the Preceptory as they dared, on hearing that the Grand Master had summoned a chapter for the trial of a sorceress.

"Brother Ben Samuel," said Isaac, "my soul is disquieted, and I wot not why. This charge of necromancy is right often used for cloaking evil practices on our people."

"Be of good comfort, brother," said the physician; "thou canst deal with the Nazarenes as one possessing the mammon of unrighteousness, and canst therefore purchase immunity at their hands—it rules the savage minds of those ungodly men, even as the signet of the mighty Solomon was said to command the evil genii.—But what poor wretch comes hither upon his crutches, desiring, as I think, some speech of me?—Friend," continued the physician, addressing Higg, the son of Snell, "I refuse thee not the aid of mine art, but I relieve not with one asper those who beg for alms upon the highway. Out upon thee!—Hast thou the palsy in thy legs? then let thy hands work for thy livelihood; for, albeit thou be'st unfit for a speedy post, or for a careful shepherd, or for the warfare, or for the service of a hasty master, yet there be occupations—How now, brother?" said he, inter-

* *Capul*, i. e. horse; in a more limited sense a horse.

rupting his harangue to look towards Isaac, who had but glanced at the scroll which Higg offered, when, uttering a deep groan, he fell from his mule like a dying man, and lay for a minute insensible.

The Rabbi now dismounted in great alarm, and hastily applied the remedies which his art suggested for the recovery of his companion. He had even taken from his pocket a cupping apparatus, and was about to proceed to phlebotomy, when the object of his anxious solicitude suddenly revived; but it was to dash his cap from his head, and to throw dust on his gray hairs. The physician was at first inclined to ascribe this sudden and violent emotion to the effects of insanity; and, adhering to his original purpose, began once again to handle his implements. But Isaac soon convinced him of his error.

"Child of my sorrow," he said, "well shouldst thou be called Benoni, instead of Rebecca! Why should thy death bring down my gray hairs to the grave, till, in the bitterness of my heart, I curse God and die!"

"Brother," said the Rabbi, in great surprise, "art thou a father in Israel, and dost thou utter words like unto these?—I trust that the child of thy house yet liveth?"

"She liveth," answered Isaac; "but it is as Daniel, who was called Beltheshazzar, even when within the den of the lions. She is captive unto those men of Belial, and they will wreak their cruelty upon her, sparing neither for her youth nor her comely favour. O! she was as a crown of green palms to my gray locks; and she must wither in a night, like the gourd of Jonah!—Child of my love!—child of my old age!—oh, Rebecca, daughter of Rachel! the darkness of the shadow of death hath encompassed thee."

"Yet read the scroll," said the Rabbi; "peradventure it may be that we may yet find out a way of deliverance."

"Do thou read, brother," answered Isaac, "for mine eyes are as a fountain of water."

The physician read, but in their native language, the following words:—

"To Isaac, the son of Adonikam, whom the Gentiles call Isaac of York, peace and the blessing of the promise be multiplied unto thee!—My father, I am as one doomed to die for that which my soul knoweth not—even for the crime of witchcraft. My father, if a strong man can be found to do battle for my cause with sword and spear, according to the customs of the Nazarenes, and that within the lists of Templestowe, on the third day from this time, peradventure our fathers' God will give him strength to defend the innocent, and her who hath none to help her. But if this may not be, let the virgins of our people mourn for me as for one cast off, and for the hart that is stricken by the hunter, and for the flower which is cut down by the scythe of the mower. Wherefore look now what thou doest, and whether there be any rescue. One Nazarene warrior might indeed bear arms in my behalf, even Wilfred, son of Cedric, whom the Gentiles call Ivanhoe. But he may not yet endure the weight of his armour. Nevertheless, send the tidings unto him, my father; for he hath favour among the strong men of his people, and as he was our companion in the house of bondage, he may find some one to do battle for my sake. And say unto him, even unto him, even unto Wilfred, the son of Cedric, that if Rebecca live, or if Rebecca die, she liveth or dieth wholly free of the guilt she is charged withal. And if it be the will of God that thou shalt be deprived of thy daughter, do not thou tarry, old man, in this land of bloodshed and cruelty; but betake thyself to Cordova, where thy brother liveth in safety, under the shadow of the throne, even of the throne of Boabdil the Saracen; for less cruel are the cruelties of the Moors unto the race of Jacob, than the cruelties of the Nazarenes of England."

Isaac listened with tolerable composure while Ben Samuel read the letter, and then again resumed the gestures and exclamations of Oriental sorrow, tearing his garments, besprinkling his head with dust, and ejaculating, "My daughter! my daughter! flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone!"

"Yet," said the Rabbi, "take courage, for this grief availeth nothing. Gird up thy loins, and seek Wilfred, the son of Cedric. It may be he thee with counsel or with strength; for t hath favour in the eyes of Richard, called of t renes Cœur-de-Lion, and the tidings that returned are constant in the land. It may b may obtain his letter, and his signet, com these men of blood, who take their name Temple to the dishonour thereof, that the not in their purposed wickedness."

"I will seek him out," said Isaac, "for good youth and hath compassion for the Jacob. But he cannot bear his armour, other Christian shall do battle for the op Zion?"

"Nay, but," said the Rabbi, "thou sp one that knoweth not the Gentiles. With thou buy their valour, even as with gold th thine own safety. Be of good courage, and set forward to find out this Wilfred of Iv will also up and be doing, for great sin i leave thee in thy calamity. I will hie me t of York, where many warriors and strong assembled, and doubt not I will find am some one who will do battle for thy daug gold is their god, and for riches will they p lives as well as their lands.—Thou wilt brother, such promise as I may make unto thy name?"

"Assuredly, brother," said Isaac, "and H praised that raised me up a comforter in m Howbeit, grant them not their full demand for thou shalt find it the quality of this accu ple that they will ask pounds, and peradve cept of ounces. Nevertheless, be it as the for I am distracted in this thing, and wh my gold avail me if the child of my lo perish!"

"Farewell," said the physician, "and ma thee as thy heart desireth."

They embraced accordingly, and departe several roads. The crippled peasant rem some time looking after them.

"These dog-Jews!" said he; "to take notice of a free guild-brother, than if I we slave or a Turk, or a circumcised Hebrew l selves! They might have flung me a manc however. I was not obliged to bring their un scrawls, and run the risk of being bewitche folks than one told me. And what care I f of gold that the wench gave me, if I am t harm from the priest next Easter at confes be obliged to give him twice as much to m with him, and be called the Jew's flying po life, as it may hap, into the bargain? I thi bewitched in earnest when I was beside tha But it was always so with Jew or Gentile, w came near her—none could stay when she errand to go—and still, whenever I think would give shop and tools to save her life."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

O maid, unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My bosom is proud as thine own.

S

It was in the twilight of the day when h it could be called such, had taken place, t knock was heard at the door of Rebecca chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, then engaged in the evening prayer recomm her religion, and which concluded with a have ventured thus to translate into Englis

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice betwe

No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know THY ways,
And THOU hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning, and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute our timbrel, trump, and horn.
But THOU hast said, the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart and humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

'hen the sounds of Rebecca's devotional hymn died away in silence, the low knock at the door again renewed. "Enter," she said, "if thou art end; and if a foe, I have not the means of re-g thy entrance."

am," said Brian de Bois-Guilbert, entering the ment, "friend or foe, Rebecca, as the event of interview shall make me."

armed at the sight of this man, whose licentious on she considered as the root of her misfortunes, cca drew backward with a cautious and alarmed, iot a timorous demeanour, into the farthest cor-f the apartment, as if determined to retreat as s she could, but to stand her ground when retreat me no longer possible. She drew herself into an ide not of defiance, but of resolution, as one that ld avoid provoking assault, yet was resolute to it, being offered, to the utmost of her power.

'ou have no reason to fear me, Rebecca," said Templar; "or if I must so qualify my speech, iave at least *now* no reason to fear me."

fear you not, Sir Knight," replied Rebecca, al-gh her short-drawn breath seemed to belie the sm of her accents; "my trust is strong, and I thee not."

'ou have no cause," answered Bois-Guilbert, ely; "my former frantic attempts you have not to dread. Within your call are guards, over m I have no authority. They are designed to uct you to death, Rebecca, yet would not suffer to be insulted by any one, even by me, were my y—for frenzy it is—to urge me so far."

lay Heaven be praised!" said the Jewess; ith is the least of my apprehensions in this den il."

ly," replied the Templar, "the idea of death is r received by the courageous mind, when the to it is sudden and open. A thrust with a lance, ke with a sword, were to me little—To you, a g from a dizzy battlement, a stroke with a sharp rd, has no terrors, compared with what either is disgrace. Mark me—I say this—perhaps mine sentiments of honour are not less fantastic, Re-a, than thine are; but we know alike how to die iem."

Jnhappy man," said the Jewess; "and art thou mned to expose thy life for principles, of which ober judgment does not acknowledge the solid-Surely this is a parting with your treasure for which is not bread—but deem not so of me. Thy ution may fluctuate on the wild and changeful es of human opinion, but mine is anchored on lock of Ages."

ilence, maiden," answered the Templar; "such urse now avails but little. Thou art condemned e not a sudden and easy death, such as misery ses, and despair welcomes, but a slow, wretched, acted course of torture, suited to what the dia-al bigotry of these men calls thy crime."

lnd to whom—if such my fate—to whom do I this?" said Rebecca; "surely only to him, who, most selfish and brutal cause, dragged me r, and who now, for some unknown purpose of wn, strives to exaggerate the wretched fate to h he exposed me."

think not," said the Templar, "that I have so exposed thee; I would have bucklered thee agains such danger with my own bosom, as freely as ever I exposed it to the shafts which had otherwise reached thy life."

"Had thy purpose been the honourable protection of the innocent," said Rebecca, "I had thanked thee for thy care—as it is, thou hast claimed merit for it so often, that I tell thee life is worth nothing to me, preserved at the price which thou wouldst exact for it."

"Truce with thine upbraidings, Rebecca," said the Templar; "I have my own cause of grief, and brook not that thy reproaches should add to it."

"What is thy purpose, then, Sir Knight?" said the Jewess; "speak it briefly.—If thou hast aught to do, save to witness the misery thou hast caused, let me know it; and then, if so it please you, leave me to myself—the step between time and eternity is short but terrible—and I have few moments to prepare for it."

"I perceive, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, "that thou dost continue to burden me with the charge of distresses, which most fain would I have prevented."

"Sir Knight," said Rebecca, "I would avoid reproaches—But what is more certain than that I owe my death to thine unbridled passion?"

"You err—you err,"—said the Templar, hastily, "if you impute what I could neither foresee nor prevent to my purpose or agency.—Could I guess the unexpected arrival of yon dotard, whom some flashes of frantic valour, and the praises yielded by fools to the stupid self-torments of an ascetic, have raised for the present above his own merits, above common sense, above me, and above the hundreds of our Order, who think and feel as men free from such silly and fantastic prejudices as are the grounds of his opinions and actions?"

"Yet," said Rebecca, "you sate a judge upon me, innocent—most innocent—as you knew me to be—you concurred in my condemnation, and, if I aright understood, are yourself to appear in arms to assert my guilt, and assure my punishment."

"Thy patience, maiden," replied the Templar.—"No race knows so well as thine own tribes how to submit to the time, and so to trim their bark as to make advantage even of an adverse wind."

"Lamented be the hour," said Rebecca, "that has taught such art to the House of Israel! but adversity bends the heart as fire bends the stubborn steel, and those who are no longer their own governors, and the denizens of their own free independent state, must crouch before strangers. It is our curse, Sir Knight, deserved, doubtless, by our own misdeeds and those of our fathers; but you—you who boast your freedom as your birthright, how much deeper is your disgrace when you stoop to soothe the prejudices of others, and that against your own conviction?"

"Your words are bitter, Rebecca," said Bois-Guilbert, pacing the apartment with impatience, "but I came not hither to bandy reproaches with you.—Know that Bois-Guilbert yields not to created man, although circumstances may for a time induce him to alter his plan. His will is the mountain stream, which may indeed be turned for a little space aside by the rock, but fails not to find its course to the ocean. That scroll which warned thee to demand a champion, from whom couldst thou think it came, if not from Bois-Guilbert? In whom else couldst thou have excited such interest?"

"A brief respite from instant death," said Rebecca, "which will little avail me—was this all thou couldst do for one, on whose head thou hast heaped sorrow, and whom thou hast brought near even to the verge of the tomb?"

"No, maiden," said Bois-Guilbert, "this was *not* all that I purposed. Had it not been for the accursed interference of yon fanatical dotard, and the fool of Goodalricke, who, being a Templar, affects to think and judge according to the ordinary rules of humanity, the office of the Champion Defender had devolved, not on a Preceptor, but on a Companion of the Order. Then I myself—such was my purpose—had, on the sounding of the trumpet, appeared in the lists as thy champion disguised indeed in the fashion of a roving

life of a Jewish maiden."

"Speak," said Rebecca; "I understand thee not."

"Well, then," said Bois-Guilbert, "I will speak as freely as ever did doting penitent to his ghostly father, when placed in the tricky confessional.—Rebecca, if I appear not in these lists I lose fame and rank—lose that which is the breath of my nostrils, the esteem, I mean, in which I am held by my brethren, and the hopes I have of succeeding to that mighty authority, which is now wielded by the bigoted dotard Lucas de Beaumanoir, but of which I should make a far different use. Such is my certain doom, except I appear in arms against thy cause. Accursed be he of Goodalricke, who baited this trap for me! and doubly accursed Albert de Malvoisin, who withheld me from the resolution I had formed, of hurling back the glove at the face of the superstitious and superannuated fool, who listened to a charge so absurd, and against a creature so high in mind, and so lovely in form as thou art!"

"And what now avails rant or flattery?" answered Rebecca. "Thou hast made thy choice between causing to be shed the blood of an innocent woman, or of endangering thine own earthly state and earthly hopes—What avails it to reckon together?—thy choice is made."

"No, Rebecca," said the knight, in a softer tone, and drawing nearer towards her; "my choice is NOT made—nay, mark, it is thine to make the election. If I appear in the lists, I must maintain my name in arms; and if I do so, championed or unchampioned, thou diest by the stake and fagot, for there lives not the knight who hath coped with me in arms on equal issue, or on terms of vantage, save Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and his minion of Ivanhoe. Ivanhoe, as thou well knowest, is unable to bear his corslet, and Richard is in a foreign prison. If I appear, then thou diest, even although thy charms should instigate some hot-headed youth to enter the lists in thy defence."

"And what avails repeating this so often?" said Rebecca.

"Much," replied the Templar; "for thou must learn to look at thy fate on every side."

"Well, then, turn the tapestry," said the Jewess, "and let me see the other side."

"If I appear," said Bois-Guilbert, "in the fatal lists, thou diest by a slow and cruel death, in pain such as they say is destined to the guilty hereafter. But if I

thy sake, and we will escape in compan
me, Rebecca," he said, again softeni
"England,—Europe,—is not the world
spheres in which we may act, ample en
my ambition. We will go to Palestine
rade, Marquis of Montserrat, is my frie
free as myself from the doting scruples
our free-born reason—rather with Sal
league ourselves, than endure the scorn
whom we contemn.—I will form new p
ness," he continued, again traversing t
hasty strides—"Europe shall hear the lo
she has driven from her sons!—Not
whom her crusaders send to slaughte
much to defend Palestine—not the s
thousands and ten thousands of Sarac
their way so deep into that land for whi
striving, as the strength and policy of t
brethren, who, in despite of yonder o
adhere to me in good and evil. Thou sh
Rebecca—on Mount Carmel shall we pi
which my valour will gain for you, a
change my long-desired batoon for a sce

"A dream," said Rebecca; "an empty
night, which, were it a waking reality, a
Enough, that the power which thou mig
I will never share; nor hold I so light
religious faith, as to esteem him who
barter these ties, and cast away the b
Order of which he is a sworn membe
gratify an unruly passion for the daugh
people.—Put not a price on my deli
Knight—sell not a deed of generosity
oppressed for the sake of charity, and no
advantage—Go to the throne of Engl
will listen to my appeal from these cruel

"Never, Rebecca!" said the Temp
"If I renounce my Order, for thee alo
nounce it—Ambition shall remain m
refuse my love; I will not be fooled on
Stoop my crest to Richard?—ask a b
heart of pride? Never, Rebecca, will
Order of the Temple at his feet in my per
forsake the Order, I never will degrade o

"Now God be gracious to me," said R
the succour of man is well nigh hopeless

naturally fearful of danger, and impa-
yet, when we enter those fatal lists,
nd I to suffer, I feel the strong assur-
, that my courage shall mount higher
arewell—I waste no more words on
that remains on earth to the daughter
be otherwise spent—she must seek the
may hide his face from his people, but
his ear to the cry of those who seek
and in truth."
en thus?" said the Templar, after a
would to Heaven that we had never
ou hadst been noble in birth and Chris-
Nay, by Heaven! when I gaze on thee,
and how we are next to meet, I could
lf one of thine own degraded nation;
rsant with ingots and shekels, instead
ld; my head bent down before each
l my look only terrible to the shivering
ebtor—this could I wish, Rebecca, to
in life, and to escape the fearful share
thy death."
spoken the Jew," said Rebecca, "as
of such as thou art has made him.
has driven him from his country, but
pened to him the only road to power
e, which oppression has left unbarred.
nt history of the people of God, and tell
whom Jehovah wrought such mar-
nations, were then a people of misers
!—And know, proud knight, we num-
ngst us to which your boasted northern
he gourd compared with the cedar—
end far back to those high times when
sence shook the mercy-seat between
and which derive their splendour from
ce, but from the awful Voice, which
ers be nearest of the congregation to
ch were the princes of the House of

dour rose as she boasted the ancient
race, but faded as she added, with a
re the princes of Judah, now such no
re trampled down like the shorn grass,
the mire of the ways. Yet are there
tem who shame not such high descent,
all be the daughter of Isaac the son of
Farewell!—I envy not thy blood-won
vy not thy barbarous descent from
ens—I envy thee not thy faith, which is
uth, but never in thy heart nor in thy

spell on me, by Heaven!" said Bois-
almost think yon besotted skeleton
d that the reluctance with which I part
something in it more than is natural.
!" he said, approaching near her, but
ect,—"so young, so beautiful, so fear-
nd yet doomed to die, and with infamy
Who would not weep for thee?—The
been a stranger to these eyelids for
moistens them as I gaze on thee. But
thing may now save thy life. Thou
he blind instruments of some irresisti-
t hurries us along, like goodly vessels
the storm, which are dashed against
l so perish. Forgive me, then, and let
t as friends part. I have assailed thy
in, and mine own is fixed as the ada-
s of fate."
Rebecca, "do men throw on fate the
n wild passions. But I do forgive thee,
though the author of my early death.
e things which cross over thy powerful
s the garden of the sluggard, and the
hed up, and conspired to choke the fair
blossom."
the Templar, "I am, Rebecca, as thou
e, untaught, untamed—and proud, that,
l of empty fools and crafty bigots, I
he pre-eminent fortitude that places me
I have been a child of battle from my
high in my views, steady and inflexible
em. Such must I remain—proud, in-
flexible, and unchanging; and of this the world shall have proof.—But thou forgivest me, Rebecca?"

"As freely as ever victim forgave her executioner."

"Farewell, then," said the Templar, and left the apartment.

The Preceptor Albert waited impatiently in an adjacent chamber the return of Bois-Guilbert.

"Thou hast tarried long," he said: "I have been as if stretched on red-hot iron with very impatience. What if the Grand Master, or his spy Conrade, had come hither? I had paid dear for my complaisance.—But what ails thee, brother?—Thy step totters, thy brow is as black as night. Art thou well, Bois-Guilbert?"

"Ay," answered the Templar, "as well as the wretch who is doomed to die within an hour.—Nay, by the rood, not half so well—for there be those in such state, who can lay down life like a cast-off garment. By Heaven, Malvoisin, yonder girl hath well-nigh unmanned me. I am half resolved to go to the Grand Master, abjure the Order to his very teeth, and refuse to act the brutality which his tyranny has imposed on me."

"Thou art mad," answered Malvoisin; "thou mayst thus indeed utterly ruin thyself, but canst not even find a chance thereby to save the life of this Jewess, which seems so precious in thine eyes. Beaumanoir will name another of the Order to defend his judgment in thy place, and the accused will as assuredly perish as if thou hadst taken the duty imposed on thee."

"'Tis false—I will myself take arms in her behalf," answered the Templar, haughtily; "and, should I do so, I think, Malvoisin, that thou knowest not one of the Order, who will keep his saddle before the point of my lance."

"Ay, but thou forgettest," said the wily adviser, "thou wilt have neither leisure nor opportunity to execute this mad project. Go to Lucas Beaumanoir, and say thou hast renounced thy vow of obedience, and see how long the despotic old man will leave thee in personal freedom. The words shall scarce have left thy lips, ere thou wilt either be a hundred feet under ground, in the dungeon of the Preceptory, to abide trial as a recreant knight; or, if his opinion holds concerning thy possession, thou wilt be enjoying straw, darkness, and chains, in some distant convent cell, stunned with exorcisms, and drenched with holy water, to expel the foul fiend which hath obtained dominion over thee. Thou must to the lists, Brian, or thou art a lost and dishonoured man."

"I will break forth and fly," said Bois-Guilbert—"fly to some distant land, to which folly and fanaticism have not yet found their way. No drop of the blood of this most excellent creature shall be spilled by my sanction."

"Thou canst not fly," said the Preceptor; "thy ravings have excited suspicion, and thou wilt not be permitted to leave the Preceptory. Go and make the essay—present thyself before the gate, and command the bridge to be lowered, and mark what answer thou shalt receive.—Thou art surprised and offended; but is it not the better for thee? Wert thou to fly, what would ensue but the reversal of thy arms, the dishonour of thine ancestry, the degradation of thy rank?—Think on it. Where shall thine old companions in arms hide their heads when Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the best lance of the Templars, is proclaimed recreant, amid the hisses of the assembled people? What grief will be at the Court of France! With what joy will the haughty Richard hear the news, that the knight that set him hard in Palestine, and well nigh darkened his renown, has lost fame and honour for a Jewish girl, whom he could not even save by so costly a sacrifice!"

"Malvoisin," said the Knight, "I thank thee—thou hast touched the string at which my heart most readily thrills!—Come of it what may, recreant shall never be added to the name of Bois-Guilbert. Would to God, Richard, or any of his vaunting minions of England, would appear in these lists! But they will be empty—no one will risk to break a lance for the innocent, the forlorn."

"The better for thee, if it prove so," said the Preceptor; "if no champion appears, it is not by the

means that this unlucky damsel shall die, but by the doom of the Grand Master, with whom rests all the blame, and who will count that blame for praise and commendation."

"True," said Bois-Guilbert; "if no champion appears, I am but a part of the pageant, sitting indeed on horseback in the lists, but having no part in what is to follow."

"None whatever," said Malvoisin; "no more than the armed image of Saint George when it makes part of a procession."

"Well, I will resume my resolution," replied the haughty Templar. "She has despised me—repulsed me—reviled me—And wherefore should I offer up for her whatever of estimation I have in the opinion of others? Malvoisin, I will appear in the lists."

He left the apartment hastily as he uttered these words, and the Preceptor followed, to watch and confirm him in his resolution; for in Bois-Guilbert's fame he had himself a strong interest, expecting much advantage from his being one day at the head of the Order, not to mention the preferment of which Mont-Fitchet had given him hopes, on condition he would forward the condemnation of the unfortunate Rebecca. Yet although, in combating his friend's better feelings, he possessed all the advantage which a wily, composed, selfish disposition has over a man agitated by strong and contending passions, it required all Malvoisin's art to keep Bois-Guilbert steady to the purpose he had prevailed on him to adopt. He was obliged to watch him closely to prevent his resuming his purpose of flight, to intercept his communication with the Grand Master, lest he should come to an open rupture with his Superior, and to renew, from time to time, the various arguments by which he endeavoured to show, that, in appearing as champion on this occasion, Bois-Guilbert, without either accelerating or ensuring the fate of Rebecca, would follow the only course by which he could save himself from degradation and disgrace.

CHAPTER XL.

Conscience avaunt!—Richard's himself again.
Richard III.

When the Black Knight—for it becomes necessary to resume the train of his adventures—left the Trysting-tree of the generous Outlaw, he held his way straight to a neighbouring religious house, of small extent and revenue, called the Priory of Saint Botolph, to which the wounded Ivanhoe had been removed when the castle was taken, under the guidance of the faithful Gurth, and the magnanimous Wamba. It is unnecessary at present to mention what took place in the interim betwixt Wilfred and his deliverer; suffice it to say, that after long and grave communication, messengers were dispatched by the Prior in several directions, and that on the succeeding morning the Black Knight was about to set forth on his journey, accompanied by the jester Wamba, who attended as his guide.

"We will meet," he said to Ivanhoe, "at Coningsburgh, the castle of the deceased Athelstane, since there thy father Cedric holds the funeral feast for his noble relation. I would see your Saxon kindred together, Sir Wilfred, and become better acquainted with them than heretofore. Thou also wilt meet me; and it shall be my task to reconcile thee to thy father."

So saying he took an affectionate farewell of Ivanhoe, who expressed an anxious desire to attend upon his deliverer. But the Black Knight would not listen to the proposal.

"Rest this day; thou wilt have scarce strength enough to travel on the next. I will have no guide with me but honest Wamba, who can play priest or fool as I shall be most in the humour."

"And I," said Wamba, "will attend you with all my heart. I would fain see the feasting at the funeral of Athelstane; for, if it be not full and frequent, he will rise from the dead to rebuke cook, sewer, and cup-bearer; and that were a sight worth seeing. Always, Sir Knight, I will trust your valour with making my excuse to my master Cedric, in case mine own wit should fail."

"And how should my poor valour succee
ter, when thy light wit halts?—resolve me t
"Wit, Sir Knight," replied the Jester,
much. He is a quick, apprehensive knave,
his neighbour's blind side, and knows ho
the lee-gage when his passions are blow
But valour is a sturdy fellow, that makes
He rows against both wind and tide, and m
notwithstanding; and, therefore, good Si
while I take advantage of the fair weather i
ble master's temper, I will expect you to be
self when it grows rough."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock, since it is y
sure so to be distinguished," said Ivanho
me you have chosen a talkative and a tro
fool to be your guide. But he knows every
alley in the woods as well as e'er a hunter
quents them; and the poor knave, as thou ha
seen, is as faithful as steel."

"Nay," said the knight, "an he have t
showing my road, I shall not grumble with
he desires to make it pleasant.—Fare thee w
Wilfred—I charge thee not to attempt to t
to-morrow at earliest."

So saying, he extended his hand to Ivan
pressed it to his lips, took leave of the Prior,
his horse, and departed, with Wamba for hi
nion. Ivanhoe followed them with his ey
they were lost in the shades of the surround
and then returned into the convent.

But shortly after matin-song, he request
the Prior. The old man came in haste, and
anxiously after the state of his health.

"It is better," he said, "than my fondest h
have anticipated; either my wound has bee
than the effusion of blood led me to suppo
balsam hath wrought a wonderful cure upon
already as if I could bear my corslet; and
the better, for thoughts pass in my mind w
der me unwilling to remain here longer in in

"Now, the saints forbid," said the Prior,
son of the Saxon Cedric should leave our co
his wounds were healed! It were shame t
fession were we to suffer it."

"Nor would I desire to leave your hospit
venerable father," said Ivanhoe, "did I not
self able to endure the journey, and con
undertake it."

"And what can have urged you to so
departure?" said the Prior.

"Have you never, holy father," answ
Knight, "felt an apprehension of approac
for which you in vain attempted to assign
—Have you never found your mind dark
the sunny landscape, by the sudden clou
augurs a coming tempest?—And thinkest
that such impulses are deserving of attention
the hints of our guardian spirits, that dang
pending?"

"I may not deny," said the Prior, crossing
"that such things have been, and have been
ven; but then such communications have h
bly useful scope and tendency. But thou,
as thou art, what avails it thou shouldst f
steps of him whom thou couldst not aid, w
be assaulted?"

"Prior," said Ivanhoe, "thou dost mist
stout enough to exchange buffets with any
challenge me to such a traffic—But were it
may I not aid him were he in danger, by ot
than by force of arms? It is but too w
that the Saxons love not the Norman race,
knows what may be the issue, if he brea
them when their hearts are irritated by th
Athelstane, and their heads heated by the c
which they will indulge themselves? I
entrance among them at such a moment r
ous, and I am resolved to share or avert th
which, that I may the better do, I woul
thee the use of some palfrey whose pace ma
than that of my *destrier*."*

"Surely," said the worthy churchman; "
have mine own ambling jennet, and I wou

* *Destrier*—war-horse.

easy for your sake as that of the Abbot of ... ans. Yet this will I say for Malkin, for so ... that unless you were to borrow a ride on ... r's steed that paces a hornpipe amongst the ... could not go a journey on a creature so gen- ... smooth-paced. I have composed many a ... her back, to the edification of my brethren ... vent, and many poor Christian souls."

... you, reverend father," said Ivanhoe, "let ... e got ready instantly, and bid Gurth attend ... mine arms."

... but fair sir," said the Prior, "I pray you to ... r that Malkin hath as little skill in arms as ... r, and that I warrant not her enduring the ... weight of your full panoply. O, Malkin, I ... ou, is a beast of judgment, and will contend ... any undue weight--I did but borrow the ... *emporum* from the priest of Saint Bees, and ... you she would not stir from the gate until I ... anged the huge volume for my little bre- ...

... me, holy father," said Ivanhoe, "I will not ... er with too much weight; and if she calls a ... with me, it is odds but she has the worst."

... ply was made while Gurth was buckling on ... t's heels a pair of large gilded spurs, capable ... cing any restive horse that his best safety ... ng conformable to the will of his rider.

... ep and sharp rowels with which Ivanhoe's ... e now armed, began to make the worthy ... ent of his courtesy, and ejaculate,—"Nay, ... sir, now I bethink me, my Malkin abideth ... spur—Better it were that you tarry for the ... our manciple down at the Grange, which ... ad in little more than an hour, and cannot ... actable, in respect that she draweth much of ... r fire-wood, and eateth no corn."

... nk you, reverend father, but will abide by ... offer, as I see Malkin is already led forth to ... Gurth shall carry mine armour; and for ... rely on it, that as I will not overload Mal- ... k, she shall not overcome my patience. ... , farewell!"

... e now descended the stairs more hastily ... than his wound promised, and threw him- ... the jennet, eager to escape the importunity ... ior, who stuck as closely to his side as his ... fatness would permit, now singing the ... f Malkin, now recommending caution to ... t in managing her.

... s at the most dangerous period for maidens ... s mares," said the old man, laughing at his ... "being barely in her fifteenth year."

... e who had other web to weave than to stand ... g a palfrey's paces with its owner, lent but ... r to the Prior's grave advices and facetious ... having leapt on his mare, and commanded ... (for such Gurth now called himself) to keep ... his side, he followed the track of the Black ... nto the forest, while the Prior stood at the ... e convent looking after him, and ejaculating, ... Mary! how prompt and fiery be these men ... I would I had not trusted Malkin to his ... for, crippled as I am with the cold rheum, I ... ne if aught but good befalls her. And yet," ... recollecting himself, "as I would not spare ... old and disabled limbs in the good cause of ... and, so Malkin must e'en run her hazard on ... venture; and it may be they will think our ... e worthy of some munificent guerdon—or, ... , they will send the old Prior a pacing nag. ... y do none of these, as great men will forget ... 's service, truly I shall hold me well re- ... aving done that which is right. And it is ... nigh the fitting time to summon the breth- ... eakfast in the refectory!—Ah! I doubt they ... call more cheerily than the bells for primes ... s."

... Prior of Saint Botolph's hobbled back again ... efectory, to preside over the stockfish and ... was just serving out for the friars' break- ... sy and important, he sat him down at the ... many a dark word he threw out of bene- ... expected to the convent, and high deeds of service done by himself, which, at another season, would have attracted observation. But as the stock-fish was highly salted, and the ale reasonably power-ful, the jaws of the brethren were too anxiously em-ployed to admit of their making much use of their ears; nor do we read of any of the fraternity, who was tempted to speculate upon the mysterious hints of their Superior, except Father Diggory, who was severely afflicted by the toothach, so that he could only eat on one side of his jaws.

In the mean time, the Black Champion and his guide were pacing at their leisure through the re-cesses of the forest; the good Knight whiles hum-ming to himself the lay of some enamoured trouba-dour, sometimes encouraging by questions the prating disposition of his attendant, so that their dialogue formed a whimsical mixture of song and jest, of which we would fain give our readers some idea. You are then to imagine this knight, such as we have already described him, strong of person, tall, broad-shouldered, and large of bone, mounted on his mighty black charger, which seemed made on purpose to bear his weight, so easily he paced forward under it, having the visor of his helmet raised, in order to ad-mit freedom of breath, yet keeping the beaver, or un-der part, closed, so that his features could be but im-perfectly distinguished. But his ruddy embrowned cheek-bones could be plainly seen, and the large and bright blue eyes, that flashed from under the dark shade of the raised visor; and the whole gesture and look of the champion expressed careless gayety and fearless confidence—a mind which was unapt to ap-prehend danger, and prompt to defy it when most im-minent—yet with whom danger was a familiar thought, as with one whose trade was war and ad-venture.

The Jester wore his usual fantastic habit, but late accidents had led him to adopt a good cutting fal-chion, instead of his wooden sword, with a targe to match it; of both which weapons he had, notwith-standing his profession, shown himself a skilful mas-ter during the storming of Torquilstone. Indeed, the infirmity of Wamba's brain consisted chiefly in a kind of impatient irritability, which suffered him not long to remain quiet in any posture, or adhere to any cer-tain train of ideas, although he was for a few minutes alert enough in performing any immediate task, or in apprehending any immediate topic. On horseback, therefore, he was perpetually swinging himself back-wards and forwards, now on the horse's ears, then anon on the very rump of the animal,—now hanging both his legs on one side, and now sitting with his face to the tail, moping, mowing, and making a thou-sand apish gestures, until his palfrey took his freaks so much to heart, as fairly to lay him at his length on the green grass—an incident which greatly amused the Knight, but compelled his companion to ride more steadily thereafter.

At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a mellow burden, to the better instructed Knight of the Fetterlock. And thus run the ditty:—

Anna Marie, love, up is the sun,
Anna Marie, love, morn is begun,
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie.
Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn,
The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree
'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit,
For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
Compared with these visions, O, Tybalt, my love?
Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,
Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,—
But think not I dreamt of thee, Tybalt, my love.

"A dainty song," said Wamba, when they had finished their carol, "and I swear by my bauble, a pretty moral!—I used to sing it with Gurth, once my playfellow, and now, by the grace of God and his mas-ter, no less than a freeman; and we once came by the cudgel for being so entranced by the melody, that

we lay in bed two hours after sunrise, singing the ditty betwixt sleeping and waking—my bones ache at thinking of the tune ever since. Nevertheless, I have played the part of Anna-Marie, to please you, fair sir."

The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.

KNIGHT and WAMBA.

There came three merry men from south, west, and north,
  Ever more sing the roundelay;
To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
  And where was the widow might say them nay?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
  Ever more sing the roundelay:
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
  And where was the widow might say them him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
  He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
  For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and by nails,
  Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,
  And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
  Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
  And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
  Jollily singing his roundelay,
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
  And where was the widow could say him nay?

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
  There for to sing their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
  There never was a widow could say him nay.

"I would, Wamba," said the Knight, "that our host of the Trysting-tree, or the jolly Friar his chaplain, heard this thy ditty in praise of our bluff yeoman."

"So would not I," said Wamba—"but for the horn that hangs at your baldric."

"Ay," said the Knight,—"this is a pledge of Locksley's good-will, though I am not like to need it. Three mots on this bugle will, I am assured, bring round, at our need, a jolly band of yonder honest yeomen."

"I would say, Heaven forefend," said the Jester, "were it not that that fair gift is a pledge they would let us pass peaceably."

"Why, what meanest thou?" said the Knight; "thinkest thou that but for this pledge of fellowship they would assault us?"

"Nay, for me I say nothing," said Wamba; "for green trees have ears as well as stone walls. But canst thou construe me this, Sir Knight—When is thy wine-pitcher and thy purse better empty than full?"

"Why, never, I think," replied the Knight.

"Thou never deservest to have a full one in thy hand, for so simple an answer! Thou hadst best empty thy pitcher ere thou pass it to a Saxon, and leave thy money at home ere thou walk in the greenwood."

"You hold our friends for robbers, then?" said the Knight of the Fetterlock.

"You hear me not say so, fair sir," said Wamba; "it may relieve a man's steed to take off his mail when he hath a long journey to make; and, certes, it may do good to the rider's soul to ease him of that which is the root of evil; therefore will I give no hard names to those who do such services. Only I would wish my mail at home, and my purse in my chamber, when I meet with these good fellows, because it might save them some trouble."

"We are bound to pray for them, my friend, notwithstanding the fair character thou dost afford them."

"Pray for them with all my heart," said Wamba; "but in the town, not in the greenwood, like the Abbot of Saint Bees, whom they caused to say mass with an old hollow oak tree for his stall."

"Say as thou list, Wamba," replied the Knight, "these yeomen did thy master Cedric yeomanly service at Torquilstone."

"Ay, truly," answered Wamba; "but that was in the fashion of their trade with Heaven."

"Their trade, Wamba! how mean you by that?" replied his companion.

"Marry, thus," said the Jester. "They make up a balanced account with Heaven, as our old cellarer used to call his ciphering, as fair as Isaac the Jew keeps with his debtors, and, like him, give out a very little, and take large credit for doing so; reckoning, doubtless, on their own behalf the seven-fold usury which the blessed text hath promised to charitable loans."

"Give me an example of your meaning, Wamba,—I know nothing of ciphers or rates of usage," answered the Knight.

"Why," said Wamba, "an your valour be so dull, you will please to learn that those honest fellows balance a good deed with one not quite so laudable; as a crown given to a begging friar with a hundred byzants taken from a fat abbot or a wench kissed in the greenwood with the relief of a poor widow."

"Which of these was the good deed, which was the felony?" interrupted the Knight.

"A good gibe! a good gibe!" said Wamba; "keeping witty company sharpeneth the apprehension. You said nothing so well, Sir Knight, I will be sworn, when you held drunken vespers with the bluff Hermit.—But to go on. The merry-men of the forest set off the building of a cottage with the burning of a castle,—the thatching of a choir against the robbing of a church,—the setting free a poor prisoner against the murder of a proud sheriff; or, to come nearer to our point, the deliverance of a Saxon franklin against the burning alive of a Norman baron. Gentle thieves they are, in short, and courteous robbers; but it is ever the luckiest to meet with them when they are at the worst."

"How so, Wamba?" said the Knight.

"Why, then they have some compunction, and are for making up matters with Heaven. But when they have struck an even balance, Heaven help them with whom they next open the account! The travellers who first met them after their good service at Torquilstone would have a woful flaying.—And yet," said Wamba, coming close up to the Knight's side, "there be companions who are far more dangerous for travellers to meet than yonder outlaws."

"And who may they be, for you have neither bears nor wolves, I trow?" said the Knight.

"Marry, sir, but we have Malvoisin's men-at-arms," said Wamba; and let me tell you, that, in time of civil war, a halfscore of these is worth a band of wolves at any time. They are now expecting their harvest, and are reinforced with the soldiers that escaped from Torquilstone. So that, should we meet with a band of them, we are like to pay for our feats of arms.—Now, I pray you, Sir Knight, what would you do if we meet two of them?"

"Pin the villains to earth with my lance, Wamba, if they offered us any impediment."

"But what if there were four of them?"

"They should drink of the same cup," answered the Knight.

"What if six," continued Wamba, "and we as we now are, barely two—would you not remember Locksley's horn?"

"What! sound for aid," exclaimed the Knight, "against a score of such *rascaille* as these, whom one good knight could drive before him, as the wind drives the withered leaves?"

"Nay, then," said Wamba, "I will pray you for a close sight of that same horn that hath so powerful a breath."

The Knight undid the clasp of the baldric, and indulged his fellow-traveller, who immediately hung the bugle round his own neck.

"Tra-lira-la," said he, whistling the notes; "nay, I know my gamut as well as another."

"How mean you, knave?" said the Knight; "restore me the bugle."

"Content you, Sir Knight, it is in safe keeping. When Valour and Folly travel, Folly should bear the horn, because she can blow the best."

"Nay but, rogue," said the Black Knight, "this

d.th thy license—Beware ye tamper not with my ience."

Urge me not with violence, Sir Knight," said the ter, keeping at a distance from the impatient cham-n, "or Folly will show a clean pair of heels, and ve Valour to find out his way through the wood as t he may."

Nay, thou hast hit me there," said the knight; id, sooth to say, I have little time to jangle with . Keep the horn an thou wilt, but let us proceed our journey."

You will not harm me, then?" said Wamba.

I tell thee no, thou knave!"

Ay, but pledge me your knightly word for it," con-ued Wamba, as he approached with great caution.

My knightly word I pledge; only come on with foolish self."

Nay, then, Valour and Folly are once more boon apanions," said the Jester, coming up frankly to Knight's side; "but in truth, I love not such ets as that you bestowed on the burly Friar, when holiness rolled on the green like a king of the nine-. And now that Folly wears the horn, let Valour se himself, and shake his mane; for, if I mistake there are company in yonder brake that are on look-out for us."

What makes thee judge so?" said the Knight.

Because I have twice or thrice noticed the glance morrion from amongst the green leaves. Had been honest men, they had kept the path. But der thicket is a choice chapel for the Clerks of nt Nicholas."

By my faith," said the Knight, closing his visor, think thou be'st in the right on't."

nd in good time did he close it, for three arrows at the same instant from the suspected spot inst his head and breast, one of which would have etrated to the brain, had it not been turned aside he steel visor. The other two were averted by gorget, and by the shield which hung around his c.

Thanks, trusty armour," said the Knight.—amba, let us close with them,"—and he rode ight to the thicket. He was met by six or seven -at-arms, who ran against him with their lances ll career. Three of the weapons struck against , and splintered with as little effect as if they had driven against a tower of steel. The Black ght's eyes seemed to flash fire even through the ture of his visor. He raised himself in his stir-with an air of inexpressible dignity, and exclaim-"What means this, my masters!"—The men le no other reply than by drawing their swords attacking him on every side, crying, "Die, nt!"

Ha! Saint Edward! Ha! Saint George!" said Black Knight, striking down a man at every cation; "have we traitors here?"

is opponents, desperate as they were, bore back an arm which carried death in every blow, and eared as if the terror of his single strength was ut to gain the battle against such odds, when a ht, in blue armour, who had hitherto kept him-behind the other assailants, spurred forward with lance, and taking aim, not at the rider but at the d, wounded the noble animal mortally.

That was a felon stroke!" exclaimed the Black ght, as the steed fell to the earth, bearing his rider g with him.

nd at this moment, Wamba winded the bugle, for whole had passed so speedily, that he had not to do so sooner. The sudden sound made the rderers bear back once more, and Wamba, though mperfectly weaponed, did not hesitate to rush in assist the Black Knight to rise.

Shame on ye, false cowards!" exclaimed he in blue harness, who seemed to lead the assailants, ye fly from the empty blast of a horn blown by a ter?"

nimated by his words, they attacked the Black ght anew, whose best refuge was now to place back against an oak, and defend himself with his rd. The felon knight, who had taken another ar, watching the moment when his formidable antagonist was most closely pressed, galloped against him in hopes to nail him with his lance against the tree, when his purpose was again intercepted by Wamba. The Jester, making up by agility the want of strength, and little noticed by the men-at-arms, who were busied in their more important object, hovered on the skirts of the fight, and effectually checked the fatal career of the Blue Knight, by ham-stringing his horse with a stroke of his sword. Horse and man went to the ground; yet the situation of the Knight of the Fetterlock continued very precarious, as he was pressed close by several men completely armed, and began to be fatigued by the violent exer-tions necessary to defend himself on so many points at nearly the same moment, when a gray-goose shaft suddenly stretched on the earth one of the most for-midable of his assailants, and a band of yeomen broke forth from the glade, headed by Locksley and the jovial Friar, who, taking ready and effectual part in the fray, soon disposed of the ruffians, all of whom lay on the spot dead or mortally wounded. The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity they had not observed in his former bearing, which hitherto had seemed rather that of a blunt bold sol-dier, than of a person of exalted rank.

"It concerns me much," he said, "even before I express my full gratitude to my ready friends, to dis-cover, if I may, who have been my unprovoked ene-mies.—Open the visor of that Blue Knight, Wamba, who seems the chief of these villains."

The Jester instantly made up to the leader of the assassins, who, bruised by his fall, and entangled under the wounded steed, lay incapable either of flight or resistance.

"Come, valiant sir," said Wamba, "I must be your armourer as well as your equerry—I have dismounted you, and now I will unhelm you."

So saying, with no very gentle hand he undid the helmet of the Blue Knight, which, rolling to a distance on the grass, displayed to the Knight of the Fetterlock grizzled locks, and a countenance he did not expect to have seen under such circumstances.

"Waldemar Fitzurse!" he said in astonishment; "what could urge one of thy rank and seeming worth to so foul an undertaking?"

"Richard," said the captive Knight, looking up to him, "thou knowest little of mankind, if thou know-est not to what ambition and revenge can lead every child of Adam."

"Revenge?" answered the Black Knight; "I ne-ver wronged thee—On me thou hast naught to re-venge."

"My daughter, Richard, whose alliance thou didst scorn—was that no injury to a Norman, whose blood is noble as thine own?"

"Thy daughter?" replied the Black Knight; "a proper cause of enmity, and followed up to a bloody issue!—Stand back, my masters, I would speak to him alone.—And now, Waldemar Fitzurse, say me the truth—confess who set thee on this traitorous deed."

"Thy father's son," answered Waldemar, "who, in so doing, did but avenge on thee thy disobedience to thy father."

Richard's eyes sparkled with indignation, but his better nature overcame it. He pressed his hand against his brow, and remained an instant gazing on the face of the humbled baron, in whose features pride was contending with shame.

"Thou dost not ask thy life, Waldemar," said the King.

"He that is in the lion's clutch," answered Fitzurse, "knows it were needless."

"Take it, then, unasked," said Richard; "the lion preys not on prostrate carcasses.—Take thy life, but with this condition, that in three days thou shalt leave England, and go to hide thine infamy in thy Norman castle, and that thou wilt never mention the name of John of Anjou as connected with thy felony. If thou art found on English ground after the space I have allotted thee, thou diest—or if thou breathest aught that can attaint the honour of my house, by Saint George! not the altar itself shall be a sanctuary. I will hang thee out to feed the ravens, from the very

pinnacle of thine own castle.—Let this knight have a steed, Locksley, for I see your yeomen have caught those which were running loose, and let him depart unharmed."

"But that I judge I listen to a voice whose behests must not be disputed," answered the yeoman, "I would send a shaft after the skulking villain that should spare him the labour of a long journey."

"Thou bearest an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and well dost judge thou art the more bound to obey my behest—I am Richard of England!"

At these words, pronounced in a tone of majesty suited to the high rank, and no less distinguished character of Cœur-de-Lion, the yeomen at once kneeled down before him, and at the same time tendered their allegiance, and implored pardon for their offences.

"Rise, my friends," said Richard, in a gracious tone, looking on them with a countenance in which his habitual good-humour had already conquered the blaze of hasty resentment, and whose features retained no mark of the late desperate conflict, excepting the flush arising from exertion,—"Arise," he said, "my friends!—Your misdemeanors, whether in forest or field, have been atoned by the loyal services you rendered my distressed subjects before the walls of Torquilstone, and the rescue you have this day afforded to your sovereign. Arise, my liegemen, and be good subjects in future.—And thou, brave Locksley"——

"Call me no longer Locksley, my Liege, but know me under the name, which, I fear, fame hath blown too widely not to have reached even your royal ears—I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest."*

"King of Outlaws, and Prince of good fellows!" said the King, "who hath not heard of a name that has been borne as far as Palestine? But be assured, brave Outlaw, that no deed done in our absence, and in the turbulent times to which it hath given rise, shall be remembered to thy disadvantage."

"True says the proverb," said Wamba, interposing his word, but with some abatement of his usual petulance,—

"'When the cat is away,
The mice will play.'"

"What, Wamba, art thou there?" said Richard; "I have been so long of hearing thy voice, I thought thou hadst taken flight."

"I take flight!" said Wamba; "when do you ever find Folly separated from Valour? There lies the trophy of my sword, that good gray gelding, whom I heartily wish upon his legs again, conditioning his master lay there houghed in his place. It is true, I gave a little ground at first, for a motley jacket does not brook lance-heads, as a steel doublet will. But if I fought not at sword's point, you will grant me that I sounded the onset."

"And to good purpose, honest Wamba," replied the King. "Thy good service shall not be forgotten."

"*Confiteor! Confiteor!*"—exclaimed, in a submissive tone, a voice near the King's side—"my Latin will carry me no farther—but I confess my deadly treason, and pray leave to have absolution before I am led to execution!"

Richard looked around, and beheld the jovial Friar on his knees, telling his rosary, while his quarter-staff, which had not been idle during the skirmish, lay on the grass beside him. His countenance was gathered so as he thought might best express the most profound contrition, his eyes being turned up, and the corners of his mouth drawn down, as Wamba expressed it, like the tassels at the mouth of a purse. Yet this demure affectation of extreme penitence was whimsically belied by a ludicrous meaning which lurked in his huge features, and seemed to pronounce his fear and repentance alike hypocritical.

"For what art thou cast down, mad Priest?" said Richard; "art thou afraid thy diocesan should learn how truly thou dost serve Our Lady and Saint Dunstan?—Tush, man! fear it not; Richard o
betrays no secrets that pass over the flagon

"Nay, most gracious sovereign," ans
Hermit, (well known to the curious in pe
ries of Robin Hood, by the name of Friar
is not the crosier I fear, but the sceptre.—
my sacrilegious fist should ever have been
the ear of the Lord's anointed!"

"Ha! ha!" said Richard, "sits the win
In truth I had forgotten the buffet, though
sung after it for a whole day. But if the
fairly given, I will be judged by the good m
if it was not as well repaid—or, if thou thin
owe thee aught, and will stand forth fo
counterbuff"—

"By no means," replied Friar Tuck, "I
own returned, and with usury—may you
ever pay your debts as fully!"

"If I could do so with cuffs," said the K
creditors should have little reason to comp
empty exchequer."

"And yet," said the Friar, resuming h
hypocritical countenance, "I know not
ance I ought to perform for that most sa
blow!"——

"Speak no more of it, brother," said
"after having stood so many cuffs from Pa
misbelievers, I were void of reason to qu
the buffet of a clerk so holy as he of Cop
Yet, mine honest Friar, I think it would b
for the church and thyself, that I should
license to unfrock thee, and retain thee as
of our guard, serving in care of our pers
merly in attendance upon the altar of Saint

"My Liege," said the Friar, "I humbly
pardon; and you would readily grant my c
you but know how the sin of laziness has
Saint Dunstan—may he be gracious to u
quiet in his niche, though I should forget
in killing a fat buck—I stay out of my cell
a night, doing I wot not what—Saint Dun
complains—a quiet master he is, and a p
ever was made of wood.—But to be a
attendance on my sovereign the King—th
great, doubtless—yet, if I were but to ste
comfort a widow in one corner, or to kil
another, it would be, 'where is the dog Pri
one. 'Who has seen the accursed Tuck?'
ther. 'The unfrocked villain destroys mo
than half the country besides,' says one kee
is hunting after every shy doe in the count
a second.—In fine, good my Liege, I pray y
me as you found me; or, if in aught you de
tend your benevolence to me, that I may
ered as the poor Clerk of Saint Dunsta
Copmanhurst, to whom any small donati
most thankfully acceptable."

"I understand thee," said the King, "an
Clerk shall have a grant of vert and vens
woods of Warncliffe. Mark, however, I w
sign thee three bucks every season; but if t
prove an apology for thy slaying thirty,
Christian knight nor true king."

"Your Grace may be well assured," said
"that, with the grace of Saint Dunstan, I
the way of multiplying your most bounteou

"I nothing doubt it, good brother," said
"and as venison is but dry food, our cell
have orders to deliver to thee a butt of sack
of Malvoisie, and three hogsheads of ale o
strike, yearly—If that will not quench thy th
must come to court, and become acquainted
butler."

"But for Saint Dunstan?" said the Fria

"A cope, a stole, and an altar-cloth shalt
have," continued the King, crossing himse
we may not turn our game into earnest lest
ish us for thinking more on our follies tha
honour and worship."

"I will answer for my patron," said the P
ously.

"Answer for thyself, Friar," said King
something sternly; but immediately stret
his hand to the Hermit, the latter, somewhat

* From the ballads of Robin Hood, we learn that this celebrated outlaw, when in disguise, sometimes assumed the name of Locksley, from a village where he was born, but where situated we are not distinctly told

nt his knee, and saluted it. "Thou dost less hour to my extended palm than to my clenched fist," id the Monarch; "thou didst only kneel to one, d to the other didst prostrate thyself."

But the Friar, afraid perhaps of again giving offence continuing the conversation in too jocose a style—alse step to be particularly guarded against by those to converse with monarchs—bowed profoundly, and l into the rear.

At the same time, two additional personages apared on the scene.

CHAPTER XLI.

All hail to the lordlings of high degree,
Who live not more happy, though greater than we!
Our pastimes to see,
Under every green tree,
In all the gay woodland, right welcome ye be.
MACDONALD.

The new comers were Wilfred of Ivanhoe, on the or of Botolph's palfrey, and Gurth, who attended i, on the Knight's own war-horse. The astonishnt of Ivanhoe was beyond bounds, when he saw master besprinkled with blood, and six or seven d bodies lying around in the little glade in which battle had taken place. Nor was he less surprised see Richard surrounded by so many silvan attends, the outlaws, as they seemed to be, of the forest, l a perilous retinue therefore for a prince. He itated whether to address the King as the Black ight-errant, or in what other manner to demean aself towards him. Richard saw his embarrassnt.

"Fear not, Wilfred," he said, "to address Richard ntagenet as himself, since thou seest him in the npany of true English hearts, although it may be y have been urged a few steps aside by warm glish blood."

"Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe," said the gallant Outlaw, pping forward, "my assurances can add nothing hose of our sovereign; yet, let me say somewhat udly, that of men who have suffered much, he hath truer subjects than those who now stand around 1."

"I cannot doubt it, brave man," said Wilfred, ince thou art of the number—But what mean these rks of death and danger? these slain men, and the ody armour of my Prince?"

"Treason hath been with us, Ivanhoe," said the ng; "but, thanks to these brave men, treason hath t its meed—But, now I bethink me, thou too art aitor," said Richard, smiling; "a most disobedient itor; for were not our orders positive, that thou ldst repose thyself at Saint Botolph's until thy and was healed?"

"It is healed," said Ivanhoe; "it is not of more sequence than the scratch of a bodkin. But why, why, noble Prince, will you thus vex the hearts of r faithful servants, and expose your life by lonely rneys and rash adventures, as if it were of no more ue than that of a mere knight-errant, who has no rest on earth but what lance and sword may proe him?"

"And Richard Plantagenet," said the King, "des no more fame than his good lance and sword y acquire him—and Richard Plantagenet is prouder achieving an adventure, with only his good sword, l his good arm to speed, than if he led to battle a t of a hundred thousand armed men."

"But your kingdom, my Liege," said Ivanhoe, ur kingdom is threatened with dissolution and l war—your subjects menaced with every species vil, if deprived of their sovereign in some of those gers which it is your daily pleasure to incur, and n which you have but this moment narrowly aped."

"Ho! ho! my kingdom and my subjects?" anered Richard, impatiently; "I tell thee, Sir Wil, the best of them are most willing to repay my es in kind—For example, my very faithful sert, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, will not obey my positive mands, and yet reads his king a homily, because oes not walk exactly by his advice. Which of us most reason to upbraid the other?—Yet, forgive me, my faithful Wilfred. The time I have spent, and am yet to spend in concealment, is, as I explained to thee at Saint Botolph's, necessary to give my friends and faithful nobles time to assemble their forces, that when Richard's return is announced, he should be at the head of such a force as enemies shall tremble to face, and thus subdue the meditated treason, without even unsheathing a sword. Estoteville and Bohun will not be strong enough to move forward to York for twenty-four hours. I must have news of Salisbury from the south; and of Beauchamp, in Warwickshire; and of Multon and Percy in the north. The Chancellor must make sure of London. Too sudden an appearance would subject me to dangers, other than my lance and sword, though backed by the bow of bold Robin, or the quarter-staff of Friar Tuck, and the horn of the sage Wamba, may be able to rescue me from."

Wilfred bowed in submission, well knowing how vain it was to contend with the wild spirit of chivalry which so often impelled his master upon dangers which he might easily have avoided, or rather, which it was unpardonable in him to have sought out. The young knight sighed, therefore, and held his peace; while Richard, rejoiced at having silenced his counsellor, though his heart acknowledged the justice of the charge he had brought against him, went on in conversation with Robin Hood.—"King of Outlaws," he said, "have you no refreshment to offer to your brother sovereign? for these dead knaves have found me both in exercise and appetite."

"In troth," replied the Outlaw, "for I scorn to lie to your Grace, our larder is chiefly supplied with"——He stopped, and was somewhat embarrassed.

"With venison, I suppose?" said Richard, gayly; "better food at need there can be none—and truly, if a king will not remain at home and slay his own game, methinks he should not brawl too loud if he finds it killed to his hand."

"If your Grace, then," said Robin, "will again honour with your presence one of Robin Hood's places of rendezvous, the venison shall not be lacking; and a stoup of ale, and it may be a cup of reasonably good wine, to relish it withal."

The Outlaw accordingly led the way, followed by the buxom Monarch, more happy, probably, in this chance meeting with Robin Hood and his foresters, than he would have been in again assuming his royal state, and presiding over a splendid circle of peers and nobles. Novelty in society and adventure were the zest of life to Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and it had its highest relish when enhanced by dangers encountered and surmounted. In the lion-hearted King, the brilliant, but useless character, of a knight of romance, was in a great measure realized and revived; and the personal glory which he acquired by his own deeds of arms, was far more dear to his excited imagination, than that which a course of policy and wisdom would have spread around his government. Accordingly, his reign was like the course of a brilliant and rapid meteor, which shoots along the face of heaven, shedding around an unnecessary and portentous light, which is instantly swallowed up by universal darkness; his feats of chivalry furnishing themes for bards and minstrels, but affording none of those solid benefits to his country on which history loves to pause, and hold up as an example to posterity. But in his present company Richard showed to the greatest imaginable advantage. He was gay, good-humoured, and fond of manhood in every rank of life.

Beneath a huge oak-tree the silvan repast was hastily prepared for the King of England, surrounded by men outlaws to his government, but who now formed his court and his guard. As the flagon went round, the rough foresters soon lost their awe for the presence of Majesty. The song and the jest were exchanged—the stories of former deeds were told with advantage; and at length, and while boasting of their successful infraction of the laws, no one recollected they were speaking in presence of their natural guardian. The merry King, nothing heeding his dignity any more than his company, laughed, quaffed, and jested among the jolly band. The natu-

ral and rough sense of Robin Hood led him to be desirous that the scene should be closed ere any thing should occur to disturb its harmony, the more especially that he observed Ivanhoe's brow clouded with anxiety. "We are honoured," he said to Ivanhoe, apart, "by the presence of our gallant Sovereign; yet I would not that he dallied with time, which the circumstances of his kingdom may render precious."

"It is well and wisely spoken, brave Robin Hood," said Wilfred, apart; "and know, moreover, that they who jest with Majesty even in its gayest mood, are but toying with the lion's whelp, which, on slight provocation, uses both fangs and claws."

"You have touched the very cause of my fear," said the Outlaw; "my men are rough by practice and nature, the King is hasty as well as good-humoured; nor know I how soon cause of offence may arise, or how warmly it may be received: it is time this revel were broken off."

"It must be by your management then, gallant yeoman," said Ivanhoe; "for each hint I have essayed to give him serves only to induce him to prolong it."

"Must I so soon risk the pardon and favour of my Sovereign?" said Robin Hood, pausing for an instant; "but by Saint Christopher, it shall be so. I were undeserving his grace did I not peril it for his good.—Here, Scathlock, get thee behind yonder thicket, and wind me a Norman blast on thy bugle, and without an instant's delay, on peril of your life."

Scathlock obeyed his captain, and in less than five minutes the revellers were startled by the sound of his horn.

"It is the bugle of Malvoisin," said the Miller, starting to his feet, and seizing his bow. The Friar dropped his flagon, and grasped his quarter-staff. Wamba stopt short in the midst of a jest, and betook himself to sword and target. All the others stood to their weapons.

Men of their precarious course of life change readily from the banquet to the battle; and, to Richard, the exchange seemed but a succession of pleasure. He called for his helmet and the most cumbrous parts of his armour, which he had laid aside; and while Gurth was putting them on, he laid his strict injunctions on Wilfred, under pain of his highest displeasure, not to engage in the skirmish which he supposed was approaching.

"Thou hast fought for me a hundred times, Wilfred,—and I have seen it. Thou shalt this day look on, and see how Richard will fight for his friend and liegeman."

In the mean time, Robin Hood had sent off several of his followers in different directions, as if to reconnoitre the enemy; and when he saw the company effectually broken up, he approached Richard, who was now completely armed, and, kneeling down on one knee, craved pardon of his Sovereign.

"For what, good yeoman?" said Richard, somewhat impatiently. "Have we not already granted thee a full pardon for all transgressions? Thinkest thou our word is a feather, to be blown backward and forward between us? Thou canst not have had time to commit any new offence since that time?"

"Ay, but I have though," answered the yeoman, "if it be an offence to deceive my prince for his own advantage. The bugle you have heard was none of Malvoisin's, but blown by my direction, to break off the banquet, lest it trenched upon hours of dearer import than to be thus dallied with."

He then rose from his knee, folded his arms on his bosom, and in a manner rather respectful than submissive, awaited the answer of the King,—like one who is conscious he may have given offence, yet is confident in the rectitude of his motive. The blood rushed in anger to the countenance of Richard; but it was the first transient emotion, and his sense of justice instantly subdued it.

"The King of Sherwood," he said, "grudges his venison and his wine-flask to the King of England? It is well, bold Robin!—but when you come to see me *in merry London*, I trust to be a less niggard host. *Thou art right, however* good fellow. Let us therefore to horse and away—Wilfred has been impatient this hour. Tell me, bold Robin, hast thou never a friend in thy band, who, not content with advising, will needs direct thy motions, and look miserable when thou dost presume to act for thyself?"

"Such a one," said Robin, "is my Lieutenant, Little John, who is even now absent on an expedition as far as the borders of Scotland; and I will own to your Majesty, that I am sometimes displeased by the freedom of his counsels—but, when I think twice, I cannot be long angry with one who can have no motive for his anxiety save zeal for his master's service."

"Thou art right, good yeoman," answered Richard; "and if I had Ivanhoe, on the one hand, to give grave advice, and recommend it by the sad gravity of his brow, and thee, on the other, to trick me into what thou thinkest my own good, I should have as little the freedom of mine own will as any King in Christendom or Heathenesse.—But come, sirs, let us merrily on to Coningsburgh, and think no more on't."

Robin Hood assured them that he had detached a party in the direction of the road they were to pass, who would not fail to discover and apprize them of any secret ambuscade; and that he had little doubt they would find the ways secure, or, if otherwise, would receive such timely notice of the danger as would enable them to fall back on a strong troop of archers, with which he himself proposed to follow on the same route.

The wise and attentive precautions adopted for his safety touched Richard's feelings, and removed any slight grudge which he might retain on account of the deception the Outlaw Captain had practised upon him. He once more extended his hand to Robin Hood, assured him of his full pardon and future favour, as well as his firm resolution to restrain the tyrannical exercise of the forest rights and other oppressive laws, by which so many English yeomen were driven into a state of rebellion. But Richard's good intentions towards the bold Outlaw were frustrated by the King's untimely death; and the Charter of the Forest was extorted from the unwilling hands of King John when he succeeded to his heroic brother. As for the rest of Robin Hood's career, as well as the tale of his treacherous death, they are to be found in those black-letter garlands, once sold at the low and easy rate of one halfpenny,

"Now cheaply purchased at their weight in gold."

The Outlaw's opinion proved true; and the King, attended by Ivanhoe, Gurth, and Wamba, arrived, without any interruption, within view of the Castle of Coningsburgh, while the sun was yet in the horizon.

There are few more beautiful or striking scenes in England, than are presented by the vicinity of this ancient Saxon fortress. The soft and gentle river Don sweeps through an amphitheatre, in which cultivation is richly blended with woodland, and on a mount, ascending from the river, well defended by walls and ditches, rises this ancient edifice, which, as its Saxon name implies, was, previous to the Conquest, a royal residence of the kings of England. The outer walls have probably been added by the Normans, but the inner keep bears token of very great antiquity. It is situated on a mount at one angle of the inner court, and forms a complete circle of perhaps twenty-five feet in diameter. The wall is of immense thickness, and is propped or defended by six huge external buttresses which project from the circle, and rise up against the sides of the tower as if to strengthen or to support it. These massive buttresses are solid when they arise from the foundation, and a good way higher up; but are hollowed out towards the top, and terminate in a sort of turrets communicating with the interior of the keep itself. The distant appearance of this huge building, with these singular accompaniments, is as interesting to the lovers of the picturesque, as the interior of the castle is to the eager antiquary, whose imagination it carries back to the days of the heptarchy. A barrow, in the vicinity of the castle, is pointed out as the tomb of the memorable Hengist; and various monuments, of great

quity and curiosity, are shown in the neighbouring churchyard.*

h as Cœur-de-Lion and his retinue approached rude yet stately building, it was not, as at present, ounded by external fortifications. The Saxon itect had exhausted his art in rendering the main defensible, and there was no other circumvallation than a rude barrier of palisades.

huge black banner, which floated from the top e tower, announced that the obsequies of the late owner were still in the act of being solemnized. It bore no emblem of the deceased's birth or quality, for armorial bearings were then a novelty among the Norman chivalry themselves, and were totally unknown to the Saxons. But above the gate was another banner, on which the figure of a white horse, rudely painted, indicated the nation and rank of the deceased, by the well-known symbol of Hengist and his Saxon warriors.

All around the castle was a scene of busy com-

When I last saw this interesting ruin of ancient days, one e very few remaining examples of Saxon fortification, I strongly impressed with the desire of tracing out a sort of y on the subject, which, from some recent acquaintance the architecture of the ancient Scandinavians, seemed to peculiarly interesting. I was, however, obliged by circumstances to proceed on my journey, without leisure to take more a transient view of Coningsburgh. Yet the idea dwells so gly in my mind, that I feel considerably tempted to write or two in detail in at least the outline of my hypothesis, g better antiquaries to correct or refute conclusions which rhaps too hastily drawn.

ose who have visited the Zetland Islands, are familiar with scription of castles called by the inhabitants Burghs; and Highlanders—for they are also to be found both in the ern Isles and on the mainland Duns. Pennant has en a view of the famous Dun Dornadilla in Glenelg; and are many others, all of them built after a peculiar mode of tecture, which argues a people in the most primitive state iety. The most perfect specimen is that upon the island ousa, near to the mainland of Zetland, which is probably same state as when inhabited.

a single round tower, the wall curving in slightly, and urning outward again in the form of a dice box, so that efenders on the top might the better protect the base. It ned of rough stones, selected with care, and laid in courses cles, with much compactness, but without cement of any The tower has never, to appearance, had roofing of any a fire was made in the centre of the space which it ens, and originally the building was probably little more than ll drawn as a sort of screen around the great council fire of ribe. But, although the means or ingenuity of the builders not extend so far as to provide a roof, they supplied the by constructing apartments in the interior of the walls of ower itself. The circumvallation formed a double enclothe inner side of which was, in fact, two feet or three feet t from the other, and connected by a concentric range of flat stones, thus forming a series of concentric rings or s of various heights, rising to the top of the tower. Each se stories or galleries has four windows, facing directly to oints of the compass, and rising of course regularly above other. These four perpendicular ranges of windows ad d air, and, the fire being kindled, heat, or smoke at least, ch of the galleries. The access from gallery to gallery is ly primitive. A path, on the principle of an inclined plane, round and round the building like a screw, and gives acto the different stories, intersecting each of them in its turn, thus gradually rising to the top of the wall of the tower. e outside there are no windows; and I may add, that an sure of a square or sometimes a round form gave the inants of the Burgh an opportunity to secure any sheep or which they might possess.

ch is the general architecture of that very early period the Northmen swept the seas, and brought to their rude s, such as I have described them, the plunder of polished ns. In Zetland there are several scores of these Burghs, pying in every case, capes, headlands, islets, and similar s of advantage singularly well chosen. I remember the ins of one upon an island in a small lake near Lerwick, h at high tide communicates with the sea, the access to h is very ingenious, by means of a causeway or dike, about or four inches under the surface of the water. This causemakes a sharp angle in its approach to the Burgh. The bitants, doubtless, were well acquainted with this, but ngers, who might approach in a hostile manner, and were rant of the curve of the causeway, would probably plunge the lake, which is six or seven feet in depth at the least. must have been the device of some Vauban or Cohorn of e early times.

e style of these buildings evinces that the architect posed neither the art of using lime or cement of any kind, nor skill to throw an arch, construct a roof, or erect a stair; and with all this ignorance, showed great ingenuity in selecting situation of Burghs, and regulating the access to them, as as neatness and regularity in the erection, since the buildthemselves show a style of advance in the arts scarcely istent with the ignorance of so many of the principal ches of architectural knowledge.

ave always thought, that one of the most curious and valuobjects of antiquaries has been to trace the progress of iety, by the efforts made in early ages to improve the rudeof their first expedients, until they either approach excel, or, as is most frequently the case, are supplied by new and amental discoveries, which supersede both the earlier and r system, and the improvements which have been ingrafted n it. For example, if we conceive the recent discovery of to be so much improved and adapted to domestic use, as to ersede all other modes of producing domestic light; we can dy suppose, some centuries afterwards, the heads of a ole Society of Antiquaries half turned by the discovery of a r of patent snuffers, and by the learned theories which would brought forward to account for the form and purpose of so ular an implement.

Following some such principle, I am inclined to regard the singular Castle of Coningsburgh—I mean the Saxon part of it—as a step in advance from the rude architecture, if it deserve the name, which must have been common to the Saxons as to other Northmen. The builders had attained the art of using cement, and of roofing a building,—great improvements on the original burgh. But in the round keep, a shape only seen in the most ancient castles—the chambers excavated in the thickness of the walls and buttresses—the difficulty by which access is gained from one story to those above it, Coningsburgh still retains the simplicity of its origin, and shows by what slow degrees man proceeded from occupying such rude and inconvenient lodgings, as were afforded by the galleries of the Castle of Mousa, to the more splendid accommodations of the Norman castles, with all their stern and Gothic graces.

I am ignorant if these remarks are new, or if they will be confirmed by closer examination; but I think, that, on a hasty observation, Coningsburgh offers means of curious study to those who may wish to trace the history of architecture back to the times preceding the Norman Conquest.

It would be highly desirable that a cork model should be taken of the Castle of Mousa, as it cannot be well understood by a plan.

The Castle of Coningsburgh is thus described:—

"The castle is large, the outer walls standing on a pleasant ascent from the river, but much overtopt by a high hill, on which the town stands, situated at the head of a rich and magnificent vale, formed by an amphitheatre of woody hills, in which flows the gentle Don. Near the castle is a barrow, said to be Hengist's tomb. The entrance is flanked to the left by a round tower, with a sloping base, and there are several similar in the outer wall; the entrance has piers of a gate, and on the east side the ditch and bank are double and very steep. On the top of the churchyard wall is a tombstone, on which are cut in high relief, two ravens, or such like birds. On the south side of the churchyard lies an ancient stone, ridged like a coffin, on which is carved a man on horseback; and another man with a shield encountering a vast winged serpent, and a man bearing a shield behind him. It was probably one of the rude crosses not uncommon in churchyards in this county. The name of Coningsburgh, by which this castle goes in the old editions of the Britannia, would lead one to suppose it the residence of the Saxon kings. It afterwards belonged to King Harold. The Conqueror bestowed it on William de Warren, with all its privileges and jurisdiction, which are said to have extended over twenty-eight towns. At the corner of the area, which is of an irregular form, stands the great tower, or keep, placed on a small hill of its own dimensions, on which lie six vast projecting buttresses, ascending in a steep direction to prop and support the building, and continued upwards up the side as turrets. The tower within forms a complete circle, twenty-one feet in diameter, the walls fourteen feet thick. The ascent into the tower is by an exceeding deep flight of steep steps, four feet and a half wide, on the south side leading to a low doorway, over which is a circular arch crossed by a great transom stone. Within this door is the staircase which ascends straight through the thickness of the wall, not communicating with the room on the first floor, in whose centre is the opening to the dungeon. Neither of these lower rooms is lighted except from a hole in the floor of the third story; the room in which, as well as in that above it, is finished with compact smooth stonework, both having chimney pieces, with an arch resting on triple clustered pillars. In the third story, or guard-chamber, is a small recess with a loophole, probably a bedchamber, and in that floor above a niche for a saint or holy-water pot. Mr. King imagines this a Saxon castle of the first ages of the Heptarchy. Mr. Watson thus describes it. From the first floor to the second story, (third from the ground,) is a way by a stair in the wall five feet wide. The next staircase is approached by a ladder, and ends at the fourth story from the ground. Two yards from the door, at the head of this stair, is an opening nearly east, accessible by treading on the ledge of the wall, which diminishes eight inches each story; and this last opening leads into a room or chapel ten feet by twelve, and fifteen or sixteen high, arched with freestone, and supported by small circular columns of the same, the capitals and arches Saxon. It has an east window, and on each side in the wall, about four feet from the ground, a stone basin, with a hole and iron pipe to convey the water into or through the wall. This chapel is one of the buttresses, but no sign of it without, for even the window, though large within, is only a long narrow loop-hole, scarcely to be seen without. On the left side of this chapel is a small oratory, eight by six in the thickness of the wall, with a niche in the wall, and enlightened by a like loop-hole. The fourth stair from the ground, ten feet west from the chapel door, leads to the top of the tower through the thickness of the wall, which at top is but three yards. Each story is about fifteen feet high, so that the tower will be seventy-five feet from the ground. The inside forms a circle, whose diameter may be about twelve feet. The well at the bottom of the dungeon is piled with stones."—Gough's *Edition of Camden's Britannia*. Second Edition, vol. iii. p. 267.

motion; for such funeral banquets were times of general and profuse hospitality, which not only every one who could claim the most distant connexion with the deceased, but all passengers whatsoever, were invited to partake. The wealth and consequence of the deceased Athelstane, occasioned this custom to be observed in the fullest extent.

Numerous parties, therefore, were seen ascending and descending the hill on which the castle was situated; and when the King and his attendants entered the open and unguarded gates of the external barrier, the space within presented a scene not easily reconciled with the cause of the assemblage. In one place cooks were toiling to roast huge oxen, and fat sheep; in another, hogsheads of ale were set abroach, to be drained at the freedom of all comers. Groups of every description were to be seen devouring the food and swallowing the liquor thus abandoned to their discretion. The naked Saxon serf was drowning the sense of his half-year's hunger and thirst, in one day of gluttony and drunkenness—the more pampered burgess and guild-brother was eating his morsel with gust, or curiously criticising the quantity of the malt and the skill of the brewer. Some few of the poorer Norman gentry might also be seen, distinguished by their shaven chins and short cloaks, and not less so by their keeping together, and looking with great scorn on the whole solemnity, even while condescending to avail themselves of the good cheer which was so liberally supplied.

Mendicants were of course assembled by the score, together with strolling soldiers returned from Palestine, (according to their own account at least,) pedlars were displaying their wares, travelling mechanics were inquiring after employment, and wandering palmers, hedge-priests, Saxon minstrels, and Welsh bards, were muttering prayers, and extracting mistuned dirges from their harps, crowds, and rotes.* One sent forth the praises of Athelstane in a doleful panegyric; another, in a Saxon genealogical poem, rehearsed the uncouth and harsh names of his noble ancestry. Jesters and jugglers were not awanting, nor was the occasion of the assembly supposed to render the exercise of their profession indecorous or improper. Indeed the ideas of the Saxons on these occasions were as natural as they were rude. If sorrow was thirsty, there was drink—if hungry, there was food—if it sunk down upon and saddened the heart, here were the means supplied of mirth, or at least of amusement. Nor did the assistants scorn to avail themselves of those means of consolation, although, every now and then, as if suddenly recollecting the cause which had brought them together, the men groaned in unison, while the females, of whom many were present, raised up their voices and shrieked for very wo.

Such was the scene in the castle-yard at Coningsburgh when it was entered by Richard and his followers. The seneschal or steward deigned not to take notice of the groups of inferior guests who were perpetually entering and withdrawing, unless so far as was necessary to preserve order; nevertheless he was struck by the good mien of the Monarch and Ivanhoe, more especially as he imagined the features of the latter were familiar to him. Besides, the approach of two knights, for such their dress bespoke them, was a rare event at a Saxon solemnity, and could not but be regarded as a sort of honour to the deceased and his family. And in his sable dress, and holding in his hand his white wand of office, this important personage made way through the miscellaneous assemblage of guests, thus conducting Richard and Ivanhoe to the entrance of the tower. Gurth and Wamba speedily found acquaintances in the court-yard, nor presumed to intrude themselves any farther until their presence should be required.

* The crowth, or crowd, was a species of violin. The rote a sort of guitar, or rather hurdy-gurdy, the strings of which were managed by a wheel, from which the instrument took its name.

CHAPTER XLII.

I found them winding of Marcello's corpse.
And there was such a solemn melody,
'Twixt doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,—
Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,
Are wont to outwear the night with.

Old Play.

The mode of entering the great tower of Coningsburgh Castle is very peculiar, and partakes of the rude simplicity of the early times in which it was erected. A flight of steps so deep and narrow as to be almost precipitous, leads up to a low portal in the south side of the tower, by which the adventurous antiquary may still, or at least could a few years since, gain access to a small stair within the thickness of the main wall of the tower, which leads up to the third story of the building,—the two lower being dungeons or vaults, which neither receive air nor light, save by a square hole in the third story, with which they seem to have communicated by a ladder. The access to the upper apartments in the tower, which consist in all of four stories, is given by stairs which are carried up through the external buttresses.

By this difficult and complicated entrance, the good King Richard, followed by his faithful Ivanhoe, was ushered into the round apartment which occupies the whole of the third story from the ground. Wilfred by the difficulties of the ascent, gained time to muffle his face in his mantle, as it had been held expedient that he should not present himself to his father until the King should give him the signal.

There were assembled in this apartment, around a large oaken table, about a dozen of the most distinguished representatives of the Saxon families in the adjacent counties. These were all old, or, at least, elderly men; for the younger race, to the great displeasure of the seniors, had, like Ivanhoe, broken down many of the barriers which sep[illegible] a century the Norman victors from the vanquished Saxons. The downcast and sorrowful looks of these venerable men, their silence and their mournful posture, formed a strong contrast to the levity of the revellers on the outside of the castle. Their gray locks and long full beards, together with their antique tunics and loose black mantles, suited well with the singular and rude apartment in which they were seated, and gave the appearance of a band of ancient worshippers of Woden, recalled to life to mourn over the decay of their national glory.

Cedric, seated in equal rank among his countrymen, seemed yet, by common consent, to act as chief of the assembly. Upon the entrance of Richard (only known to him as the valorous Knight of the Fetterlock) he arose gravely, and gave him welcome by the ordinary salutation, *Waes hael*, raising at the same time a goblet to his head. The King, no stranger to the customs of his English subjects, returned the greeting with the appropriate words, *Drinc Hael*, and partook of a cup which was handed to him by the sewer. The same courtesy was offered to Ivanhoe, who pledged his father in silence, supplying the usual speech by an inclination of his head, lest his voice should have been recognised.

When this introductory ceremony was performed, Cedric arose, and, extending his hand to Richard, conducted him into a small and very rude chapel, which was excavated, as it were, out of one of the external buttresses. As there was no opening, saving a very narrow loop-hole, the place would have been nearly quite dark but for two flambeaux or torches, which showed, by a red and smoky light, the arched roof and naked walls, the rude altar of stone, and the crucifix of the same material.

Before this altar was placed a bier, and on each side of this bier kneeled three priests, who told their beads, and muttered their prayers, with the greatest signs of external devotion. For this service a splendid *soul-scat* was paid to the convent of Saint Edmund's by the mother of the deceased; and, that it might be fully deserved, the whole brethren, saving the lame Sacristan, had transferred themselves to Coningsburgh, where, while six of their number were

. y on guard in the performance of divine he bier of Athelstane, the others failed not to r share of the refreshments and amusements vent on at the castle. In maintaining this tch and ward, the good monks were particu-eful not to interrupt their hymns for an in-at Zernebock, the ancient Saxon Apollyon, ay his clutches on the departed Athelstane. e they less careful to prevent any unhallowed rom touching the pall, which, having been l at the funeral of Saint Edmund, was liable secrated, if handled by the profane. If, in se attentions could be of any use to the de-ie had some right to expect them at the the brethren of Saint Edmund's, since, be-undred mancuses of gold paid down as the som, the mother of Athelstane had announced tion of endowing that foundation with the rt of the lands of the deceased, in order to perpetual prayers for his soul, and that of ted husband.

d and Wilfred followed the Saxon Cedric apartment of death, where, as their guide vith solemn air to the untimely bier of Athel-ey followed his example in devoutly crossing es, and muttering a brief prayer for the weal parted soul.

ct of pious charity performed, Cedric again l them to follow him, gliding over the stone h a noiseless tread; and, after ascending a s, opened with great caution the door of a itory, which adjoined to the chapel. It was ght feet square, hollowed, like the chapel itself, e thickness of the wall; and the loop-hole, lightened it, being to the west, and widening ably as it sloped inward, a beam of the set-found its way into its dark recess, and a female of a dignified mien, and whose coun-retained the marked remains of majestic Her long mourning robes, and her flowing f black cypress, enhanced the whiteness of , and the beauty of her light-coloured and tresses, which time had neither thinned nor with silver. Her countenance expressed the orrow that is consistent with resignation. On table before her stood a crucifix of ivory, hich was laid a missal, having its pages iminated, and its boards adorned with clasps and bosses of the same precious metal.

e Edith," said Cedric, after having stood a silent, as if to give Richard and Wilfred time pon the lady of the mansion, "these are wor-ngers, come to take part in thy sorrows. And special, is the valiant Knight who fought so or the deliverance of him for whom we this rn."

bravery has my thanks," returned the lady; gh it be the will of Heaven that it should be l in vain. I thank, too, his courtesy, and his companion, which hath brought them behold the widow of Adeling, the mother of ie, in her deep hour of sorrow and lamenta-o your care, kind kinsman, I intrust them, that they will want no hospitality which l walls can yet afford."

iests bowed deeply to the mourning parent, drew with their hospitable guide.

er winding stair conducted them to an apart-the same size with that which they had first occupying indeed the story immediately rom this room, ere yet the door was opened, l a low and melancholy strain of vocal mu-en they entered, they found themselves in ence of about twenty matrons and maidens guished Saxon lineage. Four maidens, Ro-ding the choir, raised a hymn for the soul of sed, of which we have only been able to de-o or three stanzas:—

> Dust unto dust,
> To this all must;
> The tenant hath resign'd
> The faded form
> To waste and worm —
> Corruption claims her kind.
>
> Through paths unknown
> Thy soul hath flown,
> To seek the realms of wo
> Where fiery pain
> Shall purge the stain
> Of actions done below.
>
> In that sad place,
> By Mary's grace,
> Brief may thy dwelling be!
> Till prayers and alms,
> And holy psalms,
> Shall set the captive free.

While this dirge was sung, in a low and melancholy tone, by the female choristers, the others were divided into two bands, of which one was engaged in bedecking, with such embroidery as their skill and taste could compass, a large silken pall, destined to cover the bier of Athelstane, while the others busied themselves in selecting, from baskets of flowers placed before them, garlands, which they intended for the same mournful purpose. The behaviour of the maidens was decorous, if not marked with deep affliction; but now and then a whisper or a smile called forth the rebuke of the severer matrons, and here and there might be seen a damsel more interested in endeavouring to find out how her mourning-robe became her, than in the dismal ceremony for which they were preparing. Neither was this propensity (if we must needs confess the truth) at all diminished by the appearance of two strange knights, which occasioned some looking up, peeping, and whispering. Rowena alone, too proud to be vain, paid her greeting to her deliverer with a graceful courtesy. Her demeanour was serious, but not dejected; and it may be doubted whether thoughts of Ivanhoe, and of the uncertainty of his fate, did not claim as great a share in her gravity as the death of her kinsman.

To Cedric, however, who, as we have observed, was not remarkably clear-sighted on such occasions, the sorrow of his ward seemed so much deeper than any of the other maidens, that he deemed it proper to whisper the explanation—"She was the affianced bride of the noble Athelstane."—It may be doubted whether this communication went a far way to increase Wilfred's disposition to sympathize with the mourners of Coningsburgh.

Having thus formally introduced the guests to the different chambers in which the obsequies of Athelstane were celebrated under different forms, Cedric conducted them into a small room, destined, as he informed them, for the exclusive accommodation of honourable guests, whose more slight connexion with the deceased might render them unwilling to join those who were immediately affected by the unhappy event. He assured them of every accommodation, and was about to withdraw when the Black Knight took his hand.

"I crave to remind you noble Thane," he said, "that when we last parted, you promised, for the service I had the fortune to render you, to grant me a boon."

"It is granted ere named, noble Knight," said Cedric; "yet, at this sad moment"——

"Of that also," said the King, "I have bethought me—but my time is brief—neither does it seem to me unfit, that, when closing the grave on the noble Athelstane, we should deposit therein certain prejudices and hasty opinions."

"Sir Knight of the Fetterlock," said Cedric, colouring, and interrupting the King in his turn, "I trust your boon regards yourself and no other; for in that which concerns the honour of my house, it is scarce fitting that a stranger should mingle."

"Nor do I wish to mingle," said the King, mildly, "unless in so far as you will admit me to have an interest. As yet you have known me but as the Black Knight of the Fetterlock—Know me now as Richard Plantagenet."

"Richard of Anjou!" exclaimed Cedric, stepping backward with the utmost astonishment.

"No, noble Cedric—Richard of England!—whose deepest interest—whose deepest wish, is to see her sons united with each other.—And, how now, worthy Thane! hast thou no knee for thy prince?"

"To Norman blood," said Cedric, "it hath never bended."

"Reserve thine homage then" said the Monarch.

"until I shall prove my right to it by my equal protection of Normans and English."

"Prince," answered Cedric, "I have ever done justice to thy bravery and thy worth—Nor am I ignorant of thy claim to the crown through thy descent from Matilda, niece to Edgar Atheling, and daughter to Malcolm of Scotland. But Matilda, though of the royal Saxon blood, was not the heir to the monarchy."

"I will not dispute my title with thee, noble Thane," said Richard, calmly; "but I will bid thee look around thee, and see where thou wilt find another to be put into the scale against it."

"And hast thou wandered hither, Prince, to tell me so?" said Cedric—"To upbraid me with the ruin of my race, ere the grave has closed o'er the last scion of Saxon royalty?"—His countenance darkened as he spoke.—"It was boldly—it was rashly done!"

"Not so, by the holy rood!" replied the King; "it was done in the frank confidence which one brave man may repose in another, without a shadow of danger."

"Thou sayest well, Sir King—for King I own thou art, and wilt be, despite of my feeble opposition.—I dare not take the only mode to prevent it, though thou hast placed the strong temptation within my reach!"

"And now to my boon," said the King, "which I ask not with one jot the less confidence, that thou hast refused to acknowledge my lawful sovereignty. I require of thee, as a man of thy word, on pain of being held faithless, man-sworn, and *nidering*,* to forgive and receive to thy paternal affection the good knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe. In this reconciliation thou wilt own I have an interest—the happiness of my friend, and the quelling of dissension among my faithful people."

"And this is Wilfred!" said Cedric, pointing to his son.

"My father!—my father!" said Ivanhoe, prostrating himself at Cedric's feet, "grant me thy forgiveness!"

"Thou hast it, my son," said Cedric, raising him up. "The son of Hereward knows how to keep his word, even when it has been passed to a Norman. But let me see thee use the dress and costume of thy English ancestry—no short cloaks, no gay bonnets, no fantastic plumage in my decent household. He that would be the son of Cedric, must show himself of English ancestry.—Thou art about to speak," he added, sternly, "and I guess the topic. The Lady Rowena must complete two years' mourning, as for a betrothed husband—all our Saxon ancestors would disown us were we to treat of a new union for her ere the grave of him she should have wedded—him, so much the most worthy of her hand by birth and ancestry—is yet closed. The ghost of Athelstane himself would burst his bloody cerements, and stand before us to forbid such dishonour to his memory."

It seemed as if Cedric's words had raised a spectre; for, scarce had he uttered them ere the door flew open, and Athelstane, arrayed in the garments of the grave, stood before them, pale, haggard, and like something arisen from the dead!†

The effect of this apparition on the persons present was utterly appalling. Cedric started back as far as the wall of the apartment would permit, and, leaning against it as one unable to support himself, gazed on the figure of his friend with eyes that seemed fixed, and a mouth which he appeared incapable of shutting. Ivanhoe crossed himself, repeating prayers in Saxon, Latin, or Norman-French, as they occurred to his memory, while Richard alternately said *Benedicite*, and swore, *Mort de ma vie!*

In the mean time, a horrible noise was heard below stairs, some crying, "Secure the treacherous monks!"—others "Down with them into the dungeon!"—others, "Pitch them from the highest battlements!"

"In the name of God!" said Cedric, addressing what seemed the spectre of his departed friend, "if thou art mortal, speak!—if a departed spirit, say for what cause thou dost revisit us, or if I can do aught that can set thy spirit at repose.—Living or dead, noble Athelstane, speak to Cedric!"

"I will," said the spectre, very composedly, "when I have collected breath, and when you give me time—Alive, saidst thou? I am as much alive as he can be who has fed on bred and water for three days, which seem three ages—Yes, bread and water, Father Cedric! By Heaven and all saints in it, better food hath not passed my weasand for three livelong days, and by God's providence it is that I am now here to tell it."

"Why, noble Athelstane," said the Black Knight, "I myself saw you struck down by the fierce Templar towards the end of the storm at Torquilstone, and as I thought, and Wamba reported, your skull was cloven through the teeth."

"You thought amiss, Sir Knight," said Athelstane, "and Wamba lied. My teeth are in good order, and that my supper shall presently find—No thanks to the Templar though, whose sword turned in his hand, so that the blade struck me flatlings, being averted by the handle of the good mace with which I warded the blow; had my steel-cap been on, I had not valued it a rush, and had dealt him such a counter-buff as would have spoilt his retreat. But as it was, down I went, stunned, indeed, but unwounded. Others, of both sides, were beaten down and slaughtered above me, so that I never recovered my senses until I found myself in a coffin (an open one, by good luck), placed before the altar of the church of Saint Edmund's. I sneezed repeatedly—groaned—awakened, and would have arisen, when the Sacristan and Abbot, full of terror came running at the noise, surprised, doubtless, and no way pleased to find the man alive, whose heirs they had proposed themselves to be. I asked for wine—they gave me some, but it must have been highly medicated, for I slept yet more deeply than before, and wakened not for many hours. I found my arms swathed down—my feet tied so fast that mine ankles ache at the very remembrance—the place was utterly dark—the oubliette, as I suppose, of their accursed convent, and from the close, stifled damp smell, I conceive it is also used for a place of sepulture. I had strange thoughts of what had befallen me, when the door of my dungeon creaked, and two villain monks entered. They would have persuaded me I was in purgatory, but I knew too well the pursy short-breathed voice of the Father Abbot.—Saint Jeremy! how different from that tone with which he used to ask me for another slice of the haunch!—the dog has feasted with me from Christmas to Twelfth-night."

"Have patience, noble Athelstane," said the King, "take breath—tell your story at leisure—beshrew me but such a tale is as well worth listening to as a romance."

"Ay but, by the rood of Bromeholm, there was no romance in the matter!" said Athelstane.—"A barley loaf and a pitcher of water—that *they* gave me, the niggardly traitors, whom my father, and I myself, had enriched, when their best resources were the flitches of bacon and measures of corn, out of which they wheedled poor serfs and bondsmen, in exchange for their prayers—the nest of foul ungrateful vipers—barley bread and ditch water to such a patron as I had been! I will smoke them out of their nest, though I be excommunicated!"

"But, in the name of Our Lady, noble Athelstane," said Cedric, grasping the hand of his friend, "how didst thou escape this imminent danger?—did their hearts relent?"

"Did their hearts relent!" echoed Athelstane—"Do rocks melt with the sun? I should have been there still, had not some stir in the Convent, which I find was their procession hitherward to eat my funeral feast, when they well knew how and where I had been buried alive, summoned the swarm out of their hive. I heard them droning out their death-psalms, little judging they were sung in respect for my soul by those who were thus famishing my body. They went, however, and I waited long for food—no wonder—the gouty Sacristan was even too busy with his own pro-

infamous.

† The resuscitation of Athelstane has been much criticised, as too violent a breach of probability, even for a work of such fantastic character. It was a *tour-de-force*, to which the author was compelled to have recourse, by the vehement entreaties of his friend and printer, who was inconsolable on the Saxon being conveyed to the tomb.

under to mind mine. At length down he came, with an unstable step and a strong flavour of wine and spices about his person. Good cheer had opened his heart, for he left me a nook of pasty and a flask of wine, instead of my former fare. I ate, drank, and was invigorated; when, to add to my good luck, the Sacristan, too totty to discharge his duty of turnkey fitly, locked the door beside the staple, so that it fell ajar. The light, the food, the wine, set my invention to work. The staple to which my chains were fixed, was more rusted than I or the villain Abbot had supposed. Even iron could not remain without consuming in the damps of that infernal dungeon."

"Take breath, noble Athelstane," said Richard, "and partake of some refreshment, ere you proceed with a tale so dreadful."

"Partake!" quoth Athelstane; "I have been partaking five times to-day—and yet a morsel of that savoury ham were not altogether foreign to the matter; and I pray you, fair sir, to do me reason in a cup of wine."

The guests, though still agape with astonishment, pledged their resuscitated landlord, who thus proceeded in his story:—He had indeed now many more auditors than those to whom it was commenced, for Edith, having given certain necessary orders for arranging matters within the Castle, had followed the dead alive up to the stranger's apartment, attended by as many of the guests, male and female, as could squeeze into the small room, while others, crowding the staircase, caught up an erroneous edition of the story, and transmitted it still more inaccurately to those beneath, who again sent it forth to the vulgar without, in a fashion totally irreconcilable to the real fact. Athelstane, however, went on as follows, with the history of his escape:—

"Finding myself freed from the staple, I dragged myself up stairs as well as a man loaded with shackles, and emaciated with fasting, might; and after much groping about, I was at length directed, by the sound of a jolly roundelay, to the apartment where the worthy Sacristan, an it so please ye, was holding a devil's mass with a huge beetle-browed, broad-shouldered brother of the gray-frock and cowl, who looked much more like a thief than a clergyman. I burst in upon them, and the fashion of my grave-clothes, as well as the clanking of my chains, made me more resemble an inhabitant of the other world than of this. Both stood aghast; but when I knocked down the Sacristan with my fist, the other fellow, his pot-companion, fetched a blow at me with a huge quarter-staff."

"This must be our Friar Tuck, for a count's ransom," said Richard, looking at Ivanhoe.

"He may be the devil, an he will," said Athelstane. "Fortunately he missed the aim; and on my approaching to grapple with him, took to his heels and ran for it. I failed not to set my own heels at liberty by means of the fetter-key, which hung amongst others at the sexton's belt; and I had thoughts of beating out the knave's brains with a bunch of keys, but gratitude for the nook of pasty and the flask of wine which the rascal had imparted to my captivity, came over my heart; so, with a brace of hearty kicks, I left him on the floor, pouched some baked meat, and a leathern bottle of wine, with which the two venerable brethren had been regaling, went to the stable, and found in a private stall, mine own best palfrey, which, doubtless, had been set apart for the holy Father Abbot's particular use. Hither I came with all the speed the beast could compass—man and mother's son flying before me wherever I came, taking me for a spectre, the more especially as, to prevent my being recognised, I drew the corpse-hood over my face. I had not gained admittance into my castle, had I not been supposed to be the attendant of a juggler who is making the people in the castle-yard very merry, considering they are assembled to celebrate their lord's funeral—I say the sewer thought I was dressed to bear a part in the tregetour's mummery, and so I got admission, and did but disclose myself to my mother, and eat a hasty morsel, ere I came in quest of you, my noble friend."

"And you have found me," said Cedric, "ready to resume our brave projects of honour and liberty. I tell thee, never will dawn a morrow so auspicious as the next, for the deliverance of the noble Saxon race."

"Talk not to me of delivering any one," said Athelstane; "it is well I am delivered myself. I am more intent on punishing that villain Abbot. He shall hang on the top of this castle of Coningsburgh, in his cope and stole; and if the stairs be too strait to admit his fat carcass, I will have him craned up from without."

"But, my son," said Edith, "consider his sacred office."

"Consider my three days' fast," replied Athelstane, "I will have their blood every one of them. Front-de-Bœuf was burnt alive for a less matter, for he kept a good table for his prisoners, only put too much garlic in his last dish of pottage. But these hypocritical, ungrateful slaves, so often the self-invited flatterers at my board, who gave me neither pottage nor garlic, more or less, they die, by the soul of Hengist!"

"But the Pope, my noble friend,"—said Cedric——

"But the devil, my noble friend,"—answered Athelstane; "they die, and no more of them. Were they the best monks upon earth, the world would go on without them."

"For shame, noble Athelstane," said Cedric; "forget such wretches in the career of glory which lies open before thee. Tell this Norman prince, Richard of Anjou, that, lion-hearted as he is, he shall not hold undisputed the throne of Alfred, while a male descendant of the Holy Confessor lives to dispute it."

"How!" said Athelstane, "is this the noble King Richard?"

"It is Richard Plantagenet himself," said Cedric; "yet I need not remind thee that, coming hither a guest of free-will, he may neither be injured nor detained prisoner—thou well knowest thy duty to him as his host."

"Ay, by my faith!" said Athelstane; "and my duty as a subject besides, for I here tender him my allegiance, heart and hand."

"My son," said Edith, "think on thy royal rights!"

"Think on the freedom of England, degenerate Prince!" said Cedric.

"Mother and friend," said Athelstane, "a truce to your upbraidings—bread and water and a dungeon are marvellous mortifiers of ambition, and I rise from the tomb a wiser man than I descended into it. One half of those vain follies were puffed into mine ear by that perfidious Abbot Wolfram, and you may now judge if he is a counsellor to be trusted. Since these plots were set in agitation, I have had nothing but hurried journeys, indigestions, blows and bruises, imprisonments and starvation; besides that they can only end in the murder of some thousands of quiet folk. I tell you, I will be king in my own domains, and nowhere else; and my first act of dominion shall be to hang the Abbot."

"And my ward Rowena," said Cedric—"I trust you intend not to desert her?"

"Father Cedric," said Athelstane, "be reasonable. The Lady Rowena cares not for me—she loves the little finger of my kinsman Wilfred's glove better than my whole person. There she stands to avouch it—Nay, blush not, kinswoman, there is no shame in loving a courtly knight better than a country franklin—and do not laugh neither, Rowena, for grave-clothes and a thin visage are, God knows, no matter of merriment—Nay, an thou wilt needs laugh, I will find thee a better jest—Give me thy hand, or rather lend it me, for I but ask it in the way of friendship.—Here, cousin Wilfred of Ivanhoe, in thy favour I renounce and abjure——Hey! by Saint Dunstan, our cousin Wilfred hath vanished!—Yet, unless my eyes are still dazzled with the fasting I have undergone, I saw him stand there but even now."

All now looked around and inquired for Ivanhoe, but he had vanished. It was at length discovered that a Jew had been to seek him; and that, after very brief conference, he had called for Gurth and his armour, and had left the castle.

"Fair cousin," said Athelstane to Rowena, "could I think that this sudden disappearance of Ivanhoe

was occasioned by other than the weightiest reason, I would myself resume"——

But he had no sooner let go her hand, on first observing that Ivanhoe had disappeared, than Rowena, who had found her situation extremely embarrassing, had taken the first opportunity to escape from the apartment.

"Certainly," quoth Athelstane, "women are the least to be trusted of all animals, monks and abbots excepted. I am an infidel, if I expected not thanks from her, and perhaps a kiss to boot. These cursed grave-clothes have surely a spell on them, every one flies from me. To you I turn, noble King Richard, with the vows of allegiance, which, as a liege-subject"——

But King Richard was gone also, and no one knew whither. At length it was learned that he had hastened to the court-yard, summoned to his presence the Jew who had spoken with Ivanhoe, and after a moment's speech with him, had called vehemently to horse, thrown himself upon a steed, compelled the Jew to mount another, and set off at a rate, which, according to Wamba, rendered the old Jew's neck not worth a penny's purchase.

"By my halidome!" said Athelstane, "it is certain that Zernebock hath possessed himself of my castle in my absence. I return in my grave-clothes, a pledge restored from the very sepulchre, and every one I speak to vanishes as soon as they hear my voice!—But it skills not talking of it. Come, my friends—such of you as are left, follow me to the banquet-hall, lest any more of us disappear—it is, I trust, as yet tolerably furnished, as becomes the obsequies of an ancient Saxon noble; and should we tarry any longer, who knows but the devil may fly off with the supper?"

CHAPTER XLIII.

Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant!

Richard II.

OUR scene now returns to the exterior of the Castle, or Preceptory, of Templestowe, about the hour when the bloody die was to be cast for the life or death of Rebecca. It was a scene of bustle and life, as if the whole vicinity had poured forth its inhabitants to a village wake, or rural feast. But the earnest desire to look on blood and death, is not peculiar to those dark ages; though in the gladiatorial exercise of single combat and general tourney, they were habituated to the bloody spectacle of brave men falling by each other's hands. Even in our own days, when morals are better understood, an execution, a bruising match, a riot, or a meeting of radical reformers, collects, at considerable hazard to themselves, immense crowds of spectators, otherwise little interested, except to see how matters are to be conducted, or whether the heroes of the day are, in the heroic language of insurgent tailors, flints or dunghills.

The eyes, therefore, of a very considerable multitude, were bent on the gate of the Preceptory of Templestowe, with the purpose of witnessing the procession; while still greater numbers had already surrounded the tilt-yard belonging to that establishment. This enclosure was formed on a piece of level ground adjoining to the Preceptory, which had been levelled with care, for the exercise of military and chivalrous sports. It occupied the brow of a soft and gentle eminence, was carefully palisaded around, and, as the Templars willingly invited spectators to be witnesses of their skill in feats of chivalry, was amply supplied with galleries and benches for their use.

On the present occasion, a throne was erected for the Grand Master at the east end, surrounded with seats of distinction for the Preceptors and Knights of the Order. Over these floated the sacred standard, called *Le Beau-seant*, which was the ensign, as its name was the battle-cry, of the Templars.

At the opposite end of the lists was a pile of faggots, so arranged around a stake, deeply fixed in the ground, as to leave a space for the victim whom they were destined to consume, to enter within the fatal circle in order to be chained to the stake by the fetters which hung ready for that purpose. Beside this deadly apparatus stood four black slaves, whose colour and African features, then so little known in England, appalled the multitude, who gazed on them as on demons employed about their own diabolical exercises. These men stirred not, excepting now and then, under the direction of one who seemed their chief, to shift and replace the ready fuel. They looked not on the multitude. In fact, they seemed insensible of their presence, and of every thing save the discharge of their own horrible duty. And when in speech with each other, they expanded their blubber lips, and showed their white fangs, as if they grinned at the thoughts of the expected tragedy, the startled commons could scarcely help believing that they were actually the familiar spirits with whom the witch had communed, and who, her time being out, stood ready to assist in her dreadful punishment. They whispered to each other, and communicated all the feats which Satan had performed during that busy and unhappy period, not failing, of course, to give the devil rather more than his due.

"Have you not heard, Father Dennet," quoth one boor to another advanced in years, "that the devil has carried away bodily the great Saxon Thane, Athelstane of Coningsburgh?"

"Ay, but he brought him back though, by the blessing of God and Saint Dunstan."

"How's that?" said a brisk young fellow, dressed in a green cassock embroidered with gold, and having at his heels a stout lad bearing a harp upon his back, which betrayed his vocation. The minstrel seemed of no vulgar rank; for, besides the splendour of his gayly broidered doublet, he wore around his neck a silver chain, by which hung the *wrest*, or key, with which he tuned his harp. On his right arm was a silver plate, which, instead of bearing, as usual, the cognizance or badge of the baron to whose family he belonged, had barely the word SHERWOOD engraved upon it.—"How mean you by that?" said the gay Minstrel, mingling in the conversation of the peasants; "I came to seek one subject for my rhyme, and, by'r Lady, I were glad to find two."

"It is well avouched," said the elder peasant, "that after Athelstane of Coningsburgh had been dead four weeks"——

"That is impossible," said the Minstrel; "I saw him in life at the Passage of Arms at Ashby-de-la-Zouche."

"Dead, however, he was, or else translated," said the younger peasant; "for I heard the Monks of Saint Edmund's singing the death's hymn for him; and, moreover, there was a rich death-meal and dole at the Castle of Coningsburgh, as right was; and thither had I gone, but for Mabel Parkins, who"——

"Ay, dead was Athelstane," said the old man, shaking his head, "and the more pity it was, for the old Saxon blood"——

"But, your story, my masters—your story," said the Minstrel, somewhat impatiently.

"Ay, ay—construe us the story," said a burly Friar, who stood beside them, leaning on a pole that exhibited an appearance between a pilgrim's staff and a quarter-staff, and probably acted as either when occasion served. "Your story," said the stalwart churchman; "burn not daylight about it—we have short time to spare."——

"An please your reverence," said Dennet, "a drunken priest came to visit the Sacristan at Saint Edmund's"——

"It does not please my reverence," answered the churchman, "that there should be such an animal as a drunken priest, or, if there were, that a layman should so speak him. Be mannerly, my friend, and conclude the holy man only wrapt in meditation, which makes the head dizzy and foot unsteady, as if the stomach were filled with new wine—I have felt it myself."

"Well, then," answered Father Dennet, "a holy brother came to visit the Sacristan at Saint Edmund's—a sort of hedge-priest is the visiter, and kills half the deer that are stolen in the forest, who loves the tinkling of a pint-pot better than the sacring-bell, and deems a flitch of bacon worth ten of his breviary;

the rest, a good fellow and a merry, who will ish a quarter-staff, draw a bow, and dance a shire round, with e'er a man in Yorkshire."

That last part of thy speech, Dennet," said the strel, "has saved thee a rib or twain."

Tush, man, I fear him not," said Dennet; "I am ewhat old and stiff, but when I fought for the and ram at Doncaster"——

But the story—the story, my friend," again said Minstrel.

Why, the tale is but this—Athelstane of Conings- gh was buried at Saint Edmund's."

That's a lie, and a loud one," said the Friar, "for w him borne to his own Castle of Coningsburgh."

Nay, then, e'en tell the story yourself, my mas- " said Dennet, turning sulky at these repeated traditions; and it was with some difficulty that boor could be prevailed on, by the request of his rade and the minstrel, to renew his tale.—"These sober friars," said he at length, "since this reve- l man will needs have them such, had continued king good ale, and wine, and what not, for the part of a summer's day, when they were aroused deep groan, and a clanking of chains, and the re of the deceased Athelstane entered the apart- it, saying, 'Ye evil shepherds!'"——

It is false," said the Friar, hastily, "he never te a word."

So ho! Friar Tuck," said the Minstrel, drawing apart from the rustics; "we have started a new , I find."

I tell thee, Allan-a-Dale," said the Hermit, "I ' Athelstane of Coningsburgh as much as bodily s ever saw a living man. He had his shroud on, l all about him smelt of the sepulchre—A butt of k will not wash it out of my memory."

Pshaw!" answered the Minstrel; "thou dost but with me?"

Never believe me," said the Friar, "an I fetched a knock at him with my quarter-staff that would e felled an ox, and it glided through his body as it ht through a pillar of smoke!"

By Saint Hubert," said the Minstrel, "but it is a idrous tale, and fit to be put in metre to the an- t tune, 'Sorrow came to the old Friar.'"

Laugh, if ye list," said Friar Tuck; "but an ye h me singing on such a theme, may the next t or devil carry me off with him headlong! No, I instantly formed the purpose of assisting at e good work, such as the burning of a witch, a ial combat, or the like matter of godly service, therefore am I here."

they thus conversed, the heavy bell of the church aint Michael of Templestowe, a venerable build- situated in a hamlet at some distance from the eptory, broke short their argument. One by one ullen sounds fell successively on the ear, leaving sufficient space for each to die away in distant ere the air was again filled by repetition of the knell. These sounds, the signal of the approach- eremony, chilled with awe the hearts of the as- led multitude, whose eyes were now turned to Preceptory, expecting the approach of the Grand er, the champion, and the criminal.

length the drawbridge fell, the gates opened, and ght, bearing the great standard of the Order, sal- from the castle, preceded by six trumpets, and wed by the Knights Preceptors, two and two, the d Master coming last, mounted on a stately , whose furniture was of the simplest kind. Be- him came Brian-de-Bois-Guilbert, armed cap-a- bright armour, but without his lance, shield, and d, which were borne by his two esquires behind His face, though partly hidden by a long plume h floated down from his barret-cap, bore a strong mingled expression of passion, in which pride ed to contend with irresolution. He looked tly pale, as if he had not slept for several nights, ained his pawing war-horse with the habitual and grace proper to the best lance of the Order e Temple. His general appearance was grand commanding; but, looking at him with atten- men read that in his dark features, from which willingly withdrew their eyes.

On either side rode Conrade of Mont-Fitchet, and Albert de Malvoisin, who acted as godfathers to the champion. They were in their robes of peace, the white dress of the Order. Behind them followed other Companions of the Temple, with a long train of esquires and pages clad in black, aspirants to the honour of being one day Knights of the Order. After these neophytes came a guard of warders on foot, in the same sable livery, amidst whose partisans might be seen the pale form of the accused, moving with a slow but undismayed step towards the scene of her fate. She was stript of all her ornaments, lest perchance there should be among them some of those amulets which Satan was supposed to bestow upon his victims, to deprive them of the power of confession even when under the torture. A coarse white dress, of the simplest form, had been substituted for her Oriental garments; yet there was such an exquisite mixture of courage and resignation in her look, that even in this garb, and with no other ornament than her long black tresses, each eye wept that looked upon her, and the most hardened bigot regretted the fate that had converted a creature so goodly into a vessel of wrath, and a waged slave of the devil.

A crowd of inferior personages belonging to the Preceptory followed the victim, all moving with the utmost order, with arms folded, and looks bent upon the ground.

This slow procession moved up the gentle eminence, on the summit of which was the tiltyard, and, entering the lists, marched once around them from right to left, and when they had completed the circle, made a halt. There was then a momentary bustle, while the Grand Master and all his attendants, excepting the champion and his godfathers, dismounted from their horses, which were immediately removed out of the lists by the esquires, who were in attendance for that purpose.

The unfortunate Rebecca was conducted to the black chair placed near the pile. On her first glance at the terrible spot where preparations were making for a death alike dismaying to the mind and painful to the body, she was observed to shudder and shut her eyes, praying internally doubtless, for her lips moved though no speech was heard. In the space of a minute she opened her eyes, looked fixedly on the pile as if to familiarize her mind with the object, and then slowly and naturally turned away her head.

Meanwhile, the Grand Master had assumed his seat; and when the chivalry of his order was placed around and behind him, each in his due rank, a loud and long flourish of the trumpets announced that the Court were seated for judgment. Malvoisin, then, acting as godfather of the champion, stepped forward, and laid the glove of the Jewess, which was the pledge of battle, at the feet of the Grand Master.

"Valorous Lord, and reverend Father," said he, "here standeth the good Knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Knight Preceptor of the Order of the Temple, who, by accepting the pledge of battle which I now lay at your reverence's feet, hath become bound to do his devoir in combat this day, to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, hath justly deserved the doom passed upon her in a Chapter of this most Holy Order of the Temple of Zion, condemning her to die as a sorceress;—here, I say, he standeth, such battle to do, knightly and honourable, if such be your noble and sanctified pleasure."

"Hath he made oath," said the Grand Master, "that his quarrel is just and honourable? Bring forward the Crucifix and the *Te igitur*."

"Sir, and most reverend father," answered Malvoisin, readily, "our brother here present hath already sworn to the truth of his accusation in the hand of the good Knight Conrade de Mont-Fitchet; and otherwise he ought not to be sworn, seeing that his adversary is an unbeliever, and may take no oath."

This explanation was satisfactory, to Albert's great joy; for the wily knight had foreseen the great difficulty, or rather impossibility, of prevailing upon Brian de Bois-Guilbert to take such an oath before the assembly, and had invented this excuse to escape the necessity of his doing so.

The Grand Master, having allowed the apology of Albert Malvoisin, commanded the herald to stand forth and do his devoir. The trumpets then again flourished, and a herald, stepping forward, proclaimed aloud,—"Oyez, oyez, oyez.—Here standeth the good Knight, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, ready to do battle with any knight of free blood, who will sustain the quarrel allowed and allotted to the Jewess Rebecca, to try by champion, in respect of lawful essoine of her own body; and to such champion the reverend and valorous Grand Master here present allows a fair field, and equal partition of sun and wind, and whatever else appertains to a fair combat." The trumpets again sounded, and there was a dead pause of many minutes.

"No champion appears for the appellant," said the Grand Master. "Go, herald, and ask her whether she expects any one to do battle for her in this her cause." The herald went to the chair in which Rebecca was seated, and Bois-Guilbert suddenly turning his horse's head toward that end of the lists, in spite of hints on either side from Malvoisin and Mont-Fitchet, was by the side of Rebecca's chair as soon as the herald.

"Is this regular, and according to the law of combat?" said Malvoisin, looking to the Grand Master.

"Albert de Malvoisin, it is," answered Beaumanoir; "for in this appeal to the judgment of God, we may not prohibit parties from having that communication with each other, which may best tend to bring forth the truth of the quarrel."

In the mean time, the herald spoke to Rebecca in these terms:—"Damsel, the Honourable and Reverend the Grand Master demands of thee, if thou art prepared with a champion to do battle this day in thy behalf, or if thou dost yield thee as one justly condemned to a deserved doom?"

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence, and do not yield me as justly condemned, lest I become guilty of mine own blood. Say to him, that I challenge such delay as his forms will permit, to see if God, whose opportunity is in man's extremity, will raise me up a deliverer; and when such uttermost space is passed, may His holy will be done!" The herald retired to carry this answer to the Grand Master.

"God forbid," said Lucas Beaumanoir, "that Jew or Pagan should impeach us of injustice!—Until the shadows be cast from the west to the eastward, will we wait to see if a champion shall appear for this unfortunate woman. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

The herald communicated the words of the Grand Master to Rebecca, who bowed her head submissively, folded her arms, and, looking up towards heaven, seemed to expect that aid from above which she could scarce promise herself from man. During this awful pause, the voice of Bois-Guilbert broke upon her ear—it was but a whisper, yet it startled her more than the summons of the herald had appeared to do.

"Rebecca," said the Templar, "dost thou hear me?"

"I have no portion in thee, cruel, hard-hearted man," said the unfortunate maiden.

"Ay, but dost thou understand my words?" said the Templar; "for the sound of my voice is frightful in mine own ears. I scarce know on what ground we stand, or for what purpose they have brought us hither.—This listed space—that chair—these faggots—I know their purpose, and yet it appears to me like something unreal—the fearful picture of a vision, which appals my sense with hideous fantasies, but convinces not my reason."

"My mind and senses keep touch and time," answered Rebecca, "and tell me alike that these faggots are destined to consume my earthly body, and open a painful but a brief passage to a better world."

"Dreams, Rebecca,—dreams," answered the Templar; "idle visions, rejected by the wisdom of your own wiser Sadducees. Hear me, Rebecca," he said, proceeding with animation; "a better chance hast thou for life and liberty than yonder knaves and dotard dream of. Mount thee behind me on my steed—*on Zamor*, the gallant horse that never failed his
rider. I won him in single fight from the
Trebizond—mount, I say, behind me—in
hour is pursuit and inquiry far behind—a
of pleasure opens to thee—to me a new care
Let them speak the doom which I despise
the name of Bois-Guilbert from their list
tie slaves! I will wash out with blood wh
they may dare to cast on my scutcheon."

"Tempter," said Rebecca, "begone!—I
last extremity canst thou move me one hai
from my resting place—surrounded as I a
I hold thee as my worst and most deadl
avoid thee, in the name of God!"

Albert Malvoisin, alarmed and impati
duration of their conference, now advance
rupt it.

"Hath the maiden acknowledged her g
demanded of Bois-Guilbert; "or is she r
her denial?"

"She is indeed *resolute*," said Bois-Guilb

"Then," said Malvoisin, "must thou, nob
resume thy place to attend the issue—The
changing on the circle of the dial—Come, b
Guilbert—come, thou hope of our holy Order
to be its head."

As he spoke in this soothing tone, he laid
on the knight's bridle, as if to lead him b
station.

"False villain! what meanest thou by th
my rein?" said Sir Brian, angrily. And s
his companion's grasp, he rode back to the
of the lists.

"There is yet spirit in him," said Malvois
Mont-Fitchet, "were it well directed—bu
Greek fire, it burns whatever approaches it

The Judges had now been two hours in
awaiting in vain the appearance of a cham

"And reason good," said Friar Tuck, "
is a Jewess—and yet, by mine Order, it is
so young and beautiful a creature should peri
one blow being struck in her behalf! We
times a witch, provided she were but the le
Christian, my quarter-staff should ring no
steel cap of yonder fierce Templar, ere he c
matter off thus."

It was, however, the general belief that no
or would appear for a Jewess, accused o
and the knights, instigated by Malvoisin,
to each other, that it was time to declare t
of Rebecca forfeited. At this instant a knig
his horse to speed, appeared on the plain
towards the lists. A hundred voices excl
champion! a champion!" And despite th
sessions and prejudices of the multitude, the
unanimously as the knight rode into the tilty
second glance, however, served to destroy
that his timely arrival had excited. His ho
for many miles to its utmost speed, appear
from fatigue, and the rider, however undau
presented himself in the lists, either from w
weariness, or both, seemed scarce able to
himself in the saddle.

To the summons of the herald, who dem
rank, his name, and purpose, the strang
answered readily and boldly, "I am a go
and noble, come hither to sustain with
sword the just and lawful quarrel of this d
becca, daughter of Isaac of York; to t
doom pronounced against her to be false
less, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois-Guil
traitor, murderer, and liar; as I will prove i
with my body against his by the aid of G
Lady, and of Monseigneur Saint George,
knight."

"The stranger must first show," said
"that he is good knight, and of honourab
The Temple sendeth not forth her champio
nameless men."

"My name," said the Knight, raising h
"is better known, my lineage more pure,
than thine own. I am Wilfred of Ivanhoe

"I will not fight with thee at present,
Templar, in a changed and hollow voice.
wounds healed, purvey thee a better horse,

will hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee oyish spirit of bravade."

Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "hast thou tten that twice dist thou fall before this lance? ember the lists of Acre—remember the Passage ms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the of Rotherwood, and the gage of your gold chain st my reliquary, that thou wouldst do battle with ed of Ivanhoe, and recover the honour thou lost! By that reliquary, and the holy relic it ins, I will proclaim thee, Templar, a coward in court in Europe—in every Preceptory of thine —unless thou do battle without farther delay."

s-Guilbert turned his countenance irresolutely rds Rebecca, and then exclaimed, looking ly at Ivanhoe, "Dog of a Saxon! take thy lance, prepare for the death thou hast drawn upon !"

oes the Grand Master allow me the combat?" Ivanhoe.

may not deny what thou hast challenged," said Grand Master, "provided the maiden accepts as her champion. Yet I would thou wert in r plight to do battle. An enemy of our Order hast ever been, yet would I have thee honourably met "

hus—thus as I am, and not otherwise," said hoe; "it is the judgment of God—to his keeping mend myself.—Rebecca," said he riding up e fatal chair, "dost thou accept of me for thy pion?"

do," she said—"I do," fluttered by an emotion h the fear of death had been unable to produce, o accept thee as the champion whom Heaven sent me. Yet, no—no—thy wounds are un- —Meet not that proud man—why shouldst thou also?"

t Ivanhoe was already at his post, and had d his visor, and assumed his lance. Bois-Guilbert e same; and his esquire remarked, as he clasped sor, that his face, which had, notwithstanding variety of emotions by which he had been ed, continued during the whole morning of an paleness, was now become suddenly very much d.

herald, then, seeing each champion in his uplifted his voice, repeating thrice—*Faites vos rs, preux chevaliers!* After the third cry, he rew to one side of the lists, and again pro- ed, that none, on peril of instant death, should by word, cry, or action, to interfere with or dis- this fair field of combat. The Grand Master, eld in his hand the gage of battle, Rebecca's now threw it into the lists, and pronounced the ignal words, *Laissez aller.*

trumpets sounded, and the knights charged other in full career. The wearied horse of oe, and its no less exhausted rider, went down, had expected, before the well-aimed lance and us steed of the Templar. This issue of the t all had foreseen; but although the spear of oe did but, in comparison, touch the shield of Guilbert, that champion, to the astonishment who beheld it, reeled in his saddle, lost his s, and fell in the lists.

nhoe, extricating himself from his fallen horse, oon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with word; but his antagonist arose not. Wilfred, g his foot on his breast, and the sword's point throat, commanded him to yield him, or die on ot. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

lay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand er, "unshriven and unabsolved—kill not body oul! We allow him vanquished."

descended into the lists, and commanded them helm the conquered champion. His eyes were —the dark red flush was still on his brow. As ooked on him in astonishment, the eyes opened they were fixed and glazed. The flush passed his brow, and gave way to the pallid hue of . Unscathed by the lance of his enemy, he had victim to the violence of his own contending ns.

his is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master, looking upwards—"*Fiat voluntas tua!*"

CHAPTER XLIV.

So now 'tis ended, like an old wife's story.

WEBSTER.

WHEN the first moments of surprise were over, Wilfred of Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master, as judge of the field, if he had manfully and rightfully done his duty in the combat?

"Manfully and rightfully hath it been done," said the Grand Master; "I pronounce the maiden free and guiltless.—The arms and the body of the deceased knight are at the will of the victor."

"I will not despoil him of his weapons," said the Knight of Ivanhoe, "nor condemn his corpse to shame—he hath fought for Christendom—God's arm, no human hand, hath this day struck him down. But let his obsequies be private, as becomes those of a man who died in an unjust quarrel.—And for the maiden"——

He was interrupted by a clattering of horses' feet, advancing in such numbers, and so rapidly, as to shake the ground before them; and the Black Knight galloped into the lists. He was followed by a numerous band of men-at-arms, and several knights in complete armour.

"I am too late," he said, looking around him. "I had doomed Bois-Guilbert for mine own property. —Ivanhoe, was this well, to take on thee such a venture, and thou scarce able to keep thy saddle?"

"Heaven, my Liege," answered Ivanhoe, "hath taken this proud man for its victim. He was not to be honoured in dying as your will had designed."

"Peace be with him," said Richard, looking steadfastly on the corpse, "if it may be so—he was a gallant knight, and has died in his steel harness full knightly. But we must waste no time—Bohun, do thine office!"

A knight stept forward from the King's attendants, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of Albert de Malvoisin, said, "I arrest thee of High Treason."

The Grand Master had hitherto stood astonished at the appearance of so many warriors.—He now spoke.

"Who dares to arrest a Knight of the Temple of Zion, within the girth of his own Preceptory, and in the presence of the Grand Master? by whose authority is this bold outrage offered?"

"I make the arrest," replied the Knight—"I, Henry Bohun, Earl of Essex, Lord High Constable of England."

"And he arrests Malvoisin," said the King, raising his visor, "by the order of Richard Plantagenet, here present.—Conrade Mont-Fitchet, it is well for thee thou art born no subject of mine.—But for thee, Malvoisin, thou diest with thy brother Philip, ere the world be a week older."

"I will resist thy doom," said the Grand Master.

"Proud Templar," said the King, "thou canst not—look up, and behold the Royal Standard of England floats over thy towers instead of thy Temple banner! —Be wise, Beaumanoir, and make no bootless opposition—Thy hand is in the lion's mouth."

"I will appeal to Rome against thee," said the Grand Master, "for usurpation on the immunities and privileges of our Order."

"Be it so," said the King; "but for thine own sake tax me not with usurpation now. Dissolve thy Chapter, and depart with thy followers to thy next Preceptory, (if thou canst find one,) which has not been made the scene of treasonable conspiracy against the King of England—Or, if thou wilt, remain, to share our hospitality, and behold our justice."

"To be a guest in the house where I should command?" said the Templar; "never!—Chaplains, raise the Psalm, *Quare fremuerunt Gentes?*—Knights, squires, and followers of the Holy Temple, prepare to follow the banner of *Beau-seant!*"

The Grand Master spoke with a dignity which confronted even that of England's king himself, and inspired courage into his surprised and dismayed followers. They gathered around him like the sheep

around the watch-dog, when they hear the baying of the wolf. But they evinced not the timidity of the scared flock—there were dark brows of defiance, and looks which menaced the hostility they dared not to proffer in words. They drew together in a dark line of spears, from which the white cloaks of the knights were visible among the dusky garments of their retainers, like the lighter coloured edges of a sable cloud. The multitude, who had raised a clamorous shout of reprobation, paused and gazed in silence on the formidable and experienced body to which they had unwarily bade defiance, and shrunk back from their front.

The Earl of Essex, when he beheld them pause in their assembled force, dashed the rowels into his charger's sides, and galloped backwards and forwards to array his followers, in opposition to a band so formidable. Richard alone, as if he loved the danger his presence had provoked, rode slowly along the front of the Templars, calling aloud, "What, sirs! Among so many gallant knights, will none dare splinter a spear with Richard?—Sirs of the Temple! your ladies are but sun-burned, if they are not worth the shiver of a broken lance?"

"The Brethren of the Temple," said the Grand Master, riding forward in advance of their body, "fight not on such idle and profane quarrel—and not with thee, Richard of England, shall a Templar cross lance in my presence. The Pope and Princes of Europe shall judge our quarrel, and whether a Christian prince has done well in buckling the cause which thou hast to-day adopted. If unassailed, we depart assailing no one. To thine honour we refer the armour and household goods of the Order which we leave behind us, and on thy conscience we lay the scandal and offence thou hast this day given to Christendom."

With these words, and without waiting a reply, the Grand Master gave the signal of departure. Their trumpets sounded a wild march, of an Oriental character, which formed the usual signal for the Templars to advance. They changed their array from a line to a column of march, and moved off as slowly as their horses could step, as if to show it was only the will of their Grand Master, and no fear of the opposing and superior force, which compelled them to withdraw.

"By the splendour of Our Lady's brow!" said King Richard, "it is pity of their lives, that these Templars are not so trusty as they are disciplined and valiant."

The multitude, like a timid cur which waits to bark till the object of its challenge has turned his back, raised a feeble shout as the rear of the squadron left the ground.

During the tumult which attended the retreat of the Templars, Rebecca saw and heard nothing—she was locked in the arms of her aged father, giddy, and almost senseless, with the rapid change of circumstances around her. But one word from Isaac at length recalled her scattered feelings.

"Let us go," he said, "my dear daughter, my recovered treasure—let us go to throw ourselves at the feet of the good youth."

"Not so," said Rebecca, "O no—no—no—I must not at this moment dare to speak to him—Alas! I should say more than——No, my father, let us instantly leave this evil place."

"But, my daughter," said Isaac, "to leave him who hath come forth like a strong man with his spear and shield, holding his life as nothing, so he might redeem thy captivity; and thou, too, the daughter of a people strange unto him and his—this is service to be thankfully acknowledged."

"It is—it is—most thankfully—most devoutly acknowledged," said Rebecca—"it shall be still more so—but not now—for the sake of thy beloved Rachel, father, grant my request—not now!"

"Nay, but," said Isaac, insisting, "they will deem us more thankless than mere dogs!"

"But thou seest, my dear father, that King Richard is in presence, and that"——

"True, my best—my wisest Rebecca!—Let us hence—let us hence!—Money he will lack, for he has just returned from Palestine, and, as they say, from prison—and pretext for exacting it, should any, may arise out of my simple traffic with ther John. Away, away, let us hence!"

And hurrying his daughter in his turn, he c her from the lists, and by means of conveyar he had provided, transported her safely to t of the Rabbi Nathan.

The Jewess, whose fortunes had formed t pal interest of the day, having now retired un the attention of the populace was transferr Black Knight. They now filled the air wit life to Richard with the Lion's Heart, and d the usurping Templars!"

"Notwithstanding all this lip-loyalty," said to the Earl of Essex, "it was well the King precaution to bring thee with him, noble Ea many of thy trusty followers."

The Earl smiled and shook his head.

"Gallant Ivanhoe," said Essex, "dost th our Master so well, and yet suspect him of wise a precaution! I was drawing towar having heard that Prince John was mak there, when I met King Richard, like a tru errant, galloping hither to achieve in his ow this adventure of the Templar and the Jew his own single arm. I accompanied him band, almost maugre his consent."

"And what news from York, brave Ea Ivanhoe; "will the rebels bide us there?"

"No more than December's snow will bi sun," said the Earl; "they are dispersing; should come posting to bring us the news, himself!"

"The traitor! the ungrateful insolent trait Ivanhoe; "did not Richard order him into ment?"

"O! he received him," answered the Ea they had met after a hunting party; and, po me and our men-at-arms, said, 'Thou seest, I have some angry men with me—thou wer to our mother, carry her my duteous affec abide with her until men's minds are pacifie

"And this was all he said?" inquired I "would not any one say that this Prince inv to treason by his clemency?"

"Just," replied the Earl, "as the man ma to invite death, who undertakes to fight a having a dangerous wound unhealed."

"I forgive thee the jest, Lord Earl," said I "but, remember, I hazarded but my own life— the welfare of his kingdom."

"Those," replied Essex, "who are speci less of their own welfare, are seldom remar tentive to that of others—But let us haste to tle, for Richard meditates punishing som subordinate members of the conspiracy, th has pardoned their principal."

From the judicial investigations which on this occasion, and which are given at leng Wardour Manuscript, it appears that Mauriced escaped beyond seas, and went into the se Philip of France; while Philip de Malvoisin, brother Albert, the Preceptor of Templestow executed, although Waldemar Fitzurse, the the conspiracy, escaped with banishment; an John, for whose behoof it was undertaken, even censured by his good-natured brother. however, pitied the fate of the two Malvois only suffered the death which they had both served, by many acts of falsehood, cruelty, pression.

Briefly after the judical combat, Cedric th was summoned to the court of Richard, w the purpose of quieting the counties that h disturbed by the ambition of his brother, w held at York. Cedric tushed and pshawed m once at the message—but he refused not ol In fact, the return of Richard had quench hope that he had entertained of restoring dynasty in England; for, whatever head the might have made in the event of a civil wa plain that nothing could be done under the un dominion of Richard, popular as he was by sonal good qualities and military fame, alth

tion was wilfully careless, now too indul-
.ow allied to despotism.
cover, it could not escape even Cedric's re-
servation, that his project for an absolute
ig the Saxons, by the marriage of Rowena
stane, was now completely at an end, by
dissent of both parties concerned. This
d, an event which, in his ardour for the
se, he could not have anticipated, and even
disinclination of both was broadly and
nifested, he could scarce bring himself to
t two Saxons of royal descent should scru-
sonal grounds, at an alliance so necessary
lic weal of the nation. But it was not the
: Rowena had always expressed her re-
o Athelstane, and now Athelstane was no
nd positive in proclaiming his resolution
ırsue his addresses to the Lady Rowena.
natural obstinacy of Cedric sunk beneath
cles, where he, remaining on the point of
ad the task of dragging a reluctant pair up
ith each hand. He made, however, a last
ttack on Athelstane, and he found that
l sprout of Saxon royalty engaged, like
ires of our own day, in a furious war with

that, after all his deadly menaces against
of Saint Edmund's, Athelstane's spirit of
hat between the natural indolent kindness
ı disposition, what through the prayers of
Edith, attached, like most ladies, (of the
he clerical order, had terminated in his
e Abbot and his monks in the dungeons of
rgh for three days on a meager diet. For
y the Abbot menaced him with excommu-
nd made out a dreadful list of complaints
els and stomach, suffered by himself and
in consequence of the tyrannical and un-
sonment they had sustained. With this
, and with the means he had adopted to
this clerical persecution, Cedric found the
s friend Athelstane so fully occupied, that
oom for another idea. And when Rowena's
mentioned, the noble Athelstane prayed
aff a full goblet to her health, and that she
ı be the bride of his kinsman Wilfred. It
erate case therefore. There was obviously
be made of Athelstane; or, as Wamba
t, in a phrase which has descended from
es to ours, he was a cock that would not

mained betwixt Cedric and the determina-
the lovers desired to come to, only two
his own obstinacy, and his dislike of the
nasty. The former feeling gradually gave
the endearments of his ward, and the
ı he could not help nourishing in the fame
. Besides, he was not insensible to the
llying his own line to that of Alfred, when
r claims of the descendant of Edward the
were abandoned for ever. Cedric's aver-
e Norman race of kings was also much
l,—first, by consideration of the impossi-
ding England of the new dynasty, a feeling
ı far to create loyalty in the subject to the
to; and, secondly, by the personal attention
chard, who delighted in the blunt humour
and, to use the language of the Wardour
t, so dealt with the noble Saxon, that, ere
n a guest at court for seven days, he had
onsent to the marriage of his ward Row-
s son Wilfred of Ivanhoe.
tials of our hero, thus formally approved by
were celebrated in the most august of tem-
oble Minster of York. The king himself
nd from the countenance which he af-
his and other occasions to the distressed
o degraded Saxons, gave them a safer and
in prospect of attaining their just rights,
could reasonably hope from the precarious
a civil war. The Church gave her full
, graced with all the splendour which she
knows how to apply with such brilliant

Gurth, gallantly apparelled, attended as esquire upon his young master whom he had served so faithfully, and the magnanimous Wamba, decorated with a new cap and a most gorgeous set of silver bells. Sharers of Wilfred's dangers and adversity, they remained, as they had a right to expect, the partakers of his most prosperous career.

But besides this domestic retinue, these distinguished nuptials were celebrated by the attendance of the high-born Normans, as well as Saxons, joined with the universal jubilee of the lower orders, that marked the marriage of two individuals as a pledge of the future peace and harmony betwixt two races, which, since that period, have been so completely mingled, that the distinction has become wholly invisible. Cedric lived to see this union approximate towards its completion; for as the two nations mixed in society and formed intermarriages with each other, the Normans abated their scorn, and the Saxons were refined from their rusticity. But it was not until the reign of Edward the Third that the mixed language, now termed English, was spoken at the court of London, and that the hostile distinction of Norman and Saxon seems entirely to have disappeared.

It was upon the second morning after this happy bridal, that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted by her handmaid Elgitha, that a damsel desired admission to her presence, and solicited that their parley might be without witness. Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and ended by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw.

She entered—a noble and commanding figure, the long white veil in which she was shrouded, overshadowing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her shape. Her demeanour was that of respect, unmingled by the least shade either of fear, or of a wish to propitiate favour. Rowena was ever ready to acknowledge the claims, and attend to the feelings of others. She arose, and would have conducted her lovely visiter to a seat; but the stranger looked at Elgitha, and again intimated a wish to discourse with the Lady Rowena alone. Elgitha had no sooner retired with unwilling steps, than, to the surprise of the Lady of Ivanhoe, her fair visitant kneeled on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and bending her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.

"What means this, lady?" said the surprised bride; "or why do you offer to me a deference so unusual?"

"Because to you, Lady of Ivanhoe," said Rebecca, rising up and resuming the usual quiet dignity of her manner, "I may lawfully, and without rebuke, pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I am—forgive the boldness which has offered to you the homage of my country—I am the unhappy Jewess, for whom your husband hazarded his life against such fearful odds in the tiltyard of Templestowe."

"Damsel," said Rowena, "Wilfred of Ivanhoe on that day rendered back but in slight measure your unceasing charity towards him in his wounds and misfortunes. Speak, is there aught remains in which he or I can serve thee?"

"Nothing," said Rebecca, calmly, "unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell."

"You leave England, then?" said Rowena, scarce recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.

"I leave it, lady, ere this moon again changes. My father hath a brother high in favour with Mohammed Boabdil, King of Grenada—thither we go, secure of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moslem exact from our people."

"And are you not then as well protected in England?" said Rowena. "My husband has favour with the King—the King himself is just and generous."

"Lady," said Rebecca, "I doubt it not—but the people of England are a fierce race, quarrelling ever with their neighbours or among themselves, and ready to plunge the sword into the bowels of each other. Such is no safe abode for the children of my people. Ephraim is a heartless dove—Issachar an over-laboured drudge, which stoops between two burdens.

Not in a land of war and blood, surrounded by hostile neighbours, and distracted by internal factions, can Israel hope to rest during her wanderings."

"But you, maiden," said Rowena—"you surely can have nothing to fear. She who nursed the sick-bed of Ivanhoe," she continued, rising with enthusiasm—"she can have nothing to fear in England, where Saxon and Norman will contend who shall most do her honour."

"Thy speech is fair, lady," said Rebecca, "and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gulf betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell—yet, ere I go, indulge me one request. The bridal-veil hangs over thy face; deign to raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly."

"They are scarce worthy of being looked upon," said Rowena; "but, expecting the same from my visitant, I remove the veil."

She took it off accordingly; and, partly from the consciousness of beauty, partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely, that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom, were suffused with crimson. Rebecca blushed also, but it was a momentary feeling; and, mastered by higher emotions, past slowly from her features like the crimson cloud, which changes colour when the sun sinks beneath the horizon.

"Lady," she said, "the countenance you have deigned to show me will long dwell in my remembrance. There reigns in it gentleness and goodness; and if a tinge of the world's pride or vanities may mix with an expression so lovely, how should we chide that which is of earth for bearing some colour of its original? Long, long will I remember your features, and bless God that I leave my noble deliverer united with"——

She stopped short—her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious inquiries of Rowena—"I am well, lady—well. But my heart swells when I think of Torquilstone and the lists of Templestowe.—Farewell. One, the most trifling part of my duty, remains undischarged. Accept this casket—startle not at its contents."

Rowena opened the small silver-chased casket, and perceived a carcanet or necklace, with ear-jewels, of diamonds, which were obviously of immense value.

"It is impossible," she said, tendering back the casket. "I dare not accept a gift of such consequence."

"Yet keep it, lady," returned Rebecca.—"You have power, rank, command, influence; we have wealth, the source both of our strength and weakness; the value of these toys, ten times multiplied, would not influence half so much as your slightest wish. To you, therefore, the gift is of little value,—and to me, what I part with is of much less. Let me not think you deem so wretchedly ill of my nation as your commons believe. Think ye that I prize these sparkling fragments of stone above my liberty? or that my father values them in comparison to the honour of his only child? Accept them, lady—to me they are valueless. I will never wear jewels more."

"You are then unhappy!" said Rowena, struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words. "O remain with us—the counsel of holy men will wean you from your erring law, and I will be a sister to you."

"No, lady," answered Rebecca, the same calm melancholy reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features—"that may not be. I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell, and unhappy, lady, I will not be. He, to whom I dedicate my future life, will be my comforter, if I do His will."

"Have you then convents, to one of which you mean to retire?" asked Rowena.

"No, lady," said the Jewess; "but among our people, since the time of Abraham downwards, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven, and their actions to works of kindness to men, tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy lord, should he chance to inquire after the fate of her whose life he saved."

There was an involuntary tremour on Rebecca's voice, and a tenderness of accent, which perhaps betrayed more than she would willingly have expressed. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.

"Farewell," she said. "May He, who made both Jew and Christian, shower down on you his choicest blessings! The bark that wafts us hence will be under weigh ere we can reach the port."

She glided from the apartment, leaving Rowena surprised as if a vision had passed before her. The fair Saxon related the singular conference to her husband, on whose mind it made a deep impression. He lived long and happily with Rowena, for they were attached to each other by the bonds of early affection, and they loved each other the more, from the recollection of the obstacles which had impeded their union. Yet it would be inquiring too curiously to ask, whether the recollection of Rebecca's beauty and magnanimity did not recur to his mind more frequently than the fair descendant of Alfred might altogether have approved.

Ivanhoe distinguished himself in the service of Richard, and was graced with farther marks of the royal favour. He might have risen still higher, but for the premature death of the heroic Cœur-de-Lion, before the Castle of Chaluz, near Limoges. With the life of a generous, but rash and romantic monarch, perished all the projects which his ambition and his generosity had formed; to whom may be applied, with a slight alteration, the lines composed by Johnson for Charles of Sweden—

> His fate was destined to a foreign strand,
> A petty fortress and an "humble" hand;
> He left the name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a TALE.

THE END OF IVANHOE.

THE MONASTERY.

INTRODUCTION TO THE MONASTERY.

...uld be difficult to assign any good reason why the au- Ivanhoe, after using, in that work, all the art he pos- to remove the personages, action, and manners of the a distance from his own country, should choose for the f his next attempt the celebrated ruins of Melrose, in mediate neighbourhood of his own residence. But the or caprice, which dictated his change of system, has escaped his recollection, nor is it worth while to attempt ig what must be a matter of very little consequence.

general plan of the story was, to conjoin two characters bustling and contentious age, who, thrown into situa- hich gave them different views on the subject of the Re- on, should, with the same sincerity and purity of inten- dicate themselves, the one to the support of the sinking of the Catholic Church, the other to the establishment Reformed doctrines. It was supposed that some inter- subjects for narrative might be derived from opposing ch enthusiasts to each other in the path of life, and con- g the real worth of both with their passions and preju-

The localities of Melrose suited well the scenery of the ed story; the ruins themselves form a splendid theatre tragic incident which might be brought forward: joined vicinity of the fine river, with all its tributary streams, g through a country which has been the scene of so much ighting, and is rich with so many recollections of former and lying almost under the immediate eye of the author, as they were to be used in composition.

situation possessed farther recommendations. On the n bank of the Tweed might be seen the remains of an- nclosures, surrounded by sycamores and ash-trees of erable size. These had once formed the crofts or arable l of a village, now reduced to a single hut, the abode of man, who also manages a ferry. The cottages, even the which once existed there, have sunk into vestiges hardly raced without visiting the spot, the inhabitants having lly withdrawn to the more prosperous town of Gala- which has risen into consideration, within two miles of ighbourhood. Superstitious eld, however, has tenanted erted groves with aerial beings, to supply the want of rtal tenants who have deserted it. The ruined and ned churchyard of Boldside has been long believed to ited by the Fairies, and the deep broad current of the , wheeling in moonlight round the foot of the steep with the number of trees originally planted for shelter the fields of the cottagers, but now presenting the effect tered and detached groves, fill up the idea which one form in imagination for a scene that Oberon and Queen ight love to revel in. There are evenings when the or might believe, with Father Chaucer, that the

> ——— "Queen of Faery,
> With harp, and pipe, and symphony,
> Were dwelling in the place."

her, and even a more familiar refuge of the elfin race, lition is to be trusted,) is the glen of the river, or rather named the Allen, which falls into the Tweed from the ard, about a quarter of a mile above the present bridge. streamlet finds its way behind Lord Sommerville's hunt- t, called the Pavilion, its valley has been popularly term- Fairy Dean, or rather the Nameless Dean, because of the d ill luck attached by the popular faith of ancient times, one who might name or allude to the race, whom our distinguished as the Good Neighbours, and the High- called Daoine Shie, or Men of Peace; rather by way diment, than on account of any particular idea of friend- pacific relation which either Highlander or Borderer ned towards the irritable beings whom they thus dis- ed, or supposed them to bear to humanity.*

dence of the actual operations of the fairy people even time, little pieces of calcareous matter are found in the er a flood, which either the labours of those tiny artists, ddies of the brook among the stones, have formed into a e resemblance of cups, saucers, basins, and the like, in hildren who gather them pretend to discern fairy utensils es these circumstances of romantic locality, and par- ed (as Captain Dalgetty denominates his territory of warked) are bounded by a small but deep lake, from yes that yet look on the light are said to have seen the ll ascend, and shake the hills with his roar.

d, the country around Melrose, if possessing less of ro- beauty than some other scenes in Scotland, is connected many associations of a fanciful nature, in which the ation takes delight, as might well induce one even less d to the spot than the author, to accommodate, after a manner, the imaginary scenes he was framing to the lo- to which he was partial. But it would be a misappre- to suppose, that, because Melrose may in general pass nquhair, or because it agrees with scenes of the Mon- n the circumstances of the drawbridge, the mill-dam, er points of resemblance, that therefore an accurate or local similitude is to be found in all the particulars of ure. It was not the purpose of the author to present a pe copied from nature, but a piece of composition, in real scene, with which he is familiar, had afforded him some leading outlines. Thus the resemblance of the im- aginary Glendearg with the real vale of the Allen, is far from being minute, nor did the author aim at identifying them. This must appear plain to all who know the actual character of the Glen of Allen, and have taken the trouble to read the account of the imaginary Glendearg. The stream in the latter case is described as wandering down a romantic little valley, shifting itself, after the fashion of such a brook, from one side to the other, as it can most easily find its passage, and touching nothing in its progress that gives token of cultivation. It rises near a solitary tower, the abode of a supposed church vassal, and the scene of several incidents in the Romance.

The real Allen, on the contrary, after traversing the roman- tic ravine called the Nameless Dean, thrown off from side to side alternately, like a billiard ball repelled by the sides of the table on which it has been played, and in that part of its course resembling the stream which pours down Glendearg, may be traced upwards into a more open country, where the banks re- treat further from each other and the vale exhibits a good deal of dry ground, which has not been neglected by the active cul- tivators of the district. It arrives, too, at a sort of termina- tion, striking in itself, but totally irreconcilable with the narra- tive of the Romance. Instead of a single peel-house, or border tower of defence, such as Dame Glendinning is supposed to have inhabited, the head of the Allen, about five miles above its junction with the Tweed, shows three ruins of Border houses, belonging to different proprietors, and each, from the desire of mutual support so natural to troublesome times, situated at the extremity of the property of which it is the principal messuage. One of those is the ruinous mansion-house of Hillslap, for- merly the property of the Cairncrosses, and now of Mr. Innes of Stow; a second, the tower of Colmslie, an ancient inheri- tance of the Borthwick family, as is testified by their crest, the Goat's Head, which exists on the ruin; a third, the house of Langshaw, also ruinous, but near which the proprietor, Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood and Mellerstain, has built a small shoot- ing box.

All these ruins, so strangely huddled together in a very soli- tary spot, have recollections and traditions of their own, but none of them bear the most distant resemblance to the de- scriptions in the Romance of the Monastery; and as the au- thor could hardly have erred so grossly regarding a spot within a morning's ride of his own house, the inference is, that no resemblance was intended. Hillslap is remembered by the humours of the last inhabitants, two or three elderly ladies, of the class of Miss Raynalds, in the Old Manor House, though less important by birth and fortune. Colmslie is commemora- ted in song:—

> Colmslie stands on Colmslie hill,
> The water it flows round Colmslie mill;
> The mill and the kiln gang bonnily,
> And it's up with the whippers of Colmslie.

Langshaw, although larger than the other mansions assem- bled at the head of the supposed Glendearg, has nothing about it more remarkable than the inscription of the present proprie- tor over his shooting lodge—*Utinam hanc etiam viris impleam amicis*; a modest wish, which I know no one more capable of attaining upon an extended scale, than the gentleman who has expressed it upon a limited one.

Having thus shown that I could say something of these de- solated towers, which the desire of social intercourse, or the facility of mutual defence, had drawn together at the head of this Glen, I need not add any further reason to show, that there is no resemblance between them and the solitary habitation of Dame Elspeth Glendinning. Beyond these dwellings are some remains of natural wood, and a considerable portion of morass and bog; but I would not advise any who may be curious in localities, to spend time in looking for the fountain and holly tree of the White Lady.

While I am on the subject I may add, that Captain Clutter buck, the imaginary editor of the Monastery, has no real pro totype in the village of Melrose or neighbourhood, that ever I saw or heard of. To give some individuality to this person age, he is described as a character which sometimes occurs in actual society—a person who, having spent his life within the necessary duties of a technical profession, from which he has been at length emancipated, finds himself without any occupa tion whatever, and is apt to become the prey of ennui, until he discerns some petty subject of investigation commensurate to his talents, the study of which gives him employment in so litude; while the conscious possession of information peculiar to himself, adds to his consequence in society. I have often observed, that the lighter and trivial branches of antiquarian study are singularly useful in relieving vacuity of such a kind, and have known them serve many a Captain Clutterbuck to re treat upon; I was therefore a good deal surprised, when I found the antiquarian Captain identified with a neighbour and friend of my own, who could never have been confounded with him by any one who had read the book, and seen the party alluded to. This erroneous identification occurs in a work entitled, "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being Notices and Anecdotes of real Characters, Scenes, and Incidents, supposed to be described in his works, by Robert Chambers." This work ... any one of the ...

* See Rob Ro[y]

must be, whatever may be the ingenuity of the author, which takes the task of explaining what can be only known to another person. Mistakes of place or inanimate things referred to, are of very little moment; but the ingenious author ought to have been more cautious of attaching real names to fictitious characters. I think it is in the Spectator we read of a rustic wag, who, in a copy of "The Whole Duty of Man," wrote opposite to every vice the name of some individual in the neighbourhood, and thus converted that excellent work into a libel on a whole parish.

The scenery being thus ready at the author's hand, the reminiscences of the country were equally favourable. In a land where the horses remained almost constantly saddled, and the sword seldom quitted the warrior's side—where war was the natural and constant state of the inhabitants, and peace only existed in the shape of brief and feverish truces—there could be no want of the means to complicate and extricate the incidents of his narrative at pleasure. There was a disadvantage, notwithstanding, in treading this Border district, for it had been already ransacked by the author himself, as well as others; and unless presented under a new light, was likely to afford ground to the objection of *Crambe bis cocta*.

To attain the indispensable quality of novelty, something, it was thought, might be gained by contrasting the character of the vassals of the church with those of the dependants of the lay barons, by whom they were surrounded. But much advantage could not be derived from this. There were, indeed, differences betwixt the two classes, but, like tribes in the mineral and vegetable world, which, resembling each other to common eyes, can be sufficiently well discriminated by naturalists, they were yet too similar, upon the whole, to be placed in marked contrast with each other.

Machinery remained—the introduction of the supernatural and marvellous; the resort of distressed authors since the days of Horace, but whose privileges as a sanctuary have been disputed in the present age, and wellnigh exploded. The popular belief no longer allows the possibility of existence to the race of mysterious beings which hovered betwixt this world and that which is invisible. The fairies have abandoned their moonlight turf; the witch no longer holds her black orgies in the hemlock dell; and

> "Even the last lingering phantom of the brain,
> The churchyard ghost, is now at rest again."

From the discredit attached to the vulgar and more common modes in which the Scottish superstition displays itself, the author was induced to have recourse to the beautiful, though almost forgotten, theory of astral spirits, or creatures of the elements, surpassing human beings in knowledge and power, but inferior to them, as being subject, after a certain space of years, to a death which is to them annihilation, as they have no share in the promise made to the sons of Adam. These spirits are supposed to be of four distinct kinds, as the elements from which they have their origin, and are known, to those who have studied the cabalistical philosophy, by the names of Sylphs, Gnomes, Salamanders, and Naiads, as they belong to the elements of Air, Earth, Fire, or Water. The general reader will find an entertaining account of these elementary spirits in the French book, entitled, "Entretiens de Compte de Gaballis." The ingenious Compte de la Motte Fouqué composed, in German, one of the most successful productions of his fertile brain, where a beautiful and even affecting effect is produced by the introduction of a water-nymph, who loses the privilege of immortality, by consenting to become accessible to human feelings, and uniting her lot with that of a mortal, who treats her with ingratitude.

In imitation of an example so successful, the White Lady of Avenel was introduced into the following sheets. She is represented as connected with the family of Avenel by one of those mystic ties, which, in ancient times, were supposed to exist, in certain circumstances, between the creatures of the elements and the children of men. Such instances of mysterious union are recognised in Ireland, in the real Milesian families, who are possessed of a Banshie; and they are known among the traditions of the Highlanders, which, in many cases, attached an immortal being or spirit to the service of particular families or tribes. These demons, if they are to be called so, announced good or evil fortune to the families connected with them; and though some only condescended to meddle with matters of importance, others, like the May Mollach, or Maid of the Hairy Arms, condescended to mingle in ordinary sports, and even to direct the Chief how to play at draughts.

There was, therefore, no great violence in supposing such a being as this to have existed, while the elementary spirits were believed in; but it was more difficult to describe or imagine its attributes and principles of action. Shakspeare, the first of authorities in such a case, has painted Ariel, that beautiful creature of his fancy, as only approaching so near to humanity as to know the nature of that sympathy which the creatures of clay felt for each other, as we learn from the expression—"Mine would if I were human." The inferences from this are singular, but seem capable of regular deduction. A being, however superior to man in length of life—in power over the elements—in certain perceptions respecting the present, the past, and the future, yet still incapable of human passions, of sentiments of moral good and evil, of meriting future rewards or punishments, belongs rather to the class of animals than of human creatures, and must therefore be presumed to act more from temporary benevolence or caprice, than from any thing approaching to feeling or reasoning. Such a being's superiority in power can only be compared to that of the elephant or lion, who are greater in strength than man, though inferior in the scale of creation. The partialities which we suppose such spirits to entertain must be like those of the dog; their sudden starts of passion, or the indulgence of a frolic, or mischief, may be compared to those of the numerous varieties of the cat. All these propensities are, however controlled by the laws which render

the elementary race subordinate to the command
to be subjected by his science,—so the sect of Gn
and on this turned the Rosicrucian philosophy,
powered by his superior courage and daring, wh
illusions at defiance.

It is with reference to this idea of the suppose
elements, that the White Lady of Avenel is repr
ing a varying, capricious, and inconsistent par
assigned to her in the narrative; manifesting
tachment to the family with whom her destinies
but evincing whim, and even a species of malev
other mortals, as the Sacristan and the Border
incorrect life subjected them to receive petty m
her hand. The White Lady is scarcely suppose
have possessed either the power or the inclinati
than inflict terror or create embarrassment, and
jected by those mortals, who, by virtuous resolut
energy, could assert superiority over her. In th
she seems to constitute a being of a middle cla
esprit follet who places its pleasure in misleading
mortals, and the benevolent Fairy of the East,
guides, aids, and supports them.

Either, however, the author executed his p
ently, or the public did not approve of it; for t
of Avenel was far from being popular. He does
the present statement, in the view of arguing
more favourable opinion on the subject, but n
purpose of exculpating himself from the charge
tonly intruded into the narrative a being of inco
and propensities.

In the delineation of another character, the
Monastery failed, where he hoped for some succe
is so successful a subject of ridicule as the fashio
the time, it occurred to him that the more seriou
narrative might be relieved by the humour of a
age of Queen Elizabeth. In every period, the
and maintain the highest rank of society, has d
power of assuming and supporting a certain fa
of affectation, usually connected with some vi
and energy of character, but distinguished at th
a transcendant flight, beyond sound reason and
both faculties too vulgar to be admitted into
one who claims to be esteemed "a choice spi
These, in their different phases, constitute the
day, whose boast it is to drive the whims of
tremity.

On all occasions, the manners of the sovere
and the time, must give the tone to the peculia
qualities by which those who would attain the h
must seek to distinguish themselves. The reig
being that of a maiden queen, was distinguishe
tion of the courtiers, and especially the affectati
est deference to the sovereign. After the ackr
the Queen's matchless perfections, the same de
tended to beauty as it existed among the less
court, who sparkled, as it was the mode to say,
lustre. It is true, that gallant knights no lo
Heaven, the peacock, and the ladies, to perfor
extravagant chivalry, in which they endanger
others as well as their own; but although their
plays of personal gallantry seldom went further
days than the tiltyard, where barricades, calle
vented the shock of the horses, and limited the
cavaliers' skill to the comparatively safe enc
lances, the language of the lovers to their ladies
exalted terms which Amadis would have addre
before encountering a dragon for her sake. This
tic gallantry found a clever but conceited author
a species of constitution and form, and lay do
manner of conversation, in a pedantic book, calle
his England. Of this, a brief account is given
which it may now be proper to make some addi

The extravagance of Euphuism, or a symbo
the same class, predominates in the romances
and Scuderi, which were read for the amusem
sex of France during the long reign of Louis X
supposed to contain the only legitimate langua
gallantry. In this reign they encountered the sa
and Boileau. A similar disorder, spreading into
formed the ground of the affected dialogue of th
they were styled, who formed the coterie of the
bouillet, and afforded Moliere matter for his adm
Les Precieuses Ridicules. In England, the humou
to have long survived the accession of James I.

The author had the vanity to think that a ch
peculiarities should turn on extravagances wh
universally fashionable, might be read in a ficti
a good chance of affording amusement to the
tion, who, fond as they are of looking back on
manners of their ancestors, might be also supp
sible of their absurdities. He must fairly ackno
was disappointed, and that the Euphuist, far
counted a well drawn and humorous character
was condemned as unnatural and absurd.

It would be easy to account for this failure, by
defect to arise from the author's want of skill.
many readers may not be inclined to look furthe
author himself can scarcely be supposed willing
this final cause, if any other can be alleged, he
suspect, that, contrary to what he originally sup
ject was injudiciously chosen, in which, and not
treating it, lay the source of the want of succes

The manners of a rude people are always foun
and therefore the feelings of a more polished ge
diately sympathize with them. We need no m
no antiquarian dissertations, to enable the most
cognise the sentiments and diction of the charac

as Lear says, to strip off our lendings—to set aside s principles and adornments which we have received nparatively artificial system of society, and our na- are in unison with those of the bard of Chios and who live in his verses. It is the same with a great arratives of my friend Mr Cooper. We sympathize ian chiefs and back woodsmen, and acknowledge, ters which he presents to us, the same truth of e by which we should feel ourselves influenced if same condition. So much is this the case, that difficult, or almost impossible, to reclaim a savage, youth to war and the chase, to the restraints and civilized life, nothing is more easy or common, men who have been educated in all the habits and improved society, willing to exchange them for the of the hunter and the fisher. The very amuse- pursued and relished by men of all ranks, whose permit active exercise, are hunting, fishing, and in es, war, the natural and necessary business of the yden, when his hero talks of being

—— "As free as nature first made man,
hen wild in woods the noble savage ran."

gh the occupations, and even the sentiments of hu- n a primitive state, find access and interest in the more civilized part of the species, it does not ow, that the national tastes, opinions, and follies, red period, should afford to other the same interest or musement to those of another. These generally, in extravagance are founded not upon any natural to the species, but upon the growth of some pecu- iff elation, with which mankind in general, and enerations in particular, feel no common interest. The extravagances of coxcombs in manners and indeed the legitimate, and often the successful ob- e, during the time when they exist. In evidence of al critics may observe how many dramatic jeux ell received every season, because the satirist levels l-known or fashionable absurdity; or, in the dra- , "shoots folly as it flies." But when the peculiar keeps the wing no longer, it is reckoned but waste your satire of ridicule on what has ceased d the pieces in which such forgotten absurdities subject of ridicule, fall quietly into oblivion with hich gave them fashion, or only continue to exist , because they contain some other more permanent that which connects them with manners and fol- porary character.

aps, affords a reason why the comedies of Ben Jon- upon system, or what the age termed humours,— meant factitious and affected characters, super- hat which was common to the rest of their race, - ute satire, deep scholarship, and strong sense, do general pleasure, but are confined to the closet ary, whose studies have assured him that the per- e dramatist were once, though they are now no its of existing nature.

another example of our hypothesis from Shaks- , who, of all authors, drew his portraits for all ages. hole sum of the idolatry which affects us at his ss of readers peruse, without amusement, the cha- d on the extravagances of temporary fashion; and Don Armado, the pedant Holofernes, even Nym re read with little pleasure by the mass of the pub- rtraits of which we cannot recognise the humour, originals no longer exist. In like manner, while s of Romeo and Juliet continue to interest every utio, drawn as an accurate representation of the gentleman of the period, and as such received by us approbation of contemporaries, has so little to present age, that, stripped of all his puns and quirks , he only retains his place in the scene, in virtue of fanciful speech upon dreaming, which belongs to age, and because he is a personage whose presence ble to the plot.

lready prosecuted perhaps too far an argument, the which is to prove, that the introduction of an hu- e, like Sir Piercie Shafton, upon some forgotten model of folly, once fashionable, is rather likely e disgust of the reader, as unnatural, than find him itter. Whether owing to this theory, or whether imple and probable cause of the author's failure in on of the subject he had proposed to himself, the bjection of *incredulus odi* was applied to the Eu- el as to the White Lady of Avenel; and the one ed as unnatural, while the other was rejected as

little in the story to atone for these failures in two nts. The incidents were inartificially huddled to- gether. There was no part of the intrigue to which deep inter- est was found to apply; and the conclusion was brought about, not by incidents arising out of the story itself, but in consequence of public transactions, with which the narrative has little con- nexion, and which the reader had little opportunity to become acquainted with.

This, if not a positive fault, was yet a great defect in the Ro- mance. It is true, that not only the practice of some great authors in this department, but even the general course of hu- man life itself, may be quoted in favour of this more obvious, and less artificial practice, of arranging a narrative. It is seldom that the same circle of personages who have surrounded an in- dividual at his first outset in life, continue to have an interest in his career till his fate comes to a crisis. On the contrary, and more especially if the events of his life be of a varied character, and worth communicating to others, or to the world, the hero's later connexions are usually totally separated from those with whom he began the voyage, but whom the individual has out- sailed, or who have drifted astray, or foundered on the passage. This hackneyed comparison holds good in another point. The numerous vessels of so many different sorts, and destined for such different purposes, which are launched in the same mighty ocean, although each endeavours to pursue its own course, are in every case more influenced by the winds and tides which are common to the element which they all navigate, than by their own separate exertions. And it is thus in the world, that, when human prudence has done its best, some general, perhaps national event, destroys the schemes of the individual, as the casual touch of a more powerful being sweeps away the web of the spider.

Many excellent romances have been composed in this view of human life, where the hero is conducted through a variety of detached scenes, in which various agents appear and disappear, without, perhaps, having any permanent influence on the pro- gress of the story. Such is the structure of Gil Blas, Roderick Random, and the lives and adventures of many other heroes, who are described as running through different stations of life, and encountering various adventures, which are only connected with each other by having happened to be witnessed by the same individual, whose identity unites them together, as the string of a necklace links the beads, which are otherwise de- tached.

But though such an unconnected course of adventures is what most frequently occurs in nature, yet the province of the romance writer being artificial, there is more required from him than a mere compliance with the simplicity of reality,—just as we demand from the scientific gardener, that he shall arrange, in curious knots and artificial parterres, the flowers which "na- ture boon" distributes freely on hill and dale. Fielding, accord- ingly, in most of his novels, but especially in Tom Jones, his *chef d'œuvre*, has set the distinguished example of a story regu- larly built and consistent in all its parts, in which nothing occurs, and scarce a personage is introduced, that has not some share in tending to advance the catastrophe.

To demand equal correctness and felicity in those who may follow in the track of that illustrious novelist, would be to fetter too much the power of giving pleasure, by surrounding it with penal rules; since of this sort of light literature it may be espe- cially said—*tout genre est permis, hors le genre ennuyeux*. Still, however, the more closely and happily the story is combined, and the more natural and felicitous the catastrophe, the nearer such a composition will approach the perfection of the novel- ist's art; nor can an author neglect this branch of his profession, without incurring proportional censure.

For such censure the Monastery gave but too much occasion. The intrigue of the Romance, neither very interesting in itself, nor very happily detailed, is at length finally disentangled by the breaking out of national hostilities between England and Scotland, and the as sudden renewal of the truce. Instances of this kind, it is true, cannot in reality have been uncommon, but the resorting to such, in order to accomplish the catastrophe, as by a *tour de force*, was objected to as inartificial, and not per- fectly intelligible to the general reader.

Still the Monastery, though exposed to severe and just criti- cism, did not fail, judging from the extent of its circulation, to have some interest for the public. And this, too, was according to the ordinary course of such matters; for it very seldom hap- pens that literary reputation is gained by a single effort, and still more rarely is it lost by a solitary miscarriage.

The author, therefore, had his days of grace allowed him, and time if he pleased, to comfort himself with the burden of the old Scots song,

"If it isna weel bobbit,
We'll bob it again."

ABBOTSFORD,
1st November 1830.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

FROM

CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK,

LATE OF HIS MAJESTY'S —— REGIMENT OF INFANTRY,

TO

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I do not pretend to the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, like many whom I believe to be equally strangers to you, I am nevertheless interested in your publications, and desire their continuance;—not that I pretend to much taste in fictitious composition, or that I am apt to be interested in your grave scenes, or amused by those which are meant to be lively. I will not disguise from you, that I have yawned over the last interview of MacIvor and his sister, and fell fairly asleep while the schoolmaster was reading the humours of Dandie Dinmont. You see, sir, that I scorn to solicit your favour in a way to which you are no stranger. If the papers I enclose you are worth nothing, I will not endeavour to recommend them by personal flattery, as a bad cook pours rancid butter upon stale fish. No, sir! What I respect in you, is the light you have occasionally thrown on national antiquities, a study which I have commenced rather late in life, but to which I am attached with the devotion of a first love, because it is the only study I ever cared a farthing for

You shall have my history, sir, (it will not reach to three volumes,) before that of my manuscript; and as you usually throw out a few lines of verse, (by way of skirmishers, I suppose,) at the head of each division of prose, I have had the luck to light upon a stanza in the schoolmaster's copy of Burns which describes me exactly. I love it better, because it was originally designed for Captain Grose, an excellent antiquary, though, like yourself, somewhat too apt to treat with levity his own pursuits:

> 'Tis said he was a soldier bred,
> And one wad rather fa'en than fled;
> But now he has quit the spurtle blade
> And dog-skin wallet,
> And ta'en the—antiquarian trade,
> I think they call it.

I never could conceive what influenced me, when a boy, in the choice of a profession. Military zeal and ardour it was not, which made me stand out for a commission in the Scots Fusiliers, when my tutors and curators wished to bind me apprentice to old David Stiles, Clerk to his Majesty's Signet. I say, military zeal it was *not*; for I was no fighting boy in my own person, and cared not a penny to read the history of the heroes who turned the world upside down in former ages. As for courage, I had, as I have since discovered, just as much of it as served my turn, and not one grain of surplus. I soon found out, indeed, that in action there was more danger in running away than in standing fast; and besides, I could not afford to lose my commission, which was my chief means of support. But, as for that overboiling valour, which I have heard many of *ours* talk of, though I seldom observed that it influenced them in the actual affair—that exuberant zeal, which courts Danger as a bride,—truly my courage was of a complexion much less ecstatical.

Again, the love of a red coat, which, in default of all other aptitudes to the profession, has made many a bad soldier and some good ones, was an utter stranger to my disposition. I cared not a "bodle" for the company of the misses. Nay, though there was a boarding school in the village, and though we used to meet with its fair inmates at Simon Lightfoot's weekly Practising, I cannot recollect any strong emotions being excited on these occasions, excepting the infinite regret with which I went through the polite ceremonial of presenting my partner with an orange, thrust into my pocket by my aunt for this special purpose, but which, had I dared, I certainly would have secreted for my own personal use. As for vanity, or love of finery for itself, I was such a stranger to it, that the difficulty was great to make me brush my coat, and appear in proper trim upon parade. I shall never forget the rebuke of my old Colonel on a morning when the King reviewed a brigade of which ours made part. "I am no friend to extravagance, Ensign Clutterbuck," said he; "but, on the day when we are to pass before the Sovereign of the kingdom, in the name of God I would have at least shown him an inch of clean linen."

Thus, a stranger to all the ordinary motives which lead *young men to make the army their choice, and without the least desire to become* either a hero or a dandy, I really do not *know what determined my* thoughts that way, unless it were the happy state of half-pay indolence enjoyed by Cap little, who had set up his staff of rest in my nativ Every other person had, or seemed to have, someth less or more. They did not indeed precisely go to s learn tasks, that last of evils in my estimation; but escape my boyish observation, that they were all with something or other like duty or labour—all but Captain Doolittle. The minister had his parish to his preaching to prepare, though perhaps he made than he needed about both. The laird had his fa improving operations to superintend; and, besides, attend trustee meetings, and lieutenancy meetings, courts, and meetings of justices, and what not—was (that I detested,) and as much in the open air, wet his own grieve. The shopkeeper (the village boast of eminence) stood indeed pretty much at his ease counter, for his custom was by no means overburden still he enjoyed his *status*, as the Baillie calls it, u tion of tumbling all the wares in his booth over and any one chose to want a yard of muslin, a mousetrap of carraways, a paper of pins, the Sermons of Mr. the Life of Jack the Giant-Queller, (not Killer, erroneously written and pronounced.—See my essay history of this worthy, where real facts have in a p gree been obscured by fable.) In short, all in the vi under the necessity of doing something which they ther have left undone, excepting Captain Doolittle, w every morning in the open street, which formed the of our village, in a blue coat with a red neck, and whist the whole evening, when he could make up a pa happy vacuity of all employment appeared to me so that it became the primary hint, which, according t tem of Helvetius, as the minister says, determined talents towards the profession I was destined to illus

But who, alas, can form a just estimate of their fu pects in this deceitful world! I was not long enga new profession, before I discovered, that if the indep dolence of half pay was a paradise, the officer must pa the purgatory of duty and service in order to gain ad it. Captain Doolittle might brush his blue coat wi neck, or leave it unbrushed, at his pleasure; but En terbuck had no such option. Captain Doolittle m bed at ten o'clock, if he had a mind; but the En make the rounds in his turn. What was worse, th might repose under the tester of his tent-bed until he was so pleased; but the Ensign, God help him, had upon parade at peep of day. As for duty, I made th as I could, had the sergeant to whisper to me the command, and bustled through as other folks did. vice, I saw enough for an indolent man—was buffete down the world, and visited both the East and We Egypt, and other distant places, which my youth ha dreamed of. The French I saw, and felt too; witnes gers of my right hand, which one of their cursed hus off with his sabre as neatly as an hospital surgeon. the death of an old aunt, who left me some fifteen pounds snugly vested in the three per cents, gave me wished-for opportunity of retiring, with the prospect me a clean shirt and a guinea four times a-week at leas

For the purpose of commencing my new way of l lected for my residence the village of Kennaquhair, in of Scotland, celebrated for the ruins of its magnificen tery, intending there to lead my future life in the o *dignitate* of half pay and annuity. I was not long, ho making the grand discovery, that in order to enjoy lei absolutely necessary it should be preceded by occupati some time, it was delightful to wake at daybreak, dre the reveillé—then to recollect my happy emancipati the slavery that doomed me to start at a piece of c parchment, turn on my other side, damn the parade, a sleep again. But even this enjoyment had its term and time, when it became a stock entirely at my own began to hang heavy on my hand.

I angled for two days, during which time I lost twent and several scores of yards of gut and line, and caught a minnow. Hunting was out of the question, for the of a horse by no means agrees with a half-pay establi

…t, the shepherds and ploughmen, and my very dog, … every time that I missed, which was, generally … every time I fired. Besides, the country gentlemen … ter like their game, and began to talk of prosecu… …terdicts. I did not give up fighting the French to … a domestic war with the "pleasant men of Teviot… …e song calls them; so I e'en spent three days (very … in cleaning my gun, and disposing it upon two … my chimney-piece.

…ess of this accidental experiment set me on trying … the mechanical arts. Accordingly, I took down … I my landlady's cuckoo-clock, and in so doing, si… … companion of the spring for ever and a day. I … turning lathe, and, in attempting to use it, I very … hed off, with an inch-and-half former, one of the … …h the hussar had left me.

…ned, both those of the little circulating library, and … re rational subscription collection maintained by … …tual people. But neither the light reading of the … …e heavy artillery of the other, suited my purpose. I asleep at the fourth or fifth page of history or dis… and it took me a month's hard reading to wade … alf bound trashy novel, during which I was pestered … …ations to return the volumes, by every half-bred … …ss about the place. In short, during the hours … …e town besides had something to do, I had nothing … …o walk in the churchyard, and whistle till it was …

…ese promenades, the Ruins necessarily forced them… …y attention, and, by degrees, I found myself engag… …ing the more minute ornaments, and at length the …n, of this noble structure. The old sexton aided … and gave me his portion of traditional lore. Every … omething to my stock of knowledge respecting the …e of the building, and at length I made discoveries … the purpose of several detached and very ruinous … it, the use of which had hitherto been either un… …gether, or erroneously explained.

…rledge which I thus acquired I had frequent oppor… …retailing to those visitors whom the progress of a … …ur brought to visit this celebrated spot. Without …g on the privilege of my friend the sexton, I became …n assistant Cicerone in the task of description and …, and often (seeing a fresh party of visitors arrive) …ed over to me those to whom he had told half his … the flattering observation, "What needs I say ony … it? There's the Captain kens mair anent it than … man in the town." Then would I salute the stran… …usly, and expatiate to their astonished minds upon …hancels, and naves, arches, Gothic and Saxon arch… …tions and flying buttresses. It not infrequently hap… …an acquaintance which commenced in the Abbey … …n the inn, which served to relieve the solitude as … monotony of my landlady's shoulder of mutton, …st, cold, or hashed.

…s my mind became enlarged: I found a book or two …htened me on the subject of Gothic architecture, …ow with pleasure, because I was interested in what …. Even my character began to dilate and expand. … more authority at the club, and was listened to …nce, because on one subject, at least, I possessed …ation than any of its members. Indeed, I found …y stories about Egypt, which, to say truth, were …hreadbare, were now listened to with more respect …ly. "The Captain," they said, "had something in …,—there were few folk kend sae mickle about the …

… general approbation waxed my own sense of self… and my feeling of general comfort. I ate with …te, I digested with more ease, I lay down at night …d slept sound till morning, when I arose with a …y importance, and hied me to measure, to examine, …pare the various parts of this interesting structure. …se and consciousness of certain unpleasant sensa… …n descript nature, about my head and stomach, to … been in the habit of attending, more for the benefit …e apothecary than my own, for the pure want of …se to think about. I had found out an occupation … and was happy because I had something to do. … had commenced local antiquary, and was not un… …e name.

…as in this pleasing career of busy idleness, for so … …est be called, it happened that I was one night sit… …the parlour adjacent to the closet which my land… …r bedroom, in the act of preparing for an early re… …treat … of Morehead's … Monasticon, bor… the library at A—, was lying on the table before … by some excellent Cheshire cheese (a present by …m an honest London citizen, to whom I had ex… …difference betwixt a Gothic and a Saxon arch), and … …nderhagen's best ale. Thus armed at all points … old enemy Time, I was leisurely and deliciously pe… …ed—now reading a line of old Dugdale—now sip… … or munching my bread and cheese—now undoing …at my breeches' knees, or a button or two of my … …ntil the village clock should strike ten, before … make it a rule never to go to bed. A loud knock… …, interrupted my ordinary process on this occasion, …e of my honest landlord of the George was heard … "What the deevil, Mrs. Grimslees, the Captain is no in his bed? and a gentleman at our house has ordered a fowl and minced collops, and a bottle of sherry, and has sent to ask him to supper, to tell him all about the Abbey."

"Na," answered Luckie Grimslees, in the true sleepy tone of a Scottish matron when ten o'clock is going to strike, "he's no in his bed, but I'se warrant him no gae out at this time o' night to keep folks sitting up waiting for him—the Captain's a decent man."

I plainly perceived this last compliment was made for my hearing, by way both of indicating and recommending the course of conduct which Mrs. Grimslees desired I should pursue. But I had not been knocked about the world for thirty years and odd, and lived a bluff bachelor all the while, to come home and be put under petticoat government by my landlady. Accordingly I opened my chamber-door, and desired my old friend David to walk up stairs.

"Captain," said he, as he entered, "I am as glad to find you up as if I had hooked a twenty pound saumon. There's a gentleman up yonder that will not sleep sound in his bed this blessed night, unless he has the pleasure to drink a glass of wine with you."

"You know, David," I replied, with becoming dignity, "that I cannot with propriety go out to visit strangers at this time of night, or accept of invitations from people of whom I know nothing."

David swore a round oath, and added, "Was ever the like heard of? He has ordered a fowl and egg sauce, a pancake and minched collops, and a bottle of sherry—D'ye think I wad come and ask you to go to keep company with ony bit English rider, that sups on toasted cheese, and a cheerer of rum-toddy? This is a gentleman every inch of him, and a virtuoso, a clean virtuoso—a sad-coloured stand of claithes, and a wig like the curled back of a mug-ewe. The very first question he speered was about the auld drawbrig that has been at the bottom of the water these twalscore years—I have seen the fundations when we were sticking saumon—And how the deevil sauld he ken ony thing about the auld drawbrig, unless he were a virtuoso?"†

David being a virtuoso in his own way, and moreover a landholder and heritor, was a qualified judge of all who frequented his house, and therefore I could not avoid again tying the strings of my knees.

"That's right, Captain," vociferated David; "you twa will be as thick as three in a bed an ance ye forgather. I haena seen the like o' him my very sell since I saw the great Doctor Samuel Johnson on his tower through Scotland, whilk tower is lying in my back-parlour for the amusement of my guests, wi' the twa boards torn aff."

"Then the gentleman is a scholar, David?"

"I'se uphaud him a scholar," answered David; "he has a black coat on, or a brown ane, at ony rate."

"Is he a clergyman?"

"I am thinking no, for he looked after his horse's supper before he spoke o' his ain," replied mine host.

"Has he a servant?" demanded I.

"Nae servant," answered David; "but a grand face he has o' his ain, that wad gar ony body be willing to serve him that looks upon him."

"And what makes him think of disturbing me? Ah, David, this has been some of your chattering; you are perpetually bringing your guests on my shoulders, as if it were my business to entertain every man who comes to the George."

"What the deil wad ye hae me do, Captain?" answered mine host; "a gentleman lights down, and asks me in a most earnest manner, what man of sense and learning there is about our town, that can tell him about the antiquities of the place, and specially about the auld Abbey—ye wadna hae me tell the gentleman a lee? and ye ken weel eneugh there is naebody in the town can say a reasonable word about it, be it no yoursell, except the bedral, and he is as fou as a piper by this time. So, says I, there's Captain Clutterbuck, that's a very civil gentleman, and has little to do forby telling a' the auld cracks about the Abbey, and dwells just hard by. Then says the gentleman to me, 'Sir,' says he, very civilly, 'have the goodness to step to Captain Clutterbuck with my compliments, and say I am a stranger, who have been led to these parts chiefly by the fame of these Ruins, and that I would call upon him, but the hour is late.' And mair he said that I have forgotten, but I weel remember it ended,—'And, landlord, get a bottle of your best sherry, and supper for two.'—You wadna have had me refuse to do the gentleman's bidding, and me a publican?"

"Well, David," said I, "I wish your virtuoso had taken a fitter hour—but as you say he is a gentleman"———

"I'se uphaud him that—the order speaks for itsell—a bottle of sherry—minched collops and a fowl—that's speaking like a gentleman, I trow?—That's right, Captain, button weel up, the night's raw—but the water's clearing for a' that; we'll be on't neist night wi' my Lord's boats, and we'll hae ill luck if I dinna send you a kipper to relish your ale at e'en."‡

In five minutes after this dialogue, I found myself in the parlour of the George, and in the presence of the stranger.

He was a grave personage, about my own age, (which we shall call about fifty,) and really had, as my friend David expressed it, something in his face that inclined men to oblige and to serve him. Yet this expression of authority was not at all of the cast which I have seen in the countenance of a general of brigade, neither was the stranger's dress at all martial. It con…

…e was, and is, the principal inn in the village of Kenna…rose. But the landlord of the period was not the same … person by whom the inn is now kept. David Kyle, a …ietor of no little importance, a first-rate person of conse… …atever belonged to the business of the town, was the ori… …al landlord of the inn. Poor David! like many other …k so much care of public affairs, as in some degree to neglect his own. There are persons still alive at Kennaquhair who can recognise him and his peculiarities in the following sketch of mine Host of the George.

† There is more to be said about this old bridge hereafter. See Note, Chapter V. page 23.

‡ The nobleman whose boats are mentioned in the text, is the late kind and amiable Lord Sommerville, an intimate friend of the author. David Kyle was a constant and privileged attendant when Lord Sommerville had a party for spearing salmon: on such occasions, eighty or a hundred fish were often killed between Gleamer and Leaderfoot.

sisted of a uniform suit of iron-gray clothes, cut in rather an old-fashioned form. His legs were defended with strong leathern gambadoes, which, according to an antiquarian contrivance, opened at the sides, and were secured by steel clasps. His countenance was worn as much by toil and sorrow as by age, for it intimated that he had seen and endured much. His address was singularly pleasing and gentlemanlike, and the apology which he made for disturbing me at such an hour, and in such a manner, was so well and handsomely expressed, that I could not reply otherwise than by declaring my willingness to be of service to him.

"I have been a traveller to-day, sir," said he, "and I would willingly defer the little I have to say till after supper, for which I feel rather more appetized than usual."

We sate down to table, and notwithstanding the stranger's alleged appetite, as well as the gentle preparation of cheese and ale which I had already laid aboard, I really believe that I of the two did the greater honour to my friend David's fowl and minced collops.

When the cloth was removed, and we had each made a tumbler of negus, of that liquor which hosts call Sherry, and guests call Lisbon, I perceived that the stranger seemed pensive, silent, and somewhat embarrassed, as if he had something to communicate which he knew not well how to introduce. To pave the way for him, I spoke of the ancient ruins of the Monastery, and of their history. But, to my great surprise, I found I had met my match with a witness. The stranger not only knew all that I could tell him, but a great deal more; and, what was still more mortifying, he was able, by reference to dates, charters, and other evidence of facts, that, as Burns says, "downa be disputed," to correct many of the vague tales which I had adopted on loose and vulgar tradition, as well as to confute more than one of my favourite theories on the subject of the old monks and their dwellings, which I had sported freely in all the presumption of superior information. And here I cannot but remark, that much of the stranger's arguments and inductions rested upon the authority of Mr. Deputy Register of Scotland,* and his lucubrations; a gentleman whose indefatigable research into the national records is like to destroy my trade, and that of all local antiquaries, by substituting truth instead of legend and romance. Alas, I would the learned gentleman did but know how difficult it is for us dealers in petty wares of antiquity to—

Pluck from our memories a rooted "legend,"
Raze out the written records of our brain,
Or cleanse our bosoms of that perilous stuff—

and so forth. It would, I am sure, move his pity to think how many old dogs he hath set to learn new tricks, how many venerable parrots he hath taught to sing a new song, how many gray heads he hath addled by vain attempts to exchange their old *Mumpsimus* for his new *Sumpsimus*. But let it pass. *Humana perpessi sumus.*—All changes round us, past, present, and to come; that which was history yesterday becomes fable today, and the truth of to-day is hatched into a lie by to-morrow.

Finding myself like to be overpowered in the Monastery, which I had hitherto regarded as my citadel, I began, like a skilful general, to evacuate that place of defence, and fight my way through the adjacent country. I had recourse to my acquaintance with the families and antiquities of the neighbourhood, ground on which I thought I might skirmish at large without its being possible for the stranger to meet me with advantage. But I was mistaken.

The man in the iron-gray suit showed a much more minute knowledge of these particulars than I had the least pretension to. He could tell the very year in which the family of De Haga first settled on their ancient barony.† Not a Thane within reach but he knew his family and connexions, how many of his ancestors had fallen by the sword of the English, how many in domestic brawl, and how many by the hand of the executioner for march-treason. Their castles he was acquainted with from turret to foundation-stone; and as for the miscellaneous antiquities scattered about the country, he knew every one of them from a *cromlech* to a *cairn*, and could give as good an account of each as if he had lived in the time of the Danes or Druids.

I was now in the mortifying predicament of one who suddenly finds himself a scholar when he came to teach, and nothing was left for me but to pick up as much of his conversation as I could, for the benefit of the next company. I told, indeed, Allan Ramsay's story of the Monk and Miller's Wife, in order to retreat with some honour under cover of a parting volley. Here, however, my flank was again turned by the eternal stranger.

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir," said he: "but you cannot be ignorant, that the ludicrous incident you mentioned is the subject of a tale much older than that of Allan Ramsay."

I nodded, unwilling to acknowledge my ignorance, though, in fact, I knew no more what he meant than did one of my friend David's post-horses.

"I do not allude," continued my omniscient companion, "to the curious poem published by Pinkerton from the Maitland Manuscript, called the Fryars of Berwick, although it presents a very minute and amusing picture of Scottish manners during the reign of James V.; but rather to the Italian novelist, by whom, so far as I know, the story was first printed, although unquestionably he first took his original from *fabliau*."‡

"It is not to be doubted," answered I, not ve
standing, however, the proposition to which I
qualified assent.

"Yet," continued my companion, "I question
known my situation and profession, whether yo
pitched upon this precise anecdote for my amuse

This observation he made in a tone of perfect
I pricked up my ears at the hint, and answered
I could, that my ignorance of his condition and
the only cause of my having stumbled on any th
ble; and that I was most willing to apologize f
tional offence so soon as I should know wherein

"Nay, no offence, sir," he replied; "offence
where it is taken. I have been too long accust
severe and cruel misconstructions, to be offende
jest, though directed at my profession."

"Am I to understand then," I answered, "th
ing with a Catholic clergyman?"

"An unworthy monk of the order of Saint B
the stranger, "belonging to a community of you
men, long established in France, and scattered un
events of the Revolution."

"Then," said I, "you are a native Scotchman
neighbourhood?"

"Not so," answered the monk; "I am a Sco
traction only, and never was in this neighbourh
whole life."

"Never in this neighbourhood, and yet so mine
ed with its history, its traditions, and even its e
ry! You surprise me, sir," I replied.

"It is not surprising," he said, "that I should
of local information, when it is considered, tha
excellent man, as well as a good Scotchman, th
our religious community, employed much of his
king me acquainted with these particulars; and
disgusted with what has been passing around
many years amused myself by digesting and arra
ous scraps of information which I derived from n
tive, and other aged brethren of our order."

"I presume, sir," said I, "though I would h
trude the question, that you are now returned to
a view to settle amongst your countrymen, since
tical catastrophe of our time has reduced your co

"No, sir," replied the Benedictine, "such is
tion. A European potentate, who still cherishe
faith, has offered us a retreat within his domi
few of my scattered brethren are already assemb
God for blessings on their protector, and pardo
mies. No one, I believe, will be able to object t
new establishment, that the extent of our reve
consistent with our vows of poverty and abstin
us strive to be thankful to God, that the sna
abundance is removed from us."

"Many of your convents abroad, sir," said I,
handsome incomes—and yet, allowing for times
any were better provided for than the Monast
lage. It is said to have possessed nearly two th
in yearly money-rent, fourteen chalders and nine b
fifty-six chalders five bolls barley, forty-four ch
bolls oats, capons and poultry, butter, salt, carria
peats and kain, wool and ale."

"Even too much of all these temporal goods,
companion, "which, though well intended by the
served only to make the establishment the envy
of those by whom it was finally devoured."

"In the meanwhile, however," I observed, "t
an easy life of it, and, as the old song goes,

—— made gude kale
On Fridays when they fasted."

"I understand you, sir," said the Benedictine
cult, saith the proverb, to carry a full cup wi
Unquestionably the wealth of the community, an
the safety of the establishment by exciting th
others, was also in frequent instances a snare to
themselves. And yet we have seen the revenue
expended, not only in acts of beneficence and ho
dividuals, but in works of general and permanen
the world at large. The noble folio collection o
torians commenced in 1737, under the inspection
pense of the community of Saint Maur, will lo
the revenues of the Benedictines were not always
indulgence, and that the members of that order
formly slumber in sloth and indolence, when
charged the formal duties of their rule."

As I knew nothing earthly at the time about t
of Saint Maur and their learned labours, I could
mumbling assent to this proposition. I have si
noble work in the library of a distinguished fami
own I am ashamed to reflect, that in so wealthy
ours, a similar digest of our historians should no
ken, under the patronage of the noble and the
valry of that which the Benedictines of Paris ex
expense of their own conventual funds.

"I perceive," said the ex-Benedictine, smiling
heretical prejudices are too strong to allow us
any merit, whether literary or spiritual."

"Far from it, sir," said I; "I assure you I ha
obliged to monks in my time. When I was quar
nastery in Flanders, in the campaign of 1793,

* Thomas Thomson, Esq., whose well-deserved panegyric ought to be found on another page than one written by an intimate friend of thirty years' standing.

† The family of De Haga, modernised into Haig, of Bemerside, is of the highest antiquity, and is the subject of one of the prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer:

Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside.

‡ It is curious to remark at how little expense of inve
ages are content to receive amusement. The same story
and Dunbar have successively handled, forms also th
modern farce, No Song, no Supper.

.bly in my life They were jolly fellows the Flem- nd right sorry was I to leave my good quarters, hat my honest hosts were to be at the mercy of ,tes. But *fortune de la guerre!*"

nedictine looked down and was silent. I had vakened a train of bitter reflections, or rather I uched rudely upon a chord which seldom ceas- of itself. But he was too much accustomed to train of ideas to suffer it to overcome him. On tened to atone for my blunder "If there was his journey to this country in which I could, , assist him I begged to offer him my best ser- I laid some little emphasis on the words " with lt it would ill become me, a sound protestant, of government so far as my half-pay was con- ate myself in any recruiting which my com- have undertaken in behalf of foreign seminaries, or design for the advancement of popery, which, ope be actually the old lady of Babylon or no, me in any manner to advance or countenance. ied hastened to relieve my indecision. I was st your assistance, sir," he said, "in a matter but interest you as an antiquary, and a person of I assure you it relates entirely to events and ed to the distance of two centuries and a half need too much evil from the violent unsettlement in which I was born, to be a rash labourer in the on in that of my forefathers."

red him of my readiness to assist him in any consistent with allegiance or religion.

" he replied, "affects neither. May God bless mily of Britain! They are not, indeed, of that tore which my ancestors struggled and suffered in Providence who has conducted his present Ma- one, has given him the virtues necessary to his and intrepidity, a true love of his country, and view of the dangers by which she is surrounded. on of these realms, I am contented to hope that r, whose mysterious dispensation has rent them n of the church, will, in his own good time and e them to its holy pale. The efforts of an indiv nd humble as myself, might well retard, but could a work so mighty."

n inquire, sir," said I, "with what purpose you try?"

anion replied, he took from his pocket a clasped out the size of a regimental orderly-book, full, d memoranda; and drawing one of the candles or David, as a strong proof of his respect for the ndulged us with two,) he seemed to peruse the arnestly

nong the ruins of the western end of the Abbey e, looking up to me, yet keeping the memoran open, and occasionally glancing at it, as if to re- ry, "a sort of recess or chapel beneath a broken e immediate vicinity of one of those shattered s which once supported the magnificent roof, now encumbered that part of the building with

id I, "that I know whereabouts you are Is there wall of the chapel, or recess which you mention, stone, bearing a coat of arms, which no one hi- able to decipher?"

ht," answered the Benedictine; and again con- moranda, he added, "the arms on the dexter side ndinning, being a cross parted by a cross indent -charged of the same; and on the sinister three those of Avenel; they are two ancient families, inct in this country the arms *party per pale*."

id I, "there is no part of this ancient structure u are not as well acquainted as was the mason but if your information be correct, he who made ngs must have had better eyes than mine."

said the Benedictine, "have long been closed in y when he inspected the monument it was in a ate, or he may have derived his information from the place."

u," said I, "that no such tradition now exists.— everal reconnoissances among the old people, in something of the armorial bearings, but I never circumstance It seems odd that you should t in a foreign land "

ng particulars," he replied, "were formerly look- ore important, and they were sanctified to the ined recollection of them, because they related indeed to memory, but which their eyes could hold. It is possible, in like manner, that on the usquehannah, you may find traditions current es in England, which are utterly forgotten in the where they originated. But to my purpose. In ked by the armorial bearings, lies buried a trea- n order to remove it that I have undertaken my "

" echoed I, in astonishment.

d the monk, "an inestimable treasure for those to use it rightly."

s did tingle a little at the word treasure, and that bury, with a neat groom in blue and scarlet livery, cockade on his glazed hat, seemed as it were to e room before my eyes, while a voice, as of a ed in my ear, "Captain Clutterbuck's tilbury— t I resisted the devil, and he fled from me.

said I, "all hidden treasure belongs either to the l of the soil; and as I have served his majesty, I myself in any adventure which may have an t of Exchequer."

e I seek," said the stranger smiling, "will not be envied by princes or nobles,—it is simply the heart of an upright man."

"Ah! I understand you," I answered; "some relic, forgotten in the confusion of the Reformation. I know the value which men of your persuasion put upon the bodies and limbs of saints. I have seen the Three Kings of Cologne."

"The relics which I seek, however," said the Benedictine "are not precisely of that nature. The excellent relative whom I have already mentioned, amused his leisure hours with putting into form the traditions of his family, particularly some remarkable circumstances which took place about the first breaking out of the schism of the church in Scotland. He became so much interested in his own labours, that at length he resolved that the heart of one individual, the hero of his tale, should rest no longer in a land of heresy, now deserted by all his kindred. As he knew where it was deposited, he formed the resolution to visit his native country for the purpose of recovering this venerated relic. But age, and at length disease, interfered with his resolution and it was on his deathbed that he charged me to undertake the task in his stead. The various important events which have crowded upon each other, our ruin and our exile, have for many years obliged me to postpone this delegated duty. Why indeed, transfer the relics of a holy and worthy man to a country, where religion and virtue are become the mockery of the scorner? I have now a home, which I trust may be permanent, if any thing in this earth can be termed so. Thither will I transport the heart of the good father, and beside the shrine which it shall occupy, I will construct my own grave."

"He must, indeed, have been an excellent man," replied I, "whose memory, at so distant a period, calls forth such strong marks of regard."

"He was, as you justly term him," said the ecclesiastic, "indeed excellent—excellent in his life and doctrine—excellent, above all, in his self-denied and disinterested sacrifice of all that life holds dear, to principle and to friendship. But you shall read his history. I shall be happy at once to gratify your curiosity, and to show my sense of your kindness, if you will have the goodness to procure me the means of accomplishing my object."

I replied to the Benedictine, that, as the rubbish amongst which he proposed to search was no part of the ordinary burial ground, and as I was on the best terms with the sexton, I had little doubt that I could procure him the means of executing his pious purpose.

With this promise we parted for the night; and on the ensuing morning I made it my business to see the sexton, who, for a small gratuity, readily granted permission of search, on condition, however, that he should be present himself, to see that the stranger removed nothing of intrinsic value.

"To banes, and skulls, and hearts, if he can find ony, he shall be welcome," said this guardian of the ruined Monastery, "there's plenty a' about, an he's curious of them; but if there be ony picts" (meaning perhaps *pyx*) "or chalishes, or the like of such Popish veshells of gold and silver, deil hae me an I consent at their being removed."

The sexton also stipulated, that our researches should take place at night, being unwilling to excite observation, or give rise to scandal.

My new acquaintance and I spent the day as became lovers of hoar antiquity. We visited every corner of these magnificent ruins again and again during the forenoon; and, having made a comfortable dinner at David's, we walked in the afternoon to such places in the neighbourhood as ancient tradition or modern conjecture had rendered markworthy. Night found us in the interior of the ruins, attended by the sexton, who carried a dark lantern, and stumbling alternately over the graves of the dead, and the fragments of that architecture, "which they doubtless trusted would have canopied their bones till doomsday."

I am by no means particularly superstitious, and yet there was that in the present service which I did not very much like. There was something awful in the resolution of disturbing, at such an hour, and in such a place, the still and mute sanctity of the grave. My companions were free from this impression—the stranger from his energetic desire to execute the purpose for which he came—and the sexton from habitual indifference.— We soon stood in the aisle, which, by the account of the Benedictine, contained the bones of the family of Glendinning, and were busily employed in removing the rubbish from a corner which the stranger pointed out. If a half-pay Captain could have represented an ancient Border-knight, or an ex-Benedictine of the nineteenth century a wizard monk of the sixteenth, we might have aptly enough personified the search after Michael Scott's lamp and book of magic power. But the sexton would have been *de trop* in the group.*

Ere the stranger, assisted by the sexton in his task, had been long at work, they came to some hewn stones, which seemed to have made part of a small shrine, though now displaced and destroyed.

"Let us remove these with caution, my friend," said the stranger, "lest we injure that which I come to seek."

"They are prime stanes," said the sexton, "picked free every ane of them;—warse than the best wad never serve the monks, I'se warrant."

A minute after he had made this observation, he exclaimed, "I hae fund something now that stands again' the spade, as if it were neither earth nor stane."

The stranger stooped eagerly to assist him.

"Na, na, haill o' my ain," said the sexton; "nae halves o

* This is one of those passages which must now read awkwardly, since every one knows that the Novelist and the author of the Lay of the Minstrel, is the same person. But before the avowal was made, the author was forced into this and similar offences against good taste, to meet an argument, often repeated, that there was something very mysterious in the Author of Waverley's reserve concerning Sir Walter Scott, an author sufficiently voluminous at least. I had a great mind to remove the passages from this edition, but the more candid way is to explain how they came there.

quarters;* —and he lifted from amongst the ruins a small leaden box.

"You will be disappointed, my friend," said the Benedictine, "if you expect any thing there but the mouldering dust of a human heart, closed in an inner case of porphyry."

I interposed as a neutral party, and taking the box from the sexton, reminded him, that if there were treasure concealed in it, still it could not become the property of the finder. I then proposed, that as the place was too dark to examine the contents of the leaden casket, we should adjourn to David's, where we might have the advantage of light and fire while carrying on our investigation. The stranger requested us to go before, assuring us that he would follow in a few minutes.

I fancy that old Mattocks suspected these few minutes might be employed in effecting further discoveries amongst the tombs, for he glided back through a side-aisle to watch the Benedictine's motions, but presently returned, and told me in a whisper, that "the gentleman was on his knees amang the cauld stanes, praying like ony saunt."

I stole back, and beheld the old man actually employed as Mattocks had informed me. The language seemed to be Latin and as the whispered, yet solemn accent, glided away through the ruined aisles, I could not help reflecting how long it was since they had heard the forms of that religion, for the exercise of which they had been reared at such cost of time, taste, labour, and expense. "Come away, come away," said I; "let us leave him to himself, Mattocks; this is no business of ours."

"My certes, no, Captain," said Mattocks; "ne'ertheless, it winna be amiss to keep an ee on him. My father, rest his saul, was a horse couper, and used to say he never was cheated in a naig in his life, saving by a west country whig frae Kilmarnock, that said a grace ower a dram o' whisky. But this gentleman will be a Roman, I'se warrant?"

"You are perfectly right in that, Saunders," said I.

"Ay, I have seen twa or three of their priests that were chased ower here some score o' years syne. They just danced like mad when they looked on the friars' heads, and the nuns' heads, in the cloister yonder; they took to them like auld acquaintance like.—Od, he is not stirring yet, mair than he were a through-stane.* I never kend a Roman, to say kend him, but ane—mair by token, he was the only ane in the town to ken—and that was auld Jock of the Pend. It wad hae been lang ere ye fand Jock praying in the Abbey in a thick night, wi' his knees on a cauld stane. Jock likit a kirk wi' a chimley in't. Mony a merry ploy I hae had wi' him down at the inn yonder; and when he died, decently I wad hae earded him; but, or I gat his grave weel howkit, some of the quality, that were o' his ain unhappy persuasion, had the corpse whirried away up the water, and buried him after their ain pleasure, doubtless—they kend best. I wad hae made nae great charge. I wadna hae excised Johnnie, dead or alive. Stay, see—the strange gentleman is coming."

"Hold the lantern to assist him, Mattocks," said I.—"This is rough walking, sir."

"Yes," replied the Benedictine; "I may say with the poet, who is doubtless familiar to you"———

I should be surprised if he were, thought I internally.

The stranger continued:

"Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!"

"We are now clear of the churchyard," said I, "and have but a short walk to David's, where I hope we shall find a cheerful fire to enliven us after our night's work."

We entered, accordingly, the little parlour, into which Mattocks was also about to push himself with sufficient effrontery, when David, with a most astounding oath, expelled him by head and shoulders, d——ning his curiosity, that would not let gentlemen be private in their own inn. Apparently mine host considered his own presence as no intrusion, for he crowded up to the table on which I had laid down the leaden box. It was frail and wasted, as might be guessed, from having lain so many years in the ground. On opening it, we found deposited within, a case made of porphyry, as the stranger had announced to us.

"I fancy," he said, "gentlemen, your curiosity will not be satisfied,—perhaps I should say that your suspicions will not be removed,—unless I undo this casket; yet it only contains the mouldering remains of a heart, once the seat of the noblest thoughts."

He undid the box with great caution; but the shrivelled substance which it contained bore now no resemblance to what it might once have been, the means used having been apparently unequal to preserve its shape and colour, although they were adequate to prevent its total decay. We were quite satisfied, notwithstanding, that it was what the stranger asserted, the remains of a human heart; and David readily promised his influence in the village, which was almost co-ordinate with that of the bailie himself, to silence all idle rumours. He was, moreover, pleased to favour us with his company to supper; and having taken the lion's share of two bottles of sherry, he not only sanctioned with his plenary authority the stranger's removal of the heart, but, I believe, would have authorized the removal of the Abbey itself, were it not that it happens considerably to advantage the worthy publican's own custom.

The object of the Benedictine's visit to the land of his forefathers being now accomplished, he announced his intention of leaving us early in the ensuing day, but requested my company to breakfast with him before his departure. I came accordingly, and when we had finished our morning's meal, the priest took me apart, and, pulling from his pocket a large bundle of papers, he put them into my hands. "These," said he, "Captain Clutterbuck, are genuine Memoirs of the sixteenth century, and exhibit in a singular, and, as I think, an interesting point of view, the manners of that period. I am induced to believe that their publication will not be an unacceptable present to the British public; and I willingly make over to you any profit that may accrue from such a transaction."

* A tombstone.

I stared a little at this annunciation, and observ
hand seemed too modern for the date he assigned t
script.

"Do not mistake me, sir," said the Benedictine
mean to say the Memoirs were written in the sixtee
but only, that they were compiled from authentic
that period, but written in the taste and language o
day. My uncle commenced this book, and I, partly
my habit of English composition, and partly to d
choly thoughts, amused my leisure hours with cor
concluding it. You will see the period of the stor
uncle leaves off his narrative, and I commence m
they relate in a great measure to different persons, t
a different period."

Retaining the papers in my hand, I proceeded to
my doubts, whether, as a good Protestant, I coul
or superintend a publication written probably in
Popery.

"You will find," he said, "no matter of controv
sheets, nor any sentiments stated, with which, I tr
in all persuasions will not be willing to join. I re
was writing for a land unhappily divided from t
faith; and I have taken care to say nothing which,
preted, could give ground for accusing me of partia
upon collating my narrative with the proofs to which
for you will find copies of many of the original pa
parcel—you are of opinion that I have been partia
faith, I freely give you leave to correct my errors in
I own, however, I am not conscious of this defect,
ther to fear that the Catholics may be of opinion,
mentioned circumstances respecting the decay o
which preceded, and partly occasioned, the great s
by you the Reformation, over which I ought to h
veil. And indeed this is one reason why I choos
should appear in a foreign land, and pass to the p
the hands of a stranger."

To this I had nothing to reply, unless to object t
competency to the task the good father was desiro
upon me. On this subject he was pleased to say
than his knowledge of me fully warranted—more
than my modesty will permit me to record. At leng
with advising me, if I continued to feel the diffid
stated, to apply to some veteran of literature, who
might supply my deficiencies. Upon these term
with mutual expressions of regard, and I have neve
of him.

After several attempts to peruse the quires of pa
gularly conferred on me, in which I was interrupte
inexplicable fits of yawning, I at length, in a sa
communicated them to our village club, from who
a more favourable reception than the unlucky com
my nerves had been able to afford them. They
pronounced the work to be exceedingly good, and
would be guilty of the greatest possible injury to
ing village, if I should suppress what threw such a
and radiant light upon the history of the ancient I
Saint Mary.

At length, by dint of listening to their opinion, I
bious of my own; and indeed, when I heard passa
by the sonorous voice of our worthy pastor, I was
tired than I have felt myself at some of his own ser
and so great is the difference betwixt reading a thi
making toilsome way through all the difficulties of
and, as the man says in the play, "having the t
you;"—It is positively like being wafted over a cre
or wading through it on your feet, with the mu
knees. Still, however, there remained the grea
finding some one who could act as editor, correct
the press and of the language, which, according t
master, was absolutely necessary.

Since the trees walked forth to choose them a
never was an honour so bandied about. The pars
leave the quiet of his chimney corner—the bailie
dignity of his situation, and the approach of the
fair, as reasons against going to Edinburgh to m
ments for printing the Benedictine's Manuscript.
master alone seemed of malleable stuff; and, desi
of emulating the fame of Jedediah Cleishbotham
wish to undertake this momentous commission. I
strance from three opulent farmers, whose sons he
board, and schooling, for twenty pounds per an
came like a frost over the blossoms of his literary a
he was compelled to decline the service.

In these circumstances, sir, I apply to you, by
our little council of war, nothing doubting you w
inclined to take the duty upon you, as it is muc
with that in which you have distinguished yours
request is, that you will review, or rather revise an
enclosed packet, and prepare it for the press, by
tions, additions, and curtailments, as you think nec
give my hinting to you, that the deepest well ma
ed,—the best corps of grenadiers, as our old gener
expressed himself, may be ——. A few hints ca
harm; and, for the prize money, let the battle be f
it shall be parted at the drum head. I hope y
nothing amiss that I have said. I am a plain sold
accustomed to compliments. I may add, that I sh
contented to march in the front with you—that i
name with yours on the title page.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your unknown humble Ser
CUTHBERT CLUT

VILLAGE OF KENNAQUHAIR,
—— of April, 18——.

For the Author of "Waverley," &c.
care of Mr. John Ballantyne,
Hanover Street, *Edinburgh.*

ANSWER

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY,"

TO THE

REGOING LETTER FROM CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK.

---

e, that, notwithstanding the distance and cere- ddress, I return an answer in the terms of fami- ith is, your origin and native country are better ian even to yourself. You derive your respect- if I am not greatly mistaken, from a land which ch pleasure, as well as profit, to those who have essfully. I mean that part of the *terra incognita* the province of Utopia. Its productions, though ry (and some who use tea and tobacco without and unsubstantial luxuries, have nevertheless, luxuries, a general acceptation, and are secretly r those who express the greatest scorn and dis- public. The dram drinker is often the first to he smell of spirits—it is not unusual to hear old leclaim against scandal—the private book-cases eeming men would not brook decent eyes—and t of the wise and learned, but of those most l such, when the spring-lock of their library is vet cap pulled over their ears, their feet insinu- turkey slippers, are to be found, were their re- intruded upon, busily engaged with the last new

he truly wise and learned disdain these shifts, ne said novel as avowedly as they would the lid ox. I will only quote one instance, though I l. Did you know the celebrated Watt of Bir- ain Clutterbuck? I believe not, though, from it to state, he would not have failed to have uintance with you. It was only once my fortune hether in body or in spirit it matters not. There about half a score of our Northern Lights, who m, heaven knows how, a well-known character . Jedediah Cleishbotham. This worthy person, Edinburgh during the Christmas vacation, had f lion in the place, and was led in leash from along with the guisards, the stone-eater, and ats of the season, which "exhibit their unpa- o private family-parties, if required." Amidst ood Mr. Watt, the man whose genius discovered nultiplying our national resources to a degree yond his own stupendous powers of calculation n; bringing the treasures of the abyss to the arth—giving the feeble arm of man the momen- e—commanding manufactures to arise, as the het produced water in the desert, affording the sing with that time and tide which wait for no ling without that wind which defied the com- nts of Xerxes himself.* This potent commander t—this abridger of time and space—this magi- udy machinery has produced a change on the ets of which, extraordinary as they are, are per- eginning to be felt—was not only the most pro- ience, the most successful combiner of powers of numbers, as adapted to practical purposes.— e of the most generally well-informed,—but one kindest of human beings.

d, surrounded by the little band I have mention- literati, men not less tenacious, generally speak- n fame and their own opinions, than the national supposed to be jealous of the high character en won upon service. Methinks I yet see and all never see or hear again. In his eighty-fifth kind, benevolent old man had his attention one's question, his information at every one's

d fancy overflowed on every subject. One gen- eep philologist,—he talked with him on the ori- abet as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; rated critic,—you would have said the old man itical economy and belles-lettres all his life,—of

science it is unnecessary to speak, it was his own distinguished walk. And yet, Captain Clutterbuck, when he spoke with your countryman Jedediah Cleishbotham, you would have sworn he had been coeval with Claver'se and Burley, with the persecutors and persecuted, and could number every shot the dragoons had fired at the fugitive Covenanters. In fact, we discovered that no novel of the least celebrity escaped his perusal, and that the gifted man of science was as much addicted to the productions of your native country, (the land of Utopia aforesaid,) in other words, as shameless and obstinate a peruser of novels, as if he had been a very milliner's apprentice of eighteen. I know little apology for troubling you with these things, excepting the desire to commemorate a delightful evening, and a wish to encourage you to shake off that modest diffidence which makes you afraid of being supposed connected with the fairy-land of delusive fiction. I will requite your tag of verse from Horace himself, with a paraphrase for your own use, my dear Captain, and for that of your country club, excepting in reverence the clergyman and schoolmaster:—

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori, &c.

> Take thou no scorn,
> Of fiction born,
> Fair fiction's muse to woo;
> Old Homer's theme
> Was but a dream,
> Himself a fiction too.

Having told you your country, I must next, my dear Captain Clutterbuck, make free to mention your own immediate descent. You are not to suppose your land of prodigies so little known to us as the careful concealment of your origin would seem to imply. But you have it in common with many of your country, studiously and anxiously to hide any connexion with it. There is this difference, indeed, betwixt your countrymen and those of our more material world, that many of the most estimable of them, such as an old Highland gentleman called Ossian, a monk of Bristol called Rowley, and others, are inclined to pass themselves off as denizens of the land of reality, whereas most of our fellow-citizens who deny their country are such as that country would be very willing to disclaim. The especial circumstances you mention relating to your life and services, impose not upon us. We know the versatility of the unsubstantial species to which you belong permits them to assume all manner of disguises; we have seen them apparelled in the caftan of a Persian, and the silken robe of a Chinese,† and are prepared to suspect their real character under every disguise. But how can we be ignorant of your country and manners, or deceived by the evasion of its inhabitants, when the voyages of discovery which have been made to it rival in number those recorded by Purchas or by Hackluyt?‡ And to show the skill and perseverance of your navigators and travellers, we have only to name Sindbad, Aboulfouaris, and Robinson Crusoe. These were the men for discoveries. Could we have sent Captain Greenland to look out for the north-west passage, or Peter Wilkins to examine Baffin's Bay, what discoveries might we not have expected! But there are feats, and these both numerous and extraordinary, performed by the inhabitants of your country, which we read without once attempting to emulate.

I wander from my purpose, which was to assure you, that I know you as well as the mother who did *not* bear you, for MacDuff's peculiarity sticks to your whole race. You are not born of woman, unless, indeed, in that figurative sense, in which the celebrated Maria Edgeworth may, in her state of single blessedness, be termed mother of the finest family in England. You belong, sir, to the Editors of the land of Utopia, a sort of persons for whom I have the highest esteem. How is it possible it should be otherwise, when you reckon among your corporation the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli, the short-faced president of the Spectator's Club, poor Ben Silton, and many others, who have acted as gentlemen-ushers to works which have cheered our heaviest, and added wings to our lightest hours?

What I have remarked as peculiar to Editors of the class in which I venture to enrol you, is the happy combination of fortuitous circumstances which usually put you in possession of the

* ingenious author alludes to the national adage:

> The king said sail,
> But the wind said no.

er (who is also a land-surveyor) thinks the whole pas- Watt's improvements on the steam engine.—*Note by* uck.

† See The Persian Letters, and The Citizen of the World.

‡ See Les Voyages Imaginaires.

works which you have the goodness to bring into public notice. One walks on the sea-shore, and a wave casts on land a small cylindrical trunk or casket, containing a manuscript much damaged with sea water, which is with difficulty deciphered, and so forth.* Another steps into a chandler's shop to purchase a pound of butter, and behold! the waste paper on which it is laid is the manuscript of a cabalist.† A third is so fortunate as to obtain from a woman who lets lodgings, the curious contents of an antique bureau, the property of a deceased lodger.‡ All these are certainly possible occurrences; but I know not how, they seldom occur to any Editors, save those of your country. At least I can answer for myself, that in my solitary walks by the sea, I never saw it cast ashore any thing but dulse and tangle, and now and then a deceased star-fish; my landlady never presented me with any manuscript save her cursed bill; and the most interesting of my discoveries in the way of waste paper, was finding a favourite passage of one of my own novels wrapt round an ounce of snuff. No, Captain, the funds from which I have drawn my power of amusing the public, have been bought otherwise than by fortuitous adventure. I have buried myself in libraries, to extract from the nonsense of ancient days new nonsense of my own. I have turned over volumes, which, from the pot-hooks I was obliged to decipher, might have been the cabalistic manuscripts of Cornelius Agrippa, although I never saw "the door open and the devil come in."§ But all the domestic inhabitants of the libraries were disturbed by the vehemence of my studies;—

> From my research the boldest spider fled,
> And moths, retreating, trembled as I read.

From this learned sepulchre I emerged like the Magician in the Persian Tales, from his twelvemonth's residence in the mountain, not like him to soar over the heads of the multitude, but to mingle in the crowd, and to elbow amongst the throng, making my way from the highest society to the lowest, undergoing the scorn, or, what is harder to brook, the patronising condescension of the one, and enduring the vulgar familiarity of the other,—and all, you will say, for what? to collect materials for one of those manuscripts with which mere chance so often accommodates your countrymen; in other words to write a successful novel. "O, Athenians, how hard we labour to deserve your praise!"

I might stop here, my dear Clutterbuck; it would have a touching effect, and the air of proper deference to our dear Public.—But I will not be false with you.—(though falsehood is—excuse the observation—the current coin of your country,) the truth is I have studied and lived for the purpose of gratifying my own curiosity, and passing my own time; and though the result has been, that, in one shape or other I have been frequently before the Public, perhaps more frequently than prudence warranted, yet I cannot claim from them the favour due to those who have dedicated their ease and leisure to the improvement and entertainment of others.

Having communicated thus freely with you, my dear Captain, it follows, of course, that I will gratefully accept of your communication, which, as your Benedictine observed, divides itself both by subject, manner, and age, into two parts. But I am sorry I cannot gratify your literary ambition, by suffering your name to appear upon the title page; and I will candidly tell you the reason.

The Editors of your country are of such a soft and passive disposition, that they have frequently done themselves great disgrace by giving up the coadjutors who first brought them into public notice and public favour, and suffering their names to be used by those quacks and impostors who live upon the ideas of others. Thus I shame to tell how the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli was induced by one Juan Avellaneda to play the Turk with the ingenious Miguel Cervantes, and to publish a second Part of the adventures of his hero, the renowned Don Quixote, without the knowledge or co-operation of his principal aforesaid. It is true, the Arabian sage returned to his allegiance, and thereafter composed a genuine continuation of the Knight of La Mancha, in which the said Avellaneda of Tordesillas is severely
For in this you pseudo-editors resemble the juggler's d
ape, to which a sly old Scotsman likened James I., "I
Jackoo in your hand, you can make him bite me;
Jackoo in my hand, I can make him bite you." Yet
standing the *amende honorable* thus made by Cid Ham
geli, his temporary defection did not the less occasi
cease of the ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote, if he c
to die, whose memory is immortal. Cervantes put him
lest he should again fall into bad hands. Awful, yet j
quence of Cid Hamet's defection!

To quote a more modern and much less important i
am sorry to observe my old acquaintance Jedediah Cle
has misbehaved himself so far as to desert his origi
and set up for himself. I am afraid the poor pedagogue
little by his new allies, unless the pleasure of entert
public, and, for aught I know, the gentlemen of the
with disputes about his identity.‖ Observe, therefor
Clutterbuck, that, wise by these great examples, I rece
a partner, but a sleeping partner only. As I give you
employ or use the firm of the copartnery we are abo
I will announce my property in my title page, and pu
mark on my own chattels, which the attorney tells me
a crime to counterfeit, as much as it would to imitate
graph of any other emptor, a crime amounting, as
tell us, upon little less than to nothing short of
If, therefore, my dear friend, your name should hereaf
in any title page without mine, readers will know whi
of you. I scorn to use either arguments or threats; bu
not but be sensible, that, as you owe your literary ex
me on the one hand, so, on the other, your very all ...
posal. I can at pleasure cut off your annuity, strike y
from the half-pay establishment, nay, actually put you
without being answerable to any one. These are pl
to a gentleman who has served during the whole w
am aware, you will take nothing amiss at my hands.

And now, my good sir, let us address ourselves to ou
arrange as we best can the manuscript of your Bene
as to suit the taste of this critical age. You will f
made very liberal use of his permission, to alter what
ed too favourable to the Church of Rome, which I a
were it but for her fasts and penances.

Our reader is doubtless impatient, and we must
John Bunyan,

> We have too long detain'd him in the porch,
> And kept him from the sunshine with a torch.

Adieu, therefore, my dear Captain—remember me resp
the parson, the schoolmaster, and the bailie, and all
the happy club in the village of Kennaquhair. I h
seen, and never shall see, one of their faces; and notw
ing, I believe that as yet I am better acquainted with
any other man who lives.—I shall soon introduce you
cund friend, Mr. John Ballantyne of Trinity-Grove, w
will find warm from his match at single stick with
Publisher.¶ Peace to their differences! It is a wrat
and the *irritabile genus* comprehends the bookselling
the book-writing species.—Once more adieu!

THE AUTHOR OF WA

* See the History of Automathes.
† Adventures of a Guinea.
‡ Adventures of an Atom.
§ See Southey's Ballad on the Young Man who read in a Conjuror's Books.

‖ I am since more correctly informed, that Mr Cleishbotha
months since at Gandercleugh, and that the person assuming
an impostor. The real Jedediah made a most Christian and ed
and, as I am credibly informed, having sent for a Cameroni
man when he was *in extremis*, was so fortunate as to convin
man, that, after all, he had no wish to bring down on the sca
nant of Mountain folks, "the bonnets of Bonny Dundee."
the speculators in print and paper will not allow a good man
in his grave!

This note, and the passages in the text, were occasioned by
bookseller having printed, as a speculation, an additional se
Tales of My Landlord, which was not so fortunate as to pass
ing on the world as genuine.

¶ In consequence of the pseudo Tales of My Landlord printed
don, as already mentioned, the late Mr. John Ballantyne, the
publisher, had a controversy with the interloping bibliopolist
sisting that his Jedediah Cleishbotham was the real Simon Pure

THE MONASTERY.

CHAPTER 1.

the Monks, the Monks they did the mischief!
s all the grossness, all the superstition
most gross and superstitious age—
He be praised that sent the healthful tempest
catter'd all these pestilential vapours!
hat we owed them *all* to yonder Harlot
ed on the seven hills with her cup of gold,
as soon believe, with kind Sir Roger,
old Moll White took wing with cat and broomstick,
aised the last night's thunder. —*Old Play.*

illage described in the Benedictine's manu- y the name of Kennaquhair, bears the same ermination which occurs in Traquhair, Ca- and other compounds. The learned Chal- rives this word Quhair, from the winding f a stream; a definition which coincides, in kable degree, with the serpentine turns of the reed near the village of which we speak. It n long famous for the splendid Monastery of lary, founded by David the First of Scotland, e reign were formed, in the same county, the splendid establishments of Melrose, Jedburgh, lso. The donations of land with which the ndowed these wealthy fraternities procured m the Monkish historians the epithet of Saint, m one of his impoverished descendants the c censure, "that he had been a sore saint for wn."

ms probable, notwithstanding, that David, s a wise as well as a pious monarch, was not olely by religious motives to those great acts ficence to the church, but annexed political o his pious generosity. His possessions in nberland and Cumberland became precarious loss of the Battle of the Standard; and since nparatively fertile valley of Teviotdale was become the frontier of his kingdom, it is he wished to secure at least a part of these possessions by placing them in the hands of iks, whose property was for a long time re- even amidst the rage of a frontier war. In nner alone had the King some chance of en- rotection and security to the cultivators of the d, in fact, for several ages the possessions of bbeys were each a sort of Goshen, enjoying n light of peace and immunity, while the rest ountry, occupied by wild clans and maraud- ons, was one dark scene of confusion, blood, emitted outrage.

ese immunities did not continue down to the f the crowns. Long before that period the twixt England and Scotland had lost their character of international hostilities, and had on the part of the English a struggle for sub- , on that of the Scots a desperate and infuri- fence of their liberties. This introduced on les a degree of fury and animosity unknown arlier period of their history; and as religious soon gave way to national hatred spurred by f plunder, the patrimony of the Church was er sacred from incursions on either side. wever, the tenants and vassals of the great had many advantages over those of the lay who were harassed by constant military duty, ey became desperate, and lost all relish for the eace. The vassals of the church, on the other ere only liable to be called to arms on gene- sions, and at other times were permitted in ative quiet to possess their farms and feus.* They of course exhibited superior skill in every thing that related to the cultivation of the soil, and were therefore both wealthier and better informed than the military retainers of the restless chiefs and nobles in their neighbourhood.

The residence of these church vassals was usually in a small village or hamlet, where, for the sake of mutual aid and protection, some thirty or forty families dwelt together. This was called the Town, and the land belonging to the various families by whom the Town was inhabited, was called the Township. They usually possessed the land in common, though in various proportions, according to their several grants. The part of the Township, properly arable, and kept as such continually under the plough, was called *in-field.* Here the use of quantities of manure supplied in some degree the exhaustion of the soil, and the feuars raised tolerable oats and bear,† usually sowed on alternate ridges, on which the labour of the whole community was bestowed without distinction, the produce being divided after harvest, agreeably to their respective interests.

There was, besides, *out-field* land, from which it was thought possible to extract a crop now and then, after which it was abandoned to the "skiey influences," until the exhausted powers of vegetation were restored. These out-field spots were selected by any feuar at his own choice, amongst the sheep-walks and hills which were always annexed to the Township, to serve as pasturage to the community. The trouble of cultivating these patches of out-field, and the precarious chance that the crop would pay the labour, were considered as giving a right to any feuar, who chose to undertake the adventure, to the produce which might result from it.

There remained the pasturage of extensive moors, where the valleys often afforded good grass, and upon which the whole cattle belonging to the community fed indiscriminately during the summer, under the charge of the Town-herd, who regularly drove them out to pasture in the morning, and brought them back at night, without which precaution they would have fallen a speedy prey to some of the Snatchers in the neighbourhood. These are things to make modern agriculturists hold up their hands and stare; but the same mode of cultivation is not yet entirely in desuetude in some distant parts of North Britain, and may be witnessed in full force and exercise in the Zetland Archipelago.

The habitations of the church-feuars were not less primitive than their agriculture. In each village or town were several small towers, having battlements projecting over the side-walls, and usually an advanced angle or two with shot holes for flanking the door-way, which was always defended by a strong door of oak, studded with nails, and often by an exterior grated door of iron. These small peel-houses were ordinarily inhabited by the principal feuars and their families; but upon the alarm of approaching danger, the whole inhabitants thronged from their own miserable cottages, which were situated around, to garrison these points of defence. It was then no easy matter for a hostile party to penetrate into the village, for the men were habituated to the use of bows and fire-arms, and the towers being generally so placed, that the discharge from one crossed that of another, it was impossible to assault any of them individually.

The interior of these houses was usually sufficiently wretched, for it would have been folly to have furnished them in a manner which could excite the avarice of their lawless neighbours. Yet the families themselves exhibited in their appearance a degree of comfort, information, and independence

* l possessions conferred upon vassals and their heirs, small quit-rent, or a moderate proportion of the pro- his was a favourite manner, by which the churchmen he patrimony *of their convents; and many descendants feuars, as they are called, are still to be found in pos- their family inheritances in the neighbourhood of the steries of Scotland.*

† Or bigg, a coarse kind of barley.

which could hardly have been expected. Their in-field supplied them with bread and home-brewed ale, their herds and flocks with beef and mutton. (the extravagance of killing lambs or calves was never thought of.) Each family killed a mart, or fat bullock, in November, which was salted up for winter use, to which the goodwife could, upon great occasions, add a dish of pigeons or a fat capon—the ill-cultivated garden afforded "lang-cale,"—and the river gave salmon to serve as a relish during the season of Lent.

Of fuel they had plenty, for the bogs afforded turf; and the remains of the abused woods continued to give them logs for burning, as well as timber for the usual domestic purposes. In addition to these comforts, the goodman would now and then sally forth to the greenwood, and mark down a buck of season with his gun or his cross-bow; and the Father Confessor seldom refused him absolution for the trespass, if duly invited to take his share of the smoking haunch. Some, still bolder, made, either with their own domestics, or by associating themselves with the moss-troopers, in the language of shepherds, "a start and overloup;" and the golden ornaments and silken head-gear worn by the females of one or two families of note, were invidiously traced by their neighbours to such successful excursions. This, however, was a more inexpiable crime in the eyes of the Abbot and Community of St. Mary's, than the borrowing one of the "gude king's deer;" and they failed not to discountenance and punish, by every means in their power, offences which were sure to lead to severe retaliation upon the property of the church, and which tended to alter the character of their peaceful vassalage.

As for the information possessed by those dependants of the Abbacies, they might have been truly said to be better fed than taught, even though their fare had been worse than it was. Still, however, they enjoyed opportunities of knowledge from which others were excluded. The Monks were in general well acquainted with their vassals and tenants, and familiar in the families of the better class among them, where they were sure to be received with the respect due to their twofold character of spiritual father and secular landlord. Thus it often happened, when a boy displayed talents and inclination for study, one of the brethren, with a view to his being bred to the church, or out of good-nature, in order to pass away his own idle time, if he had no better motive, initiated him into the mysteries of reading and writing, and imparted to him such other knowledge as he himself possessed. And the heads of these allied families, having more time for reflection, and more skill, as well as stronger motives for improving their small properties, bore amongst their neighbours the character of shrewd, intelligent men, who claimed respect on account of their comparative wealth, even while they were despised for a less warlike and enterprising turn than the other Borderers. They lived as much as they well could amongst themselves, avoiding the company of others, and dreading nothing more than to be involved in the deadly feuds and ceaseless contentions of the secular landholders.

Such is a general picture of these communities. During the fatal wars in the commencement of Queen Mary's reign, they had suffered dreadfully by the hostile invasions. For the English, now a Protestant people, were so far from sparing the church-lands, that they forayed them with more unrelenting severity than even the possessions of the laity. But the peace of 1550 had restored some degree of tranquillity to these distracted and harassed regions, and matters began again gradually to settle upon the former footing. The monks repaired their ravaged shrines—the feuar again roofed his small fortalice which the enemy had ruined—the poor labourer rebuilt his cottage, an easy task, where a few sods, stones, and a few pieces of wood from the next copse, furnished all the materials necessary. The cattle, lastly, were driven out of the wastes and thickets in which the remnant of them had been secreted; and the mighty bull moved at the head of his seraglio and their followers, to take possession of their wonted pastures. There ensued peace and quiet, the state of
the age and nation considered, to the M
Saint Mary, and its dependencies, for se
qual years.

CHAPTER II.

In yon lone vale his early youth was bred,
Not solitary then—the bugle-horn
Of fell Alecto often waked its windings,
From where the brook joins the majestic riv
To the wild northern bog, the curlew's haun
Where oozes forth its first and feeble streamle

We have said, that most of the feuars d
village belonging to their townships. Th
however, universally the case. A lonely
which the reader must now be introdu
least one exception to the general rule.

It was of small dimensions, yet larger
which occurred in the village, as intimat
case of assault, the proprietor would have
his own unassisted strength. Two or th
ble huts, at the foot of the fortalice, held
men and tenants of the feuar. The site w
ful green knoll, which started up suddenly
throat of a wild and narrow glen, and w
surrounded, except on one side, by the
a small stream, afforded a position of c
strength.

But the great security of Glendearg, for
was called, lay in its secluded and almos
tuation. To reach the tower, it was n
travel three miles up the glen, crossing al
times the little stream, which, winding
narrow valley, encountered at every hu
the opposition of a rock or precipitous b
one side, which altered its course, and c
shoot off in an oblique direction to the c
hills which ascend on each side of this g
steep, and rise boldly over the stream, w
imprisoned within their barriers. The
glen are impracticable for horse, and ar
traversed by means of the sheep-paths whi
their sides. It would not be readily sup
road so hopeless and so difficult could
habitation more important than the sumn
of a shepherd.

Yet the glen, though lonely, nearly i
and sterile, was not then absolutely voi
The turf which covered the small porti
ground on the sides of the stream, was a
verdant as if it had occupied the scythe
dred gardeners once a-fortnight; and i
nished with an embroidery of daisies an
ers, which the scythes would certainly hav
The little brook, now confined betwixt c
now left at large to choose its course
narrow valley, danced carelessly on fro
pool, light and unturbid, as that better cla
who pass their way through life, yieldin
mountable obstacles, but as far from bei
by them as the sailor who meets by cha
unfavourable wind, and shapes his cou
be driven back as little as possible.

The mountains, as they would have be
England, *Scottice* the steep *braes*, rose a
the little glen, here presenting the gray fa
from which the turf had been peeled by t
and there displaying patches of wood
which had escaped the waste of the cat
sheep of the feuars, and which, featheri
up the beds of empty torrents, or occupyi
cave recesses of the bank, gave at once
variety to the landscape. Above thes
woods rose the hill, in barren, but purp
the dark rich hue, particularly in autum
ing beautifully with the thickets of oak
the mountain-ashes and thorns, the ald
vering aspens, which checkered and va
scene, and not less with the dark-green
turf, which composed the level part of
glen.

Yet, though thus embellished, the sce
ther be strictly termed sublime or b
scarcely even picturesque or striking

olitude pressed on the heart; the traveller felt icertainty whither he was going, or in what a path was to terminate, which, at times, more on the imagination than the grand fea- 'a show-scene, when you know the exact dis- f the inn where your dinner is bespoke, and moment preparing. These are ideas, how- 'a far later age; for at the time we treat of, the sque, the beautiful, the sublime, and all their diate shades, were ideas absolutely unknown inhabitants and occasional visitors of Glen-

: had, however, attached to the scene feelings the time. Its name, signifying the Red Val- ms to have been derived, not only from the olour of the heath, with which the upper part of ig banks was profusely clothed, but also from : red colour of the rocks, and of the precipitous banks, which in that country are called *scaurs*. ier glen, about the head of Ettrick, has acquired ie name from similar circumstances; and e probably more in Scotland to which it has /en.

r Glendearg did not abound in mortal visitants, tion, that it might not be absolutely destitute iitants, had peopled its recesses with beings ig to another world. The savage and capri- 'own Man of the Moors, a being which seems uine descendant of the northern dwarfs, was d to be seen there frequently, especially after imnal equinox, when the fogs were thick, and not easily distinguished. The Scottish fairies, whimsical, irritable, and mischievous tribe, ough at times capriciously benevolent, were equently adverse to mortals, were also sup- to have formed a residence in a particularly ess of the glen, of which the real name was, ion to that circumstance, *Corrie nan Shian*, in corrupted Celtic, signifies the Hollow of ies. But the neighbours were more cautious ing about this place, and avoided giving it a om an idea common then throughout all the and Celtic provinces of Scotland, and still in many places, that to speak either good or its capricious race of imaginary beings, is to their resentment, and that secrecy and si- what they chiefly desire from those who may upon their revels, or discover their haunts.

sterious terror was thus attached to the dale, afforded access from the broad valley of the up the little glen we have described, to the e called the Tower of Glendearg. Beyond the where, as we have said, the tower was situated, s grew more steep, and narrowed on the slen- ok, so as scarce to leave a footpath; and there n terminated in a wild waterfall, where a thread of water dashed in a precipitous line over two or three precipices. Yet farther in e direction, and above these successive cas- lay a wild and extensive morass, frequented waterfowl, wide, waste, apparently almost iable, and serving in a great measure to se- ie inhabitants of the glen from those who the northward.

itless and indefatigable moss-troopers, indeed, orasses were well known, and sometimes af- retreat. They often rode down the glen— : this tower—asked and received hospitality— with a sort of reserve on the part of its more inhabitants, who entertained them as a party i American Indians might be received by a ropean settler, as much out of fear as hospi- hile the uppermost wish of the landlord is dy departure of the savage guests.

iad not always been the current of feeling in valley and its tower. Simon Glendinning, r inhabitant, boasted his connexion by blood ncient family of Glendonwyne, on the western He used to narrate, at his fireside, in the evenings, the feats of the family to which iged, one of whom fell by the side of the iarl of Douglas at Otterbourne. On these is Simon usually held upon his knee an broadsword, which had belonged to his an- cestors before any of the family had consented to accept a fief under the peaceful dominion of the Monks of St. Mary's. In modern days, Simon might have lived at ease on his own estate, and quietly murmured against the fate that had doomed him to dwell there, and cut off his access to martial renown. But so many opportunities, nay, so many calls there were for him, who in those days spoke big, to make good his words by his actions, that Simon Glendinning was soon under the necessity of marching with the men of the Halidome, as it was called, of Saint Mary's, in that disastrous campaign which was concluded by the battle of Pinkie.

The Catholic clergy were deeply interested in that national quarrel, the principal object of which was, to prevent the union of the infant Queen Mary with the son of the heretical Henry VIII. The Monks had called out their vassals, under an experienced leader. Many of themselves had taken arms, and marched to the field, under a banner representing a female, supposed to personify the Scottish Church, kneeling in the attitude of prayer, with the legend, *Afflictæ Sponsæ ne obliviscaris*.*

The Scots, however, in all their wars, had more occasion for good and cautious generals than for excitation, whether political or enthusiastic. Their headlong and impatient courage uniformly induced them to rush into action without duly weighing either their own situation or that of their enemies, and the inevitable consequence was frequent defeat. With the dolorous slaughter of Pinkie we have nothing to do, excepting that, among ten thousand men of low and high degree, Simon Glendinning, of the Tower of Glendearg, bit the dust, no way disparaging in his death that ancient race from which he claimed his descent.

When the doleful news, which spread terror and mourning through the whole of Scotland, reached the tower of Glendearg, the widow of Simon, Elspeth Brydone by her family name, was alone in that desolate habitation, excepting a hind or two, alike past martial and agricultural labour, and the helpless widows and families of those who had fallen with their master. The feeling of desolation was universal;—but what availed it? The Monks, their patrons and protectors, were driven from their Abbey by the English forces, who now overran the country, and compelled at least an appearance of submission on the part of the inhabitants. The Protector, Somerset, formed a strong camp among the ruins of the ancient castle of Roxburgh, and compelled the neighbouring country to come in, pay tribute, and take assurance from him, as the phrase then went. Indeed there was no power of resistance remaining; and the few barons whose high spirit disdained even the appearance of surrender, could only retreat into the wildest fastnesses of the country, leaving their houses and property to the wrath of the English, who detached parties everywhere, to distress, by military exaction, those whose chiefs had not made their submission. The Abbot and his community having retreated beyond the Forth, their lands were severely forayed, as their sentiments were held peculiarly inimical to the alliance with England.

Amongst the troops detached on this service was a small party, commanded by Stawarth Bolton, a captain in the English army, and full of the blunt and unpretending gallantry and generosity which have so often distinguished that nation. Resistance was in vain. Elspeth Brydone, when she descried a dozen of horsemen threading their way up the glen, with a man at their head, whose scarlet cloak, bright armour, and dancing plume, proclaimed him a leader, saw no better protection for herself than to issue from the iron gate, covered with a long mourning veil, and holding one of her two sons in each hand, to meet the Englishman—state her deserted condition—place the little tower at his command—and beg for his mercy. She stated, in a few brief words, her intention, and added, "I submit, because I have no means of resistance."

"And I do not ask your submission, mistress, for the same reason," replied the Englishman. "I—

* Forget not the afflicted Spouse.

satisfied of your peaceful intentions is all I ask; and, from what you tell me, there is no reason to doubt them."

"At least, sir," said Elspeth Brydone, "take share of what our spence and our garners afford. Your horses are tired—your folk want refreshment."

"Not a whit—not a whit," answered the honest Englishman; "it shall never be said we disturbed by carousal the widow of a brave soldier, while she was mourning for her husband.—Comrades, face about.—Yet stay," he added, checking his war-horse, "my parties are out in every direction; they must have some token that your family are under my assurance of safety.—Here, my little fellow," said he, speaking to the eldest boy, who might be about nine or ten years old, "lend me thy bonnet."

The child reddened, looked sulky, and hesitated, while the mother, with many a *fye* and *nay pshaw*, and such sarsenet chidings as tender mothers give to spoiled children, at length succeeded in snatching the bonnet from him, and handing it to the English leader.

Stawarth Bolton took his embroidered red cross from his barret-cap, and putting it into the loop of the boy's bonnet, said to the mistress, (for the title of lady was not given to dames of her degree,) "By this token, which all my people will respect, you will be freed from any importunity on the part of our forayers." * He placed it on the boy's head; but it was no sooner there, than the little fellow, his veins swelling, and his eyes shooting fire through tears, snatched the bonnet from his head, and, ere his mother could interfere, skimmed it into the brook. The other boy ran instantly to fish it out again, threw it back to his brother, first taking out the cross, which, with great veneration, he kissed, and put into his bosom. The Englishman was half diverted, half surprised, with the scene.

"What mean ye by throwing away Saint George's red cross?" said he to the elder boy, in a tone betwixt jest and earnest.

"Because Saint George is a southern saint," said the child, sulkily.

"Good!"—said Stawarth Bolton.—"And what did you mean by taking it out of the brook again, my little fellow?" he demanded of the younger.

"Because the priest says it is the common sign of salvation to all good Christians."

"Why, good again!" said the honest soldier. "I protest unto you, mistress, I envy you these boys. Are they both yours?"

Stawarth Bolton had reason to put the question, for Halbert Glendinning, the elder of the two, had hair as dark as the raven's plumage, black eyes, large, bold, and sparkling, that glittered under eyebrows of the same complexion; a skin deep embrowned, though it could not be termed swarthy, and an air of activity, frankness, and determination, far beyond his age. On the other hand, Edward, the younger brother, was light haired, blue-eyed, and of fairer complexion, in countenance rather pale, and not exhibiting that rosy hue which colours the sanguine cheek of robust health. Yet the boy had nothing sickly or ill-conditioned in his look, but was, on the contrary, a fair and handsome child, with a smiling face, and mild, yet cheerful eye.

* As gallantry of all times and nations has the same mode of thinking and acting, so it often expresses itself by the same symbols. In the civil war, 1745-6, a party of Highlanders, under a Chieftain of rank, came to Rose Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Carlisle, but then occupied by the family of Squire Dacre of Cumberland. They demanded quarters, which of course were not to be refused to armed men of a strange attire and unknown language. But the domestic represented to the captain of the mountaineers, that the lady of the mansion had been just delivered of a daughter, and expressed her hope that, under these circumstances, his party would give as little trouble as possible. "God forbid," said the gallant chief, "that I or mine should be the means of adding to a lady's inconvenience at such a time. May I request to see the infant?" The child was brought, and the Highlander, taking his cockade out of his bonnet, and pinning it on the child's breast, "That will be a token," he said, "to any of our people who may come hither, that Donald M'Donald of Kinloch Moidart, has taken the family of Rose Castle under his protection." The lady who received in infancy this gage of Highland protection, is now Mary, Lady Clerk of Pennycuick, and on the 10th of June still wears the cockade which was pinned on her breast, with a white rose as a kindred decoration.

The mother glanced a proud motherly gl
at the one, and then at the other, ere she
the Englishman, "Surely, sir, they are
children."

"And by the same father, mistress?"
warth; but, seeing a blush of displeasure
her brow, he instantly added, "Nay, I
offence; I would have asked the same qu
any of my gossips in Merry Lincoln.—W
you have two fair boys; I would I could bo
for Dame Bolton and I live childless in our c
Come, little fellows, which of you will go w

The trembling mother, half-fearing as
drew the children towards her, one with ei
while they both answered the stranger. "
go with you," said Halbert boldly, "for
false-hearted southern; and the southerns
father; and I will war on you to the death
can draw my father's sword."

"God-a-mercy, my little levin-bolt," said S
"the goodly custom of deadly feud will
down in thy day, I presume.—And you,
white-head, will you not go with me, to ri
horse?"

"No," said Edward demurely, "for y
heretic."

"Why, God-a-mercy still!" said Stawart
"Well, dame, I see I shall find no recruit
troop from you; and yet I do envy you t
little chubby knaves." He sighed a mome
visible, in spite of gorget and corslet, and th
"And yet my dame and I would but quar
of the knaves we should like best; for I sh
for the black-eyed rogue—and she, I warra
that blue-eyed, fair-haired darling. Nath
must brook our solitary wedlock, and wi
those that are more fortunate.—Sergeant Br
thou remain here till recalled—protect this
under assurance—do them no wrong, and
wrong to be done to them, as thou wilt an
Dame, Brittson is a married man, old an
feed him on what you will, but give him
much liquor."

Dame Glendinning again offered refresh
with a faltering voice, and an obvious
invitation should not be accepted. The
that, supposing her boys as precious in th
the Englishman as in her own, (the most
of parental errors,) she was half afraid,
admiration he expressed of them in his blu
might end in his actually carrying off one
of the little darlings whom he appeared to
much. She kept hold of their hands, there
her feeble strength could have been of se
any violence been intended, and saw wit
could not disguise, the little party of hors
march, in order to descend the glen. He
did not escape Stawarth Bolton. "I fo
dame," he said, "for being suspicious that
lish falcon was hovering over your Scott
brood. But fear not—those who have fe
dren have fewest cares; nor does a wise m
those of another household. Adieu, dan
the black-eyed rogue is able to drive a f
England, teach him to spare women and
even for the sake of Stawarth Bolton."

"God be with you, gallant southern!"
speth Glendinning, but not till he was out c
spurring on his good horse to regain the h
party, whose plumage and armour were nov
and gradually disappearing in the distanc
winded down the glen.

"Mother," said the elder boy, "I will not
to a prayer for a southern."

"Mother," said the younger, more rev
"is it right to pray for a heretic?"

"The God to whom I pray only knows,"
poor Elspeth; "but these two words, sou
heretic, have already cost Scotland ten th
her best and bravest, and me a husband,
father; and, whether blessing or banning
wish to hear them more.—Follow me to
sir," she said to Brittson, "and such as w
offer you shall be at your disposal."

CHAPTER III.

They lighted down on Tweed water,
And blew their coals sae het,
And fired the March and Teviotdale,
All in an evening late. *Auld Maitland.*

report soon spread through the patrimony of Mary's and its vicinity, that the Mistress of learg had received assurance from the English ain, and that her cattle were not to be driven her corn burnt. Among others who heard this , it reached the ears of a lady, who, once much r in rank than Elspeth Glendinning, was now same calamity reduced to even greater misfor-

was the widow of a brave soldier, Walter l, descended of a very ancient Border family, once possessed immense estates in Eskdale. had long since passed from them into other s, but they still enjoyed an ancient Barony of lerable extent, not very far from the patrimony Mary's, and lying upon the same side of the with the narrow vale of Glendearg, at the head ich was the little tower of the Glendinnings. they had lived, bearing a respectable rank gst the gentry of their province, though neither ay nor powerful. This general regard had been augmented by the skill, courage, and enter- which had been displayed by Walter Avenel, st Baron.

en Scotland began to recover from the dreadful she had sustained after the battle of Pinkie- ;h, Avenel was one of the first who, assembling ll force, set an example in those bloody and aring skirmishes, which showed that a nation, h conquered and overrun by invaders, may yet against them such a war of detail as shall in d become fatal to the foreigners. In one of however, Walter Avenel fell, and the news came to the house of his fathers was followed distracting intelligence, that a party of Eng- en were coming to plunder the mansion and of his widow, in order, by this act of terror, to it others from following the example of the sed.

unfortunate lady had no better refuge than the able cottage of a shepherd among the hills, to she was hastily removed, scarce conscious or for what purpose her terrified attendants removing her and her infant daughter from her iouse. Here she was tended with all the du- service of ancient times by the shepherd's wife, Tacket, who in better days had been her own woman. For a time the lady was unconscious misery; but when the first stunning effect of was so far passed away that she could form an ate of her own situation, the widow of Avenel use to envy the lot of her husband in his dark ilent abode. The domestics who had guided her place of refuge, were presently obliged to se for their own safety, or to seek for necessary stence; and the shepherd and his wife, whose ottage she shared, were soon after deprived of eans of affording their late mistress even that sustenance which they had gladly shared with Some of the English foragers had discovered riven off the few sheep which had escaped the esearches of their avarice. Two cows shared te of the remnant of their stock; they had af- l the family almost their sole support, and now e appeared to stare them in the face.

'e are broken and beggared now, out and out," old Martin the shepherd, and he wrung his in the bitterness of agony, "the thieves, the ing thieves! not a cloot left of the haill hirsel!"

nd to see poor Grizzy and Crummie," said his "turning back their necks to the byre, and rout- while the stony-hearted villains were brogging on wi' their lances!"

here were but four of them," said Martin, "and seen the day forty wad not have ventured this . But our strength and manhood is gane with ir maister!"

or the sake of the holy rood, whisht, man!" said oodwife; "our leddy is half gane already, as ye may see by that fleightering of the ee-lid—a word mair and she's dead outright."

"I could almost wish," said Martin, "we were a' gane, for what to do passes my puir wit. I care little for mysell, or you, Tibb, we can make a fend—work or want we can do baith, but she can do neither."

They canvassed their situation thus openly before the lady, convinced by the paleness of her look, her quivering lip, and dead-set eye, that she neither heard nor understood what they were saying.

"There is a way," said the shepherd, "but I kenna if she could bring her heart to it. There's Simon Glendinning's widow of the glen yonder, has had assurance from the southern loons, and nae soldier to steer them for one cause or other. Now, if the leddy could bow her mind to take quarters with Elspeth Glendinning till better days cast up, nae doubt it wad be doing an honour to the like of her, but"——

"An honour!" answered Tibb, "ay, by my word, sic an honour as wad be pride to her kin mony a lang year after her banes were in the mould. Oh! gudeman, to hear ye even the Lady of Avenel to seeking quarters wi' a kirk-vassal's widow!"

"Loath should I be to wish her to it," said Martin; "but what may we do? to stay here is mere starvation; and where to go, I'm sure I ken nae mair than ony tup I ever herded."

"Speak no more of it," said the widow of Avenel, suddenly joining in the conversation. "I will go to the tower. Dame Elspeth is of good folk, a widow, and the mother of orphans,—she will give us house-room until something be thought upon. These evil showers make the low bush better than no beild."

"See there, see there," said Martin, "you see the leddy has twice our sense."

"And natural it is," said Tibb, "seeing that she is convent-bred, and can lay silk broidery, forby white-seam and shell-work."

"Do you not think," said the lady to Martin, still clasping her child to her bosom, and making it clear from what motives she desired the refuge, "that Dame Glendinning will make us welcome?"

"Blithely welcome, blithely welcome, my leddy," answered Martin cheerily, "and we shall deserve a welcome at her hand. Men are scarce now, my leddy, with these wars; and gie me a thought of time to it, I can do as gude a day's darg as ever I did in my life, and Tibb can sort cows with ony living woman."

"And muckle mair could I do," said Tibb, "were it in ony feasible house; but there will be neither pearlins to mend, nor pinners to busk up, in Elspeth Glendinning's."

"Whisht wi' your pride, woman," said the shepherd; "eneugh ye can do, baith outside and inside, an ye set your mind to it; and hard it is if we twa canna work for three folk's meat, forby my dainty wee leddy there. Come awa, come awa, nae use in staying here langer; we have five Scots miles over moss and muir, and that is nae easy walk for a leddy born and bred."

Household stuff there was little or none to remove or care for; an old pony which had escaped the plunderers, owing partly to its pitiful appearance, partly from the reluctance which it showed to be caught by strangers, was employed to carry the few blankets, and other trifles which they possessed. When Shagram came to his master's well-known whistle, he was surprised to find the poor thing had been wounded, though slightly, by an arrow, which one of the forayers had shot off in anger after he had long chased it in vain.

"Ay, Shagram," said the old man, as he applied something to the wound, "must you rue the langbow as weel as all of us?"

"What corner in Scotland rues it not!" said the Lady of Avenel.

"Ay, ay, madam," said Martin, "God keep the kindly Scot from the cloth-yard shaft, and he will keep himself from the handy stroke. But let us go our way; the trash that is left I can come back for. There is nae ane to stir it but the good neighbours, and they"——

"For the love of God, goodman," said his wife.

gipsy fashion upon Shagram, betwixt two bundles of bedding; the Lady of Avenel walking by the animal's side; Tibb leading the bridle, and old Martin walking a little before, looking anxiously around him to explore the way.

Martin's task as guide, after two or three miles' walking, became more difficult than he himself had expected, or than he was willing to avow. It happened that the extensive range of pasturage, with which he was conversant, lay to the west, and to get into the little valley of Glendearg he had to proceed easterly. In the wilder districts of Scotland, the passage from one vale to another, otherwise than by descending that which you leave, and re-ascending the other, is often very difficult. Heights and hollows, mosses and rocks intervene, and all those local impediments which throw a traveller out of his course. So that Martin, however sure of his general direction, became conscious, and at length was forced reluctantly to admit, that he had missed the direct road to Glendearg, though he insisted they must be very near it. "If we can but win across this wide bog," he said, "I shall warrant we are on the top of the tower."

But to get across the bog was a point of no small difficulty. The farther they ventured into it, though proceeding with all the caution which Martin's experience recommended, the more unsound the ground became, until, after they had passed some places of great peril, their best argument for going forward came to be, that they had to encounter equal danger in returning.

The Lady of Avenel had been tenderly nurtured, but what will not a woman endure when her child is in danger? Complaining less of the dangers of

* This superstition continues to prevail, though one would suppose it must now be antiquated. It is only a year or two since an itinerant puppet show-man, who, disdaining to acknowledge the profession of Gines de Passamonté, called himself an artist from Vauxhall, brought a complaint of a singular nature before the author, as Sheriff of Selkirkshire. The remarkable dexterity with which the show man had exhibited the machinery of his little stage, had, upon a Selkirk fair-day, excited the eager curiosity of some mechanics of Galashiels. These men, from no worse motive that could be discovered than a thirst after knowledge beyond their sphere, committed a burglary upon the barn in which the puppets had been consigned to repose, and carried them off in the nook of their plaids, when returning from Selkirk to their own village.

tated whether to exert his absolute autho[...] defer to the contumacious obstinacy of Sha[...] was not greatly comforted by his wife's ob[...] who, seeing Shagram stare with his eyes, d[...] nostrils, and tremble with terror, hinted [...] surely saw more than they could see."

In this dilemma, the child suddenly ex[...] "Bonny leddy signs to us to come you gat[...] all looked in the direction where the chil[...] but saw nothing, save a wreath of rising mi[...] fancy might form into a human figure; b[...] afforded to Martin only the sorrowful conv[...] the danger of their situation was about to be[...] ed by a heavy fog. He once more essaye[...] forward Shagram; but the animal was inf[...] its determination not to move in the direct[...] tin recommended. "Take your own way for[...] said Martin, "and let us see what you can d[...]

Shagram, abandoned to the discretion of [...] free will, set off boldly in the direction the [...] pointed. There was nothing wonderful in [...] in its bringing them safe to the other side of [...] gerous morass; for the instinct of these a[...] traversing bogs is one of the most curious [...] their nature, and is a fact generally establis[...] it was remarkable that the child more t[...] mentioned the beautiful lady and her signals [...] Shagram seemed to be in the secret, alway[...] in the same direction which she indicat[...] Lady of Avenel took little notice at the [...] mind being probably occupied by the instan[...] but her attendants exchanged expressive lo[...] each other more than once.

"All-Hallow Eve!" said Tibb, in a w[...] Martin.

"For the mercy of Our Lady, not a wor[...] now!" said Martin in reply. "Tell your b[...] man, if you cannot be silent."

When they got once more on firm groun[...] recognised certain land-marks, or cairns, on [...] of the neighbouring hills, by which he wa[...] to guide his course, and ere long they arri[...] Tower of Glendearg.

It was at the sight of this little fortalice [...] misery of her lot pressed hard upon the poo[...] Avenel. When by any accident they ha[...]

a her companion in misfortune. The Lady of nel had been meek and courteous in her prosperi- in adversity, therefore, she met with the greater pathy. Besides, there was a point of pride in tering and supporting a woman of such supe- birth and rank; and, not to do Elspeth Glendin- ; injustice, she felt sympathy for a woman whose resembled her own in so many points, yet was much more severe. Every species of hospitality gladly and respectfully extended to the distressed ellers, and they were kindly requested to stay as at Glendearg as their circumstances rendered ssary, or their inclination prompted.

CHAPTER IV.

Ne'er be I found by thee unawed,
On that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,
When goblins haunt from flood and fen,
The steps of men
COLLINS's *Ode to Fear.*

the country became more settled, the Lady of el would have willingly returned to her hus- l's mansion. But that was no longer in her er. It was a reign of minority, when the strong- had the best right, and when acts of usurpation frequent amongst those who had much power little conscience.

lian Avenel, the younger brother of the deceased ter, was a person of this description. He hesi- l not to seize upon his brother's house and lands, oon as the retreat of the English permitted him. irst, he occupied the property in the name of his e, but when the lady proposed to return with her d to the mansion of its fathers, he gave her to erstand, that Avenel being a male fief, descended he brother, instead of the daughter, of the last essor. The ancient philosopher declined a dispute the emperor who commanded twenty legions, the widow of Walter Avenel was in no condition aintain a contest with the leader of twenty moss- pers. Julian was also a man of service, who d back a friend in case of need, and was sure, efore, to find protectors among the ruling pow- In short, however clear the little Mary's right e possessions of her father, her mother saw the ssity of giving way, at least for the time, to the pation of her uncle.

er patience and forbearance were so far attended advantage, that Julian, for very shame's sake, d no longer suffer her to be absolutely dependant he charity of Elspeth Glendinning. A drove of le and a bull (which were probably missed by e English farmer) were driven to the pastures Glendearg; presents of raiment and household f were sent liberally, and some little money, ugh with a more sparing hand; for those in the ation of Julian Avenel could come more easily the goods, than the representing medium of va- and made their payments chiefly in kind.

n the meantime, the widows of Walter Avenel Simon Glendinning had become habituated to h other's society, and were unwilling to part. e lady could hope no more secret and secure resi- ce than in the tower of Glendearg, and she was in a condition to support her share of the mu- l housekeeping. Elspeth, on the other hand, felt e, as well as pleasure, in the society of a guest of h distinction, and was at all times willing to pay ch greater deference than the Lady of Walter Ave- could be prevailed on to accept.

Martin and his wife diligently served the united ily in their several vocations, and yielded obe- ce to both mistresses, though always consider- themselves as the especial servants of the Lady Avenel. This distinction sometimes occasioned ight degree of difference between Dame Elspeth Tibb; the former being jealous of her own con- ence, and the latter apt to lay too much stress n the rank and family of her mistress. But both e alike desirous to conceal such petty squabbles n the lady, her hostess scarce yielding to her old estic in respect for her person. Neither did the erence exist in such a degree as to interrupt the general harmony of the family, for the one wisely gave way as she saw the other become warm; and Tibb, though she often gave the first provocation, had generally the sense to be the first in relinquish- ing the argument.

The world which lay beyond was gradually forgot- ten by the inhabitants of this sequestered glen, and unless when she attended mass at the Monastery Church upon some high holiday, Alice of Avenel almost forgot that she once held an equal rank with the proud wives of the neighbouring barons and no- bles who on such occasions crowded to the solemnity. The recollection gave her little pain. She loved her husband for himself, and in his inestimable loss all lesser subjects of regret had ceased to interest her. At times, indeed, she thought of claiming the protec- tion of the Queen Regent (Mary of Guise) for her little orphan, but the fear of Julian Avenel always came between. She was sensible that he would have neither scruple nor difficulty in spiriting away the child, (if he did not proceed farther,) should he once consider its existence as formidable to his in- terest. Besides, he led a wild and unsettled life, mingling in all feuds and forays, wherever there was a spear to be broken; he evinced no purpose of mar- rying, and the fate which he continually was braving might at length remove him from his usurped inheri- tance. Alice of Avenel, therefore, judged it wise to check all ambitious thoughts for the present, and re- main quiet in the rude, but peaceable retreat, to which Providence had conducted her.

It was upon an All-Hallow's eve, when the family had resided together for the space of three years, that the domestic circle was assembled round the blazing turf-fire, in the old narrow hall of the Tower of Glen- dearg. The idea of the master or mistress of the mansion feeding or living apart from their domestics, was at this period never entertained. The highest end of the board, the most commodious settle by the fire,—these were the only marks of distinction; and the servants mingled, with deference indeed, but un- reproved and with freedom, in whatever conversa- tion was going forward. But the two or three do- mestics, kept merely for agricultural purposes, had retired to their own cottages without, and with them a couple of wenches, usually employed within doors, the daughters of one of the hinds.

After their departure, Martin locked, first, the iron gate; and, secondly, the inner door of the tower, when the domestic circle was thus arranged. Dame Elspeth sate pulling the thread from her distaff; Tibb watched the progress of scalding the whey, which hung in a large pot upon the *crook*, a chain termina- ted by a hook, which was suspended in the chimney to serve the purpose of the modern crane. Martin, while busied in repairing some of the household ar- ticles, (for every man in those days was his own car- penter and smith, as well as his own tailor and shoe- maker,) kept from time to time a watchful eye upon the three children.

They were allowed, however, to exercise their ju- venile restlessness by running up and down the hall, behind the seats of the elder members of the family, with the privilege of occasionally making excursions into one or two small apartments which opened from it, and gave excellent opportunity to play at hide- and-seek. This night, however, the children seemed not disposed to avail themselves of their privilege of visiting these dark regions, but preferred carrying on their gambols in the vicinity of the light.

In the meanwhile Alice of Avenel, sitting close to an iron candlestick, which supported a mis-shapen torch of domestic manufacture, read small detached passages from a thick clasped volume, which she preserved with the greatest care. The art of reading the lady had acquired by her residence in a nunnery during her youth, but she seldom, of late years, put it to any other use than perusing this little volume, which formed her whole library. The family listened to the portions which she selected, as to some good thing which there was a merit in hearing with re- spect, whether it was fully understood or no. To her daughter, Alice of Avenel had determined to impart their mystery more fully, but the knowledge was at

that period attended with personal danger, and was not rashly to be trusted to a child.

The noise of the romping children interrupted, from time to time, the voice of the lady, and drew on the noisy culprits the rebuke of Elspeth.

"Could they not go farther a-field, if they behoved to make such a din, and disturb the lady's good words?" And this command was backed with the threat of sending the whole party to bed if it was not attended to punctually. Acting under the injunction, the children first played at a greater distance from the party, and more quietly, and then began to stray into the adjacent apartments, as they became impatient of the restraint to which they were subjected. But, all at once, the two boys came open-mouthed into the hall, to tell that there was an armed man in the spence.

"It must be Christie of Clint-hill," said Martin, rising; "what can have brought him here at this time?"

"Or how came he in?" said Elspeth.

"Alas! what can he seek?" said the Lady of Avenel, to whom this man, a retainer of her husband's brother, and who sometimes executed his commissions at Glendearg, was an object of secret apprehension and suspicion. "Gracious heavens!" she added, rising up, "where is my child?" All rushed to the spence, Halbert Glendinning first arming himself with a rusty sword, and the younger seizing upon the lady's book. They hastened to the spence, and were relieved of a part of their anxiety by meeting Mary at the door of the apartment. She did not seem in the slightest degree alarmed or disturbed. They rushed into the spence, (a sort of interior apartment in which the family ate their victuals in the summer season,) but there was no one there.

"Where is Christie of Clint-hill?" said Martin.

"I do not know," said little Mary; "I never saw him."

"And what made you, ye misleard loons," said Dame Elspeth to her two boys, "come you gate into the ha', roaring like bull-segs, to frighten the leddy, and her far frae strong?" The boys looked at each other in silence and confusion, and their mother proceeded with her lecture. "Could ye find nae night for daffin but Hallowe'en, and nae time but when the leddy was reading to us about the holy saints? May ne'er be in my fingers, if I dinna sort ye baith for it!" The eldest boy bent his eyes on the ground, the younger began to weep, but neither spoke; and the mother would have proceeded to extremities, but for the interposition of the little maiden.

"Dame Elspeth, it was *my* fault—I did say to them, that I saw a man in the spence."

"And what made you do so, child," said her mother, "to startle us all thus?"

"Because," said Mary, lowering her voice, "I could not help it."

"Not help it, Mary!—you occasioned all this idle noise, and you could not help it? How mean you by that, minion?"

"There really was an armed man in the spence," said Mary; "and because I was surprised to see him, I cried out to Halbert and Edward"——

"She has told it herself," said Halbert Glendinning, "or it had never been told by me."

"Nor by me neither," said Edward, emulously.

"Mistress Mary," said Elspeth, "you never told us any thing before that was not true; tell us if this was a Hallowe'en cantrip, and make an end of it." The Lady of Avenel looked as if she would have interfered, but knew not how; and Elspeth, who was too eagerly curious to regard any distant hint, persevered in her inquiries. "Was it Christie of the Clint-hill?—I would not for a mark that he were about the house, and a body no ken where."

"It was not Christie," said Mary; "it was—it was a gentleman—a gentleman with a bright breastplate, like what I hae seen langsyne, when we dwelt at Avenel"——

"What like was he?" continued Tibb, who now took share in the investigation.

"Black-haired, black-eyed, with a peaked black beard," said the child, "and many a fold of pearling round his neck, and hanging down his breast ower his breastplate; and he had a beautiful hawk, with silver bells, standing on his left hand, with a crimson silk hood upon its head"——

"Ask her no more questions, for the love of God," said the anxious menial to Elspeth, "but look to my leddy!" But the lady of Avenel, taking Mary in her hand, turned hastily away, and, walking into the hall, gave them no opportunity of remarking in what manner she received the child's communication, which she thus cut short. What Tibb thought of it appeared from her crossing herself repeatedly, and whispering into Elspeth's ear, "Saint Mary preserve us! the lassie has seen her father!"

When they reached the hall, they found the lady holding her daughter on her knee, and kissing her repeatedly. When they entered, she again rose, as if to shun observation, and retired to the little apartment where her child and she occupied the same bed.

The boys were also sent to their cabin, and no one remained by the hall fire save the faithful Tibb and Dame Elspeth, excellent persons both, and as thorough gossips as ever wagged a tongue.

It was but natural that they should instantly resume the subject of the supernatural appearance, for such they deemed it, which had this night alarmed the family

"I could hae wished it had been the deil himself—be good to and preserve us!—rather than Christie o' the Clint-hill," said the matron of the mansion, "for the word runs rife in the country, that he is ane of the maist masterfu' thieves ever lap on horse."

"Hout-tout, Dame Elspeth," said Tibb, "fear ye naething frae Christie; tods keep their ain holes clean. You kirk-folk make sic a fasherie about men shifting a wee bit for their living! Our Border-lairds would ride with few men at their back, if a' the light-handed lads were out o' gate."

"Better they rade wi' nane than distress the country-side the gate they do," said Dame Elspeth.

"But wha is to haud back the Southron, then," said Tibb, "if ye take away the lances and broadswords? I trow we auld wives couldna do that wi' rock and wheel, and as little the monks wi' bell and book."

"And sae weel as the lances and broadswords hae kept them back, I trow!—I was mair beholden to ae Southron, and that was Stawarth Bolton, than to a' the Border-riders ever wore Saint Andrew's cross—I reckon their skelping back and forward, and lifting honest men's gear, has been a main cause of a' the breach between us and England, and I am sure that cost me a kind goodman. They spoke about the wedding of the Prince and our Queen, but it's as like to be the driving of the Cumberland folk's stocking that brought them down on us like dragons." Tibb would not have failed in other circumstances to answer what she thought reflections disparaging to her country folk; but she recollected that Dame Elspeth was mistress of the family, curbed her own zealous patriotism, and hastened to change the subject.

"And is it not strange," she said, "that the heiress of Avenel should have seen her father this blessed night?"

"And ye think it was her father, then?" said Elspeth Glendinning.

"What else can I think?" said Tibb.

"It may hae been something waur, in his likeness," said Dame Glendinning.

"I ken naething about that," said Tibb,—"but his likeness it was, that I will be sworn to, just as he used to ride out a-hawking; for having enemies in the country, he seldom laid off the breastplate; and for my part," added Tibb, "I dinna think a man looks like a man unless he has steel on his breast and by his side too."

"I have no skill of your harness on breast or side either," said Dame Glendinning; "but I ken there is little luck in Hallowe'en sights, for I have had ane mysell."

"Indeed, Dame Elspeth?" said old Tibb, edging her stool closer to the huge elbow-chair occupied by her friend, "I should like to hear about that."

"Ye maun ken then, Tibb," said Dame Glendin-

at when I was a hempie of nineteen or wasna my fault if I wasna at a' the mer-;s time about."

was very natural," said Tibb; "but ye hae nee that, or ye wadna haud our braw gal-ightly."

· had that wad sober me or ony ane," said n. "Aweel, Tibb, a lass like me wasna to ·rs, for I wasna sae ill-favoured that the bark after me."

should that be," said Tibb, "and you sic a ired woman to this day?"

·, cummer," said the matron of Glendearg, ·er seat of honour, in her turn, a little nearer i·stool on which Tibb was seated; "weel-:s past my time of day; but I might pass w asna sae tocherless but what I had a bit y breast-lace. My father was portioner of g."

e tell'd me that before," said Tibb; "but Hallowe'en?"

, aweel, I had mair joes than ane, but I fa-ie o' them; and sae, at Hallowe'en, Father the cellarer—he was cellarer before this ther Clement, that now is—was cracking ind drinking his brown beer with us, and is might be, and they would have me try a ken wha suld wed me; and the monk said nae ill i i it, and if there was, he would for it. And wha but I into the barn to ny three weights o' naething—sair, sair my gave me for fear of wrang-doing and wrang-baith; but I had aye a bauld spirit. I had owed the last weight clean out, and the s shining bright upon the floor, when in e presence of my dear Simon Glendinning, w happy. I never saw him plainer in my did that moment; he held up an arrow as me, and I swarf'd awa wi' fright. Muckle e was to bring me to mysell again, and sair to make me believe it was a trick of Fa-olas and Simon between them, and that was to signify Cupid's shaft, as the Father and mony a time Simon wad threep it to was married—gude man, he liked not it said that he was seen out o' the body!—the end o' it, Tibb; we were married, and goose wing was the death o' him after a'!"

ias been of ower mony brave men!" said wish there wasna sic a bird as a goose in warld, for' ·y the cleeking that we hae at ide."

ell me, Tibb," said Dame Glendinning, ies your leddy aye do reading out o' that ·k book wi' the silver clasps?—there are iy gude words in it to come frae ony body ·t—An it were about Robin Hood, or some Lindsay's ballants, ane wad ken better ay to it. I am no misdoubting your mis-way, but I wad like ill to hae a decent nted wi' ghaists and gyre-carlines."

ie nae reason to doubt my leddy, or ony says or does, Dame Glendinning," said the ·ibb, something offended; "and touching it's weel kend she was born on Hallowe'en years gane, and they that are born on Hal-hiles see mair than ither folk."

hat wad be the cause, then, that the bairn muckle din about what it saw?—if it had Halbert himsell, forby Edward, who is of ire, he wad hae yammered the haill night ancy. But it's like Mistress Mary has sic ir natural to her."

nay weel be," said Tibb; "for on Hallow-as born, as I tell ye, and our auld parish I fain hae had the night ower, and All-Hal-egun. But for a' that, the sweet bairn is ither bairns, as ye may see yoursell; and s blessed night, and ance before when we hat weary bog on the road here, I kenna y mair than ither folk."

·hat saw she in the bog, then," said Dame ng, "forby moor-cocks and heather-blut-

"The wean saw something like a white leddy that weised us the gate," said Tibb, "when we were like to hae perished in the moss-hags—certain it was that Shagram reisted, and I ken Martin thinks he saw something."

"And what might the white leddy be?" said Elspeth; "have ye ony guess o' that?"

"It's weel kend that, Dame Elspeth," said Tibb; "if ye had lived under grit folk, as I hae dune, ye wadna be to seek in that matter."

"I hae aye keepit my ain ha' house abune my head," said Elspeth, not without emphasis, "and if I havena lived wi' grit folk, grit folk have lived wi' me."

"Weel, weel, dame," said Tibb, "your pardon's prayed, there was nae offence meant. But ye maun ken the great ancient families canna be just served wi' the ordinary saunts, (praise to them!) like Saunt Anthony, Saunt Cuthbert, and the like, that come and gang at every sinner's bidding, but they hae a sort of saunts or angels, or what not, to themsells, and as for the White Maiden of Avenel, she is kend ower the haill country. And she is aye seen to yammer and wail before ony o' that family dies, as was weel kend by twenty folk before the death of Walter Avenel, haly be his cast!"

"If she can do nae mair than that," said Elspeth, somewhat scornfully, "they needna make mony vows to her, I trow. Can she make nae better fend for them than that, and has naething better to do than wait on them?"

"Mony braw services can the White Maiden do for them to the boot of that, and has dune in the auld histories," said Tibb, "but I mind o' naething in my day, except it was her that the bairn saw in the bog."

"Aweel, aweel, Tibb," said Dame Glendinning, rising and lighting the iron lamp, "these are great privileges of your grand folk. But our Lady and Saunt Paul are good eneugh saunts for me, and I'se warrant them never leave me in a bog that they can help me out o', seeing I send four waxen candles to their chapels every Candlemas; and if they are not seen to weep at my death, I'se warrant them smile at my joyful rising again, whilk Heaven send to all of us. Amen."

"Amen," answered Tibb, devoutly; "and now it's time I should hap up the wee bit gathering turf, as the fire is ower low."

Busily she set herself to perform this duty. The relict of Simon Glendinning did but pause a moment to cast a heedful and cautious glance all around the hall, to see that nothing was out of its proper place; then, wishing Tibb good-night, she retired to repose.

"The deil's in the carline," said Tibb to herself, "because she was the wife of a cock-laird, she thinks herself grander, I trow, than the bowerwoman of a lady of that ilk!" Having given vent to her suppressed spleen in this little ejaculation, Tibb also betook herself to slumber.

CHAPTER V.

> A priest, ye cry, a priest!—lame shepherds they,
> How shall they gather in the straggling flock?
> Dumb dogs which bark not—how shall they compel
> The loitering vagrants to the Master's fold?
> Fitter to bask before the blazing fire,
> And snuff the mess neat-handed Phillis dresses,
> Than on the snow-wreath battle with the wolf.
>
> *Reformation.*

The health of the Lady of Avenel had been gradually decaying ever since her disaster. It seemed as if the few years which followed her husband's death had done on her the work of half a century. She lost the fresh elasticity of form, the colour and the mien of health, and became wasted, wan, and feeble. She appeared to have no formed complaint; yet it was evident to those who looked on her, that her strength waned daily. Her lips at length became blanched and her eye dim; yet she spoke not of any desire to see a priest, until Elspeth Glendinning in her zeal could not refrain from touching upon a point which she deemed essential to salvation. Alice of

Avenel received her hint kindly, and thanked her for it.

"If any good priest would take the trouble of such a journey," she said, "he should be welcome; for the prayers and lessons of the good must be at all times advantageous."

This quiet acquiescence was not quite what Elspeth Glendinning wished or expected. She made up, however, by her own enthusiasm, for the lady's want of eagerness to avail herself of ghostly counsel, and Martin was despatched with such haste as Shagram would make, to pray one of the religious men of Saint Mary's to come up to administer the last consolations to the Widow of Walter de Avenel.

When the Sacristan had announced to the Lord Abbot, that the Lady of the umquhile Walter de Avenel was in very weak health in the Tower of Glendearg, and desired the assistance of a father confessor, the lordly monk paused on the request.

"We do remember Walter de Avenel," he said; "a good knight and a valiant; he was dispossessed of his lands, and slain by the Southron—May not the lady come hither to the sacrament of confession? the road is distant, and painful to travel."

"The lady is unwell, holy father," answered the Sacristan, "and unable to bear the journey."

"True—ay—yes—then must one of our brethren go to her—Knowest thou if she hath aught of a jointure from this Walter de Avenel?"

"Very little, holy father," said the Sacristan; "she hath resided at Glendearg since her husband's death, wellnigh on the charity of a poor widow, called Elspeth Glendinning."

"Why, thou knowest all the widows in the country-side?" said the Abbot. "Ho! ho! ho!" and he shook his portly sides at his own jest.

"Ho! ho! ho!" echoed the Sacristan, in the tone and tune in which an inferior applauds the jest of his superior.—Then added, with a hypocritical snuffle, and a sly twinkle of his eye, "It is our duty, most holy father, to comfort the widow—He! he! he! he!"

This last laugh was more moderate, until the Abbot should put his sanction on the jest.

"Ho! ho!" said the Abbot; "then to leave jesting, Father Philip, take thou thy riding gear, and go to confess this Dame Avenel."

"But," said the Sacristan——

"Give me no *Buts*; neither But nor If pass between monk and Abbot, Father Philip; the bands of discipline must not be relaxed—heresy gathers force like a snowball—the multitude expect confessions and preachings from the Benedictine, as they would from so many beggarly friars—and we may not desert the vineyard, though the toil be grievous unto us."

"And with so little advantage to the holy monastery," said the Sacristan.

"True, Father Philip; but wot you not that what preventeth harm doeth good? This Julian de Avenel lives a light and evil life, and should we neglect the widow of his brother, he might foray our lands, and we never able to show who hurt us—moreover it is our duty to an ancient family, who, in their day, have been benefactors to the Abbey. Away with thee instantly, brother; ride night and day, an it be necessary, and let men see how diligent Abbot Boniface and his faithful children are in the execution of their spiritual duty—toil not deterring them, for the glen is five miles in length—fear not withholding them, for it is said to be haunted of spectres—nothing moving them from pursuit of their spiritual calling; to the confusion of calumnious heretics, and the comfort and edification of all true and faithful sons of the Catholic Church.—I wonder what our brother Eustace will say to this?"

Breathless with his own picture of the dangers and toil which he was to encounter, and the fame which he was to acquire, (both by proxy,) the Abbot moved slowly to finish his luncheon in the refectory, and the Sacristan, with no very good will, accompanied old Martin in his return to Glendearg; the greatest impediment in the journey being the trouble of restraining his pampered mule, that she might tread in something like an equal pace with poor jaded Shagram.

After remaining an hour in private with his penitent, the monk returned, moody and full of thought. Dame Elspeth, who had placed for the honoured guest some refreshment in the hall, was struck with the embarrassment which appeared in his countenance. Elspeth watched him with great anxiety. She observed there was that on his brow which rather resembled a person come from hearing the confession of some enormous crime, than the look of a confessor who resigns a reconciled penitent, not to earth, but to heaven. After long hesitating, she could not at length refrain from hazarding a question. She was sure, she said, the lady had made an easy shrift. Five years had they resided together, and she could safely say, no woman lived better.

"Woman," said the Sacristan, sternly, "thou speakest thou knowest not what—What avails clearing the outside of the platter, if the inside be foul with heresy?"

"Our dishes and trenchers are not so clean as they could be wished, holy father," said Elspeth, but half understanding what he said, and beginning with her apron to wipe the dust from the plates, of which she supposed him to complain.

"Forbear, Dame Elspeth," said the monk; "your plates are as clean as wooden trenchers and pewter flagons can well be; the foulness of which I speak is that of pestilential heresy which is daily becoming ingrained in this our Holy Church of Scotland, and as a canker-worm in the rose-garland of the Spouse."

"Holy Mother of Heaven!" said Dame Elspeth, crossing herself, "have I kept house with a heretic?"

"No, Elspeth, no," replied the monk; "it were too strong a speech for me to make of this unhappy lady, but I would I could say she is free from heretical opinions. Alas! they fly about like the pestilence by noonday, and infect even the first and fairest of the flock! For it is easy to see of this dame, that she hath been high in judgment as in rank."

"And she can write and read, I had almost said, as weel as your reverence," said Elspeth.

"Whom doth she write to, and what doth she read?" said the monk, eagerly.

"Nay," replied Elspeth, "I cannot say I ever saw her write at all, but her maiden that was—she now serves the family—says she can write—And for reading, she has often read to us good things out of a thick black volume with silver clasps."

"Let me see it," said the monk, hastily, "on your allegiance as a true vassal—on your faith as a Catholic Christian—instantly—instantly let me see it!"

The good woman hesitated, alarmed at the tone in which the confessor took up her information; and being moreover of opinion, that what so good a woman as the Lady of Avenel studied so devoutly, could not be of a tendency actually evil. But borne down by the clamour, exclamations, and something like threats used by Father Philip, she at length brought him the fatal volume. It was easy to do this without suspicion on the part of the owner, as she lay on her bed exhausted with the fatigue of a long conference with her confessor, and as the small *round*, or turret closet, in which was the book and her other trifling property, was accessible by another door. Of all her effects the book was the last, she would have thought of securing, for of what use or interest could it be to a family who neither read themselves, nor were in the habit of seeing any who did? so that Dame Elspeth had no difficulty in possessing herself of the volume, although her heart all the while accused her of an ungenerous and an inhospitable part towards her friend and inmate. The double power of a landlord and a feudal superior was before her eyes; and, to say truth, the boldness with which she might otherwise have resisted this double authority, was, I grieve to say it, much qualified by the curiosity she entertained, as a daughter of Eve, to have some explanation respecting the mysterious volume which the lady cherished with so much care, yet whose contents she imparted with such caution. For never had Alice of Avenel read them any passage from the book in question, until the iron door of the tower was locked, and all possibility of intrusion prevented. Even then she had shown, by the selection of

passages, that she was more anxious to their minds the principles which the volume, than to introduce them to it as a faith.

...spite, half curious, half remorseful, had book in the monk's hands, he exclaimed, ...g over the leaves, "Now, by mine old ...expected! My mule, my mule! I will ...nger here—well hast thou done, dame, in ...the hands this perilous volume."

...n witchcraft or devil's work?" said Dame ...t agitation.

...forbid," said the monk, signing himself ...cross, "it is the Holy Scripture. But ...d into the vulgar tongue, and therefore, ...r of the Holy Catholic Church, unfit to ...ands of any lay person."

...is the Holy Scripture communicated for ...n salvation," said Elspeth. "Good father, ...struct mine ignorance better; but lack of ...be a deadly sin, and truly, to my poor ...should be glad to read the Holy Scrip-...

...ay thou wouldst," said the monk; "and did our mother Eve seek to have knowledge of good and evil, and thus Sin came into the ... Death by Sin."

...ure, and that's true!" said Elspeth. "O, ...dealt by the counsel of Saint Peter and ...!"

...had reverenced the command of Heaven," ...onk, "which, as it gave her birth, life, and ...fixed upon the grant such conditions as ...pon ...ed with its holy pleasure. I tell thee, ...e Word *...* —that is, the text alone, ...unskilled eye and unhallowed lips, is like ...g medicines which sick men take by the ...he learned. Such patients recover and ...ile those dealing in them at their own ...perish by their own deed."

...oubt, nae doubt," said the poor woman, ...rence knows best."

...said Father Philip, in a tone as deferen-...hought could possibly become the Sacris-...Mary's,—"Not I, but the Holy Father of ...m, and our own holy father the Lord Ab-...best. I, the poor Sacristan of Saint Ma-...t repeat what I hear from others my supe-... of this, good woman, be assured,—the ...mere Word slayeth. But the church hath ...rs to gloze and to expound the same unto ...l congregation; and this I say, not so ...beloved brethren I mean, my beloved ...r the Sacristan had got into the end of one ...sermons.)—"This I speak not so much of ..., curates, and secular clergy, so called be-...live after the fashion of the *seculum* or ...nd by those ties which sequestrate us from ...neither do I speak this of the mendicant ...their black or gray, whether crossed or ...but of the Monks, and especially of the ...nedictine, reformed on the rule of Saint ...Clairvaux, thence called Cistercian, of ...nks, Christian brethren sister, I would ...is the happiness and glory of the country ...ng the holy ministers of Saint Mary's, ...though an unworthy brother, may say it ...ed more saints, more bishops, more popes ...patrons make us thankful! than any holy ...in Scotland. Wherefore —But I see ...th my mule in readiness, and I will but ...with the kiss of sisterhood, which maketh ...d, and so betake me to my toilsome re-...e glen is ot bad reputation for the evil spi-...haunt it. Moreover, I may arrive too late ...ge, whereby I may be obliged to take the ...h I observed to be somewhat waxen."

...gly, he took his leave of Dame Elspeth, ...onfounded by the rapidity of his utterance, ...ctrine he gave forth, and by no means easy ...ect of the book, which her conscience told ...ould not have communicated to any one, ...e knowledge of its owner.

...standing the haste which the monk as well as his mule made to return to better quarters than they had left at the head of Glendearg; notwithstanding the eager desire Father Philip had to be the very first who should acquaint the Abbot that a copy of the book they most dreaded had been found within the Halidome, or patrimony of the Abbey; notwithstanding, moreover, certain feelings which induced him to hurry as fast as possible through the gloomy and evil-reputed glen, still the difficulties of the road, and the rider's want of habitude of quick motion, were such, that twilight came upon him ere he had nearly cleared the narrow valley.

It was indeed a gloomy ride. The two sides of the valley were so near, that at every double of the river the shadows from the western sky fell upon, and totally obscured, the eastern bank; the thickets of copsewood seemed to wave with a portentous agitation of boughs and leaves, and the very crags and scaurs seemed higher and grimmer than they had appeared to the monk while he was travelling in daylight, and in company. Father Philip was heartily rejoiced, when, emerging from the narrow glen, he gained the open valley of the Tweed, which held on its majestic course from current to pool, and from pool stretched away to other currents, with a dignity peculiar to itself amongst the Scottish rivers; for whatever may have been the drought of the season, the Tweed usually fills up the space between its banks, seldom leaving those extensive sheets of shingle which deform the margins of many of the celebrated Scottish streams.

The monk, insensible to beauties which the age had not regarded as deserving of notice, was nevertheless, like a prudent general, pleased to find himself out of the narrow glen in which the enemy might have stolen upon him unperceived. He drew up his bridle, reduced his mule to her natural and luxurious amble, instead of the agitating and broken trot at which, to his no small inconvenience, she had hitherto proceeded, and, wiping his brow, gazed forth at leisure on the broad moon, which, now mingling with the lights of evening, was rising over field and forest, village and fortalice, and, above all, over the stately Monastery, seen far and dim amid the yellow light.

The worst part of this magnificent view, in the monk's apprehension, was that the Monastery stood on the opposite side of the river, and that of the many fine bridges which have since been built across that classical stream, not one then existed. There was, however, in recompense, a bridge then standing which has since disappeared, although its ruins may be still traced by the curious.

It was of a very peculiar form. Two strong abutments were built on either side of the river, at a part where the stream was peculiarly contracted. Upon a rock in the centre of the current was built a solid piece of masonry, constructed like the pier of a bridge, and presenting, like a pier, an angle to the current of the stream. The masonry continued solid until the pier rose to a level with the two abutments upon either side, and from thence the building rose in the form of a tower. The lower story of this tower consisted only of an archway or passage through the building, over either entrance to which hung a drawbridge with counterpoises, either of which, when dropped, connected the archway with the opposite abutment, where the farther end of the drawbridge rested. When both bridges were thus lowered, the passage over the river was complete.

The bridge-keeper, who was the dependant of a neighbouring baron, resided with his family in the second and third stories of the tower, which, when both drawbridges were raised, formed an insulated fortalice in the midst of the river. He was entitled to a small toll or custom for the passage, concerning the amount of which disputes sometimes arose between him and the passengers. It is needless to say, that the bridge-ward had usually the better in these questions, since he could at pleasure detain the traveller on the opposite side; or, suffering him to pass half way, might keep him prisoner in his tower till they were agreed on the rate of pontage.*

* A bridge of the very peculiar construction described in the text, actually existed at a small hamlet about a mile and a half

But it was most frequently with the Monks of Saint Mary's that the warder had to dispute his perquisites. These holy men insisted for, and at length obtained, a right of gratuitous passage to themselves, greatly to the discontent of the bridgekeeper. But when they demanded the same immunity for the numerous pilgrims who visited the shrine, the bridge-keeper waxed restive, and was supported by his lord in his resistance. The controversy grew animated on both sides; the Abbot menaced excommunication, and the keeper of the bridge, though unable to retaliate in kind, yet made each individual monk who had to cross and recross the river, endure a sort of purgatory, ere he would accommodate them with a passage. This was a great inconvenience, and would have proved a more serious one, but that the river was fordable for man and horse in ordinary weather.

It was a fine moonlight night, as we have already said, when father Philip approached this bridge, the singular construction of which gives a curious idea of the insecurity of the times. The river was not in flood, but it was above its ordinary level—*a heavy water*, as it is called in that country, through which the monk had no particular inclination to ride, if he could manage the matter better.

"Peter, my good friend," cried the Sacristan, raising his voice; "my very excellent friend, Peter, be so kind as to lower the drawbridge. Peter, I say, dost thou not hear?—it is thy gossip, Father Philip, who calls thee."

Peter heard him perfectly well, and saw him into the bargain; but, as he had considered the Sacristan as peculiarly his enemy in his dispute with the convent, he went quietly to bed, after reconnoitering the monk through his loop-hole, observing to his wife, that "riding the water in a moonlight night would do the Sacristan no harm, and would teach him the value of a brig the neist time, on whilk a man might pass high and dry, winter and summer, flood and ebb."

After exhausting his voice in entreaties and threats, which were equally unattended to by Peter of the Brig, as he was called, Father Philip at length moved down the river to take the ordinary ford at the head of the next stream. Cursing the rustic obstinacy of Peter, he began, nevertheless, to persuade himself that the passage of the river by the ford was not only safe, but pleasant. The banks and scattered trees were so beautifully reflected from the bosom of the dark stream, the whole cool and delicious picture formed so pleasing a contrast to his late agitation, to the warmth occasioned by his vain endeavours to move the relentless porter of the bridge, that the result was rather agreeable than otherwise.

As Father Philip came close to the water's edge, at the spot where he was to enter it, there sat a female under a large broken scathed oak-tree, or rather under the remains of such a tree, weeping, wringing her hands, and looking earnestly on the current of the river. The monk was struck with astonishment to see a female there at that time of night. But he was, in all honest service,—and if a step farther, I put it upon his own conscience,—a devoted squire of dames. After observing the maiden for a moment, although she seemed to take no notice of his presence, he was moved by her distress, and willing to offer his assistance. "Damsel," said he, "thou seemest in no ordinary distress; peradventure, like myself, thou hast been refused passage at the bridge by the churlish keeper, and thy crossing may concern thee either for performance of a vow, or some other weig charge."

The maiden uttered some inarticulate soun looked at the river, and then in the face of the cristan. It struck Father Philip at that instant, a Highland Chief of distinction had been for s time expected to pay his vows at the shrine of S Mary's; and that possibly this fair maiden migh one of his family, travelling alone for accompl ment of a vow, or left behind by some acciden whom, therefore, it would be but right and pru to use every civility in his power, especially as seemed unacquainted with the Lowland ton Such at least was the only motive the Sacristan ever known to assign for his courtesy; if there any other, I once more refer it to his own conscie

To express himself by signs, the common langu of all nations, the cautious Sacristan first pointe the river, then to his mule's crupper, and then ma as graceful as he could, a sign to induce the fair tary to mount behind him. She seemed to un stand his meaning, for she rose up as if to accept offer; and while the good monk, who, as we h hinted, was no great cavalier, laboured, with pressure of the right leg and the use of the left r to place his mule with her side to the bank in su position that the lady might mount with ease, rose from the ground with rather portentous a vity, and at one bound sate behind the monk u the animal, much the firmer rider of the two. mule by no means seemed to approve of this do burden: she bounded, bolted, and would soon h thrown Father Philip over her head, had not maiden with a firm hand detained him in the sad

At length the restive brute changed her hum and, from refusing to budge off the spot, sudd stretched her nose homeward, and dashed into ford as fast as she could scamper. A new terror invaded the monk's mind—the ford seemed unus deep, the water eddied off in strong ripple from counter of the mule, and began to rise upon her Philip lost his presence of mind, which was at time his most ready attribute, the mule yielded to weight of the current, and as the rider was not att tive to keep her head turned up the river, she dri downward, lost the ford and her footing at once, began to swim with her head down the stream. A what was sufficiently strange, at the same mom notwithstanding the extreme peril, the damsel beg to sing, thereby increasing, if any thing could incre the bodily fear of the worthy Sacristan.

I.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.
We have roused the night raven, I heard him croak,
As we plashed along beneath the oak
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
"Who wakens my nestlings," the raven he said,
"My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red,
For a blue swoln corpse is a dainty meal,
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel."

II.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
There's a golden gleam on the distant height;
There's a silver shower on the alders dank
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,
It is all astir for the vesper hour;
The monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
But where's Father Philip, should toll the bell?

III.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Downward we drift through shadow and light.

above Melrose, called from the circumstance Bridge-end. It is thus noticed in Gordon's *Iter Septentrionale*:—

"In another journey through the south parts of Scotland, about a mile and a half from Melrose, in the shire of Teviotdale, I saw the remains of a curious bridge over the river Tweed, consisting of three octangular pillars, or rather towers, standing within the water, without any arches to join them. The middle one, which is the most entire, has a door towards the north, and I suppose, another opposite one towards the south, which I could not see without crossing the water. In the middle of this tower is a projection or cornice surrounding it: the whole is hollow from the door upwards, and now open at the top, near which is a small window. I was informed that not long ago a countryman and his family lived in this tower, and got his livelihood by laying out planks from pillar to pillar, and conveying passengers over the river. Whether this be ancient or modern, I know not; but as it is singular in its kind, I have thoug to exhibit it."

The vestiges of this uncommon species of bridge still and the author has often seen the foundations of the col when drifting down the Tweed at night, for the purpose o ing salmon by torch light. Mr. John Mercer of Bridge-en collects, that about fifty years ago the pillars were visible a water; and the late Mr. David Kyle, of the George Inn, Me told the author that he saw a stone taken from the river ing this inscription:—

"I, Sir John Pringle of Palmer stede,
Give an hundred markis of gowd sae reid,
To help to big my brig ower Tweed."

Pringle of Galashiels, afterwards of Whytbank, was th ron to whom the bridge belonged.

n rock the eddies sleep,
' silent, dark and deep
ny has risen from the fathomless pool,
ghted his candle of death and of dool:
ther, look, and you'll laugh to see
gapes and glares with his eyes on thee!

IV

g to your fishing, whom watch ye to night?
' man or a man of might?
an or priest that must float in your cove,
who crosses to visit his love?
and ye the kelpy reply, as we pass'd,—
his song on the warder the lock'd the bridge fast!
come to to cove are still,
layman, lover or monk."

ong the damsel might have continued to here the terrified monk's journey might have uncertain. As she sung the last stanza, ed at, or rather in, a broad tranquil sheet caused by a strong wear or damhead, runss the river, which dashed in a broad catathe barrier. The mule, whether from choice, ced by the suction of the current, made toe cut intended to supply the convent mills, ed it half swimming half wading, and pitchnlucky monk to and fro in the saddle at a te.

person flew hither and thither, his garment oose, and in an effort to retain it, his hand n the volume of the Lady of Avenel which is bosom. No sooner had he grasped it, companion pitched him out of the saddle stream, where, still keeping her hand on his e gave him two or three good souses in the uld, so as to ensure that every part of him share of wetting, and then quitted her hold was so near the side that by a slight effort it one he was incapable) he might scramble . This accordingly he accomplished, and is eyes to see what had become of his exry companion, she was no where to be seen; e heard, as if from the surface of the river, ng with the noise of the water breaking over ead, a fragment of her wild song, which o run thus:—

—landed! the black book hath won,
d you see a Berwick with morn n' sun!
, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,
iom they land that go swimming with me.

stacy of the monk's terror could be endured ; his head grew dizzy, and, after staggering ps onward, and running himself against a unk down in a state of insensibility.

CHAPTER VI.

let us sit in conclave That these weeds
oted from the vineyard of the church,
these foul tares be severed from the wheat,
re, I trust, agreed—Yet how to do this,
urt the wholesome crop and tender vine plants,
s good advisement. *The Reformation.*

esper service in the Monastery Church of 's was now over. The Abbot had disrobed f his magnificent vestures of ceremony, and his ordinary habit, which was a black gown, r a white cassock, with a narrow scapulary; and venerable dress, which was well calcuet off to advantage the portly mien of Abbot

t times no one could have filled the state of Abbot, for such was his dignity, more re than this worthy prelate. He had, no any of those habits of self-indulgence which apt to acquire who live for themselves alone. ain, moreover; and when boldly confronted, times shown symptoms of timidity, not very t with the high claims which he preferred inent member of the church, or with the deference which he exacted from his relithren, and all who were placed under his l. But he was hospitable, charitable, and eans of himself disposed to proceed with gainst any one. In short, he would in other e slumbered out his term of preferment with credit as any other "purple Abbot," who lived easily, but at the same time decorously—slept soundly, and did not disquiet himself with dreams.

But the wide alarm spread through the whole Church of Rome by the progress of the reformed doctrines, sorely disturbed the repose of Abbot Boniface, and opened to him a wide field of duties and cares which he had never so much as dreamed of. There were opinions to be combated and refuted—practices to be inquired into—heretics to be detected and punished—the fallen off to be reclaimed—the wavering to be confirmed—scandal to be removed from the clergy, and the vigour of discipline to be re-established. Post upon post arrived at the Monastery of St. Mary's—horses reeking, and riders exhausted—this from the Privy Council, that from the Primate of Scotland, and this other again from the Queen Mother, exhorting, approving, condemning, requesting advice upon this subject, and requiring information upon that.

These missives Abbot Boniface received with an important air of helplessness, or a helpless air of importance, whichever the reader may please to term it, evincing at once gratified vanity, and profound trouble of mind.

The sharp-witted Primate of Saint Andrews had foreseen the deficiencies of the Abbot of St. Mary's, and endeavoured to provide for them by getting admitted into his Monastery as Sub-Prior a brother Cistercian, a man of parts and knowledge, devoted to the service of the Catholic church, and very capable not only to advise the Abbot on occasions of difficulty, but to make him sensible of his duty in case he should, from good-nature or timidity, be disposed to shrink from it.

Father Eustace played the same part in the Monastery, as the old general who, in foreign armies, is placed at the elbow of the Prince of the Blood, who nominally commands in chief, on condition of attempting nothing without the advice of his dry-nurse; and he shared the fate of all such dry-nurses, being heartily disliked as well as feared by his principal. Still, however, the Primate's intention was fully answered. Father Eustace became the constant theme and often the bugbear of the worthy Abbot, who hardly dared to turn himself in his bed without considering what Father Eustace would think of it. In every case of difficulty, Father Eustace was summoned, and his opinion asked; and no sooner was the embarrassment removed, than the Abbot's next thought was how to get rid of his adviser. In every letter which he wrote to those in power, he recommended Father Eustace to some high church preferment, a bishopric or an abbey; and as they dropped one after another, and were otherwise conferred, he began to think, as he confessed to the Sacristan in the bitterness of his spirit, that the Monastery of St. Mary's had got a life-rent lease of their Sub-Prior.

Yet more indignant he would have been, had he suspected that Father Eustace's ambition was fixed upon his own mitre, which, from some attacks of an apoplectic nature, deemed by the Abbot's friends to be more serious than by himself, it was supposed might be shortly vacant. But the confidence which, like other dignitaries, he reposed in his own health, prevented Abbot Boniface from imagining that it held any concatenation with the motions of Father Eustace.

The necessity under which he found himself of consulting with his grand adviser, in cases of real difficulty, rendered the worthy Abbot particularly desirous of doing without him in all ordinary cases of administration, though not without considering what Father Eustace would have said of the matter. He scorned, therefore, to give a hint to the Sub-Prior of the bold stroke by which he had despatched Brother Philip to Glendearg; but when the vespers came without his re-appearance he became a little uneasy, the more as other matters weighed upon his mind. The feud with the warder or keeper of the bridge threatened to be attended with bad consequences, as the man's quarrel was taken up by the martial baron under whom he served; and pressing letters of an unpleasant tendency had just arrived from the Primate. Like a gouty man, who catches hold of his crutch

while he curses the infirmity that reduces him to use it, the Abbot, however reluctant, found himself obliged to require Eustace's presence, after the service was over, in his house, or rather palace, which was attached to, and made part of, the Monastery.

Abbot Boniface was seated in his high-backed chair, the grotesque carved back of which terminated in a mitre, before a fire where two or three large logs were reduced to one red glowing mass of charcoal. At his elbow, on an oaken stand, stood the remains of a roasted capon, on which his reverence had made his evening meal, flanked by a goodly stoup of Bourdeaux of excellent flavour. He was gazing indolently on the fire, partly engaged in meditation on his past and present fortunes, partly occupied by endeavouring to trace towers and steeples in the red embers.

"Yes," thought the Abbot to himself, "in that red perspective I could fancy to myself the peaceful towers of Dundrennan, where I passed my life ere I was called to pomp and to trouble. A quiet brotherhood we were, regular in our domestic duties; and when the frailties of humanity prevailed over us, we confessed, and were absolved by each other, and the most formidable part of the penance was the jest of the convent on the culprit. I can almost fancy that I see the cloister garden, and the pear-trees which I grafted with my own hands. And for what have I changed all this, but to be overwhelmed with business which concerns me not, to be called My Lord Abbot, and to be tutored by Father Eustace? I would these towers were the Abbey of Aberbrothwick, and Father Eustace the Abbot,—or I would he were in the fire on any terms, so I were rid of him! The Primate says our Holy Father the Pope hath an adviser—I am sure he could not live a week with such a one as mine. Then there is no learning what Father Eustace thinks till you confess your own difficulties—No hint will bring forth his opinion—he is like a miser, who will not unbuckle his purse to bestow a farthing, until the wretch who needs it has owned his excess of poverty, and wrung out the boon by importunity. And thus I am dishonoured in the eyes of my religious brethren, who behold me treated like a child which hath no sense of its own—I will bear it no longer! - Brother Bennet," —(a lay brother answered to his call)—"tell Father Eustace that I need not his presence."

"I came to say to your reverence, that the holy father is entering even now from the cloisters."

"Be it so," said the Abbot, "he is welcome,—remove these things—or rather, place a trencher, the holy father may be a little hungry—yet, no—remove them, for there is no good fellowship in him—Let the stoup of wine remain, however, and place another cup."

The lay brother obeyed these contradictory commands in the way he judged most seemly—he removed the carcass of the half-sacked capon, and placed two goblets beside the stoup of Bourdeaux. At the same instant entered Father Eustace.

He was a thin, sharp-faced, slight-made little man, whose keen gray eyes seemed almost to look through the person to whom he addressed himself. His body was emaciated not only with the fasts which he observed with rigid punctuality, but also by the active and unwearied exercise of his sharp and piercing intellect;—

> A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
> And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

He turned with conventual reverence to the Lord Abbot; and as they stood together, it was scarce possible to see a more complete difference of form and expression. The good-natured rosy face and laughing eye of the Abbot, which even his present anxiety could not greatly ruffle, was a wonderful contrast to the thin pallid cheek and quick penetrating glance of the monk, in which an eager and keen spirit glanced through eyes to which it seemed to give supernatural lustre.

The Abbot opened the conversation by motioning to his monk to take a stool, and inviting to a cup of wine. The courtesy was declined with respect, yet not without a remark, that the vesper-service was past.

"For the stomach's sake, brother," said
colouring a little, "you know the text."
"It is a dangerous one," answered the
handle alone, or at late hours. Cut off fro
society, the juice of the grape becomes a p
panion of solitude, and therefore I ever sh
Abbot Boniface had poured himself ou
which might hold about half an English
either struck with the truth of the obse
ashamed to act in direct opposition to it,
it to remain untasted before him, and in
changed the subject.
"The Primate hath written to us," sa
make strict search within our bounds af
retical persons denounced in this list,
withdrawn themselves from the justice w
opinions deserve. It is deemed probable
will attempt to retire to England by our B
the Primate requireth me to watch with
and what not."
"Assuredly," said the monk, "the magist
not bear the sword in vain—those be they th
world upside down—and doubtless your rev
dom will with due diligence second the e
the Right Reverend Father in God, being
remptory defence of the Holy Church."
"Ay, but how is this to be done?" ans
Abbot; "Saint Mary aid us! The Primat
me as if I were a temporal baron—a man u
mand, having soldiers under him! He
forth—scour the country—guard the pas
these men do not travel as those who
their lives for nothing—the last who w
passed the dry-march at the Ridingburn
escort of thirty spears, as our reverend b
Abbot of Kelso did write unto us. How
and scapularies to stop the way?"
"Your bailiff is accounted a good ma
holy father," said Eustace; "your vassals
to rise for the defence of the Holy Kirk
tenure on which they hold their lands—if
not come forth for the Church which g
bread, let their possessions be given to oth
"We shall not be wanting," said the A
lecting himself with importance, "to do
may advantage Holy Kirk—thyself shall
charge to our Bailiff and our officials—but
is our controversy with the warden of the
the Baron of Meigallot—Saint Mary! vexat
multiply upon the House, and upon the g
that a man wots not where to turn to!
say, Father Eustace, thou wouldst look in
dents touching this free passage for the pil
"I have looked into the Chartulary of
holy father," said Eustace, "and therei
written and formal grant of all duties an
payable at the drawbridge of Brigton, n
ecclesiastics of this foundation, but by ev
truly designed to accomplish his vows at t
to the Abbot Ailford, and the Monks of th
Saint Mary in Kennaquhair, from that ti
ever. The deed is dated on Saint Bridget
the year of Redemption, 1137, and bears th
seal of the granter, Charles of Meigallot, g
grandfather of this baron, and purports to
for the safety of his own soul, and for the
souls of his father and mother, and of al
cessors and successors, being Barons of
"But he alleges," said the Abbot, tha
wards have been in possession of these duc
rendered them available for more than fi
and the baron threatens violence—mean
journey of the pilgrims is interrupted, to
die of their own souls, and the diminut
revenues of Saint Mary. The Sacristan
to put on a boat; but the warden, whom t
est to be a godless man, has sworn the dev
but that if they put on a boat on the lair
he will rive her board from board—and
say we should compound the claim for a
in silver." Here the Abbot paused a mo
reply, but receiving none, he added, "
thinkest thou, Father Eustace? why art th
"Because I am surprised at the question

rd Abbot of Saint Mary's asks at the youngest of brethren."

"Youngest in time of your abode with us, Brother stace," said the Abbot, "not youngest in years, I think in experience—Sub-Prior also of this con- it."

"I am astonished," continued Eustace, "that the bot of this venerable house should ask of any one, ether he can alienate the patrimony of our holy d divine patroness, or give up to an unconscien- us, and perhaps a heretic baron, the rights confer- ton this church by his devout progenitor. Popes d councils alike prohibit it—the honour of the liv- g, and the weal of departed souls, alike forbid it— nay not be. To force, if he dare use it, we must render; but never by our consent should we see goods of the church plundered, with as little uple as he would drive off a herd of English ves. Rouse yourself, reverend father, and doubt hing but that the good cause shall prevail. Whet spiritual sword, and direct it against the wicked o would usurp our holy rights. Whet the temporal ord if it be necessary, and stir up the courage and l of your loyal vassals."

The Abbot sighed deeply. "All this," he said, "is n spoken by him who hath to act it not; but"—— was interrupted by the entrance of Bennet rather stily. "The mule on which the Sacristan had set in the morning had returned," he said, "to the nvent stable all over wet, and with the saddle ned round beneath her belly."

"Sancta Maria!" said the Abbot, "our dear bro- er hath perished by the way!"

"It may not be," said Eustace hastily—"let the l be tolled—cause the brethren to get torches— rm the village—hurry down to the river—I myself l be the foremost."

The real Abbot stood astonished and agape, when once he beheld his office filled, and saw all which ought to have ordered, going forward at the dic- es of the youngest monk in the convent. But ere orders of Eustace, which nobody dreamed of dis- ing, were carried into execution, the necessity was evented by the sudden apparition of the Sacristan, ose supposed danger excited all the alarm.

CHAPTER VII.

> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> Cleanse the foul bosom of the perilous stuff
> That weighs upon the heart. — *Macbeth.*

What betwixt cold and fright, the afflicted Sacris- n stood before his Superior, propped on the friendly m of the convent miller, drenched with water, and rce able to utter a syllable.

After various attempts to speak, the first words he tered were,

> Swim we merrily—the moon shines bright."

"Swim we merrily!" retorted the Abbot indignant- y; "a merry night have ye chosen for swimming, d a becoming salutation to your Superior!"

"Our brother is bewildered," said Eustace;— peak, Father Philip, how is it with you?"

> "Good luck to your fishing,"

ntinued the Sacristan, making a most dolorous at- mpt at the tune of his strange companion.

"Good luck to your fishing!" repeated the Abbot, l more surprised and displeased; "by my hali- e, he is drunken with wine, and comes to our sence with his jolly catches in his throat! If bread l water can cure this folly"——

"With your pardon, venerable father," said the b-Prior, "of water our brother has had enough; l methinks, the confusion of his eye is rather that terror, than of aught unbecoming his profession. here did you find him, Hob Miller?"

"An it please your reverence, I did but go to shut sluice of the mill—and as I was going to shut the ice, I heard something groan near to me; but judg- it was one of Giles Fletcher's hogs—for so please e, he never shuts his gate—I caught up my lever, d was about—Saint Mary forgive me!—to strike where I heard the sound, when, as the saints would have it, I heard the second groan just like that of a living man. So I called up my knaves, and found the Father Sacristan lying wet and senseless under the wall of our kiln. So soon as we brought him to himself a bit, he prayed to be brought to your reve- rence, but I doubt me, his wits have gone a bell-wa vering by the road. It was but now that he spoke in somewhat better form."

"Well!" said Brother Eustace, "thou hast done well, Hob Miller; only begone now, and remember a second time, to pause ere you strike in the dark."

"Please your reverence, it shall be a lesson to me," said the miller, "not to mistake a holy man for a hog again, so long as I live." And, making a bow, with profound humility, the miller withdrew.

"And now that this churl is gone, Father Philip," said Eustace, "wilt thou tell our venerable Superior what ails thee? art thou *vino gravatus*, man? if so, we will have thee to thy cell."

"Water! water! not wine," muttered the exhaust- ed Sacristan.

"Nay," said the monk, "if that be thy complaint, wine may perhaps cure thee;" and he reached him a cup, which the patient drank off to his great benefit.

"And now," said the Abbot, "let his garments be changed, or rather let him be carried to the infirm- ary; for it will prejudice our health, should we hear his narrative while he stands there, steaming like a rising hoar-frost."

"I will hear his adventure," said Eustace, "and report it to your reverence." And, accordingly, he attended the Sacristan to his cell. In about half an hour he returned to the Abbot.

"How is it with Father Philip?" said the Abbot; "and through what came he into such a state?"

"He comes from Glendearg, reverend sir," said Eustace; "and for the rest, he telleth such a legend, as has not been heard in this Monastery for many a long day." He then gave the Abbot the outlines of the Sacristan's adventures in the homeward journey, and added, that for some time he was inclined to think his brain was infirm, seeing he had sung, laughed, and wept, all in the same breath.

"A wonderful thing it is to us," said the Abbot, "that Satan has been permitted to put forth his hand thus far on one of our sacred brethren!"

"True," said Father Eustace; "but for every text there is a paraphrase; and I have my suspicions, that if the drenching of Father Philip cometh of the Evil One, yet it may not have been altogether with- out his own personal fault."

"How!" said the Father Abbot; "I will not be- lieve that thou makest doubt that Satan, in former days, hath been permitted to afflict saints and holy men, even as he afflicted the pious Job?"

"God forbid I should make question of it," said the monk, crossing himself; "yet, where there is an exposition of the Sacristan's tale, which is less than miraculous, I hold it safe to consider it at least, if not to abide by it. Now, this Hob the Miller hath a buxom daughter. Suppose—I say only suppose— that our Sacristan met her at the ford on her return from her uncle's on the other side, for there she hath this evening been—suppose, that, in courtesy, and to save her stripping hose and shoon, the Sacristan brought her across behind him—suppose he carried his familiarities farther than the maiden was willing to admit; and we may easily suppose farther, that this wetting was the result of it."

"And this legend invented to deceive us!" said the Superior, reddening with wrath; "but most strictly shall it be sifted and inquired into; it is not upon us that Father Philip must hope to pass the result of his own evil practices for doings of Satan. To-morrow cite the wench to appear before us—we will examine, and we will punish."

"Under your reverence's favour," said Eustace, "that were but poor policy. As things now stand with us, the heretics catch hold of each flying report which tends to the scandal of our clergy. We must abate the evil, not only by strengthening discipline, but also by suppressing and stifling the voice of scandal. If my conjectures are true, the miller's

though the answers he returned were in some degree incoherent, owing to his intermingling with them ever and anon snatches of the strange damsel's song, which had made such deep impression on his imagination, that he could not prevent himself from imitating it repeatedly in the course of his examination. The Abbot had compassion with the Sacristan's involuntary frailty, to which something supernatural seemed annexed, and finally became of opinion, that Father Eustace's more natural explanation was rather plausible than just. And indeed, although we have recorded the adventure as we find it written down, we cannot forbear to add, that there was a schism on the subject in the convent, and that several of the brethren pretended to have good reason for thinking that the miller's black-eyed daughter was at the bottom of the affair after all. Whichever way it might be interpreted, all agreed that it had too ludicrous a sound to be permitted to get abroad, and therefore the Sacristan was charged, on his vow of obedience, to say no more of his ducking; an injunction which, having once eased his mind by telling his story, it may be well conjectured that he joyfully obeyed.

The attention of father Eustace was much less forcibly arrested by the marvellous tale of the Sacristan's danger, and his escape, than by the mention of the volume which he had brought with him from the tower of Glendearg. A copy of the Scriptures, translated into the vulgar tongue, had found its way even into the proper territory of the church, and had been discovered in one of the most hidden and sequestered recesses of the Halidome of Saint Mary's.

He anxiously requested to see the volume. In this the Sacristan was unable to gratify him, for he had lost it, as far as he recollected, when the supernatural being, as he conceived her to be, took her departure from him. Father Eustace went down to the spot in person, and searched all around it, in hopes of recovering the volume in question; but his labour was in vain. He returned to the Abbot, and reported that it must have fallen into the river or the mill-stream; "for I will hardly believe," he said, "that Father Philip's musical friend would fly off with a copy of the Holy Scriptures."

the devil's."

"I will essay, reverend Father," said th
tan, "but the tune hangs by my memory
in a beggar's rags; it mingles with the ps
very bells of the convent seem to repeat t
and jingle to the tune; and were you to
death at this very moment, it is my belief
die singing it—'Now swim we merrily'—
were a spell upon me."

He then again began to warble

"Good luck to your fishing."

And checking himself in the strain with di
exclaimed, "It is too certain—I am but a l
Swim we merrily—I shall sing it at the ve
Wo is me! I shall sing all the remainder
and yet never be able to change the tune!"

The honest Abbot replied, "he knew ma
fellow in the same condition;" and con
remark with "ho! ho! ho!" for his rev
the reader may partly have observed, w
those dull folks who love a quiet joke.

The Sacristan, well acquainted with his
humour, endeavoured to join in the laug
unfortunate canticle came again across his
tion, and interrupted the hilarity of his
echo.

"By the rood, Brother Philip," said t
much moved, "you become altogether in
and I am convinced that such a spell coul
sist over a person of religion, and in a
house, unless he were under mortal sin.
say the seven penitentiary psalms—make d
of thy scourge and hair-cloth—refrain for
from all food, save bread and water—I m
shrive thee, and we will see if this singing
be driven out of thee; at least I think F
stace himself could devise no better exorci

The Sacristan sighed deeply, but kne
strance was vain. He retired therefore t
to try how far psalmody might be able t
the sounds of the syren tune which haunt
mory.

Meanwhile, Father Eustace proceeded to
bridge, in his way to the lonely valley of
In a brief conversation with the churlish

CHAPTER VIII.

not with time, the wise man's treasure,
ols are lavish on't the fatal Fisher
ls while we waste moments. -Old Play

R must overspread the little valley, up but steadily rode the monk Eustace. insensible to the feeling of melancholy e scene and by the season. The stream urmur with a deep and oppressed note, ng the departure of autumn. Among copses which here and there fringed its k trees only retained that pallid green their russet hue. The leaves of the most of them stripped from the branches, t each breath, and disturbed by every ule; while the foliage of other trees, ed, kept still precarious possession of nting the first wind to scatter them.

dropped into the natural train of pensive h these autumnal emblems of mortal liarly calculated to inspire. "There," ing at the leaves which lay strewed the hopes of early youth, first formed soonest wither, and loveliest in spring st contemptible in winter; but you ye added, looking to a knot of beeches re their withered leaves, "you are the f adventurous manhood, formed later, ing to the mind of age, although it ac- heir inanity! None lasts none en- e foliage of the hardy oak, which only ow itself when that of the rest of the yed hath its existence. A pale and de- ll it possesses, but still it retains that itality to the last. So be it with Father every hopes of my youth I have trodden those neglected rustlers—to the prouder manhood I look back as to lofty chi- ch the path and essence have long since y religious vows, the faithful profession made in my maturer age, shall retain at of Eustace lives. Dangerous it may ust be yet live it shall, the proud de- o serve the church of which I am a to combat the heresies by which she is hus spoke, at least thus thought, a man ding to his imperfect knowledge, con- vital interests of Christianity with the and usurped claims of the Church of fending his cause with ardour worthy

ng onward in this contemplative mood, help thinking more than once, that he n the form of a female dressed in white, d in the attitude of lamentation. But n was only momentary, and whenever adily to the point where he conceived eared, it always proved that he had mis- atural object, a white crag, or the trunk birch-tree with its silver bark, for the question.

tace had dwelt too long in Rome to par- stitious feelings of the more ignorant y; yet he certainly thought it extraor- strong an impression should have been mind by the legend of the Sacristan. ," he said to himself, "that this story, ss was the invention of Brother Philip wn impropriety of conduct, should run ny head, and disturb my more serious m wont. I think to have more command s. I will repeat my prayers, and banish n my recollection."

accordingly began with devotion to tell ursuance of the prescribed rule of his s not again disturbed by any wander- agination until he found himself be- le fortalice of Glendearg.

dinning, who stood at the gate, set up prise and joy at seeing the good father. e said, "Jasper, where be a' the folk?— reverend Sub-Prior to dismount, and *from him.—O father! God has sent d—I was just going to send* man and horse to the convent, though I ought to be ashamed to give so much trouble to your reverences."

"Our trouble matters not, good dame," said Father Eustace; "in what can I pleasure you? I came hither to visit the Lady of Avenel."

"Well-a-day!" said Dame Elspeth, "and it was on her part that I had the boldness to think of summoning you, for the good lady will never be able to wear over the day!—Would it please you to go to her chamber?"

"Hath she not been shriven by Father Philip?" said the monk.

"Shriven she was," said the Dame of Glendearg "and by Father Philip, as your reverence truly says—but—I wish it may have been a clean shrift—Methought Father Philip looked but moody upon it—and there was a book which he took away with him, that"——She paused as if unwilling to proceed.

"Speak out, Dame Glendinning," said the Father, "with us it is your duty to have no secrets."

"Nay, if it please your reverence, it is not that I would keep any thing from your reverence's knowledge, but I fear I should prejudice the lady in your opinion; for she is an excellent lady—months and years has she dwelt in this tower, and none more exemplary than she; but this matter, doubtless, she will explain it herself to your reverence."

"I desire first to know it from you, Dame Glendinning," said the monk; "and I again repeat, it is your duty to tell it to me."

"This book, if it please your reverence, which Father Philip removed from Glendearg, was this morning returned to us in a strange manner," said the good widow.

"Returned!" said the monk; "how mean you?"

"I mean," answered Dame Glendinning, "that it was brought back to the tower of Glendearg, the saints best know how that same book which Father Philip carried with him but yesterday. Old Martin, that is my tasker and the lady's servant, was driving out the cows to the pasture—for we have three good milk-cows, reverend Father, blessed be Saint Waldhave, and thanks to the holy Monastery"——

The monk groaned with impatience; but he remembered that a woman of the good dame's condition was like a top, which, if you let it spin on untouched, must at last come to a pause; but, if you interrupt it by flogging, there is no end to its gyrations. "But to speak no more of the cows, your reverence, though they are likely cattle as ever were tied to a stake, the tasker was driving them out, and the lads, that is my Halbert and my Edward, that your reverence has seen at church on holidays, and especially Halbert,—for you patted him on the head, and gave him a brooch of Saint Cuthbert, which he wears in his bonnet,—and little Mary Avenel, that is the lady's daughter, they ran all after the cattle, and began to play up and down the pasture as young folk will, your reverence. And at length they lost sight of Martin and the cows; and they began to run up a little cleugh which we call *Corri-nan-shian*, where there is a wee bit stripe of a burn, and they saw there —Gude guide us!—a White Woman sitting on the burn-side wringing her hands—so the bairns were frighted to see a strange woman sitting there, all but Halbert, who will be sixteen come Whitsuntide: and, besides, he never feared ony thing—and when they went up to her—behold she was passed away!"

"For shame, good woman!" said Father Eustace "a woman of your sense to listen to a tale so idle!—the young folk told you a lie, and that was all."

"Nay, sir, it was more than that," said the old dame; "for, besides that they never told me a lie in their lives, I must warn you, that on the very ground where the White Woman was sitting, they found the Lady of Avenel's book, and brought it with them to the tower."

"That is worthy of mark at least," said the monk. "Know you no other copy of this volume within these bounds?"

"None, your reverence," returned Elspeth; "why should there?—no one could read it were there twenty."

"Then you are sure it is the very same volume which you gave to Father Philip?" said the monk.

"As sure as that I now speak with your reverence."

"It is most singular!" said the monk; and he walked across the room in a musing posture.

"I have been upon nettles to hear what your reverence would say," continued Dame Glendinning, "respecting this matter—There is nothing I would not do for the Lady of Avenel and her family, and that has been proved, and for her servants to boot, both Martin and Tibb, although Tibb is not so civil sometimes as altogether I have a right to expect; but I cannot think it beseeming to have angels, or ghosts, or fairies, or the like, waiting upon a leddy when she is in another woman's house, in respect it is no ways creditable. Ony thing she had to do was always done to her hand, without costing her either pains or pence, as a country body says; and besides the discredit, I cannot but think that there is no safety in having such unchancy creatures about ane. But I have tied red thread around the bairns's throats," (so her fondness still called them,) "and given ilk ane of them a riding wand of rowan-tree, forby sewing up a slip of witch-elm into their doublets; and I wish to know of your reverence if there be ony thing mair that a lone woman can do in the matter of ghosts and fairies? Be here! that I should have named their unlucky names twice ower!"

"Dame Glendinning," answered the monk, somewhat abruptly, when the good woman had finished her narrative, "I pray you, do you know the miller's daughter?"

"Did I know Kate Happer?" replied the widow; "as weel as the beggar knows his dish—a canty quean was Kate, and a special cummer of my ain may be twenty years syne."

"She cannot be the wench I mean," said Father Eustace; "she after whom I inquire is scarce fifteen, a black-eyed girl—you may have seen her at the kirk."

"Your reverence must be in the right; and she is my cummer's niece, doubtless, that you are pleased to speak of: But I thank God I have always been too duteous in attention to the mass to know whether young wenches have black eyes or green ones."

The good Father had so much of the world about him, that he was unable to avoid smiling, when the dame boasted her absolute resistance to a temptation, which was not quite so liable to beset her as those of the other sex.

"Perhaps, then," he said, "you know her usual dress, Dame Glendinning?"

"Ay, ay, Father," answered the dame readily enough, "a white kirtle the wench wears, to hide the dust of the mill no doubt—and a blue hood, that might weel be spared, for pridefulness."

Then, may it not be she," said the Father, "who has brought back this book, and stepped out of the way when the children came near her?"

"The dame paused—was unwilling to combat the solution suggested by the monk—but was at a loss to conceive why the lass of the mill should come so far from home into so wild a corner, merely to leave an old book with three children, from whose observation she wished to conceal herself. Above all, she could not understand why, since she had acquaintances in the family, and since the dame Glendinning had always paid her multure and knaveship duly, the said lass of the mill had not come in to rest herself and eat a morsel, and tell her the current news of

your leave, I will see this lady—do you g
and prepare her to see me."

Dame Glendinning left the lower apartme
ingly, which the monk paced in anxious r
considering how he might best discharge
manity as well as with effect, the impor
imposed on him. He resolved to approach
side of the sick person with reprimands,
only by a feeling for her weak condition—
mind, in case of her reply, to which late
of hardened heretics might encourage her.
pared with answers to their customary
High fraught, also, with zeal against her
rized intrusion into the priestly function, h
the Sacred Scriptures, he imagined to hi
answers which one of the modern school
might return to him—the victorious refutat
should lay the disputant prostrate at the C
mercy—and the healing, yet awful exhortati
under pain of refusing the last consolati
ligion, he designed to make to the penitent,
her, as she loved her own soul's welfare, t
to him what she knew of the dark m
iniquity, by which heresies were introduc
most secluded spots of the very patrimony of t
herself—what agents they had who could t
as it were unseen, from place to place, brin
volume which the church had interdicted t
from which it had been removed under h
auspices; and who, by encouraging the d
profane thirst after knowledge forbidden a
to the laity, had encouraged the fisher of s
with effect his old bait of ambition and va

Much of this premeditated disputation c
good father, when Elspeth returned, her tea
faster than her apron could dry them, and
a signal to follow her. "How," said the
she then so near her end?—nay, the churc
break or bruise, when comfort is yet poss
forgetting his polemics, the good Sub-Prio
to the little apartment, where, on the wr
which she had occupied since her misfor
driven her to the Tower of Glendearg, the
Walter Avenel had rendered up her spirit t
tor. "My God!" said the Sub-Prior, "a
unfortunate dallying suffered her to depa
the Church's consolation! Look to her,
exclaimed with eager impatience; "is th
a sparkle of the life left?—may she not be
recalled but for a moment? Oh! woul
could express, but by the most imperfect
by the most feeble motion, her acquiesce
needful task of penitential prayer!—Doe
breathe? Art thou sure she doth not?"

"She will never breathe more," said t
"O! the poor fatherless girl—now mothe
O, the kind companion I have had these m
whom I shall never see again! But she is
for certain, if ever woman went there; fo
of better life"—

"Wo to me," said the good monk, "if
went not hence in good assurance—wo t
less shepherd, who suffered the wolf to ca
one from the flock, while he busied hi
trimming his sling and his staff to give t
battle! O! if in the long Hereafter, aug
should that poor spirit share what has

on, who admired her sufficiently
ithstanding some trifling points of
lized her after her death, and could
ite of praise with which she did not
y.

dy of Avenel, however she might
ome of the doctrines announced by
me, and although she had probably
om that corrupted system of Chris-
ime on which Christianity itself is
rtheless been regular in her attend-
hip of the church, not, perhaps, ex-
less so far as to break off commu-
ed was the first sentiment of the
who seem to have studied, for a
void a schism, until the violence of
it inevitable.

, on the present occasion, listened
o every thing which could lead to
lady's orthodoxy in the main points
conscience reproached him sorely,
protracting conversation with the
arg. he had not instantly hastened
e was so necessary. "If," he said,
d body, "thou art yet free from the
e to the followers of false doctrine
suffer for a time, to expiate faults
but partaking of mortal frailty more
. fear not that thy abode shall be
l regions to which thou mayest be
—if masses—if penance—if macera-
, till it resembles that extenuated
oul hath abandoned, may assure thy
Holy Church—the godly founda-
Patroness herself, shall intercede
rrors were counterbalanced by so
eave me, dame—here, and by her
perform those duties which this
ands!"

e monk, who employed himself in
re, though erroneous prayers, for the
ted spirit. For an hour he remain-
ent of death, and then returned to
e found the still weeping friend of

: injustice to Mrs. Elspeth Glendin-
, if we suppose her to have been
this long interval, or rather, if we
tirely absorbed by the tribute of sor-
nd frankly and plentifully to her de-
to be incapable of attending to the
y due to the holy visiter—who was
, and Sub-Prior—mighty in all re-
ar considerations, so far as the vas-
stery were interested.

ad had been toasted—her choicest
ewed ale had been broached—her
been placed on the hall-table, along
voury ham and her choicest cheese,
ed herself to the extremity of sor-
not till she had arranged her little
the board, that she sat down in the
threw her checked apron over her
ay to the current of tears and sobs.
s no grimace or affectation. The
he honours of her house to be as es-
pecially when a monk was her visi-
r pressing call upon her conscience;
ere suitably attended to did she find
to indulge her sorrow for her de-

conscious of the Sub-Prior's pre-
ith the same attention to his recep-
nied all the offers of hospitality with
voured to tempt him. Not her but-
gold, and the bees, she assured him,
the patrimony of Saint Mary—not
, which "the departed saint, God sain
were so good!"—not the ale, nor any
ch poor Elspeth's stores afforded,
the Sub-Prior to break his fast.

e said, "*I must not taste food until
happy if, in so doing, I can expiate
e—happier still, if my sufferings of*
this trifling nature, undertaken in pure faith and sin-
gleness of heart, may benefit the soul of the deceased.
Yet, dame," he added, "I may not so far forget the
living in my cares for the dead, as to leave behind me
that book, which is to the ignorant what, to our first
parents, the tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil
unhappily proved—excellent indeed in itself, but fatal
because used by those to whom it is prohibited."

"O, blithely, reverend father," said the widow of
Simon Glendinning, "will I give you the book, if so
be I can wile it from the bairns; and indeed, poor
things, as the case stands with them even now, you
might take the heart out of their bodies, and they
never find it out, they are sae begrutten."*

"Give them this missal instead, good dame," said
the Father, drawing from his pocket one which was
curiously illuminated with paintings, "and I will
come myself, or send one at a fitting time, and teach
them the meaning of these pictures."

"The bonny images!" said Dame Glendinning,
forgetting for an instant her grief in her admiration;
"and weel I wot," added she, "it is another sort of
a book than the poor Lady of Avenel's; and blessed
might we have been this day, if your reverence had
found the way up the glen, instead of Father Philip,
though the Sacristan is a powerful man too, and
speaks as if he would gar the house fly abroad, save
that the walls are gey thick. Simon's forbears (may
he and they be blessed!) took care of that."

The monk ordered his mule, and was about to take
his leave; and the good dame was still delaying him
with questions about the funeral, when a horseman,
armed and accoutred, rode into the little court-yard
which surrounded the Keep.

CHAPTER IX.

For since they rode among our doors
With splent on spauld and rusty spurs,
There grows no fruit into our furs;
Thus said John Up-on-land. —*Bannatyne MS*

The Scottish laws, which were as wisely and
judiciously made as they were carelessly and inef-
fectually executed, had in vain endeavoured to re-
strain the damage done to agriculture, by the chiefs
and landed proprietors retaining in their service what
were called jack-men, from the *jack*, or doublet quilt-
ed with iron, which they wore as defensive armour.
These military retainers conducted themselves with
great insolence towards the industrious part of the
community—lived in a great measure by plunder, and
were ready to execute any commands of their master,
however unlawful. In adopting this mode of life,
men resigned the quiet hopes and regular labours of
industry, for an unsettled, precarious, and dangerous
trade, which yet had such charms for those once
accustomed to it, that they became incapable of
following any other. Hence the complaint of John
Upland, a fictitious character, representing a country-
man, into whose mouth the poets of the day put their
general satires upon men and manners:

They ride about in such a rage
By forest, frith, and field,
With buckler, bow, and brand.
Lo! where they ride out through the rye!
The Devil mot save the company,
Quoth John Up-on-land.

Christie of the Clinthill, the horseman who now
arrived at the little Tower of Glendearg, was one of
the hopeful company of whom the poet complains,
as was indicated by his "splent on spauld," (iron-
plates on his shoulder,) his rusted spurs, and his
long lance. An iron skull-cap, none of the brightest,
bore for distinction a sprig of the holly, which was
Avenel's badge. A long two-edged straight sword,
having a handle made of polished oak, hung down by
his side. The meagre condition of his horse, and
the wild and emaciated look of the rider, showed
their occupation could not be accounted an easy or
a thriving one. He saluted Dame Glendinning with
little courtesy, and the monk with less; for the grow-
ing disrespect to the religious orders had not failed to
extend itself among a class of men of such disorderly

* Begrutten—over-wept.

Christie of the Clinthill, the laird's chief jackman; ye know that little havings can be expected from the like o' them."

"Are you a retainer of the Laird of Avenel?" said the monk, addressing himself to the horseman, "and do you speak thus rudely to a brother of Saint Mary's, to whom thy master is so much beholden?"

"He means to be yet more beholden to your house, Sir Monk," answered the fellow; "for hearing his sister-in-law, the widow of Walter of Avenel, was on her death-bed, he sent me to say to the Father Abbot and the brethren, that he will hold the funeral feast at their convent, and invites himself thereto, with a score of horse, and some friends, and to abide there for three days and three nights,—having horse-meat and men's meat at the charge of the community; of which his intention he sends due notice, that fitting preparation may be timously made."

"Friend," said the Sub-Prior, "believe not that I will do to the Father Abbot the indignity of delivering such an errand. Think'st thou the goods of the church were bestowed upon her by holy princes and pious nobles, now dead and gone, to be consumed in revelry by every profligate layman who numbers in his train more followers than he can support by honest means, or by his own incomings? Tell thy master, from the Sub-Prior of Saint Mary's, that the Primate hath issued his commands to us, that we submit no longer to this compulsory exaction of hospitality on slight or false pretences. Our lands and goods were given to relieve pilgrims and pious persons, not to feast bands of rude soldiers."

"This to me!" said the angry spearman, "this to me and to my master?—Look to yourself then, Sir Priest, and try if *Ave* and *Credo* will keep bullocks from wandering, and hay-stacks from burning."

"Dost thou menace the Holy Church's patrimony with waste and fire-raising," said the Sub-Prior, "and that in the face of the sun? I call on all who hear me to bear witness to the words this ruffian has spoken. Remember how the Lord James drowned such as you by scores in the black pool at Jeddart. To him and to the Primate will I complain."—The soldier shifted the position of his lance, and brought it down to a level with the monk's body.

Dame Glendinning began to shriek for assistance.

For your master's proffered visit of three d such a company and retinue, I have no au reply to it; you must intimate your Chief's to the Reverend Lord Abbot."

"That will cost me a farther ride," said "but it is all in the day's work.—How now, said he to Halbert, who was handling the k which he had laid aside; "how do you lik plaything?—will you go with me, and be trooper?"

"The Saints in their mercy forbid!" said mother; and then, afraid of having displeased by the vivacity of her exclamation, she follo by explaining, that since Simon's death she look on a spear or a bow, or any impleme struction, without trembling.

"Pshaw!" answered Christie, "thou shou another husband, dame, and drive such foll thy thoughts—what sayst thou to such a lad as I? Why, this old tower of thine is enough, and there is no want of cleuchs, a and bogs, and thickets, if one was set har might bide here, and keep his half-score of as many geldings, and live on what he coul hand on, and be kind to thee, old wench."

"Alas! Master Christie," said the matro you should talk to a lone woman in such a and death in the house besides!"

"Lone woman!—why, that is the very rea shouldst take a mate. Thy old friend is de good—choose thou another of somewhat frame, and that will not die of the pip like chicken.—Better still—Come, dame, let something to eat, and we will talk more of

Dame Elspeth, though she well knew the of the man, whom in fact she both disliked an could not help simpering at the personal addre he thought proper to make to her. She whi the Sub-Prior, "Ony thing just to keep hi and went into the tower to set before the so food he desired, trusting, betwixt good chee power of her own charms, to keep Christie Clinthill so well amused, that the altercation him and the holy father should not be renew

The Sub-Prior was equally unwilling to ha unnecessary rupture between the community

:er, declared, that now the kind lady was ok was Mary's, and no one but Mary '.

is not a fit book for Mary to read, my aid the Father gently, "you would not man with her?"

read it," answered the young champion "and so it could not be wrong—it shall away.—I wonder where Halbert is?—the bravading tales of gay Christie, I always wishing for fighting, and now is way."

ward, you would not fight with me, who iest and an old man?"

er as good a priest as the Pope," said it is not as the his to boot, you shall ty Mary's book without her leave. I for it."

son, my love," said the monk, amused nate friendship manifested by the boy, ke it; I only borrow it; and I leave in owa 2 n, missal, as a pledge I will bring ".

xined the missal with eager curiosity. at the pictures with which it was ill—s— st George and the dragon—Halbert will d Saint Michael brandishing his sword l of the Wicked One—and that will do so. And see the Saint John leading his s lerness, with his little cross made of sert reed staff—that shall be my favour—te shall we find one for poor Mary?—here woman weeping and lamenting herself." Saint Mary Magdalen repenting of her r boy," said the Father.

l not suit our Mary; for she commits no never angry with us, but when we do rong."

aid the Father, "I will show you a Mary, tect her and you and all good children. ly she is represented, with her gown co- olden stars."

as lost in wonder at the portrait of the h the Sub-Prior turned up to him.

e said, "is really like our sweet Mary; will let you take away the black book, such goodly shows in it, and leave this read. But you must promise to bring ok, good Father—for now I think upon like that best which was her mother's."

stantly return," said the monk, evading "and perhaps I may teach you to write, h beautiful letters as you see there writ- aint them blue, green, and yellow, and in with gold."

to make such figures as these blessed specially these two Marys?" said the boy. ir blessing," said the Sub-Prior, "I can it art too, so far as I am myself capable and you of learning it."

aid Edward, "will I paint Mary's pic- member you are to bring back the black ou must promise me."

Prior, anxious to get rid of the boy's and to set forward on his return to the hout having any farther interview with gallopers, answered by giving the promise ired, mounted his mule, and set forth on ne ward.

mber day was well spent ere the Sub- d his journey; for the difficulty of the various delays which he had met with had detained him longer than he pro- ill easterly wind was sighing among leaves, and stripping them from the hold retained on the parent trees.

" said the monk, "our prospects in this grow more disconsolate as the stream of on. Little have I gained by my journey, certainty that heresy is busy among us an his usual activity, and that the spirit religious orders, and plundering the operty, so general in the eastern districts has now come nearer home."

The tread of a horse which came up behind him, interrupted his reverie, and he soon saw he was mounted by the same wild rider whom he had left at the tower.

"Good even, my son, and benedicite," said the Sub-Prior as he passed; but the rude soldier scarce acknowledged the greeting by bending his head; and dashing the spurs into his horse, went on at a pace which soon left the monk and his mule far behind. "And there," thought the Sub-Prior, "goes another plague of the times—a fellow whose birth designed him to cultivate the earth, but who is perverted, by the unhallowed and unchristian divisions of the country, into a daring and dissolute robber. The barons of Scotland are now turned masterful thieves and ruffians, oppressing the poor by violence, and wasting the Church, by extorting free quarters from abbeys and priories, without either shame or reason.—I fear me I shall be too late to counsel the Abbot to make a stand against these daring *sorners*.*—I must make haste." He struck his mule with his riding-wand accordingly; but instead of mending her pace, the animal suddenly started from the path, and the rider's utmost efforts could not force her forward.

"Art thou, too, infected with the spirit of the times?" said the Sub-Prior; "thou wert wont to be ready and serviceable, and art now as restive as any wild jack-man or stubborn heretic of them all."

While he was contending with the startled animal, a voice like that of a female, chanted in his ear, or at least very close to it,

> "Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride,
> With your mule so fair and your mantle so wide;
> But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er hill,
> There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.
> Back, back,
> The volume black!
> I have a warrant to carry it back."

The Sub-Prior looked around, but neither bush nor brake was near, which could conceal an ambushed songstress. "May our Lady have mercy on me!" he said; "I trust my senses have not forsaken me—yet how my thoughts should arrange themselves into rhymes which I despise, and music which I care not for, or why there should be the sound of a female voice in ears, to which its melody has been so long indifferent, baffles my comprehension, and almost realizes the vision of Philip the Sacristan.—Come, good mule, betake thee to the path, and let us hence while our judgment serves us."

But the mule stood as if it had been rooted to the spot, backed from the point to which it was pressed by its rider, and by her ears laid close into her neck, and her eyes almost starting from their sockets, testified that she was under great terror.

While the Sub-Prior, by alternate threats and soothing, endeavoured to reclaim the wayward animal to her duty, the wild musical voice was again heard close beside him.

> "What ho! Sub-Prior, and came you but here
> To conjure a book from a dead woman's bier?
> Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise,
> Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize.
> Back, back,
> There's death in the track!
> In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back."

"In the name of MY Master," said the astonished monk, "that name before which all things created tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art that hauntest me thus?"

The same voice replied,

> "That which is neither ill nor well,
> That which belongs not to Heaven nor to hell,
> A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
> 'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream,
> A form that men spy
> With the half-shut eye,
> In the beams of the setting sun, am I."

"This is more than simple fantasy," said the Sub-Prior, rousing himself; though, notwithstanding the

* To *sorne*, in Scotland, is to exact free quarters against the will of the landlord. It is declared equivalent to theft, by a statute passed in the year 1445. The great chieftains oppressed the Monasteries very much by exactions of this nature. The community of Aberbrothwick complained of an Earl of Angus I think, who was in the regular habit of visiting them once a-year, with a train of a thousand horse, and abiding till the whole winter provisions of the convent were exhausted.

natural hardihood of his temper, the sensible presence of a supernatural being so near him, failed not to make his blood run cold and his hair bristle. "I charge thee," he said aloud, "be thine errand what it will, to depart and trouble me no more!—False spirit, thou canst not appal any save those who do the work negligently."

The voice immediately answered:

"Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar me my right!
Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through the night;
I can dance on the torrent and ride on the air,
And travel the world with the bonny nightmare.
Again, again,
At the crook of the glen,
Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee again."

The road was now apparently left open: for the mule collected herself, and changed from her posture of terror to one which promised advance, although a profuse perspiration, and general trembling of the joints, indicated the bodily terror she had undergone.

"I used to doubt the existence of Cabalists and Rosicrucians," thought the Sub-Prior, "but, by my Holy Order, I know no longer what to say!—My pulse beats temperately—my hand is cool—I am fasting from every thing but sin, and possessed of my ordinary faculties—Either some fiend is permitted to bewilder me, or the tales of Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, and others who treat of occult philosophy, are not without foundation. At the crook of the glen? I could have desired to avoid a second meeting, but I am on the service of the church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against me."

He moved forward accordingly, but with precaution, and not without fear; for he neither knew the manner in which, or the place where, his journey might be next interrupted by his invisible attendant. He descended the glen without interruption for about a mile farther, when, just at the spot where the brook approached the steep hill, with a winding so abrupt as to leave scarcely room for a horse to pass, the mule was again visited with the same symptoms of terror which had before interrupted her course. Better acquainted than before with the cause of her restiveness, the Priest employed no effort to make her proceed, but addressed himself to the object, which he doubted not was the same that had formerly interrupted him, in the words of solemn exorcism prescribed by the church of Rome on such occasions.

In reply to his demand, the voice again sung:—

"Men of good are bold as sackless,*
Men of rude are wild and reckless.
Lie thou still
In the nook of the hill,
For those be before thee that wish thee ill."

While the Sub-Prior listened, with his head turned in the direction from which the sounds seemed to come, he felt as if something rushed against him; and ere he could discover the cause, he was pushed from his saddle with gentle but irresistible force. Before he reached the ground his senses were gone, and he lay long in a state of insensibility; for the sunset had not ceased to gild the top of the distant hill when he fell, and when he again became conscious of existence, the pale moon was gleaming on the landscape. He awakened in a state of terror, from which, for a few minutes, he found it difficult to shake himself free. At length he sate up on the grass, and became sensible, by repeated exertion, that the only personal injury which he had sustained was the numbness arising from extreme cold. The motion of something near him made the blood again run to his heart, and by a sudden effort he started up, and looking around saw to his relief that the noise was occasioned by the footsteps of his own mule. The peaceable animal had remained quietly beside her master during his trance, browsing on the grass which grew plentifully in that sequestered nook.

With some exertion he collected himself, remounted the animal, and meditating upon his wild adventure, descended the glen till its junction with the broader valley through which the Tweed winds. The drawbridge was readily dropped at his first summons; and so much had he won upon the heart of the churlish warden, that Peter appeared himself with a lantern to show the Sub-Prior his way over the perilous pass.

"By my sooth, sir," he said, holding the light up to Father Eustace's face, "you look sorely travelled and deadly pale—but a little matter serves to weary out you men of the cell. I now who speak to you—I have ridden—before I was perched up here on this pillar betwixt wind and water—it may be thirty Scots miles before I broke my fast, and have had the red of a bramble rose in my cheek all the while—But will you taste some food, or a cup of distilled waters?"

"I may not," said Father Eustace, "being under a vow; but I thank you for your kindness, and pray you to give what I may not accept to the next poor pilgrim who comes hither pale and fainting, for so it shall be the better both with him here, and with you hereafter."

"By my faith, and I will do so," said Peter Bridge-Ward, "even for thy sake—It is strange now, how this Sub-Prior gets round one's heart more than the rest of these cowled gentry, that think of nothing but quaffing and stuffing!—Wife, I say—wife, we will give a cup of distilled waters and a crust of bread unto the next pilgrim that comes over; and ye may keep for the purpose the grunds of the last greybeard,† and the ill-baked bannock which the bairns couldna eat."

While Peter issued these charitable, and, at the same time, prudent injunctions, the Sub-Prior, whose mild interference had awaked the Bridge-Ward to such an act of unwonted generosity, was pacing onward to the Monastery. In the way, he had to commune with and subdue his own rebellious heart, an enemy, he was sensible, more formidable than any which the external powers of Satan could place in his way.

Father Eustace had indeed strong temptation to suppress the extraordinary incident which had befallen him, which he was the more reluctant to confess, because he had passed so severe a judgment upon Father Philip, who, as he was now not unwilling to allow, had, on his return from Glendearg, encountered obstacles somewhat similar to his own. Of this the Sub-Prior was the more convinced, when, feeling in his bosom for the Book which he had brought off from the Tower of Glendearg, he found it was amissing, which he could only account for by supposing it had been stolen from him during his trance.

"If I confess this strange visitation," thought the Sub-Prior, "I become the ridicule of all my brethren—I whom the Primate sent hither to be a watch as it were, and a check upon their follies. I give the Abbot an advantage over me which I shall never again recover, and Heaven only knows how he may abuse it, in his foolish simplicity, to the dishonour and loss of Holy Kirk.—But then, if I make not true confession of my shame, with what face can I again presume to admonish or restrain others?—Avow, proud heart," continued he, addressing himself, "that the weal of Holy Church interests thee less in this matter than thine own humiliation—Yes, Heaven has punished thee even in that point in which thou didst deem thyself most strong, in thy spiritual pride and thy carnal wisdom. Thou hast laughed at and derided the inexperience of thy brethren—stoop thyself in turn to their derision—tell what they may not believe—affirm that which they will ascribe to idle fear, or perhaps to idle falsehood—sustain the disgrace of a silly visionary, or a wilful deceiver.—Be it so; I will do my duty, and make ample confession to my Superior. If the discharge of this duty destroys my usefulness in this house, God and our Lady will send me where I can better serve them."

There was no little merit in the resolution thus piously and generously formed by Father Eustace. To men of any rank the esteem of their order is naturally most dear; but in the monastic establishment, cut off, as the brethren are, from other objects of ambition, as well as from all exterior friendship and relationship, the place which they hold in the opinion of each other is all in all.

But the consciousness how much he should rejoice the Abbot and most of the other monks of Saint

* *Sackless*—Innocent.

† An old-fashioned name for an earthen jar for holding spirits.

o were impatient of the unauthorized, yet control, which he was wont to exercise in of the convent, by a confession which him in a ludicrous, or perhaps even in a int of view, could not weigh with Father comparison with the task which his ied.

g in his feelings of duty, he approached gate of the Monastery, he was surprised es gleaming, and men assembled around horseback, some on foot, while several iks, distinguished through the night by scapularies, were making themselves busy crowd. The Sub-Prior was received with s shout of joy, which at once made him t he had himself been the object of their

e is! there he is! God be thanked—there nd fear!" exclaimed the vassals; while the aimed, "*Te Deum laudamus*—the blood ints is precious in thy sight!"

the matter, children? what is the mathrea?" said Father Eustace, dismountgate.

other, if thou know'st not, we will not thou art in the refectory," answered the Suffice it that the Lord Abbot had ordered zealous and faithful vassals, instantly to guard thee from imminent peril—Ye may r horses, children, and dismiss; and, toch who was at this rendezvous may send ent kitchen for a quarter of a yard of roastblack-jack full of double ale."*

als dispersed with joyful acclamation, and with equal jubilee, conducted the Subhe refectory.

CHAPTER X.

nd——
and well, may Heaven's high name be bless'd for't!
treason couch'd a lance against us.—DECKER.

er was the Sub-Prior hurried into the rehis rejoicing companions, than the first whom he fixed his eye proved to be ChrisClinthill. He was seated in the chimneyered and guarded, his features drawn into sulky and turbid resolution with which end in guilt are accustomed to view the f punishment. But as the Sub-Prior drew , his face assumed a more wild and starsion, while he exclaimed—"The devil! the elf, brings the dead back upon the living!" said a monk to him, "say rather, that Our the attempts of the wicked on her faithful our dear brother lives and moves."

and moves!" said the ruffian, rising and owards the Sub-Prior as well as his chains nit; "nay, then I will never trust ashen steel point more—It is even so," he added, d on the Sub-Prior with astonishment; 'em nor wound—not as much as a rent in

ence should my wound have come?" said stace.

the good lance that never failed me beed Christie of the Clinthill.

absolve thee for thy purpose!" said the ; "wouldst thou have slain a servant of

ose!" answered Christie; "the Fifemen whole pack of ye were slain, there were t Flodden."

! art thou heretic as well as murderer?"

by Saint Giles," replied the rider; "I lisely enough to the Laird of Monance, when ye were all cheats and knaves; but when ave had me go hear one Wiseheart, a goshey call him, he might as well have persuaded the wild colt that had flung one rider, to kneel down and help another into the saddle."

"There is some goodness about him yet," said the Sacristan to the Abbot, who at that moment entered—"He refused to hear a heretic preacher."

"The better for him in the next world," answered the Abbot. "Prepare for death, my son—we deliver thee over to the secular arm of our bailie, for execution on the Gallow-hill by peep of light."

"Amen!" said the ruffian; "'tis the end I must have come by sooner or later—and what care I whether I feed the crows at Saint Mary's or at Carlisle?"

"Let me implore your reverend patience for an instant," said the Sub-Prior; "until I shall inquire"——

"What!" exclaimed the Abbot, observing him for the first time—"Our dear brother restored to us when his life was unhoped for!—nay, kneel not to a sinner like me—stand up—thou hast my blessing. When this villain came to the gate, accused by his own evil conscience, and crying out he had murdered thee, I thought that the pillar of our main aisle had fallen—no more shall a life so precious be exposed to such risks, as occur in this Border country; no longer shall one beloved and rescued of Heaven hold so low a station in the church as that of a poor Sub-Prior I will write by express to the Primate for thy speedy removal and advancement."

"Nay, but let me understand," said the Sub-Prior; "did the soldier say that he had slain me?"

"That he had transfixed you," answered the Abbot, "in full career with his lance—but it seems he had taken an indifferent aim. But no sooner didst thou fall to the ground mortally gored, as he deemed, with his weapon, than our blessed Patroness appeared to him, as he averred"——

"I averred no such thing," said the prisoner; "I said a woman in white interrupted me, as I was about to examine the priest's cassock, for they are usually well lined—she had a bulrush in her hand, with one touch of which she struck me from my horse, as I might strike down a child of four years old with an iron mace—and then, like a singing fiend as she was, she sung to me,

'Thank the holly bush
That nods on thy brow;
Or with this slender rush
I had strangled thee now.'

I gathered myself up with fear and difficulty, threw myself on my horse, and came hither like a fool to get myself hanged for a rogue."

"Thou seest, honoured brother," said the Abbot to the Sub-Prior, "in what favour thou art with our blessed Patroness, that she herself becomes the guardian of thy paths—Not since the days of our blessed founder hath she shown such grace to any one. All unworthy were we to hold spiritual superiority over thee, and we pray thee to prepare for thy speedy removal to Aberbrothwick."

"Alas! my lord and father," said the Sub-Prior, "your words pierce my very soul. Under the seal of confession will I presently tell thee why I conceive myself rather the baffled sport of a spirit of another sort, than the protected favourite of the heavenly powers. But first let me ask this unhappy man a question or two."

"Do as ye list," replied the Abbot—"but you shall not convince me that it is fitting you remain in this inferior office in the convent of Saint Mary."

"I would ask of this poor man," said Father Eustace, "for what purpose he nourished the thought of putting to death one who never did him evil?"

"Ay! but thou didst menace me with evil," said the ruffian, "and no one but a fool is menaced twice. Dost thou not remember what you said touching the Primate and Lord James, and the black pool of Jedwood? Didst thou think me fool enough to wait till thou hadst betrayed me to the sack and the fork? There were small wisdom in that, methinks—as little as in coming hither to tell my own misdeeds—I think the devil was in me when I took this road—I might have remembered the proverb, 'Never Friar forgot feud.'"

"And it was solely for that—for that only hasty word of mine, uttered in a moment of impatience,

* e of the few reminiscences of Old Parr, or Henry rget which, that, at some convent in the veteran's od, the community, before the dissolution, used to st-beef by the measure of feet and yards.

and forgotten ere it was well spoken?" said Father Eustace.

"Ay! for that, and—for the love of thy gold crucifix," said Christie of the Clinthill.

"Gracious Heaven! and could the yellow metal—the glittering earth—so far overcome every sense of what is thereby represented? Father Abbot, I pray, as a dear boon, you will deliver this guilty person to my mercy."

"Nay, brother," interposed the Sacristan, "to your doom if you will, not to your mercy. Remember, we are not all equally favoured by our blessed Lady, nor is it likely that every frock in the Convent will serve as a coat of proof when a lance is couched against it."

"For that very reason," said the Sub-Prior, "I would not that for my worthless self the community were to fall at feud with Julian of Avenel, this man's master."

"Our Lady forbid!" said the Sacristan; "he is a second Julian the apostate."

"With our reverend father the Abbot's permission, then," said Father Eustace, "I desire this man may be freed from his chains, and suffered to depart unharmed;—and here, friend," he added, giving him the golden crucifix, "is the image for which thou wert willing to stain thy hands with murder. View it well, and may it inspire thee with other and better thoughts than those which referred to it as a piece of bullion. Part with it, nevertheless, if thy necessities require, and get thee one of such coarse substance that Mammon shall have no share in any of the reflections to which it gives rise. It was the bequest of a dear friend to me; but dearer service can it never do than that of winning a soul to Heaven."

The Borderer, now freed from his chains, stood gazing alternately on the Sub-Prior, and on the golden crucifix. "By Saint Giles," said he, "I understand ye not! An ye give me gold for couching my lance at thee, what would you give me to level it at a heretic?"

"The Church," said the Sub-Prior, "will try the effect of her spiritual censures to bring these stray sheep into the fold, ere she employ the edge of the sword of Saint Peter."

"Ay, but," said the ruffian, "they say the Primate recommends a little strangling and burning in aid both of censure and of sword. But fare ye well! I owe you a life, and it may be I will not forget my debt."

The bailie now came bustling in, dressed in his blue coat and bandaliers, and attended by two or three halberdiers. "I have been a thought too late in waiting upon your reverend lordship. I am grown somewhat fatter since the field of Pinkie, and my leathern coat slips not on so soon as it was wont; but the dungeon is ready, and though, as I said, I have been somewhat late"—

Here his intended prisoner walked gravely up to the officer's nose, to his great amazement.

"You have been indeed somewhat late, bailie," said he, "and I am greatly obligated to your buff-coat, and to the time you took to put it on. If the secular arm had arrived some quarter of an hour sooner, I had been out of the reach of spiritual grace; but as it is, I wish you good even, and a safe riddance out of your garment of durance, in which you have much the air of a hog in armour."

Wroth was the bailie with this comparison, and exclaimed in ire—"An it were not for the presence of the venerable Lord Abbot, thou knave"—

"Nay, an thou wouldst try conclusions," said Christie of the Clinthill, "I will meet thee at daybreak by Saint Mary's well."

"Hardened wretch!" said Father Eustace, "art thou but this instant delivered from death, and dost thou so soon nurse thoughts of slaughter?"

"I will meet with thee ere it be long, thou knave," said the bailie, "and teach thee thine Oremus."

"I will meet thy cattle in a moonlight night before that day," said he of the Clinthill.

"I will have thee by the neck one misty morning, thou strong thief," answered the secular officer of the church.

"Thou art thyself as strong a thief as ev retorted Christie; "and if the worms were on ing on that fat carcass of thine, I might w to have thine office, by favour of these revere

"A cast of their office, and a cast of mi swered the bailie; "a cord and a confesso all thou wilt have from us."

"Sirs," said the Sub-Prior, observing tha then began to take more interest than wa decorous in this wrangling betwixt justi quity, "I pray you both to depart—Mas retire with your halberdiers, and trouble not whom we have dismissed.—And thou, Ch whatever be thy name, take thy departu member thou owest thy life to the Lord clemency."

"Nay, as to that," answered Christie, " that I owe it to your own; but impute it to list, I owe a life among ye, and there is And, whistling as he went, he left the ap seeming as if he held the life which he ha not worth farther thanks.

"Obstinate even to brutality!" said Fa stace; "and yet who knows but some bett lie under so rude an exterior?"

"Save a thief from the gallows," said the tan—"you know the rest of the proverb; an ting, as may Heaven grant, that our lives a are safe from this outrageous knave, wh sure our meal and our malt, our herds and our

"Marry, that will I, my brethren," said monk. "Ah, brethren, you little know wha made of a repentant robber. In Abbot I days—ay, and I remember them as it were y —the freebooters were the best welcome m came to Saint Mary's. Ay, they paid tithe drove that they brought over from the S because they were something lightly come b known them make the tithe a seventh—t their confessor knew his business.—Ay, whe from the tower a score of fat bullocks, or a sheep, coming down the valley, with two stout men-at-arms behind them, with their steel caps, and their black-jacks, and th lances, the good Lord Abbot Ingilram was say—he was a merry man—There come the the spoilers of the Egyptians! Ay, and I h the famous John the Armstrang,—a fair ma and a goodly, the more pity that hemp heckled for him—I have seen him come Abbey Church with nine tassels of gold in hi and every tassel made of nine English noble would go from chapel to chapel, and from image, and from altar to altar, on his kn leave here a tassel, and there a noble, till th as little gold on his bonnet as on my hood find no such Border thieves now!"

"No, truly, Brother Nicolas," answered th "they are more apt to take any gold the Ch left, than to bequeath or bestow any—and f beshrew me if I think they care whether be fed on the meadows of Lanercost Abbey or Mary's!"

"There is no good thing left in them," sa Nicolas; "they are clean naught—Ah, th that I have seen! such proper men! and as proper, and as pious as pitiful!"

"It skills not talking of it, Brother Nico the Abbot; "and I will now dismiss yo thren, holding your meeting upon this our i concerning the danger of our reverend S instead of the attendance on the lands this Yet let the bells be duly rung for the edificat laymen without, and also that the novices due reverence.—And now, benedicite, brethr cellarer will bestow on each a grace-cup a sel as ye pass the buttery, for ye have been and anxious, and dangerous it is to fall aslee ease with empty stomach."

"*Gratias agimus quam maximas, Dom rendissime!*" replied the brethren, departin due order.

But the Sub-Prior remained behind, and his knees before the Abbot, as he was abou

ed him to hear under the seal of confession
ures of the day. The reverend Lord Abbot
nd would have alleged fatigue; but to
stace, of all men, he was ashamed to show
e in his religious duties. The confession,
proceeded, in which Father Eustace told all
dinary circumstances which had befallen
the journey. And being questioned by the
ether he was not conscious of any secret
which he might have been subjected for a
e delusions of evil spirits, the Sub-Prior
with frank avowal, that he thought he
deserved such penance for having judged
ternal rigour of the report of father Philip
an.
," said the penitent, "may have been
convince me, not only that he can at plea-
communication betwixt us and beings of
and, as we word it, supernatural class, but
ish our pride of superior wisdom, or supe-
e, or superior learning."
l said that virtue is its own reward; and
if duty was ever more completely recom-
n by the audience which the reverend Ab-
illingly yielded to the confession of the
To find the object, of his fear shall we
his envy, or of both, accusing himself of
our with which he had so tacitly charged
at once a corroboration of the Abbot's
a soothing of his pride, and an allaying of
The sense of triumph, however, rather in-
n diminished his natural good-humour;
was Abbot Boniface from being disposed
e over his Sub-Prior in consequence of this
that in his exhortation he hovered some-
rously betwixt the natural expression of
atified vanity, and his timid reluctance to
elings of Father Eustace.
other," said he, *ex cathedra*, "it cannot
ped your judicious observation that we
declined our own judgment in favour of
m, even about those matters which most
cerned the community. Nevertheless,
ould we be, could you think that we did
because we deemed our own opinion less
or our wit more shallow, than that of our
ren. For it was done exclusively to give
r brethren, such as your much-esteemed
ear brother, that courage which is ne-
a free deliverance of your opinion—we oft-
ng apart our proper judgment, that our in-
l especially our dear brother the Sub-Prior,
mforted and encouraged in proposing va-
own thoughts. Which our deference and
ay, in some sort, have produced in your
st reverend brother, that self-opinion of
knowledge, which hath led unfortunately
ir estimating your own faculties, and there-
ing yourself, as is but too visible, to the
mockeries of evil spirits. For it is assured
n always holdeth us in the least esteem
eem of ourselves most highly; and also,
r hand, it may be that we have somewhat
om what became our high seat in this Ab-
ering ourselves to be too much guided, and
were, controlled, by the voice of our infe-
erefore," continued the Lord Abbot, "in
such faults shall and must be amended—
er presuming less upon your gifts and car-
u, and I taking heed not so easily to relin-
e own opinion for that of one lower in
n office. Nevertheless, we would not that
thereby lose the high advantage which we
ed, and may yet derive, from your wise
hich hath been so often recommended to
most Reverend Primate. Wherefore, on
high moment, we will call you to our pre-
ivate, and listen to your opinion, which, if
ree with our own, we will deliver to the
s emanating directly from ourselves; thus
u, dearest brother, that seeming victory
apt *to engender spiritual pride*, and avoid-
es the temptation of falling into that mo-
of opinion, whereby our office is lessened
and our person (were that of consequence) rendered
less important in the eyes of the community over
which we preside."

Notwithstanding the high notions which, as a rigid
Catholic, Father Eustace entertained of the sacra-
ment of confession, as his church calls it, there was
some danger that a sense of the ridiculous might
have stolen on him when he heard his superior, with
such simple cunning lay, out a little plan for availing
himself of the Sub-Prior's wisdom and experience,
while he should take the whole credit to himself.
Yet his conscience immediately told him that he
was right.

"I should have thought more," he reflected, "of the
spiritual Superior, and less of the individual. I
should have spread my mantle over the frailties of
my spiritual father, and done what I might to sup-
port his character, and, of course, to extend his utili-
ty among the brethren, as well as with others. The
Abbot cannot be humbled, but what the community
must be humbled in his person. Her boast is, that
over all her children, especially over those called to
places of distinction, she can diffuse those gifts which
are necessary to render them illustrious."

Actuated by these sentiments, Father Eustace
frankly assented to the charge which his Superior,
even in that moment of authority, had rather intimat-
ed than made, and signified his humble acquiescence
in any mode of communicating his counsel which
might be most agreeable to the Lord Abbot, and
might best remove from himself all temptation to
glory in his own wisdom. He then prayed the re-
verend Father to assign him such penance as might
best suit his offence, intimating, at the same time,
that he had already fasted the whole day.

"And it is that I complain of," answered the Ab-
bot, instead of giving him credit for his abstinence;
"it is these very penances, fasts, and vigils, of which
we complain; as tending only to generate air and
fumes of vanity, which, ascending from the stomach
into the head, do but puff us up with vain-glory and
self-opinion. It is meet and beseeming that novices
should undergo fasts and vigils; for some part of
every community must fast, and young stomachs may
best endure it. Besides, in them it abates wicked
thoughts, and the desire of worldly delights. But,
reverend brother, for those to fast who are dead and
mortified to the world, as I and thou, is work of su-
pererogation, and is but the matter of spiritual pride.
Wherefore, I enjoin thee, most reverend brother, go
to the buttery, and drink two cups at least of good
wine, eating withal a comfortable morsel, such as
may best suit thy taste and stomach. And in respect
that thine opinion of thy own wisdom hath at times
made thee less conformable to, and companionable
with, the weaker and less learned brethren, I enjoin
thee, during the said repast, to choose for thy com-
panion our reverend brother Nicolas, and, without
interruption or impatience, to listen for a stricken
hour to his narration, concerning those things which
befell in the times of our venerable predecessor, Abbot
Ingilram, on whose soul may Heaven have mercy!
And for such holy exercises as may farther advantage
your soul, and expiate the faults whereof you have
contritely and humbly avowed yourself guilty, we will
ponder upon that matter, and announce our will unto
you the next morning."

It was remarkable, that after this memorable even-
ing, the feelings of the worthy Abbot towards his ad-
viser were much more kindly and friendly than when
he deemed the Sub-Prior the impeccable and infalli-
ble person, in whose garment of virtue and wisdom
no flaw was to be discerned. It seemed as if this
avowal of his own imperfections had recommended
Father Eustace to the friendship of the Superior, al-
though at the same time this increase of benevolence
was attended with some circumstances, which, to a
man of the Sub-Prior's natural elevation of mind and
temper, were more grievous than even undergoing the
legends of the dull and verbose Father Nicolas. For
instance, the Abbot seldom mentioned him to the
other monks, without designing him our beloved Bro
ther Eustace, poor man!—and now and then he used
to warn the younger brethren against the snares of

vainglory and spiritual pride, which Satan sets for the more rigidly righteous; with such looks and demonstrations as did all but expressly designate the Sub-Prior as one who had fallen at one time under such delusions. Upon these occasions, it required all the votive obedience of a monk, all the philosophical discipline of the schools, and all the patience of a Christian, to enable Father Eustace to endure the pompous and patronising parade of his honest, but somewhat thickheaded Superior. He began himself to be desirous of leaving the Monastery, or at least he manifestly declined to interfere with its affairs, in that marked and authoritative manner, which he had at first practised.

CHAPTER XI.

> You call this education, do you not?
> Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd of bullocks
> Before a shouting drover. The glad van
> Move on at ease, and pause a while to snatch
> A passing morsel from the dewy greensward;
> While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,
> Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard
> That cripples in the rear. —*Old Play.*

Two or three years glided on, during which the storm of the approaching alteration in church government became each day louder and more perilous. Owing to the circumstances which we have intimated in the end of the last chapter, the Sub-Prior Eustace appeared to have altered considerably his habits of life. He afforded, on all extraordinary occasions, to the Abbot, whether privately, or in the assembled Chapter, the support of his wisdom and experience; but in his ordinary habits he seemed now to live more for himself, and less for the community, than had been his former practice.

He often absented himself for whole days from the convent; and as the adventure of Glendearg dwelt deeply on his memory, he was repeatedly induced to visit that lonely tower, and to take an interest in the orphans who had their shelter under its roof. Besides, he felt a deep anxiety to know whether the volume which he had lost, when so strangely preserved from the lance of the murderer, had again found its way back to the Tower of Glendearg. "It was strange," he thought, "that a spirit," for such he could not help judging the being whose voice he had heard, "should, on the one side, seek the advancement of heresy, and, on the other, interpose to save the life of a zealous Catholic priest."

But from no inquiry which he made of the various inhabitants of the Tower of Glendearg, could he learn that the copy of the translated Scriptures, for which he made such diligent inquiry, had again been seen by any of them.

In the mean while the good father's occasional visits were of no small consequence to Edward Glendinning and to Mary Avenel. The former displayed a power of apprehending and retaining whatever was taught him, which filled Father Eustace with admiration. He was at once acute and industrious, alert and accurate; one of those rare combinations of talent and industry, which are seldom united.

It was the earnest desire of Father Eustace that the excellent qualities thus early displayed by Edward should be dedicated to the service of the church, to which he thought the youth's own consent might be easily obtained, as he was of a calm, contemplative, retired habit, and seemed to consider knowledge as the principal object, and its enlargement as the greatest pleasure in life. As to the mother, the Sub-Prior had little doubt that, trained as she was to view the monks of Saint Mary's with such profound reverence, she would be but too happy in an opportunity of enrolling one of her sons in its honoured community. But the good Father proved to be mistaken in both these particulars.

When he spoke to Elspeth Glendinning of that which a mother best loves to hear—the proficiency and abilities of her son—she listened with a delighted ear. But when Father Eustace hinted at the duty of dedicating to the service of the church, talents which seemed fitted to defend and adorn it, the dame endeavoured always to shift the subject; and when pressed farther, enlarged on her own incapacity, as a lone woman, to manage the feu; on the advantage which her neighbours of the township were often taking of her unprotected state, and on the wish she had that Edward might fill his father's place, remain in the tower, and close her eyes.

On such occasions the Sub-Prior would answer, that even in a worldly point of view the welfare of the family would be best consulted by one of the sons entering into the community of St. Mary's, as it was not to be supposed that he would fail to afford his family the important protection which he could then easily extend towards them. What could be a more pleasing prospect than to see him high in honour? or what more sweet than to have the last duties rendered to her by a son, revered for his holiness of life and exemplary manners? Besides, he endeavoured to impress upon the dame that her eldest son, Halbert, whose bold temper and headstrong indulgence of a wandering humour, rendered him incapable of learning, was, for that reason, as well as that he was her eldest born, fittest to bustle through the affairs of the world, and manage the little fief.

Elspeth durst not directly dissent from what was proposed, for fear of giving displeasure, and yet she always had something to say against it. Halbert, she said, was not like any of the neighbour boys—he was taller by the head, and stronger by the half, than any boy of his years within the Halidome. But he was fit for no peaceful work that could be devised. If he liked a book ill, he liked a plough or a pattle worse. He had scoured his father's old broadsword—suspended it by a belt round his waist, and seldom stirred without it. He was a sweet boy and a gentle if spoken fair, but cross him and he was a born devil. "In a word," she said, bursting into tears, "deprive me of Edward, good father, and ye bereave my house of prop and pillar; for my heart tells me that Halbert will take to his father's gates, and die his father's death."

When the conversation came to this crisis, the good-humoured monk was always content to drop the discussion for the time, trusting some opportunity would occur of removing her prejudices, for such he thought them, against Edward's proposed destination.

When, leaving the mother, the Sub-Prior addressed himself to the son, animating his zeal for knowledge, and pointing out how amply it might be gratified should he agree to take holy orders, he found the same repugnance which Dame Elspeth had exhibited. Edward pleaded a want of sufficient vocation to so serious a profession—his reluctance to leave his mother, and other objections, which the Sub-Prior treated as evasive.

"I plainly perceive," he said one day, in answer to them, "that the devil has his factors as well as Heaven, and that they are equally, or, alas! the former are perhaps more active, in bespeaking for their master the first of the market. I trust, young man, that neither idleness, nor licentious pleasure, nor the love of worldly gain and worldly grandeur, the chief baits with which the great Fisher of souls conceals his hook, are the causes of your declining the career to which I would incite you. But above all I trust—above all I hope—that the vanity of superior knowledge—a sin with which those who have made proficiency in learning are most frequently beset—has not led you into the awful hazard of listening to the dangerous doctrines which are now afloat concerning religion. Better for you that you were as grossly ignorant as the beasts which perish, than that the pride of knowledge should induce you to lend an ear to the voice of the heretics." Edward Glendinning listened to the rebuke with a downcast look, and failed not, when it was concluded, earnestly to vindicate himself from the charge of having pushed his studies into any subjects which the Church inhibited; and so the monk was left to form vain conjectures respecting the cause of his reluctance to embrace the monastic state.

It is an old proverb, used by Chaucer, and quoted by Elizabeth, that "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men;" and it is as true as if the poet had not rhymed, or the queen reasoned on it. If Father Eustace had

it had his thoughts turned so much to the progress heresy, and so little to what was passing in the wer, he might have read, in the speaking eyes of ary Avenel, now a girl of fourteen or fifteen, reasons hich might disincline her youthful companion towards the monastic vows. I have said, that she also as a promising pupil of the good father, upon whom r innocent and infantine beauty had an effect of hich he was himself, perhaps, unconscious. Her nk and expectations entitled her to be taught the ts of reading and writing;- and each lesson which e monk assigned her was conned over in company ith Edward, and by him explained and re-explained, d again illustrated, until she became perfectly misss of it.

In the beginning of their studies, Halbert had been eir school companion. But the boldness and imtience of his disposition soon quarrelled with an cupation, in which, without assiduity and unreted attention, no progress was to be expected. e Sub-Prior's visits were at irregular intervals, and en weeks would intervene between them, in which se Halbert was sure to forget all that had been scribed for him to learn, and much which he had tly acquired before. His deficiencies on these ocsions gave him pain, but it was not of that sort ich produces amendment.

For a time, like all who are fond of idleness, he enavoured to detach the attention of his brother and ary Avenel from their task, rather than to learn s own, and such dialogues as the following would sue:—

"Take your bonnet, Edward, and make haste— e Laird of Colmslie is at the head of the glen with s hounds."

"I care not, Halbert," answered the younger brother; "two brace of dogs may kill a deer without my ing there to see them, and I must help Mary Avel with her lesson."

"Ay! you will labour at the monk's lessons till you n monk yourself," answered Halbert.—"Mary, ll you go with me, and I will show you the cuat's nest I told you of?"

"I cannot go with you, Halbert," answered Mary, because I must study this lesson—it will take me ng to learn it—I am sorry I am so dull, for if I uld get my task as fast as Edward, I should like go with you."

"Should you indeed?" said Halbert; "then I will ait for you—and what is more, I will try to get my son also."

With a smile and a sigh he took up the primer, and gan heavily to con over the task which had been signed him. As if banished from the society of e two others, he sat sad and solitary in one of the ep window-recesses; and, after in vain struggling ith the difficulties of his task, and his disinclinaon to learn it, he found himself involuntarily enged in watching the movements of the other two udents, instead of toiling any longer.

The picture which Halbert looked upon was detful in itself, but somehow or other it afforded y little pleasure to him. The beautiful girl, with ks of simple, yet earnest anxiety, was bent on distangling those intricacies which obstructed her ogress to knowledge, and looking ever and anon to ward for assistance, while, seated close by her side, d watchful to remove every obstacle from her way, seemed at once to be proud of the progress which pupil made, and of the assistance which he was e to render her. There was a bond betwixt them, trong and interesting tie, the desire of obtaining owledge, the pride of surmounting difficulties.

Feeling most acutely, yet ignorant of the nature l source of his own emotions, Halbert could no ger endure to look upon this quiet scene, but, rting up, dashed his book from him, and exclaimed ud, "To the fiend I bequeath all books, and the mers that make them!—I would a score of uthrons would come up the glen, and we should rn how little all this muttering and scribbling is rth."

Mary Avenel and his brother started, and looked at lbert with surprise, while he went on with great animation, his features swelling, and the tears starting into his eyes as he spoke.—"Yes, Mary—I wish a score of Southrons came up the glen this very day; and you should see one good hand, and one good sword, do more to protect you, than all the books that were ever opened, and all the pens that ever grew on a goose's wing."

Mary looked a little surprised and a little frightened at his vehemence, but instantly replied affectionately, "You are vexed, Halbert, because you do not get your lesson so fast as Edward can; and so am I, for I am as stupid as you—But come, and Edward shall sit betwixt us and teach us."

"He shall not teach *me*," said Halbert, in the same angry mood; "I never can teach *him* to do any thing that is honourable and manly, and he shall not teach *me* any of his monkish tricks.- I hate the monks, with their drawling nasal tone like so many frogs, and their long black petticoats like so many women, and their reverences, and their lordships, and their lazy vassals, that do nothing but paddle in the mire with plough and harrow, from Yule to Michaelmas. I will call none lord, but him who wears a sword to make his title good; and I will call none man, but he that can bear himself manlike and masterful."

"For Heaven's sake, peace, brother!" said Edward; "if such words were taken up, and reported out of the house, they would be our mother's ruin."

"Report them yourself, then, and they will be *your* making, and nobody's marring save mine own. Say, that Halbert Glendinning will never be vassal to an old man with a cowl and shaven crown, while there are twenty barons who wear casque and plume that lack bold followers. Let them grant you these wretched acres, and much meal may they bear you to make your *brochan*!" He left the room hastily, but instantly returned, and continued to speak with the same tone of quick and irritated feeling. "And you need not think so much, neither of you, and especially you, Edward, need not think so much of your parchment book there, and your cunning in reading it. By my faith, I will soon learn to read as well as you; and—for I know a better teacher than your grim old monk, and a better book than his printed breviary; and since you like scholar-craft so well, Mary Avenel, you shall see whether Edward or I have most of it." He left the apartment, and came not again.

"What can be the matter with him?" said Mary, following Halbert with her eyes from the window, as with hasty and unequal steps he ran up the wild glen—"Where can your brother be going, Edward? —what book?—what teacher does he talk of?"

"It avails not guessing," said Edward. "Halbert is angry, he knows not why, and speaks of he knows not what; let us go again to our lessons, and he will come home when he has tired himself with scrambling among the crags as usual."

But Mary's anxiety on account of Halbert seemed more deeply rooted. She declined prosecuting the task in which they had been so pleasingly engaged, under the excuse of a head-ache; nor could Edward prevail upon her to resume it again that morning.

Meanwhile Halbert, his head unbonneted, his features swelled with jealous anger, and the tear still in his eye, sped up the wild and upper extremity of the little valley of Glendearg with the speed of a roebuck, choosing, as if in desperate defiance of the difficulties of the way, the wildest and most dangerous paths, and voluntarily exposing himself a hundred times to dangers which he might have escaped by turning a little aside from them. It seemed as if he wished his course to be as straight as that of the arrow to its mark.

He arrived at length in a narrow and secluded *cleuch*, or deep ravine, which ran down into the valley, and contributed a scanty rivulet to the supply of the brook with which Glendearg is watered.—Up this he sped with the same precipitate haste which had marked his departure from the tower; nor did he pause and look round until he had reached the fountain from which the rivulet had its rise.

Here Halbert stopt short, and cast a gloomy and almost a frightened glance around him. A huge rock

rose in front, from a cleft of which grew a wild holly tree, whose dark green branches rustled over the spring which arose beneath. The banks on either hand rose so high, and approached each other so closely, that it was only when the sun was at its meridian height, and during the summer solstice, that its rays could reach the bottom of the chasm in which he stood. But it was now summer, and the hour was noon, so that the unwonted reflection of the sun was dancing in the pellucid fountain.

"It is the season and the hour," said Halbert to himself; "and now I——I might soon become wiser than Edward with all his pains! Mary should see whether he alone is fit to be consulted, and to sit by her side, and hang over her as she reads, and point out every word and every letter. And she loves me better than him—I am sure she does—for she comes of noble blood, and scorns sloth and cowardice.—And do I myself not stand here slothful and cowardly as any priest of them all?—Why should I fear to call upon this form—this shape?—Already have I endured the vision, and why not again?—What can it do to me, who am a man of lith and limb, and have by my side my father's sword? Does my heart beat—do my hairs bristle, at the thought of calling up a painted shadow, and how should I face a band of Southrons in flesh and blood? By the soul of the first Glendinning, I will make proof of the charm!"

He cast the leathern brogue or buskin from his right foot, planted himself in a firm posture, unsheathed his sword, and first looking around to collect his resolution, he bowed three times deliberately towards the holly-tree, and as often to the little fountain, repeating at the same time, with a determined voice, the following rhyme:

"Thrice to the holly brake—
 Thrice to the well:—
I bid thee awake,
 White maid of Avenel!

Noon gleams on the Lake—
 Noon glows on the Fell—
Wake thee, O wake,
 White maid of Avenel!"

These lines were hardly uttered, when there stood the figure of a female clothed in white, within three steps of Halbert Glendinning.

"I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly."*

CHAPTER XII.

There's something in that ancient superstition,
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.
The spring that, with its thousand crystal bubbles,
Bursts from the bosom of some desert rock
In secret solitude, may well be deem'd
The haunt of something purer, more refined,
And mightier than ourselves.—*Old Play.*

Young Halbert Glendinning had scarcely pronounced the mystical rhymes, when, as we have mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter, an appearance, as of a beautiful female, dressed in white, stood within two yards of him. His terror for the moment overcame his natural courage, as well as the strong resolution which he had formed, that the figure which he had now twice seen should not a third time daunt him. But it would seem there is something thrilling and abhorrent to flesh and blood, in the consciousness that we stand in presence of a being in form like to ourselves, but so different in faculties and nature, that we can neither understand its purposes, nor calculate its means of pursuing them.

Halbert stood silent, and gasped for breath, his hairs erecting themselves on his head—his mouth open—his eyes fixed, and, as the sole remaining sign of his late determined purpose, his sword pointed towards the apparition. At length, with a voice of ineffable sweetness, the White Lady, for by that name we shall distinguish this being, sung, or rather chanted, the following lines:

"Youth of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call me?
Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appal thee?
He that seeks to deal with us must know nor fear nor f
To coward and churl our speech is dark, our gifts are
 ing.
The breeze that brought me hither now, must sweep I
 ground,
The fleecy cloud on which I ride for Araby is bound:
The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the breeze sighs for my
For I must sail a thousand miles before the close of da

The astonishment of Halbert began once
give way to his resolution, and he gained voice
to say, though with a faltering accent, "In th
of God, what art thou?" The answer was in
of a different tone and measure:—

"What I am I must not show—
What I am thou couldst not know—
Something betwixt heaven and hell—
Something that neither stood nor fell—
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thee good—may work thee ill.
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,
Haunting lonely moor and meadow,
Dancing by the haunted spring,
Riding on the whirlwind's wing;
Aping in fantastic fashion
Every change of human passion,
While o'er our frozen minds they pass,
Like shadows from the mirror'd glass.
Wayward, fickle is our mood,
Hovering betwixt bad and good,
Happier than brief dated man,
Living twenty times his span;
Far less happy, for we have
Help nor hope beyond the grave!
Man awakes to joy or sorrow;
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.
This is all that I can show—
This is all that thou mayst know."

The White Lady paused, and appeared to a
answer; but, as Halbert hesitated how to fr
speech, the vision seemed gradually to fade,
come more and more incorporeal. Justly g
this to be a symptom of her disappearance.
compelled himself to say,—"Lady, when I s
in the glen, and when you brought back th
book of Mary of Avenel, thou didst say I sho
day learn to read it."

The White Lady replied,

"Ay! and I taught thee the word and the spell,
To waken me here by the Fairies' Well.
But thou hast loved the heron and hawk,
More than to seek my haunted walk;
And thou hast loved the lance and the sword
More than good text and holy word;
And thou hast loved the deer to track,
More than the lines and the letters black;
And thou art a ranger of moss and of wood,
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood."

"I will do so no longer, fair maiden," said H
"I desire to learn; and thou didst promise m
when I did so desire, thou wouldst be my h
am no longer afraid of thy presence, and I
longer regardless of instruction." As he utter
words, the figure of the White Maiden grew g
as distinct as it had been at first; and what h
nigh faded into an ill-defined and colourless
again assumed an appearance at least of co
consistency, although the hues were less viv
the outline of the figure less distinct and defin
at least it seemed to Halbert—than those of a
nary inhabitant of the earth. "Wilt thou gr
request," he said, "fair Lady, and give to my k
the holy book which Mary of Avenel has s
wept for?"

The White Lady replied:

"Thy craven fear my truth accused,
Thine idlehood my trust abused;
He that draws to harbour late,
Must sleep without, or burst the gate.
There is a star for thee which burn'd,
Its influence wanes, its course is turned;
Valour and constancy alone
Can bring thee back the chance that's flown."

"If I have been a loiterer, Lady," answered
Glendinning, "thou shalt now find me will
press forward with double speed. Other th
have filled my mind, other thoughts have
my heart, within a brief period—and by H
other occupations shall henceforward fill up m
I have lived in this day the space of years—
hither a boy—I will return a man—a man,
may converse not only with his own kind, bu
whatever God permits to be visible to him.

* Coleridge's Christabelle.

.he contents of that mysterious volume—I will why the Lady of Avenel loved it—why they feared, and would have stolen it—why thou wice recover it from their hands.—What mys- wrapt in it?—Speak, I conjure thee!" The issumed an air peculiarly sad and solemn, as, ng her head, and folding her arms on her , she replied:

"Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

ve me the volume, Lady," said young Glendin- "They call me idle—they call me dull—in this t my industry shall not fail, nor, with God's ig, shall my understanding. Give me the vo- The apparition again replied:

"Many a fathom dark and deep
I have laid the book to sleep;
Ethereal fires around it glowing—
Ethereal music ever flowing—
  The sacred pledge of Heav'n
All things revere,
Each in his sphere,
  Save man, for whom 'twas giv'n:
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye."

pert Glendinning boldly reached his hand to hite Lady.

earest thou to go with me?" she said, as his trembled at the soft and cold touch of her own—

"Fearest thou to go with me?
Still it is free to thee
  A peasant to dwell;
Thou mayst drive the dull steer,
And chase the king's deer,
But never more come near
  This haunted well."

what thou sayest be true," said the undaunted my destinies are higher than thine own. There e neither well nor wood which I dare not visit. ir of aught, natural or supernatural, shall bar th through my native valley."

had scarce uttered the words, when they both ded through the earth with a rapidity which way Halbert's breath and every other sensation, ; that of being hurried on with the utmost ve- At length they stopped with a shock so sud- iat the mortal journeyer through this unknown must have been thrown down with violence, not been upheld by his supernatural companion. as more than a minute ere, looking around e beheld a grotto, or natural cavern, composed most splendid spars and crystals, which re- in a thousand prismatic hues the light of a nt flame that glowed on an altar of alabaster. ltar with its fire, formed the central point of the , which was of a round form, and very high in of, resembling in some respects the dome of a lral. Corresponding to the four points of the iss, there went off four long galleries, or ar- constructed of the same brilliant materials he dome itself, and the termination of which ist in darkness.

human imagination can conceive, or words to describe, the glorious radiance, which, shot y forth by the flame, was returned from so many ed thousand points of reflection, afforded by arry pillars and their numerous angular crys- The fire itself did not remain steady and un- l, but rose and fell, sometimes ascending in a ni pyramid of condensed flame half way up the expanse, and again fading into a softer and rosy hue, and hovering, as it were, on the sur- f the altar, to collect its strength for another ful exertion. There was no visible fuel by which fed, nor did it emit either smoke or vapour of nd.

at was of all the most remarkable, the black e so often mentioned lay not only unconsumed, touched in the slightest degree, amid this in- of fire, which, while it seemed to be of force ent to melt adamant, had no effect whatever on the sacred book thus subjected to its utmost influ- ence.

The White Lady, having paused long enough to let young Glendinning take a complete survey of what was around him, now said, in her usual chant,

"Here lies the volume thou boldly hast sought;
Touch it and take it.—'twill dearly be bought!"

Familiarized in some degree with marvels, and desperately desirous of showing the courage he had boasted, Halbert plunged his hand, without hesita- tion, into the flame, trusting to the rapidity of the motion, to snatch out the volume before the fire could greatly affect it. But he was much disappointed. The flame instantly caught upon his sleeve, and though he withdrew his hand immediately, yet his arm was so dreadfully scorched, that he had well-nigh screamed with pain. He suppressed the natural expression of anguish, however, and only intimated the agony which he felt by a contortion and a muttered groan. The White Lady passed her cold hand over his arm, and ere she had finished the following metrical chant, his pain had entirely gone, and no mark of the scorch- ing was visible:

"Rash thy deed,
Mortal weed
To immortal flames applying;
Rasher trust
Has thing of dust,
On his own weak worth relying:
Strip thee of such fences vain,
Strip, and prove thy luck again."

Obedient to what he understood to be the meaning of his conductress, Halbert bared his arm to the shoulder, throwing down the remains of his sleeve, which no sooner touched the floor on which he stood than it collected itself together, shrivelled itself up, and was without any visible fire reduced to light tin- der, which a sudden breath of wind dispersed into empty space. The White Lady, observing the sur- prise of the youth, immediately repeated—

"Mortal warp and mortal woof
Cannot brook this charmed roof;
All that mortal art hath wrought,
In our cell returns to nought.
The molten gold returns to clay,
The polish'd diamond melts away;
All is alter'd, all is flown.
Nought stands fast but truth alone.
Not for that thy quest give o'er:
Courage! prove thy chance once more."

Emboldened by her words, Halbert Glendinning made a second effort, and, plunging his bare arm into the flame, took out the sacred volume without feeling either heat or inconvenience of any kind. Astonished, and almost terrified, at his own success, he beheld the flame collect itself, and shoot up into one long and final stream, which seemed as if it would ascend to the very roof of the cavern, and then sinking as suddenly, became totally extinguish- ed. The deepest darkness ensued; but Halbert had no time to consider his situation, for the White Lady had already caught his hand, and they ascended to upper air with the same velocity with which they had sunk into the earth.

They stood by the fountain in the Corri-nan-shian when they emerged from the bowels of the earth; but on casting a bewildered glance around him, the youth was surprised to observe, that the shadows had fallen far to the east, and that the day was well- nigh spent. He gazed on his conductress for explanation, but her figure began to fade before his eyes— her cheeks grew paler, her features less distinct, her form became shadowy, and blended itself with the mist which was ascending the hollow ravine. What had late the symmetry of form, and the delicate, yet clear hues of feminine beauty, now resembled the flitting and pale ghost of some maiden who had died for love, as it is seen, indistinctly and by moonlight, by her perjured lover.

"Stay, spirit!" said the youth, emboldened by his success in the subterranean dome, "thy kindness must not leave me, as one encumbered with a wea- pon he knows not how to wield. Thou must teach me the art to read, and to understand, this volume; else what avails it me that I possess it?"

But the figure of the White Lady still waned before

his eyes, until it became an outline as pale and indistinct as that of the moon, when the winter morning is far advanced: and ere she had ended the following chant she was entirely invisible:—

"Alas! alas!
Not ours the grace
These holy characters to trace:
Idle forms of painted air,
Not to us is given to share
The boon bestow'd on Adam's race!
With patience bide,
Heaven will provide
The fitting time, the fitting guide."

The form was already gone, and now the voice itself had melted away in melancholy cadence, softening, as if the Being who spoke had been slowly wafted from the spot where she had commenced her melody.

It was at this moment that Halbert felt the extremity of the terror which he had hitherto so manfully suppressed. The very necessity of exertion had given him spirit to make it, and the presence of the mysterious Being, while it was a subject of fear in itself, had nevertheless given him the sense of protection being near to him. It was when he could reflect with composure on what had passed, that a cold tremor shot across his limbs, his hair bristled, and he was afraid to look around, lest he should find at his elbow something more frightful than the first vision. A breeze arising suddenly realized the beautiful and wild idea of the most imaginative of our modern bards*—

It fann'd his cheek, it raised his hair,
Like a meadow gale in spring;
It mingled strangely with his fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

The youth stood silent and astonished for a few minutes. It seemed to him that the extraordinary being he had seen, half his terror, half his protectress, was still hovering on the gale which swept past him, and that she might again make herself sensible to his organs of sight. "Speak!" he said, wildly tossing his arms, "speak yet again—be once more present, lovely vision!—thrice have I now seen thee, yet the idea of thy invisible presence around or beside me, makes my heart beat faster than if the earth yawned and gave up a demon." But neither sound nor appearance indicated the presence of the White Lady, and nothing preternatural beyond what he had already witnessed, was again audible or visible. Halbert, in the meanwhile, by the very exertion of again inviting the presence of this mysterious being, had recovered his natural audacity. He looked around once more, and resumed his solitary path down the valley into whose recesses he had penetrated.

Nothing could be more strongly contrasted than the storm of passion with which he had bounded over stock and crag, in order to plunge himself into the Corri-nan-shian, and the sobered mood in which he now returned homeward, industriously seeking out the most practicable path, not from a wish to avoid danger, but that he might not by personal toil distract his attention, deeply fixed on the extraordinary scene which he had witnessed. In the former case he had sought by hazard and bodily exertion to indulge at once the fiery excitation of passion, and to banish the cause of the excitement from his recollection; while now he studiously avoided all interruption to his contemplative walk, lest the difficulty of the way should interfere with, or disturb, his own deep reflections. Thus slowly pacing forth his course, with the air of a pilgrim rather than of a deer-hunter, Halbert about the close of the evening regained his paternal tower.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Miller was of manly make,
To meet him was na mows;
There durst na ten come him to take,
Sae noited he their pows.

Christ's Kirk on the Green.

It was after sunset, as we have already stated, when Halbert Glendinning returned to the abode of his father. The hour of dinner was at noon, and that of supper about an hour after sunset at this period of the year. The former had passed without Halbert's appearing; but this was no uncommon circumstance, for the chase, or any other pastime which occurred, made Halbert a frequent neglecter of hours; and his mother, though angry and disappointed when she saw him not at table, was so much accustomed to his occasional absence, and knew so little how to teach him more regularity, that a testy observation was almost all the censure with which such omissions were visited.

On the present occasion, however, the wrath of good Dame Elspeth soared higher than usual. It was not merely on account of the special tup's-head and trotters, the haggis and the side of mutton, with which her table was set forth, but also because of the arrival of no less a person than Hob Miller, as he was universally termed, though the man's name was Happer.

The object of the Miller's visit to the Tower of Glendearg was like the purpose of those embassies which potentates send to each other's courts, partly ostensible, partly politic. In outward show, Hob came to visit his friends of the Halidome, and share the festivity common among country folk, after the barn-yard has been filled, and to renew old intimacies by new conviviality. But in very truth he also came to have an eye upon the contents of each stack, and to obtain such information respecting the extent of the crop reaped and gathered in by each feuar, as might prevent the possibility of *abstracted multures.*

All the world knows that the cultivators of each barony or regality, temporal or spiritual, in Scotland are obliged to bring their corn to be grinded at the mill of the territory, for which they pay a heavy charge, called the *intown multures*. I could speak to the thirlage of *invecta et illata* too, but let that pass. I have said enough to intimate that I talk not without book. Those of the *Sucken*, or enthralled ground, were liable in penalties, if, deviating from this thirlage, (or thraldom,) they carried their grain to another mill. Now such another mill, erected on the lands of a lay-baron, lay within a tempting and convenient distance of Glendearg; and the miller was so obliging, and his charges so moderate, that it required Hob Miller's utmost vigilance to prevent evasions of his right of monopoly.

The most effectual means he could devise was this show of good fellowship and neighbourly friendship,—under colour of which he made his annual cruise through the barony—numbered every corn-stack, and computed its contents by the boll, so that he could give a shrewd hint afterwards whether or not the grist came to the right mill.

Dame Elspeth, like her compeers, was obliged to take these domiciliary visits in the sense of politeness; but in her case they had not occurred since her husband's death, probably because the Tower of Glendearg was distant, and there was but a trifling quantity of arable or *infield* land attached to it. This year there had been, upon some speculation of old Martin's, several bolls sown in the out-field, which, the season being fine, had ripened remarkably well. Perhaps this circumstance occasioned the honest Miller's including Glendearg, on this occasion, in his annual round.

Dame Glendinning received with pleasure a visit which she used formerly only to endure with patience; and she had changed her view of the matter chiefly, if not entirely, because Hob had brought with him his daughter Mysie, of whose features she could give so slight an account, but whose dress she had described so accurately to the Sub-Prior.

Hitherto this girl had been an object of very trifling consideration in the eyes of the good widow; but the Sub-Prior's particular and somewhat mysterious inquiries had set her brains to work on the subject of Mysie of the Mill; and she had here asked a broad question, and there she had thrown out an innuendo, and there again she had gradually led on to a conversation on the subject of poor Mysie. And from all inquiries and investigations, she had collected, that Mysie was a dark-eyed laughter-loving

* Coleridge.

cherry cheeks, and a skin as white as
finest bolted flour, out of which was
bbot's own wastel-bread. For her tem-
; and laughed from morning to night;
fortune, a material article, besides that
iller might have amassed by means of
l golden thumb. Mysie was to inherit a
ne lump of land, with the prospect of
mill-acres descending to her husband on
, if a fair word were spoken in season
, and to the Prior, and to the Sub-Prior,
enstan, and so forth.

and again turning these advantages
own mind, Elspeth at length came to
n, that the only way to save her son
a life of "spur, spear, and snaffle," as
at of the border-riders, from the dint of
shaft, or the loop of an inch-cord, was
d marry and settle, and that Mysie Hap-
his destined bride.

wish, Hob Miller arrived on his strong-
aring on a pillion behind him the lovely
heeks like a peony-rose, (if Dame Glen-
ever seen one,) spirits all afloat with
y, and a profusion of hair as black as
beau-ideal which Dame Glendinning
lying forth in her imagination, became
realized in the buxom form of Mysie
m, in the course of half an hour, she
is the maiden who was to fix the rest-
utored Halbert. True, Mysie, as the
aw, was likely to love dancing round a
well as managing a domestic concern,
was likely to break more heads than he
stacks of corn. But then a miller
s be of manly make, and has been de-
ice the days of Chaucer and James I.*
ble to outdo and bully the whole *sucken*,
e use this barbarous phrase,) in all ath-
s, was one way to render easy the col-
s which men would have disputed with
able champion. Then, as to the defi-
he miller's wife, the dame was of opi-
ey might be supplied by the activity of
mother. "I will keep house for the
yself, for the tower is grown very lonely,"
e Glendinning, "and to live near the
hair comfortable in my auld age—and
may agree with his brother about the
ecially as he is a favourite with the Sub-
n he may live in the auld tower like his
before him and wha kens but Mary
blooded as she is, may e'en draw in her
chimney-nook, and sit down here for
—It's true she has no tocher, but the
r beauty and sense never crossed my
ave kend every wench in the Halidome
's—ay, and their mothers that bore
is a sweet and a lovely creature as
over brown hair—ay, and then, though
is her out of her aim for the present
to be thought the gray-goose-shaft will
his coat of proof, as, God help us! it
many a better man's. And, moreover, if
and on their pedigree and gentle race,
it say to them, that is, to her gentle
which o' ye was her best friend when
in the [illegible] to Glendearg in a misty
beast mair like a cadger than aught
they tax him with churl's blood, Edward
at, for by the old proverb, how

Gentle deed
Makes gentle bleud.

yet, moreover, there comes no churl's blood from Glendinning or Brydone; for, says Edward"——

The hoarse voice of the Miller at this moment recalled the dame from her reverie, and compelled her to remember, that if she meant to realize her airy castle, she must begin by laying the foundation in civility to her guest and his daughter, whom she was at that moment most strangely neglecting, though her whole plan turned on conciliating their favour and good opinion, and that, in fact, while arranging matters for so intimate a union with her company, she was suffering them to sit unnoticed, and in their riding gear, as if about to resume their journey. "And so I say, dame," concluded the Miller, (for she had not marked the beginning of his speech,) "an ye be so busied with your housewife-skep, or aught else, why Mysie and I will trot our way down the glen again to Johnnie Broxmouth's, who pressed us right kindly to bide with him."

Starting at once from her dream of marriages and intermarriages, mills, mill-lands, and baronies, Dame Elspeth felt for a moment like the milk-maid in the fable, when she overset the pitcher, on the contents of which so many golden dreams were founded. But the foundation of Dame Glendinning's hopes was only tottering, not overthrown, and she hastened to restore its equilibrium. Instead of attempting to account for her absence of mind and want of attention to her guests, which she might have found something difficult, she assumed the offensive, like an able general when he finds it necessary, by a bold attack, to disguise his weakness.

A loud exclamation she made, and a passionate complaint she set up against the unkindness of her old friend, who could for an instant doubt the heartiness of her welcome to him and to his hopeful daughter; and then to think of his going back to John Broxmouth's, when the auld tower stood where it did, and had room in it for a friend or two in the worst of times—and he too a neighbour that his umquhile gossip Simon, blessed be his cast, used to think the best friend he had in the Halidome! And on she went, urging her complaint with so much seriousness, that she had wellnigh imposed on herself as well as upon Hob Miller, who had no mind to take any thing in dudgeon; and as it suited his plans to pass the night at Glendearg, would have been equally contented to do so even had his reception been less vehemently hospitable.

To all Elspeth's expostulations on the unkindness of his proposal to leave her dwelling, he answered composedly. "Nay, dame, what could I tell? ye might have had other grist to grind, for ye looked as if ye scarce saw us—or what know I? ye might bear in mind the words Martin and I had about the last barley ye sawed—for I ken dry multures† will sometimes stick in the throat. A man seeks but his awn, and yet folk shall hold him for both miller and miller's man, that is miller and knave,‡ all the country over."

"Alas, that you will say so, neighbour Hob," said Dame Elspeth, "or that Martin should have had any words with you about the mill-dues! I will chide him roundly for it, I promise you, on the faith of a true widow. You know full well that a lone woman is sore put upon by her servants."

"Nay, dame," said the Miller, unbuckling the broad belt which made fast his cloak, and served, at the same time, to suspend by his side a swingeing Andrew Ferrara, "bear no grudge at Martin, for I bear none—I take it on me as a thing of mine office, to maintain my right of multure, lock, and goupen.§ And reason good, for, as the old song says,

I live by my mill, God bless her,
She's parent, child, and wife

* We have chosen to [illegible] is from a poem [illegible] [illegible] As for the Miller, who figures [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] attributes [illegible] [illegible] the last, [illegible] more on the strength of the outside than [illegible]

[illegible]er was a stout carl for the nones,
He was of brawn, and eke of bones;
[illegible] wel, for wheresoe'er he came,
[illegible] he would bear away the ram;
[illegible] short shoulder'd, broad, a thick gnarr;
[illegible] no door that he n'olde heave of bar,
[illegible] it at a running with his head, &c.

† Dry multures were a fine, or compensation in money, for not grinding at the mill of the thirl. It was, and is, accounted a very vexatious exaction.

‡ The under-miller is, in the language of thirlage, called the knave, which, indeed, signified originally his lad, (*Knabe*—German,) but by degrees came to be taken in a worse sense. In the old translations of the Bible, Paul is made to term himself the knave of our Saviour. The allowance of meal taken by the miller's servant was called knave-ship.

§ The multure was the regular exaction for grinding the meal. The *lock*, signifying a small quantity, and the *goupen*, a handful,

The poor old slut. I am beholden to her for my living, and bound to stand by her, as I say to my mill-knaves, in right and in wrong. And so should every honest fellow stand by his bread-winner. –And so, Mysie, ye may doff your cloak since our neighbour is so kindly glad to see us – why, I think, we are as blithe to see her – not one in the Halidome pays their multures more duly, sequels, arriage, and carriage, and mill-services, used and wont."

With that the Miller hung his ample cloak without further ceremony upon a huge pair of stag's antlers, which adorned at once the naked walls of the tower, and served for what we vulgarly call cloak-pins.

In the mean time Dame Elspeth assisted to disembarrass the damsel whom she destined for her future daughter-in-law, of her hood, mantle, and the rest of her riding gear, giving her to appear as beseemed the buxom daughter of the wealthy Miller, gay and goodly in a white kirtle, the seams of which were embroidered with green silken lace or fringe, entwined with some silver thread. An anxious glance did Elspeth cast upon the good-humoured face, which was now more fully shown to her, and was only obscured by a quantity of raven black hair, which the maid of the mill had restrained by a snood of green silk, embroidered with silver, corresponding to the trimmings of her kirtle. The countenance itself was exceedingly comely the eyes black, large, and roguishly good-humoured the mouth was small—the lips well formed, though somewhat full the teeth were pearly white—and the chin had a very seducing dimple in it. The form belonging to this joyous face was full and round, and firm and fair. It might become coarse and masculine some years hence, which is the common fault of Scottish beauty; but in Mysie's sixteenth year she had the shape of an Hebe. The anxious Elspeth, with all her maternal partiality, could not help admitting within herself, that a better man than Halbert might go farther and fare worse. She looked a little giddy, and Halbert was not nineteen; still it was time he should be settled, for to that point the dame always returned; and here was an excellent opportunity.

The simple cunning of Dame Elspeth now exhausted itself in commendations of her fair guest, from the snood, as they say, to the single-soled shoe. Mysie listened and blushed with pleasure for the first five minutes; but ere ten had elapsed, she began to view the old lady's compliments rather as subjects of mirth than of vanity, and was much more disposed to laugh at than to be flattered with them, for Nature had mingled the good-humour with which she had endowed the damsel with no small portion of shrewdness. Even Hob himself began to tire of hearing his daughter's praises, and broke in with, "Ay, ay, she is a clever quean enough; and, were she five years older, she shall lay a loaded sack on an *aver** with e'er a lass in the Halidome. But I have been looking for your two sons, dame. Men say downby, that Halbert's turned a wild springald, and that we may have word of him from Westmoreland one moonlight night or another."

"God forbid, my good neighbour; God, in his mercy, forbid!" said Dame Glendinning earnestly; for it was touching the very key-note of her apprehensions, to hint any probability that Halbert might become one of the marauders so common in the age and country. But, fearful of having betrayed too much alarm on the subject, she immediately added, "That though, since the last rout at Pinkie-cleuch, she had been all of a tremble when a gun or a spear was named, or when men spoke of fighting; yet, thanks to God and Our Lady, her sons were like to live and die honest and peaceful tenants to the Abbey, as their father might have done, but for that awful hosting which he went forth to, with mony a brave man that never returned."

"Ye need not tell me of it, dame," said the Miller, "since I was there myself, and made two pair of legs (and these were not mine, but my mare's) worth one pair of hands. I judged how it would be, when I saw our host break ranks, with rushing on through that broken ploughed field, and so as they had made a pricker of me, I e'en pricked off with myself while the play was good."

"Ay, ay, neighbour," said the dame, "ye were aye a wise and a wary man; if my Simon had had your wit, he might have been here to speak about it this day: but he was aye cracking of his good blood and his high kindred, and less would not serve him than to bide the bang to the last, with the earls, and knights, and squires, that had no wives to greet for them, or else had wives that cared not how soon they were widows; but that is not for the like of us. But touching my son Halbert, there is no fear of him; for if it should be his misfortune to be in the like case, he has the best pair of heels in the Halidome, and could run almost as fast as your mare herself."

"Is this he, neighbour?" quoth the Miller.

"No," replied the mother; "that is my youngest son, Edward, who can read and write like the Lord Abbot himself, if it were not a sin to say so."

"Ay," said the Miller; "and is that the young clerk the Sub-Prior thinks so much of? they say he will come far ben that lad; wha kens but he may come to be Sub-Prior himself?—as broken a ship has come to land."

"To be a Prior, neighbour Miller," said Edward, "A man must first be a priest, and for that I judge I have little vocation."

"He will take to the pleugh-pettle, neighbour," said the good dame; "and so will Halbert too, I trust. I wish you saw Halbert.—Edward, where is your brother?"

"Hunting, I think," replied Edward; "at least he left us this morning to join the Laird of Colmslie and his hounds. I have heard them baying in the glen all day."

"And if I had heard that music," said the Miller, "it would have done my heart good, ay, and maybe taken me two or three miles out of my road. When I was the Miller of Morebattle's knave, I have followed the hounds from Eckford to the foot of Hounam-law– followed them on foot, Dame Glendinning, ay, and led the chase when the Laird of Cessford and his gay riders were all thrown out by the mosses and gills. I brought the stag on my back to Hounam Cross, when the dogs had pulled him down. I think I see the old gray knight, as he sate so upright on his strong war-horse, all white with foam; and 'Miller,' said he to me, 'an thou wilt turn thy back on the mill, and wend with me, I will make a man of thee.' But I chose rather to abide by clap and happer, and the better luck was mine; for the proud Percy caused hang five of the Laird's henchmen at Alnwick for burning a rickle of houses some gate beyond Fowberry, and it might have been my luck as well as another man's."

"Ah, neighbour, neighbour," said Dame Glendinning, "you were aye wise and wary; but if you like hunting, I must say Halbert's the lad to please you. He hath all those fair holiday-terms of hawk and hound as ready in his mouth as Tom with the tod's-tail, that is the Lord Abbot's ranger."

"Ranges he not homeward at dinner-time, dame," demanded the Miller; "for we call noon the dinner-hour at Kennaquhair?"

The widow was forced to admit, that, even at this important period of the day, Halbert was frequently absent; at which the Miller shook his head, intimating, at the same time, some allusion to the proverb of MacFarlane's geese, which "liked their play better than their meat."†

That the delay of dinner might not increase the

were additional perquisites demanded by the miller, and submitted to or resisted by the *Suckener* as circumstances permitted. These and other petty dues were called in general the *Sequels*.

* *Aver*—Properly a horse of labour.

† A brood of wild geese, which long frequented one of the uppermost islands in Loch-Lomond, called Inch-Tavoe, was supposed to have some mysterious connexion with the ancient family of MacFarlane of that ilk, and it is said were never seen after the ruin and extinction of that house. The MacFarlanes had a house and garden upon that same island of Inch-Tavoe. Here James VI was, on one occasion, regaled by the chieftain. His majesty had been previously much amused by the geese pursuing each other on the Loch. But, when one which was brought to table, was found to be tough and ill fed, James observed—"that MacFarlane's geese liked their play better than their meat," a proverb which has been current ever since.

sposition to prejudge Halbert, Dame Glen-lled hastily on Mary Avenel to take the task ning Mysie Happer, while she herself rushed hen, and entering at once into the province acket, rummaged among trenchers and tched pots from the fire, and placed pans ons on it, accompanying her own feats of ctivity with such a continued list of injunc-bb, that Tibb at length lost patience, and re was as muckle wark about meating an , as if they had been to banquet the blood But this, as it was supposed to be spoken ie Glendinning did not think it convenient

CHAPTER XIV.

me have the friends who eat my victuals,
s as my dishes. The feast's naught
re huge plate predominates. John Plaintext,
be mighty beef, our English staple;
thy Alderman, a butter'd dumpling;
of whisker'd Cornets, ruffs and rees;
end the Dandy, a green goose in sippets.
e board is spread at once and fill'd
ame principle—Variety.—*New Play.*

at brave lass is this?" said Hob Miller, as nel entered the apartment to supply the Dame Elspeth Glendinning.

oung Lady of Avenel, father," said the he Mill, dropping as low a curtsy as her anners enabled her to make. The Miller, doffed his bonnet, and made his reverence, ther so low perhaps as if the young lady red in the pride of rank and riches, yet so e high birth the due homage which the r a length of time scrupulously rendered

from having had her mother's example for so many years, and from a native sense y and even of dignity, Mary Avenel had a demeanour which marked her title to ion, and effectually checked any attempt at on the part of those who might be her in her present situation, but could not be al her equals. She was by nature mild, id contemplative, gentle in disposition, and able when accidentally offended; but still f a retired and reserved habit, and shunned ordinary sports, even when the rare occur-fair or wake gave her an opportunity of with companions of her own age. If at s she was seen for an instant, she appeared them with the composed indifference of one heir gayety was a matter of no interest, and ed only desirous to glide away from the oon as she possibly could.

ing also had transpired concerning her n on All-hallow Eve, and the powers with t circumstance was supposed to invest her nvisible world. And from all these particu-ined, the young men and women of the used to distinguish Mary among them-the name of the Spirit of Avenel, as if the agile form, the beautiful but rather colour-, the dark blue eye, and the shady hair, had rather to the immaterial than the substantial he general tradition of the White Lady, who sed to wait on the fortunes of the family of, ive a sort of zest to this piece of rural wit. reat offence, however, to the two sons of endinning; and when the expression was resence applied to the young lady, Edward to check the petulance of those who used ngth of argument, and Halbert by strength In such cases Halbert had this advantage, ugh he could render no aid to his brother's , yet when circumstances required it, he was ve that of Edward, who never indeed him-menced a fray, but, on the other hand, did r any reluctance to enter into combat in behalf, or in his rescue.

e zealous attachment of the two youths, nselves, from the retired situation in which t, comparative strangers in the Halidome, II.

did not serve in any degree to alter the feelings of the inhabitants towards the young lady, who seemed to have dropped amongst them from another sphere of life. Still, however, she was regarded with respect, if not with fondness; and the attention of the Sub-Prior to the family, not to mention the formidable name of Julian Avenel, which every new incident of those tumultuous times tended to render more famous, attached to his niece a certain importance. Thus some aspired to her acquaintance out of pride, while the more timid of the feuars were anxious to inculcate upon their children, the necessity of being respectful to the noble orphan. So that Mary Avenel, little loved because little known, was regarded with a mysterious awe, partly derived from fear of her uncle's mosstroopers, and partly from her own retired and distant habits, enhanced by the superstitious opinions of the time and country.

It was not without some portion of this awe, that Mysie felt herself left alone in company with a young person so distant in rank, and so different in bearing, from herself; for her worthy father had taken the first opportunity to step out unobserved, in order to mark how the barn-yard was filled, and what prospect it afforded of grist to the mill. In youth, however, there is a sort of free-masonry, which, without much conversation, teaches young persons to estimate each other's character, and places them at ease on the shortest acquaintance. It is only when taught deceit by the commerce of the world, that we learn to shroud our character from observation, and to disguise our real sentiments from those with whom we are placed in communion.

Accordingly, the two young women were soon engaged in such objects of interest as best became their age. They visited Mary Avenel's pigeons, which she nursed with the tenderness of a mother; they turned over her slender stores of finery, which yet contained some articles that excited the respect of her companion, though Mysie was too good-humoured to nourish envy. A golden rosary, and some female ornaments marking superior rank, had been rescued in the moment of their utmost adversity, more by Tibb Tacket's presence of mind, than by the care of their owner, who was at that sad period too much sunk in grief to pay any attention to such circumstances. They struck Mysie with a deep impression of veneration; for, excepting what the Lord Abbot and the convent might possess, she did not believe there was so much real gold in the world as was exhibited in these few trinkets, and Mary, however sage and serious, was not above being pleased with the admiration of her rustic companion.

Nothing, indeed, could exhibit a stronger contrast than the appearance of the two girls;—the good-humoured laughter-loving countenance of the Maid of the Mill, who stood gazing with unrepressed astonishment on whatever was in her inexperienced eye rare and costly, and with an humble, and at the same time cheerful acquiescence in her inferiority, asking all the little queries about the use and value of the ornaments, while Mary Avenel, with her quiet composed dignity and placidity of manner, produced them one after another for the amusement of her companion.

As they became gradually more familiar, Mysie of the Mill was just venturing to ask, why Mary Avenel never appeared at the May-pole, and to express her wonder when the young lady said she disliked dancing, when a trampling of horses at the gate of the tower interrupted their conversation.

Mysie flew to the shot-window in the full ardour of unrestrained female curiosity. "Saint Mary! sweet lady! here come two well-mounted gallants; will you step this way to look at them?"

"No," said Mary Avenel, "you shall tell me who they are."

"Well, if you like it better," said Mysie—"but how shall I know them?—Stay, I do know one of them, and so do you, lady; he is a blithe man somewhat light of hand they say, but the gallants of these days think no great harm of that. He is your uncle's henchman, that they call Christie of the Clinthill; and he has not his old green jerkin and the rusty

black-jack over it, but a scarlet cloak, laid down with silver lace three inches broad, and a breastplate you might see to dress your hair in, as well as in that keeking glass in the ivory frame that you showed me even now. Come, dear lady, come to the shot-window and see him."

"If it be the man you mean, Mysie," replied the orphan of Avenel, "I shall see him soon enough, considering either the pleasure or comfort the sight will give me."

"Nay, but if you will not come to see gay Christie," replied the Maid of the Mill, her face flushed with eager curiosity, "come and tell me who the gallant is that is with him, the handsomest, the very lovesomest young man I ever saw with sight."

"It is my foster-brother, Halbert Glendinning," said Mary, with apparent indifference; for she had been accustomed to call the sons of Elspeth her foster-brethren, and to live with them as if they had been her brothers in earnest.

"Nay, by Our Lady, that it is not," said Mysie; "I know the favour of both the Glendinnings well, and I think this rider be not of our country. He has a crimson velvet bonnet, and long brown hair falling down under it, and a beard on his upper lip, and his chin clean and close shaved, save a small patch on the point of it, and a sky-blue jerkin, slashed and lined with white satin, and trunk-hose to suit, and no weapon but a rapier and dagger - Well, if I was a man, I would never wear weapon but the rapier! it is so slender and becoming, instead of having a cart-load of iron at my back, like my father's broadsword, with its great rusty basket-hilt. Do you not delight in the rapier and poniard, lady?"

"The best sword," answered Mary, "if I must needs answer a question of the sort, is that which is drawn in the best cause, and which is best used when it is out of the scabbard."

"But can you not guess who this stranger should be?" said Mysie.

"Indeed, I cannot even attempt it; but to judge by his companion, it is no matter how little he is known," replied Mary.

"My benison on his bonny face," said Mysie, "if he is not going to alight here! Now, I am as much pleased as if my father had given me the silver earrings he has promised me so often; nay, you had as well come to the window, for you must see him by and by, whether you will or not."

I do not know how much sooner Mary Avenel might have sought the point of observation, if she had not been scared from it by the unrestrained curiosity expressed by her buxom friend; but at length the same feeling prevailed over her sense of dignity, and satisfied with having displayed all the indifference that was necessary in point of decorum, she no longer thought herself bound to restrain her curiosity.

From the out-shot or projecting window she could perceive that Christie of the Clinthill was attended on the present occasion by a very gay and gallant cavalier, who, from the nobleness of his countenance and manner, his rich and handsome dress, and the showy appearance of his horse and furniture, must, she agreed with her new friend, be a person of some consequence.

Christie also seemed conscious of something, which made him call out with more than his usual insolence of manner, "What, ho! so ho! the house! Churl peasants, will no one answer when I call?--Ho! Martin,--Tibb,--Dame Glendinning! a murrain on you, must we stand keeping our horses in the cold here, and they steaming with heat, when we have ridden so sharply?"

At length he was obeyed, and old Martin made his appearance. "Ha!" said Christie, "art thou there, old Truepenny? here, stable me these steeds, and see them well bedded, and stretch thine old limbs by rubbing them down; and see thou quit not the stable till there is not a turned hair on either of them."

Martin took the horses to the stable as commanded, but suppressed not his indignation a moment after he could vent it with safety. "Would not any one think," he said to Jasper, an old ploughman, who, in coming to his assistance, had heard Christie's imperious injunctions, "that [illegible] is Christie of the Clinthill, was laird or [illegible] of him? No such thing, man! I remem[illegible] a little dirty turnspit boy in the house of Avenel, that every body in a frosty morning like this warmed his fingers by kicking or cuffing! and now he is a gentleman, and swears, d--n him and renounce him, as if the gentlemen could not so much as keep their own wickedness to themselves, without the like of him going to hell in their very company, and by the same road. I have as much a mind as ever I had to my dinner, to go back and tell him to sort his horse himself, since he is as able as I am."

"Hout tout, man!" answered Jasper, "keep a calm sough; better to fleech a fool than fight with him."

Martin acknowledged the truth of the proverb, and, much comforted therewith, betook himself to cleaning the stranger's horse with great assiduity, remarking, it was a pleasure to handle a handsome nag, and turned over the other to the charge of Jasper. Nor was it until Christie's commands were literally complied with, that he deemed it proper, after fitting ablutions, to join the party in the spence; not for the purpose of waiting upon them, as a mere modern reader might possibly expect, but that he might have his share of dinner in their company.

In the meanwhile Christie had presented his companion to Dame Glendinning as Sir Piercie Shafton, a friend of his and of his master, come to spend three or four days with little din in the tower. The good dame could not conceive how she was entitled to such an honour, and would fain have pleaded her want of every sort of convenience to entertain a guest of that quality. But, indeed, the visiter, when he cast his eyes round the bare walls, eyed the huge black chimney, scrutinized the meagre and broken furniture of the apartment, and beheld the embarrassment of the mistress of the family, intimated great reluctance to intrude upon Dame Glendinning a visit, which could scarce, from all appearances, prove otherwise than an inconvenience to her, and a penance to himself.

But the reluctant hostess and her guest had to do with an inexorable man, who silenced all expostulation with, "such was his master's pleasure. And moreover," he continued, "though the Baron of Avenel's will must, and ought to prove law to all within ten miles around him, yet here dame," he said, "is a letter from your petticoated baron, the lord-priest yonder, who enjoins you, as you regard his pleasure, that you afford to this good knight such decent accommodation as is in your power, suffering him to live as privately as he shall desire.—And for you, Sir Piercie Shafton," continued Christie, "you will judge for yourself, whether secrecy and safety is not more your object even now, than soft beds and high cheer. And do not judge of the dame's goods by the semblance of her cottage; for you will see by the dinner she is about to spread for us, that the vassal of the kirk is seldom found with her basket bare." To Mary Avenel Christie presented the stranger, after the best fashion he could, as to the niece of his master the Baron.

While he thus laboured to reconcile Sir Piercie Shafton to his fate, the widow having consulted her son Edward on the real import of the Lord Abbot's injunction, and having found that Christie had given a true exposition, saw nothing else left for her but to make that fate as easy as she could to the stranger. He himself also seemed reconciled to his lot by some feeling probably of strong necessity, and accepted with a good grace the hospitality which the dame offered with a very indifferent one.

In fact, the dinner, which soon smoked before the assembled guests, was of that substantial kind which warrants plenty and comfort. Dame Glendinning had cooked it after her best manner; and delighted with the handsome appearance which her good cheer made when placed on the table, forgot both her plans and the vexations which interrupted them, in the hospitable duty of pressing her assembled visiters to eat and drink, watching every trencher as it waxed empty, and loading it with fresh supplies ere the guest could utter a negative.

...any attentively re-
...h other ...d seemed endeavour-
...m a ... each other's character.
... Shafton condescended to speak to no one
...ry Avenel, and on her he conferred exactly
...amiliar and compassionate, though some-
...nful sort of attention, which a pretty fellow
...ays will sometimes condescend to bestow
...ry miss, when there is no prettier or more
...e woman present. The manner indeed was
...or the etiquette of those times did not per-
...ercie Shafton to pick his teeth, or to yawn,
...ble like the beggar whose tongue (as he
...cut out by the Turks, or to affect deafness
...ss, or any other infirmity of the organs.
...h the embroidery of his conversation was
... the groundwork was the same, and the
... and ornate compliments with which the
...ight of the sixteenth century interlarded his
...on, were as much the offspring of egotism
...onceit, as the jargon of the coxcombs of
...ays.

...glish knight was, however, something
...t finding that Mary Avenel listened with
...ndifference, and answered with wonderful
... all the fine things which ought, as he con-
... have dazzled her with their brilliancy, and
...r by their obscurity. But if he was disap-
... making the desired, or rather the expected
...n, upon her whom he addressed, Sir Piercie
... discourse was marvellous in the ears of
... Miller's daughter, and not the less so that
...t comprehend the meaning of a single word
... uttered. Indeed, the gallant knight's lan-
...s far too courtly to be understood by persons
... greater acuteness than Mysie's.

...bout this period, that the "only rare poet
...e, the witty, comical, facetiously-quick, and
...cetious John Lylly—he that sate at Apol-
... and to whom Phœbus gave a wreath of
... bays without snatching"*—he, in short,
...e that singularly coxcomical work, called
... *and his England*, was in the very zenith
...urdity and reputation. The quaint, forced,
...tural style which he introduced by his
...y of Wit," had a fashion as rapid as it was
...y—all the court ladies were his scholars,
...*ler Euphuisme*, was as necessary a quali-
... a courtly gallant, as those of understand-
...o use his rapier, or to dance a measure.

...no wonder that the Maid of the Mill was
...fectually blinded by the intricacies of this
...d courtly style of conversation, as she had
... by the dust of her father's own mealsacks.
... she sate with her mouth and eyes as open
...ill-door and the two windows, showing
...hite as her father's bolted flour, and endea-
...o secure a word or two for her own future
... the pearls of rhetoric which Sir Piercie
...cattered around him with such bounteous

... male part of the company, Edward felt
...of his own manner and slowness of speech,
... observed the handsome young courtier,
...ase and volubility of which he had no con-
...m over all the commonplace topics of high-
...antry. It is true, the good sense and natu-
...of young Glendinning soon informed him
... gallant cavalier was speaking nonsense.
... where is the man of modest merit, and
..., who has not suffered from being outshone
...sation, and outstripped in the race of life,
... less reserve, and of qualities more showy,
...s substantial? ... constituted must
...e, that can ... up the prize without envy
...itors more worthy than himself.

... Glendinning had no such philosophy.
... despised the jargon of the gay cavalier, he
... facility with which he could run on, as well as the courtly grace of his tone and expression, and the perfect ease and elegance with which he offered all the little acts of politeness to which the duties of the table gave opportunity. And if I am to speak truth, I must own that he envied those qualities the more, as they were all exercised in Mary Avenel's service, and, although only so far accepted as they could not be refused, intimated a wish on the stranger's part to place himself in her good graces, as the only person in the room to whom he thought it worth while to recommend himself. His title, rank, and very handsome figure, together with some sparks of wit and spirit which flashed across the cloud of nonsense which he uttered, rendered him, as the words of the old song say, "a lad for a lady's viewing;" so that poor Edward, with all his real worth and acquired knowledge, in his home-spun doublet, blue cap, and deer-skin trowsers, looked like a clown beside the courtier, and, feeling the full inferiority, nourished no good will to him by whom he was eclipsed.

Christie, on the other hand, so soon as he had satisfied to the full a commodious appetite, by means of which persons of his profession could, like the wolf and eagle, gorge themselves with as much food at one meal as might serve them for several days, began also to feel himself more in the back-ground than he liked to be. This worthy had, amongst his other good qualities, an excellent opinion of himself; and, being of a bold and forward disposition, had no mind to be thrown into the shade by any one. With that impudent familiarity which such persons mistake for graceful ease, he broke in upon the knight's finest speeches with as little remorse as he would have driven the point of his lance through a laced doublet.

Sir Piercie Shafton, a man of rank and high birth, by no means encouraged or endured this familiarity, and requited the intruder either with total neglect, or such laconic replies, as intimated a sovereign contempt for the rude spearman, who affected to converse with him upon terms of equality.

The Miller held his peace; for, as his usual conversation turned chiefly on his clapper and toll-dish, he had no mind to brag of his wealth in presence of Christie of the Clinthill, or to intrude his discourse on the English cavalier.

A little specimen of the conversation may not be out of place, were it but to show young ladies what fine things they have lost by living when Euphuism is out of fashion.

"Credit me, fairest lady," said the knight, "that such is the cunning of our English courtiers of the hodiernal strain, that, as they have infinitely refined upon the plain and rusticial discourse of our fathers, which, as I may say, more beseemed the mouths of country roisterers in a May-game than that of courtly gallants in a galliard, so I hold it ineffably and unutterably impossible, that those who may succeed us in that garden of wit and courtesy shall alter or amend it. Venus delighteth but in the language of Mercury, Bucephalus will stoop to no one but Alexander, none can sound Apollo's pipe but Orpheus."

"Valiant sir," said Mary, who could scarce help laughing, "we have but to rejoice in the chance which hath honoured this solitude with a glimpse of the sun of courtesy, though it rather blinds than enlightens us."

"Pretty and quaint, fairest lady," answered the Euphuist. "Ah, that I had with me my Anatomy of Wit—that all-to-be-unparalleled volume—that quintessence of human wit—that treasury of quaint invention—that exquisitely-pleasant-to-read, and inevitably necessary-to-be-remembered manual of all that is worthy to be known—which indoctrines the rude in civility, the dull in intellectuality, the heavy in jocosity, the blunt in gentility, the vulgar in nobility, and all of them in that unutterable perfection of human utterance, that eloquence which no other eloquence is sufficient to praise, that art which, when we call it by its own name of Euphuism, we bestow on it its richest panegyric."

"By Saint Mary," said Christie of the Clinthill, "if your worship had told me that you had left such stores of wealth as you talk of at Prudhoe Castle, Long Dickie and I would have had them off with us

...d yet more extravagant are the compliments paid to ...by his editor Blount. Notwithstanding all exagge... ...r was really a man of wit and imagination, though ...eformed by the most unnatural affectation that ever ...printed page.

[illegible] Dare [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] which [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] with [illegible]

[illegible] which make [illegible] towards [illegible]

This great town [illegible] was [illegible] with all the busy [illegible] was built [illegible] "And see," she said, [illegible] of them that [illegible] flesh and bone, as [illegible] upon the greenward [illegible] of Broadalban. And see [illegible] which you [illegible]

[illegible]

rs of the southland hills; but, thus con- length reply, "Hout ay, mistress, I'se ve heard you say something like that."

" said Halbert, in a firm and command- oice, "what or whom is it that you fear her's roof?—I well hope that it harbours n whose presence you are afraid to say e to me or my brother? I am sorry I tained so late, being ignorant of the fair ich I should encounter on my return.— t this excuse suffice: and what satisfies must, be nothing less than acceptable to

calculated so justly betwixt the submis- is parent, and the natural feeling of dig- who was by birth master of the mansion, ersal satisfaction. And as Elspeth her- d to Tibb on the same evening, "She s it had been in the callant. Till that ok pets and passions if he was spoke to, gh the house like a four-year-auld at the advice that was minted at him, but now grave and as douce as the Lord Abbot kendna," she said, "what might be the but it was like he was a wonderfu' cal- w."

then separated, the young men retiring tments, the elder to their household cares. lie went to see his horse properly accom- lward betook himself to his book, and o was as ingenious in employing his had hitherto appeared imperfect in men- applied himself to constructing a place ent in the floor of his apartment by rais- beneath which he resolved to deposit that oly Scriptures which had been so strange- rom the possession of men and spirits.

anwhile, Sir Piercie Shafton sate still as he chair in which he had deposited him- ds folded on his breast, his legs stretched before him and resting upon the heels, t up to the ceiling as if he had meant to mesh of every cobweb with which the was canopied, wearing at the same time solemn and imperturbable gravity, as if e had depended on the accuracy of his

scarce be roused from his listless state of ve absorption so as to take some supper, hich the younger females appeared not. stared around twice or thrice as if he ething; but he asked not for them, and l his sense of a proper audience being his abstraction and absence of mind. iking until he was twice addressed, and g, without trope or figure, in that plain nich nobody could speak better when he

inding himself in undisturbed possession ersation, indulged all who chose to listen of his own wild and inglorious warfare, e Elspeth's curch bristled with horror, acket rejoiced to find herself once more any of a jack-man, listened to his tales, mona to Othello's, with undisguised de- ntime the two young Glendinnings were ed up in his own reflections, and only in them by the signal to move bedward.

CHAPTER XV.

no coin 'tis true, but coins new phrases,
them forth as knaves vend gilded counters,
se men scorn, and fools accept in payment.

Old Play.

orning Christie of the Clinthill was no- e seen. As this worthy personage did e himself on sounding a trumpet before nts, no one was surprised at his moon- ure, though some alarm was excited lest made it empty-handed. So, in the lan- e national ballad,

e ran to cupboard, and some to kist,
nought was gone that could be mist.

All was in order, the key of the stable left above the door, and that of the iron grate in the inside of the lock. In short, the retreat had been made with scrupulous attention to the security of the garrison, and so far Christie left them nothing to complain of.

The safety of the premises was ascertained by Halbert, who, instead of catching up a gun or a cross-bow, and sallying out for the day as had been his frequent custom, now, with a gravity beyond his years, took a survey of all around the tower, and then returned to the spence, or public apartment, in which, at the early hour of seven, the morning meal was prepared.

There he found the Euphuist, in the same elegant posture of abstruse calculation which he had exhibited on the preceding evening, his arms folded in the same angle, his eyes turned up to the same cobwebs, and his heels resting on the ground as before. Tired of this affectation of indolent importance, and not much flattered with his guest's persevering in it to the last, Halbert resolved at once to break the ice, being determined to know what circumstances had brought to the Tower of Glendinning a guest at once so supercilious and so silent.

"Sir Knight," he said, with some firmness, "I have twice given you good morning, to which the absence of your mind hath, I presume, prevented you from yielding attention, or from making return. This exchange of courtesy is at your pleasure to give or withhold— But, as what I have farther to say concerns your comfort and your motions in an especial manner, I will entreat you to give me some signs of attention, that I may be sure I am not wasting my words on a monumental image."

At this unexpected address, Sir Piercie Shafton opened his eyes, and afforded the speaker a broad stare; but, as Halbert returned the glance without either confusion or dismay, the knight thought proper to change his posture, draw in his legs, raise his eyes, fix them on young Glendinning, and assume the appearance of one who listens to what is said to him. Nay, to make his purpose more evident, he gave voice to his resolution in these words, "Speak! we do hear."

"Sir Knight," said the youth, "It is the custom of this Halidome, or patrimony of St. Mary's, to trouble with inquiries no guests who receive our hospitality, providing they tarry in our house only for a single revolution of the sun. We know that both criminals and debtors come hither for sanctuary, and we scorn to extort from the pilgrim, whom chance may make our guest, an avowal of the cause of his pilgrimage and penance. But when one so high above our rank as yourself, Sir Knight, and especially one to whom the possession of such pre-eminence is not indifferent, shows his determination to be our guest for a longer time, it is our usage to inquire of him whence he comes, and what is the cause of his journey?"

The English knight gaped twice or thrice before he answered, and then replied in a bantering tone, "Truly, good villagio, your question hath in it somewhat of embarrassment, for you ask me of things concerning which I am not as yet altogether determined what answer I may find it convenient to make. Let it suffice thee, kind juvenal, that thou hast the Lord Abbot's authority for treating me to the best of that power of thine, which, indeed, may not always so well suffice for my accommodation as either of us would desire."

"I must have a more precise answer than this, Sir Knight," said the young Glendinning.

"Friend," said the knight, "be not outrageous. It may suit your northern manners thus to press harshly upon the secrets of thy betters; but believe me, that even as the lute struck by an unskilful hand, doth produce discords, so"——At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and Mary Avenel presented herself—"But who can talk of discords," said the knight, assuming his complimentary vein and humour, "when the soul of harmony descends upon us in the presence of surpassing beauty! For even as foxes, wolves, and other animals void of sense and reason, do fly from the presence of the resplendent

sun of heaven when he arises in his glory, so do strife, wrath, and all ireful passions retreat, and, as it were, scud away, from the face which now beams upon us, with power to compose our angry passions, illuminate our errors and difficulties, soothe our wounded minds, and lull to rest our disorderly apprehensions; for as the heat and warmth of the eye of the day is to the material and physical world, so is the eye which I now bow down before to that of the intellectual microcosm."

He concluded with a profound bow; and Mary Avenel, gazing from one to the other, and plainly seeing that something was amiss, could only say, "For heaven's sake, what is the meaning of this?"

The newly-acquired tact and intelligence of her foster-brother was as yet insufficient to enable him to give an answer. He was quite uncertain how he ought to deal with a guest, who, preserving a singularly high tone of assumed superiority and importance, seemed nevertheless so little serious in what he said, that it was quite impossible to discern with accuracy whether he was in jest or earnest.

Forming, however, the internal resolution to bring Sir Piercie Shafton to a reckoning at a more fit place and season, he resolved to prosecute the matter no farther at present; and the entrance of his mother with the damsel of the Mill, and the return of the honest Miller from the stack-yard, where he had been numbering and calculating the probable amount of the season's grist, rendered farther discussion impossible for the moment.

In the course of the calculation, it could not but strike the man of meal and grindstones, that, after the church's dues were paid, and after all which he himself could by any means deduct from the crop, still the residue which must revert to Dame Glendinning could not be less than considerable. I wot not if this led the honest Miller to nourish any plans similar to those adopted by Elspeth; but it is certain that he accepted with grateful alacrity an invitation which the dame gave to his daughter, to remain a week or two as her guest at Glendearg.

The principal persons being thus in high good-humour with each other, all business gave place to the hilarity of the morning repast; and so much did Sir Piercie appear gratified by the attention which was paid to every word that he uttered by the nut-brown Mysie, that, notwithstanding his high birth and distinguished quality, he bestowed on her some of the more ordinary and second rate tropes of his elocution.

Mary Avenel, when relieved from the awkwardness of feeling the full weight of his conversation addressed to herself, enjoyed it much more; and the good knight, encouraged by those conciliating marks of approbation from the sex, for whose sake he cultivated his oratorical talents, made speedy intimation of his purpose to be more communicative than he had shown himself in his conversation with Halbert Glendinning, and gave them to understand, that it was in consequence of some pressing danger that he was at present their involuntary guest.

The conclusion of the breakfast was a signal for the separation of the company. The Miller went to prepare for his departure; his daughter to arrange matters for her unexpected stay; Edward was summoned to consultation by Martin concerning some agricultural matter, in which Halbert could not be brought to interest himself; the dame left the room upon her household concerns, and Mary was in the act of following her, when she suddenly recollected, that if she did so, the strange knight and Halbert must be left alone together, at the risk of another quarrel.

The maiden no sooner observed this circumstance, than she instantly returned from the door of the apartment, and, seating herself in a small stone window-seat, resolved to maintain that curb which she was sensible her presence imposed on Halbert Glendinning, of whose quick temper she had some apprehensions.

The stranger marked her motions, and, either interpreting them as inviting his society, or obedient to those laws of gallantry which permitted him not to leave a lady in silence and solitude, he instantly placed himself near to her side, and open
versation as follows:—

"Credit me, fair lady," he said, addre
Avenel, "it much rejoiceth me, being,
banished man from the delights of mine o
that I shall find here, in this obscure and
tage of the north, a fair form and a candi
whom I may explain my mutual sentin
let me pray you in particular, lovely lad
cording to the universal custom now pred
our court, the garden of superior wits, y
change with me some epithet whereby
mark my devotion to your service. Be he
named, for example, my Protection, and
your Affability."

"Our northern and country manners, S
do not permit us to exchange epithets
to whom we are strangers," replied Mary

"Nay, but see now," said the knight,
are startled! even as the unbroken st
swerves aside from the shaking of a ha
though he must in time encounter the
a pennon. This courtly exchange of epit
nour, is no more than the compliments
between valour and beauty, wherever the
under whatever circumstances. Elizabe
land herself calls Philip Sydney her Cour
in return calls that princess his Inspiratic
fore, my fair Protection, for by such epit
be mine to denominate you"——

"Not without the young lady's consen
terrupted Halbert; "most truly do I hope
and quaint breeding will not so far prev
more ordinary rules of civil behaviour."

"Fair tenant of an indifferent copyho
the knight, with the same coolness an
mien, but in a tone somewhat more lo
used to the young lady, "we do not, in t
parts, much intermingle discourse, save
with whom we may stand on some footing
and I must, in all discretion, remind yo
necessity which makes us inhabitants o
cabin, doth not place us otherwise on a
each other."

"By Saint Mary," replied young Glen
is my thought that it does; for plain me
he who asks the shelter is indebted to hi
it; and so far, therefore, is our rank equ
this roof covers us both."

"Thou art altogether deceived," an
Piercie; "and that thou mayst fully ada
our relative condition, know that I accoun
thy guest, but that of thy master, the L
St. Mary's, who, for reasons best know
and me, chooseth to administer his hosp
through the means of thee, his servant
who art, therefore, in good truth, as passiv
ment of my accommodation as this il
rugged joint-stool on which I sit, or as
trencher from which I eat my coarse
Wherefore," he added, turning to Mary, "
tress, or rather, as I said before, most
tection"*——

Mary Avenel was about to reply to hi
stern, fierce, and resentful expression o
countenance with which Halbert exclai
from the King of Scotland, did he live, w
such terms!" induced her to throw her

* There are many instances to be met with
dramas of this whimsical and conceited custom o
formed an intimacy, distinguishing each other b
epithet. In *Every Man out of his Humour*, there
debate upon names most fit to bind the relation
ardo and Cavaliero Shift, which ends by adop
Countenance and Resolution. What is more to t
the speech of Hedon, a voluptuary and a courtie
Revels. "You know that I call Madam Philanti
and she calls me her AMBITION. Now, when I m
presence, anon, I will come to her and say, 'Sw
have hitherto contented my sense with the lilies
but now I will taste the roses of your lip.' To w
not but blushing answer, 'Nay, now you are too
and then do I reply, 'I cannot be too ambitiou
sweet lady.' Will not be good?"—I think there
nant of this foppery preserved in masonic lodges
brother is distinguished by a name in the *Lod*
some abstract quality, as Discretion, or the like. S
of Gavin Wilson.

the stranger, exclaiming, "For God's sake, beware what you do!"

not, fairest Protection," replied Sir Piercie, utmost serenity, "that I can be provoked rustical and untaught juvenal to do aught ning your presence or mine own dignity; on shall the gunner's linstock give fire unto , as the spark of passion inflame my blood, . as it is to serenity by the respect due to the of my gracious Protection!"

may well call her your protection, Sir said Halbert; "by Saint Andrew, it is the sible word I have heard you speak! But we 't where her protection shall no longer afford 'er."

.st Protection," continued the courtier, not ouring with a look, far less with a direct re- hreat of the incensed Halbert, "doubt not faithful Affability will be more commoved by 'h of this rude sby, than the bright and serene perturbed by the baying of the cottage-cur, the height of his own dung-hill, which, in eit, lifteth him nearer unto the majestic ."

at lengths so unsavoury a simile might have albert's indignation, is left uncertain; for at ient Edward rushed into the apartment with ligence that the two most important officers onvent, the Kitchener and Refectioner, were ed with a sumpter-mule, loaded with provi- announcing that the Lord Abbot, the Sub- d the Sacristan, were on their way thither. istance so very extraordinary had never been in the annals of St. Mary's, or in the tradi- Glendearg, though there was a faint legend- rt that a certain Abbot had dined there in after having been bewildered in a hunting n amongst the wilds which lie to the north- But that the present Lord Abbot should have voluntary journey to so wild and dreary a very Kamtschatka of the Halidome, was a ver dreamt of; and the news excited the surprise in all the members of the family, lalbert alone.

ery youth was too full of the insult he had re- think of any thing as unconnected with it. lad of it," he exclaimed; "I am glad the mes hither. I will know of him by what stranger is sent hither to domineer over us father's roof, as if we were slaves and not I will tell the proud priest to his beard"——

! alas! my brother," said Edward, "think se words may cost thee!"

what will, or what can they cost me," said "that I should sacrifice my human feelings ustifiable resentment to the fear of what the n do?"

mother—our mother!" exclaimed Edward; f she is deprived of her home, expelled from rty, how can you amend what your rashness ?"

too true, by Heaven!" said Halbert, striking ead. Then, stamping his foot against the xpress the full energy of the passion to which no longer give vent, he turned round and left ment.

Avenel looked at the stranger knight, while ndeavouring to frame a request that he would t the intemperate violence of her foster-bro- ie prejudice of his family, in the mind of the But Sir Piercie, the very pink of courtesy, ed her meaning from her embarrassment, ed not to be entreated.

t me, fairest Protection," said he, "your is less than capable of seeing or hearing, of reciting or reiterating, aught of an un- ature which may have chanced while I en- Elysium of your presence. The winds of ion may indeed rudely agitate the bosom of ; but the heart of the courtier is polished to m. As the frozen lake receives not the of the breeze, even so"——

oice of Dame Glendinning, in shrill sum- ere demanded Mary Avenel's attendance, who instantly obeyed, not a little glad to escape from the compliments and similies of this courtlike gallant. Nor was it apparently less a relief on his part for no sooner was she past the threshold of the room, than he exchanged the look of formal and elaborate politeness which had accompanied each word he had uttered hitherto, for an expression of the utmost lassitude and ennui; and after indulging in one or two portentous yawns, broke forth into a soliloquy.

"What the foul fiend sent this wench hither? As if it were not sufficient plague to be harboured in a hovel that would hardly serve for a dog's kennel in England, baited by a rude peasant-boy, and dependant on the faith of a mercenary ruffian, but I cannot even have time to muse over my own mishap, but must come aloft, frisk, fidget, and make speeches, to please this pale hectic phantom, because she has gentle blood in her veins! By mine honour, setting prejudice aside, the mill-wench is the more attractive of the two—But patienza, Piercie Shafton; thou must not lose thy well earned claim to be accounted a devout servant of the fair sex, a witty-brained, prompt, and accomplished courtier. Rather thank Heaven, Piercie Shafton, which hath sent thee a subject, wherein, without derogating from thy rank, (since the honours of the Avenel family are beyond dispute,) thou mayst find a whetstone for thy witty compliments, a strop whereon to sharpen thine acute engine, a butt whereat to shoot the arrows of thy gallantry. For even as a Bilboa blade, the more it is rubbed the brighter and the sharper will it prove, so——But what need I waste my stock of similitudes in holding converse with myself?—Yonder comes the monkish retinue, like some half score of crows winging their way slowly up the valley—I hope, a'gad, they have not forgotten my trunk-mails of apparel amid the ample provision they have made for their own belly-timber—Mercy, a'gad, I were finely holped up if the vesture has miscarried among the thievish Borderers!"

Stung by this reflection, he ran hastily down stairs, and caused his horse to be saddled, that he might, as soon as possible, ascertain this important point, by meeting the Lord Abbot and his retinue as they came up the glen. He had not ridden a mile before he met them advancing with the slowness and decorum, which became persons of their dignity and profession. The knight failed not to greet the Lord Abbot with all the formal compliments with which men of rank at that period exchanged courtesies. He had the good fortune to find that his mails were numbered among the train of baggage which attended upon the party; and, satisfied in that particular, he turned his horse's head, and accompanied the Abbot to the Tower of Glendearg.

Great, in the mean while, had been the turmoil of the good Dame Elspeth and her coadjutors, to prepare for the fitting reception of the Father Lord Abbot and his retinue. The monks had indeed taken care not to trust too much to the state of her pantry; but she was not the less anxious to make such additions as might enable her to claim the thanks of her feudal lord and spiritual father. Meeting Halbert, as, with his blood on fire, he returned from his altercation with her guest, she commanded him instantly to go forth to the hill, and not to return without venison; reminding him that he was apt enough to go thither for his own pleasure, and must now do so for the credit of the house.

The Miller, who was now hastening his journey homewards, promised to send up some salmon by his own servant. Dame Elspeth, who, by this time thought she had guests enough, had begun to repent of her invitation to poor Mysie, and was just considering by what means, short of giving offence, she could send off the Maid of the Mill behind her father, and adjourn all her own aerial architecture till some future opportunity, when this unexpected generosity on the part of the sire rendered any present attempt to return his daughter on his hands too highly ungracious to be farther thought on. So the Miller departed alone on his homeward journey.

Dame Elspeth's sense of hospitality proved in this instance its own reward; for Mysie had dwelt too near the Convent to be altogether ignorant of the no-

ble art of cookery, which her father patronised to the extent of consuming on festival days such dainties as his daughter could prepare in emulation of the luxuries of the Abbot's kitchen. Laying aside, therefore, her holiday kirtle, and adopting a dress more suitable to the occasion, the good-humoured maiden bared her snowy arms above the elbows; and, as Elspeth acknowledged, in the language of the time and country, took "entire and aefauld part with her" in the labours of the day; showing unparalleled talent, and indefatigable industry, in the preparation of *mortreux*, *blanc-manger*, and Heaven knows what delicacies besides, which Dame Glendinning, unassisted by her skill, dared not even have dreamt of presenting.

Leaving this able substitute in the kitchen, and regretting that Mary Avenel was so brought up, that she could intrust nothing to her care, unless it might be seeing the great chamber strewed with rushes, and ornamented with such flowers and branches as the season afforded, Dame Elspeth hastily donned her best attire, and with a beating heart presented herself at the door of her little tower, to make her obeisance to the Lord Abbot as he crossed her humble threshold. Edward stood by his mother, and felt the same palpitation, which his philosophy was at a loss to account for. He was yet to learn how long it is ere our reason is enabled to triumph over the force of external circumstances, and how much our feelings are affected by novelty, and blunted by use and habit.

On the present occasion he witnessed with wonder and awe the approach of some half-score of riders, sober men upon sober palfreys, muffled in their long black garments, and only relieved by their white scapularies, showing more like a funeral procession than aught else, and not quickening their pace beyond that which permitted easy conversation and easy digestion. The sobriety of the scene was indeed somewhat enlivened by the presence of Sir Piercie Shafton, who, to show that his skill in the manege was not inferior to his other accomplishments, kept alternately pressing and checking his gay courser, forcing him to piaffe, to caracole, to passage, and to do all the other feats of the school, to the great annoyance of the Lord Abbot, the wonted sobriety of whose palfrey became at length discomposed by the vivacity of its companion, while the dignitary kept crying out in bodily alarm, "I do pray you, sir—Sir Knight—good now, Sir Piercie—Be quiet, Benedict, there is a good steed—soh, poor fellow!" and uttering all the other precatory and soothing exclamations by which a timid horseman usually bespeaks the favour of a frisky companion, or of his own unquiet nag, and concluding the bead-roll with a sincere *Deo gratias* so soon as he alighted in the court-yard of the Tower of Glendearg.

The inhabitants unanimously knelt down to kiss the hand of the Lord Abbot, a ceremony which even the monks were often condemned to. Good Abbot Boniface was too much fluttered by the incidents of the latter part of his journey, to go through this ceremony with much solemnity, or indeed with much patience. He kept wiping his brow with a snow-white handkerchief with one hand, while another was abandoned to the homage of his vassals; and then signing the cross with his outstretched arm, and exclaiming, "Bless ye—bless ye, my children!" he hastened into the house, and murmured not a little at the darkness and steepness of the rugged winding stair, whereby he at length scaled the spence destined for his entertainment, and, overcome with fatigue, threw himself, I do not say into an easy chair, but into the easiest the apartment afforded.

CHAPTER XVI.

> A courtier extraordinary, who by diet
> Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,
> Choice music, frequent bath, his horary shifts
> Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immortalize
> *Mortality itself*, and makes the essence
> *Of his whole happiness the trim of court.*
>
> *Magnetic Lady.*

When the Lord Abbot had suddenly and superciliously vanished from the eyes of his expectant vassals, the Sub-Prior made amends for the negligence of his principal, by the kind and affectionate greeting which he gave to all the members of the family, but especially to Dame Elspeth, her foster-daughter, and her son Edward. "Where," he even condescended to inquire, "is that naughty Nimrod, Halbert?—He hath not yet, I trust, turned, like his great prototype, his hunting-spear against man?"

"O no, an it please your reverence," said Dame Glendinning, "Halbert is up the glen to get some venison, or surely he would not have been absent when such a day of honour dawned upon me and mine."

"O, to get savoury meat, such as our soul loveth," muttered the Sub-Prior; "it has been at times an acceptable gift.—I bid you good morrow, my good dame, as I must attend upon his lordship the Father Abbot."

"And O, reverend sir," said the good widow detaining him, "if it might be your pleasure to take part with us if there is any thing wrong; and if there is any thing wanted, to say that it is just coming, or to make some excuses your learning best knows how. Every bit of vassail and silver work have we been spoiled of since Pinkie Cleuch, when I lost poor Simon Glendinning, that was the warst of a'."

"Never mind—never fear," said the Sub-Prior, gently extricating his garment from the anxious grasp of Dame Elspeth, "the Refectioner has with him the Abbot's plate and drinking cups; and I pray you to believe that whatever is short in your entertainment will be deemed amply made up in your good-will."

So saying, he escaped from her, and went into the spence, where such preparations as haste permitted were making for the noon collation of the Abbot and the English knight. Here he found the Lord Abbot, for whom a cushion, composed of all the plaids in the house, had been unable to render Simon's huge elbow-chair a soft or comfortable place of rest.

"Benedicite!" said Abbot Boniface, "now marry fie upon these hard benches with all my heart—they are as uneasy as the *scabella* of our novices. Saint Jude be with us, Sir Knight, how have you contrived to pass over the night in this dungeon? An your bed was no softer than your seat, you might as well have slept on the stone couch of Saint Pacomius. After trotting a full ten miles, a man needs a softer seat than has fallen to my hard lot."

With sympathizing faces, the Sacristan and the Refectioner ran to raise the Lord Abbot, and to adjust his seat to his mind, which was at length accomplished in some sort, although he continued alternately to bewail his fatigue, and to exult in the conscious sense of having discharged an arduous duty. "You errant cavaliers," said he, addressing the knight, "may now perceive that others have their travail and their toils to undergo as well as your honoured faculty. And this I will say for myself and the soldiers of Saint Mary, among whom I may be termed captain, that it is not our wont to flinch from the heat of the service, or to withdraw from the good fight. No, by Saint Mary!—no sooner did I learn that you were here, and dared not for certain reasons come to the Monastery, where with as good will, and with more convenience, we might have given you a better reception, than, striking the table with my hammer, I called a brother—Timothy, said I, let them saddle Benedict—let them saddle my black palfrey, and bid the Sub-Prior and some half-score of attendants be in readiness to-morrow after matins—we would ride to Glendearg.—Brother Timothy stared, thinking, I imagine, that his ears had scarce done him justice—but I repeated my commands, and said, Let the Kitchener and Refectioner go before to aid the poor vassals to whom the place belongs in making a suitable collation. So that you will consider, good Sir Piercie, our mutual incommodities, and forgive whatever you may find amiss."

"By my faith," said Sir Piercie Shafton, "there is nothing to forgive—If you spiritual warriors have to submit to the grievous incommodities which your lordship narrates, it would ill become me, a sinful and secular man, to complain of a bed as hard as a

f broth which relished as if made of burnt flesh, which, in its sable and singed shape, to put me on a level with Richard Cœur-de-hen he ate up the head of a Moor carbonadoed, ther viands savouring rather of the rusticity orthern region."

he good saints, sir," said the Abbot, somewhat touched in point of his character for hospitality, he was in truth a most faithful and zealous r, "it grieves me to the heart that you have ir vassals no better provided for your reception. I crave leave to observe, that if Sir Piercie's affairs had permitted him to honour with pany our poor house of Saint Mary's, he ave had less to complain of in respect of ts."

give your lordship the reasons," said Sir Shafton, "why I could not at this present proach your dwelling, or avail myself of its own and undoubted hospitality, craves either day, or," looking around him, "a limited ."

ord Abbot immediately issued his mandate efectioner: "Hie thee to the kitchen, Brother , and there make inquiry of our brother the er, within what time he opines that our collay be prepared, since sin and sorrow it were, ing the hardships of this noble and gallant no whit mentioning or weighing those we s have endured, if we were now either to or retard the hour of refection beyond the en the viands are fit to be set before us."

er Hilarius parted with an eager alertness to the will of his Superior, and returned with rance, that punctually at one afternoon would ation be ready.

ore that time," said the accurate Refectioner, afers, flams, and pastry-meat, will scarce d the just degree of fire which learned potpre-... as fittest for the body; and if it be past one o'clock, were it but ten minutes, her the Kitchener opines, that the haunch of would suffer in spite of the skill of the little whom he has recommended to your holiis praises."

v!" said the Abbot, "a haunch of venison! when comes that dainty? I remember not ist intimate its presence in thy hamper of

please your holiness and lordship," said the ner, "he is a son of the woman of the house h shot it and sent it in—killed but now; yet, animal-heat hath not left the body, the Kitundertakes it shall eat as tender as a young and this youth hath a special gift in shoot-, and never misses the heart or the brain; so blood is not driven through the flesh, as too often with us. It is a hart of grease—ness has seldom seen such a haunch."

nce, Brother Hilarius," said the Abbot, wipmouth; "it is not beseeming our order to food so earnestly, especially as we must oft ir animal powers exhausted by fasting, and ssible (as being ever mere mortals) to those longing" (he again wiped his mouth) "which the mention of victuals to a hungry man. e down, however, the name of that youth—it g merit should be rewarded, and he shall r be a *frater ad succurrendum* in the kitchen tery."

s! reverend Father, and my good lord," re-Refectioner, "I did inquire after the youth, arn he is one who prefers the casque to the d the sword of the flesh to the weapons of it."

if it be so," said the Abbot, "see that thou im as a deputy-keeper and man-at-arms, and a lay brother of the Monastery—for old Tallr forester, waxes dim-eyed, and hath twice a noble buck, by hitting him unwarily on the . Ah! 'tis a foul fault, the abusing by evilevil-dressing, evil appetite, or otherwise, the eatures indulged to us for our use. Wherefore, is the service of this youth, Brother Hilarius, in the way that may best suit him.—And now, Sir Piercie Shafton, since the fates have assigned us a space of wellnigh an hour, ere we dare hope to enjoy more than the vapour or savour of our repast, may I pray you, of your courtesy, to tell me the cause of this visit; and, above all, to inform us, why you will not approach our more pleasant and better furnished *hospitium*?"

"Reverend Father, and my very good lord," said Sir Piercie Shafton, "it is well known to your wisdom, that there are stone walls which have ears, and that secrecy is to be looked to in matters which concern a man's head."

The Abbot signed to his attendants, excepting the Sub-Prior, to leave the room, and then said, "Your valour, Sir Piercie, may freely unburden yourself before our faithful friend and counsellor Father Eustace, the benefits of whose advice we may too soon lose, inasmuch as his merits will speedily recommend him to a higher station, in which, we trust, he may find the blessing of a friend and adviser as valuable as himself, since I may say of him, as our claustral rhyme goeth,*

'Dixit Abbas ad prioris,
Tu es homo boni moris,
Quia semper sanioris
Mihi das concilia.'

Indeed," he added, "the office of Sub-Prior is altogether beneath our dear brother; nor can we elevate him unto that of Prior, which, for certain reasons, is at present kept vacant amongst us. Howbeit, Father Eustace is fully possessed of my confidence, and worthy of yours, and well may it be said of him, *Intravit in secretis nostris*."

Sir Piercie Shafton bowed to the reverend brethren, and, heaving a sigh, as if he would have burst his steel-cuirass, he thus commenced his speech.

"Certes, reverend sirs, I may well heave such a suspiration, who have, as it were, exchanged heaven for purgatory, leaving the lightsome sphere of the royal court of England, for a remote nook in this inaccessible desert—quitting the tiltyard, where I was ever ready among my compeers to splinter a lance, either for the love of honour, or for the honour of love, in order to couch my knightly spear against base and pilfering besognios and marauders—exchanging the lightsome halls, wherein I used nimbly to pace the swift coranto, or to move with a loftier grace in the stately galliard, for this rugged and decayed dungeon of rusty-coloured stone—quitting the gay theatre, for the solitary chimney-nook of a Scottish dog-house—bartering the sounds of the soul-ravishing lute, and the love-awakening viol-de-gamba, for the discordant squeak of a northern bagpipe—above all, exchanging the smiles of those beauties, who form a galaxy around the throne of England, for the cold courtesy of an untaught damsel, and the bewildered stare of a miller's maiden. More might I say, of the exchange of the conversation of gallant knights and gay courtiers of mine own order and capacity, whose conceits are bright and vivid as the lightning, for that of monks and churchmen—but it were discourteous to urge that topic."

The Abbot listened to this list of complaints with great round eyes, which evinced no exact intelligence of the orator's meaning; and when the knight paused to take breath, he looked with a doubtful and inquiring eye at the Sub-Prior, not well knowing in what tone he should reply to an exordium so extraordinary. The Sub-Prior accordingly stepped in to the relief of his principal.

"We deeply sympathize with you, Sir Knight, in the several mortifications and hardships to which fate has subjected you, particularly in that which has thrown you into the society of those, who, as they were conscious they deserved not such an honour, so neither did they at all desire it. But all this goes little way to expound the cause of this train of disasters, or, in plainer words, the reason which has compelled you into a situation having so few charms for you."

"Gentle and reverend sir," replied the Knight, "forgive an unhappy person, who, in giving a history

* The rest of this doggerel rhyme may be found in Fosbrooke's learned work on British Monachism.

of his miseries, dilated upon them extremely, even as he who, having fallen from a precipice, looketh upward to measure the height from which he hath been precipitated."

"Yea, but," said Father Eustace, "methinks it were wiser in him to tell those who come to lift him up, which of his bones have been broken."

"You, reverend sir," said the knight, "have in the encounter of our wits made a fair attaint; whereas I may be in some sort said to have broken my staff across.* Pardon me, grave sir, that I speak the language of the tiltyard, which is doubtless strange to your reverend ears.—Ah! brave resort of the noble, the fair, and the gay!—Ah! throne of love, and citadel of honour!—Ah! celestial beauties, by whose bright eyes it is graced! Never more shall Piercie Shafton advance, as the centre of your radiant glances, couch his lance, and spur his horse at the sound of the spirit-stirring trumpets, nobly called the voice of war—never more shall he baffle his adversary's encounter boldly, break his spear dexterously, and ambling around the lovely circle, receive the rewards with which beauty honours chivalry!"

Here he paused, wrung his hands, looked upwards, and seemed lost in contemplation of his own fallen fortunes.

"Mad, very mad," whispered the Abbot to the Sub-Prior; "I would we were fairly rid of him; for, of a truth, I expect he will proceed from raving to mischief—Were it not better to call up the rest of the brethren?"

But the Sub-Prior knew better than his Superior how to distinguish the jargon of affectation from the ravings of insanity, and although the extremity of the knight's passion seemed altogether fantastic, yet he was not ignorant to what extravagances the fashion of the day can conduct its votaries.

Allowing, therefore, two minutes' space to permit the knight's enthusiastic feelings to exhaust themselves, he again gravely reminded him that the Lord Abbot had taken a journey, unwonted to his age and habits, solely to learn in what he could serve Sir Piercie Shafton—that it was altogether impossible he could do so without his receiving distinct information of the situation in which he had now sought refuge in Scotland.—"The day wore on," he observed, looking at the window; "and if the Abbot should be obliged to return to the Monastery without obtaining the necessary intelligence, the regret might be mutual, but the inconvenience was like to be all on Sir Piercie's own side."

The hint was not thrown away.

"Oh, goddess of courtesy!" said the knight, "can I have so far forgotten thy behests, as to make this good prelate's ease and time a sacrifice to my vain complaints! Know, then, most worthy, and not less worshipful, that I, your poor visiter and guest, am by birth nearly bound to the Piercie of Northumberland, whose fame is so widely blown through all parts of the world where English worth hath been known. Now, this present Earl of Northumberland, of whom I propose to give you the brief history"——

"It is altogether unnecessary," said the Abbot; "we know him to be a good and true nobleman, and a sworn upholder of our Catholic faith, in the spite of the heretical woman who now sits upon the throne of England. And it is specially as his kinsman, and as knowing that ye partake with him in such devout and faithful belief and adherence to our holy Mother Church, that we say to you, Sir Piercie Shafton, that ye be heartily welcome to us, and that, an we wist how, we would labour to do you good service in your extremity."

"For such kind offer I rest your most humble debtor," said Sir Piercie; "nor need I at this moment say more than that my Right Honourable Cousin of Northumberland, having devised with me and some others, the choice and picked spirits of the age, how and by what means the worship of God, according to the Catholic church, might be again introduced into this distracted kingdom of England, (even as one deviseth, by the assistance of his friend, to catch and to bridle a runaway steed,) it pleased him so deeply to intrust me in those communications, that my personal safety becomes, as it were, entwined or complicated therewith. Natheless, as we have had sudden reason to believe, this Princess Elizabeth, who maintaineth around her a sort of counsellors skilful in tracking whatever schemes may be pursued for bringing her title into challenge, or for erecting again the discipline of the Catholic church, has obtained certain knowledge of the trains which we had laid before we could give fire unto them. Wherefore, my Right Honourable Cousin of Northumberland, thinking it best belike that one man should take both blame and shame for the whole, did lay the burden of all this trafficking upon my back; which load I am the rather content to bear, in that he hath always shown himself my kind and honourable kinsman, as well as that my estate, I wot not how, hath of late been somewhat insufficient to maintain the expense of those braveries, wherewith it is incumbent on us, who are chosen and selected spirits, to distinguish ourselves from the vulgar."

"So that possibly," said the Sub-Prior, "your private affairs rendered a foreign journey less incommodious to you than it might have been to the noble earl, your right worthy cousin?"

"You are right, reverend sir," answered the courtier; "*rem acu*—you have touched the point with a needle—My cost and expenses had been indeed somewhat lavish at the late triumphs and tourneys, and the flat-capp'd citizens had shown themselves unwilling to furnish my pocket for new gallantries for the honour of the nation, as well as for mine own peculiar glory—and, to speak truth, it was in some part the hope of seeing these matters amended that led me to desire a new world in England."

"So that the miscarriage of your public enterprise, with the derangement of your own private affairs," said the Sub-Prior, "have induced you to seek Scotland as a place of refuge?"

"*Rem acu*, once again," said Sir Piercie; "and not without good cause, since my neck, if I remained, might have been brought within the circumstances of a halter—and so speedy was my journey northward, that I had but time to exchange my peach-coloured doublet of Genoa velvet, thickly laid over with goldsmith's work, for this cuirass, which was made by Bonamico of Milan, and travelled northward with all speed, judging that I might do well to visit my Right Honourable Cousin of Northumberland, at one of his numerous castles. But as I posted towards Alnwick, even with the speed of a star, which, darting from its native sphere, shoots wildly downwards, I was met at Northallerton by one Henry Vaughan, a servant of my right honourable kinsman, who showed me, that as then I might not with safety come to his presence, seeing that, in obedience to orders from his court, he was obliged to issue out letters for my incarceration."

"This," said the Abbot, "seems but hard measure on the part of your honourable kinsman."

"It might be so judged, my lord," replied Sir Piercie; "nevertheless, I will stand to the death for the honour of my Right Honourable Cousin of Northumberland. Also, Henry Vaughan gave me, from my said cousin, a good horse, and a purse of gold, with two Border-prickers, as they are called, for my guides, who conducted me, by such roads and bypaths as have never been seen since the days of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristrem, into this kingdom of Scotland, and to the house of a certain baron, or one who holds the style of such, called Julian Avenel, with whom I found such reception as the place and party could afford."

"And that," said the Abbot, "must have been right wretched; for, to judge from the appetite which Julian showeth when abroad, he hath not, I judge, over-abundant provision at home."

"You are right, sir—your reverence is in the right," continued Sir Piercie; "we had but lenten fare, and, what was worse, a score to clear at the departure

* *Attaint* was a term of tilting used to express the champion's *having attained* his mark, or, in other words, struck his lance *straight and fair against* the helmet or breast of his adversary. *Whereas to break the lance across*, intimated a total failure in *directing the point of* the weapon on the object of his aim.

ough this Julian Avenel called us to no reckon- et he did so extravagantly admire the fashion poniard—the *poignet* being of silver exquisitely ed, and indeed the weapon being altogether a of exceeding rare device and beauty—that in I could not for very shame's sake but pray his tance of it; words which he gave me not the le of repeating twice, before he had stuck it into easy buff-belt, where, credit me, reverend sir, it ed more like a butcher's knife than a gentle- s dagger."

o goodly a gift might at least have purchased few days' hospitality," said Father Eustace.

everend sir," said Sir Piercie, "had I abidden him, I should have been complimented out of remnant of my wardrobe—actually flayed, by ospitable gods I swear it! Sir, he secured my doublet, and had a pluck at my galligaskins—I nforced to beat a retreat before I was altogether ged. That Border-knave his serving-man had k at me too, and usurped a scarlet cassock and cuirass belonging to the page of my body, whom fain to leave behind me. In good time I re- d a letter from my Right Honourable Cousin, ing me that he had written to you in my behalf, ent to your charge two mails filled with wear- pparel—namely, my rich crimson silk doublet, ed out and lined with cloth of gold, which I at the last revels, with baldric and trimmings rrespond—also two pair black silk slops, with ing garters of carnation silk—also the flesh-co- d silken doublet, with the trimmings of fur, in h I danced the salvage man at the Gray's-Inn imery—also"———

Sir Knight," said the Sub-Prior, "I pray you to the farther inventory of your wardrobe. The ts of Saint Mary's are no freebooting barons, whatever part of your vestments arrived at our e, have been this day faithfully brought hither, the mails which contained them. I may pre- from what has been said, as we have indeed given to understand by the Earl of Northumber- that your desire is to remain for the present as own and as unnoticed, as may be consistent your high worth and distinction?"

Alas, reverend father!" replied the courtier, "a when it is in the scabbard cannot give lustre, a ond when it is in the casket cannot give light, worth, when it is compelled by circumstances to ire itself, cannot draw observation—my retreat only attract the admiration of those few to whom mstances permit its displaying itself."

conceive now, my venerable father and lord," the Sub-Prior, "that your wisdom will assign a course of conduct to this noble knight, as may ike consistent with his safety, and with the weal e community. For you wot well, that perilous es have been made in these audacious days, to destruction of all ecclesiastical foundations, and our holy community has been repeatedly menaced. erto they have found no flaw in our raiment; but ty, friendly as well to the Queen of England, as e heretical doctrines of the schismatical church, en to worse and wilder forms of heresy, prevails at the court of our sovereign, who dare not yield r suffering clergy the protection she would gladly nd to them."

My lord, and reverend sir," said the knight, "I gladly relieve ye of my presence, while ye canvass matter at your freedom; and to speak truly, I desirous to see in what case the chamberlain of noble kinsman hath found my wardrobe, and he hath packed the same, and whether it has red from the journey—there are four suits of as and elegant device as ever the fancy of a fair doated upon, every one having a treble and ap- riate change of ribbons, trimmings, and fringes, h, in case of need, may as it were renew each of , and multiply the four into twelve.—There is my sad-coloured riding-suit, and three cut-work s with falling bands—I pray you, pardon me— ist needs see how matters stand with them with- farther dallying."

hus speaking, he left the room; and the Sub-Prior, looking after him significantly, added, "Where the treasure is will the heart be also."

"Saint Mary preserve our wits!" said the Abbot, stunned with the knight's abundance of words; "were man's brains ever so stuffed with silk and broadcloth, cut-work, and I wot not what besides! And what could move the Earl of Northumberland to assume for his bosom counsellor, in matters of depth and danger, such a feather-brained coxcomb as this!"

"Had he been other than what he is, venerable father," said the Sub-Prior, "he had been less fitted for the part of scape-goat, to which his Right Honourable Cousin had probably destined him from the commencement, in case of their plot failing. I know something of this Piercie Shafton. The legitimacy of his mother's descent from the Piercie family, the point on which he is most jealous, hath been called in question. If harebrained courage, and an outrageous spirit of gallantry, can make good his pretensions to the high lineage he claims, these qualities have never been denied him. For the rest, he is one of the ruffling gallants of the time, like Rowland Yorke, Stukely,* and others, who wear out their fortunes, and endanger their lives, in idle braveries, in order that they may be esteemed the only choice gallants of the time; and afterwards endeavour to repair their estate, by engaging in the desperate plots and conspiracies which wiser heads have devised. To use one of his own conceited similitudes, such courageous fools resemble hawks, which the wiser conspirator keeps hooded and blindfolded on his wrist until the quarry is on the wing, and who are then flown at them."

"Saint Mary," said the Abbot, "he were an evil guest to introduce into our quiet household. Our young monks make bustle enough, and more than is beseeming God's servants, about their outward attire already—this knight were enough to turn their brains, from the *Vestiarius* down to the very scullion boy."

"A worse evil might follow," said the Sub-Prior: "In these bad days, the patrimony of the church is bought and sold, forfeited and distrained, as if it were the unhallowed soil appertaining to a secular baron. Think what penalty awaits us, were we convicted of harbouring a rebel to her whom they call the Queen of England! There would neither be wanting Scottish parasites to beg the lands of the foundation, nor an army from England to burn and harry the Halidome. The men of Scotland were once Scotsmen, firm and united in their love of their country, and throwing every other consideration aside when the frontier was menaced—now they are—what shall I call them—the one part French, the other part Eng-

* "Yorke," says Camden, "was a Londoner, a man of loose and dissolute behaviour, and desperately audacious—famous in his time amongst the common bullies and swaggerers, as being the first that, to the great admiration of many at his boldness, brought into England the bold and dangerous way of fencing with the rapier in duelling. Whereas, till that time, the English used to fight with long swords and bucklers, striking with the edge, and thought it no part of man either to push or strike beneath the girdle."

Having a command in the Low Countries, Yorke revolted to the Spaniards, and died miserably, poisoned, as was supposed, by his new allies. Three years afterwards, his bones were dug up and gibbeted by the command of the States of Holland.

Thomas Stukely, another distinguished gallant of the time, was bred a merchant, being the son of a rich clothier in the west. He wedded the daughter and heiress of a wealthy alderman of London, named Curtis, after whose death he squandered the riches he thus acquired in all manner of extravagance. His wife, whose fortune supplied his waste, represented to him that he ought to make more of her. Stukely replied, "I will make as much of thee, believe me, as it is possible for any to do;" and he kept his word in one sense, having stripped her even of her wearing apparel, before he finally ran away from her.

Having fled to Italy, he contrived to impose upon the Pope, with a plan of invading Ireland, for which he levied soldiers, and made some preparations; but ended by engaging himself and his troops in the service of King Sebastian of Portugal. He sailed with that prince on his fatal voyage to Barbary, and fell with him at the battle of Alcazar.

Stukely, as one of the first gallants of the time, has had the honour to be chronicled in song, in Evans's Old Ballads, vol. iii. edition 1810. His fate is also introduced in a tragedy, by George Peel, as has been supposed, called the Battle of Alcazar, from which play Dryden is alleged to have taken the idea of Don Sebastian. If so, it is surprising he omitted a character so congenial to King Charles the Second's time, as the witty, brave and profligate Thomas Stukely.

lish, considering their dear native country merely as a prize-fighting stage, upon which foreigners are welcome to decide their quarrels."

"Benedicite!" replied the Abbot, "they are indeed slippery and evil times."

"And therefore," said Father Eustace, "we must walk warily—we must not, for example, bring this man—this Sir Piercie Shafton, to our house of Saint Mary's."

"But how then shall we dispose of him?" replied the Abbot; "bethink thee that he is a sufferer for holy Church's sake—that his patron, the Earl of Northumberland, hath been our friend, and that, lying so near us, he may work us weal or wo according as we deal with his kinsman."

"And, accordingly," said the Sub Prior, "for these reasons, as well as for discharge of the great duty of Christian charity, I would protect and relieve this man. Let him not go back to Julian Avenel—that unconscientious baron would not stick to plunder the exiled stranger—Let him remain here—the spot is secluded, and if the accommodation be beneath his quality, discovery will become the less likely. We will make such means for his convenience as we can devise."

"Will he be persuaded, thinkest thou?" said the Abbot; "I will leave my own travelling bed for his repose, and send up a suitable easy-chair."

"With such easements," said the Sub-Prior, "he must not complain; and then if threatened by any sudden danger, he can soon come down to the sanctuary, where we will harbour him in secret until means can be devised of dismissing him in safety."

"Were we not better," said the Abbot, "send him on to the court, and get rid of him at once?"

"Ay, but at the expense of our friends—this butterfly may fold his wings, and lie under cover in the cold air of Glendearg; but were he at Holyrood, he would, did his life depend on it, expand his spangled drapery in the eyes of the queen and court. Rather than fail of distinction, he would sue for love to our gracious sovereign—the eyes of all men would be upon him in the course of three short days, and the international peace of the two ends of the island endangered for a creature, who, like a silly moth, cannot abstain from fluttering round a light."

"Thou hast prevailed with me, Father Eustace," said the Abbot, "and it will go hard but I improve on thy plan—I will send up in secret, not only household stuff, but wine and wassell-bread. There is a young swankie here who shoots venison well. I will give him directions to see that the knight lacks none."

"Whatever accommodation he can have, which infers not a risk of discovery," said the Sub-Prior, "it is our duty to afford him."

"Nay," said the Abbot, "we will do more, and will instantly dispatch a servant express to the keeper of our revestiary to send us such things as he may want, even this night. See it done, good father."

"I will," answered Father Eustace; "but I hear the gull clamorous for some one to truss his points.* He will be fortunate if he lights on any one here, who can do him the office of groom of the chamber."

"I would he would appear," said the Abbot, "for here comes the Refectioner with a collation—By my faith, the ride hath given me a sharp appetite!"

CHAPTER XVII.

I'll seek for other aid—Spirits, they say,
Flit round invisible, as thick as motes
Dance in the sunbeam. If that spell
Or necromancer's sigil can compel them,
They shall hold counsel with me.—JAMES DUFF.

THE reader's attention must be recalled to Halbert Glendinning, who had left the tower of Glendearg immediately after his quarrel with its new guest Sir Piercie Shafton. As he walked with a rapid pace up the glen old Martin followed him, beseeching him to be less hasty.

"Halbert," said the old man, "you will never live to have white hair, if you take fire thus at every spark of provocation."

"And why should I wish it, old man," said Halbert, "if I am to be the butt that every fool may aim a shaft of scorn against? What avails it, old man, that you yourself move, sleep, and wake, eat thy niggard meal, and repose on thy hard pallet?—Why art thou so well pleased that the morning should call thee up to daily toil, and the evening again lay thee down a wearied-out wretch? Were it not better sleep and wake no more, than to undergo this dull exchange of labour for insensibility and of insensibility for labour?"

"God help me," answered Martin, "there may be truth in what thou sayest—but walk slower, for my old limbs cannot keep pace with your young legs—walk slower, and I will tell you why age, though unlovely, is yet endurable."

"Speak on then," said Halbert, slackening his pace; "but remember we must seek venison to refresh the fatigues of these holy men, who will this morning have achieved a journey of ten miles; and if we reach not the Brocksburn head, we are scarce like to see an antler."

"Then know, my good Halbert," said Martin, "whom I love as my own son, that I am satisfied to live till death calls me, because my Maker wills it. Ay, and although I spend what men call a hard life, pinched with cold in winter, and burnt with heat in summer, though I feed hard and sleep hard, and am held mean and despised, yet I bethink me, that were I of no use on the face of this fair creation, God would withdraw me from it."

"Thou poor old man," said Halbert, "and can such a vain conceit as this of thy fancied use, reconcile thee to a world where thou playest so poor a part?"

"My part was nearly as poor," said Martin, "my person nearly as much despised, the day that I saved my mistress and her child from perishing in the wilderness."

"Right, Martin," answered Halbert; "there, indeed, thou didst what might be a sufficient apology for a whole life of insignificance."

"And do you account it for nothing, Halbert, that I should have the power of giving you a lesson of patience and submission to the destinies of Providence? Methinks there is use for the gray hairs on the old scalp, were it but to instruct the green head by precept and by example."

Halbert held down his face, and remained silent for a minute or two, and then resumed his discourse: "Martin, seest thou aught changed in me of late?"

"Surely," said Martin. "I have always known you hasty, wild, and inconsiderate, rude, and prompt to speak at the volley and without reflection; but now, methinks, your bearing, without losing its natural fire, has something in it of force and dignity which it had not before. It seems as if you had fallen asleep a carle, and awakened a gentleman."

"Thou canst judge, then, of noble bearing?" said Halbert.

"Surely," answered Martin, "in some sort I can; for I have travelled through court, and camp, and city, with my master Walter Avenel, although he could do nothing for me in the long run, but give me room for two score of sheep on the hill—and surely even now, while I speak with you, I feel sensible that my language is more refined than it is my wont to use, and that though I know not the reason—the rude northern dialect, so familiar to my tongue, has given place to a more town-bred speech."

"And this change in thyself and me, thou canst by no means account for?" said young Glendinning.

"Change!" replied Martin, "by Our Lady, it is not so much a change which I feel, as a recalling and renewing sentiments and expressions which I had some thirty years since, ere Tibb and I set up our humble household. It is singular, that your society should have this sort of influence over me, Halbert, and that I should never have experienced it ere now."

"Thinkest thou," said Halbert, "thou seest in me

* The points were the strings of cord or riband, (so called, because tagged with metal like the laces of women's stays,) which attached the doublet to the hose. They were very numerous, and required assistance to tie them properly, which was called *trussing*.

:an raise me from this base, low, despised
one where I may rank with those proud
now despise my clownish poverty?"
paused an instant, and then answered,
you may, Halbert; as broken a ship has
d. Heard ye never of Hughie Dun, who
alidome, some thirty-five years gone by?
ellow was Hughie—could read and write
, and could wield brand and buckler with
the riders. I mind him— the like of him
seen in the Halidome of St. Mary's, and
of the preferment that God sent him."
hat was that?" said Halbert, his eyes
with eagerness.
g less," answered Martin, "than body-
he Archbishop of St. Andrews!"
countenance fell.—"A servant—and to a
as this all that knowledge and activity
him to?"
his turn, looked with wistful surprise in
his young friend. "And to what could
l him farther?" answered he. "The son
uar is not the stuff that lords and knights
Courage and school-craft cannot change
d into gentle blood, I trow. I have heard,
Hughie Dun left a good five hundred punds
oney to his only daughter, and that she
Bailie of Pittenweem."
moment, and while Halbert was embar-
devising a suitable answer, a deer bounded
path. In an instant the crossbow was
h's shoulder, the bolt whistled, and the
giving one bound upright, dropt dead on
ward.
ies the venison our dame wanted," said
who would have thought of an out-lying
so low down the glen at this season?—
hart of grease too, in full season, and three
it on the brisket. Now this is all your
rt, that follows you, go where you like.
o put in for it. I would warrant you were
of the Abbot's venison-prickers, and ride
purple doublet as bold as the best."
man," answered Halbert, "I will serve the
o one. Take thou care to have down the
he Tower, since they expect it. I will on
. I have two or three bird-bolts at my
it may be I shall find wild-fowl."
ied his pace, and was soon out of sight.
sed for a moment, and looked after him.
s the making of a right gallant stripling,
have not the spoiling of him—Serve the
d he. By my faith, and she hath worse
om all that I e'er heard of him. And
should he not keep a high head? They
the top of the ladder will at least get up
ls. They that mint* at a gown of gold,
get a sleeve of it. But come, sir, (address-
g,) you shall go to Glendearg on my two
hat more slowly than you were frisking it
on your own four nimble shanks. Nay,
, if you be so heavy, I will content me
st of you, and that's the haunch and the
d e'en heave up the rest on the old oak
, and come back for it with one of the

artin returned to Glendearg with the veni-
rt prosecuted his walk, breathing more
he was free of his companion. "The
a proud and lazy priest—body-squire to
shop of Saint Andrews," he repeated to
and this, with the privilege of allying his
the Bailie of Pittenweem, is thought a
worth a brave man's struggling for;—
a preferment which, if allowed, should
hopes, past, present, and to come, of the
rk-vassal! By heaven, but that I find in
tance to practise their acts of nocturnal
ould rather take the jack and lance, and
he Border-riders.—Something I will do.
ded and dishonoured, I will not live the
ach whiffling stranger from the South,
because, forsooth, he wears tinkling spurs on a tawny
boot. This thing—this phantom, be it what it will,
I will see it once more. Since I spoke with her, and
touched her hand, thoughts and feelings have dawned
on me, of which my former life had not even dreamed;
but shall I, who feel my father's glen too narrow for
my expanding spirit, brook to be bearded in it by this
vain gewgaw of a courtier, and in the sight too of
Mary Avenel? I will not stoop to it, by heaven!"

As he spoke thus, he arrived in the sequestered
glen of Corri-nan-shian, as it verged upon the hour
of noon. A few moments he remained looking upon,
the fountain, and doubting in his own mind with
what countenance the White Lady might receive him.
She had not indeed expressly forbidden his again
evoking her; but yet there was something like such
a prohibition implied in the farewell, which recom-
mended him to wait for another guide.

Halbert Glendinning did not long, however, allow
himself to pause. Hardihood was the natural cha-
racteristic of his mind; and under the expansion and
modification which his feelings had lately undergone,
it had been augmented rather than diminished. He
drew his sword, undid the buskin from his foot,
bowed three times with deliberation towards the
fountain, and as often towards the tree, and repeated
the same rhyme as formerly.—

"Thrice to the holly brake—
Thrice to the well:—
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel!

Noon gleams on the lake—
Noon glows on the fell—
Wake thee, O wake,
White Maid of Avenel!"

His eye was on the holly bush as he spoke the last
line; and it was not without an involuntary shud-
dering that he saw the air betwixt his eye and that
object become more dim, and condense, as it were,
into the faint appearance of a form, through which,
however, so thin and transparent was the first appear-
ance of the phantom, he could discern the outline of
the bush, as through a veil of fine crape. But, gra-
dually, it darkened into a more substantial appearance,
and the White Lady stood before him with displeasure
on her brow. She spoke, and her speech was still
song, or rather measured chant; but, as if now more
familiar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank
verse, and at other times in the lyrical measure which
she had used at their former meeting.

"This is the day when the fairy kind
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
And the wood maiden sighs to the sighing wind,
And the mer-maiden weeps in her crystal grot:
For this is the day that a deed was wrought,
In which we have neither part nor share,
For the children of clay was salvation bought,
But not for the forms of sea or air!
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn."

"Spirit," said Halbert Glendinning boldly, "it is
bootless to threaten one who holds his life at no rate.
Thine anger can but slay; nor do I think thy power
extendeth, or thy will stretcheth, so far. The terrors
which your race produce upon others, are vain against
me. My heart is hardened against fear, as by a sense
of despair. If I am, as thy words infer, of a race
more peculiarly the care of heaven than thine, it is
mine to call, it must be thine to answer. I am the
nobler being."

As he spoke, the figure looked upon him with a
fierce and ireful countenance, which, without losing
the similitude of that which it usually exhibited, had
a wilder and more exaggerated cast of features. The
eyes seemed to contract and become more fiery, and
slight convulsions passed over the face, as if it was
about to be transformed into something hideous.
The whole appearance resembled those faces which
the imagination summons up when it is disturbed by
laudanum, but which do not remain under the vi-
sionary's command, and, beautiful in their first ap-
pearance, become wild and grotesque ere we can arrest
them.

But when Halbert had concluded his bold speech,
the White Lady stood before him with the same cala

* at.
orses; more particularly horses of labour.

fixed, and melancholy aspect, which she usually bore. He had expected the agitation which she exhibited would conclude in some frightful metamorphosis. Folding her arms on her bosom, the phantom replied,—

"Daring youth! for thee it is well,
Here calling me in haunted dell,
That thy heart has not quail'd
Nor thy courage fail'd,
And that thou could'st brook
The angry look
Of Her of Avenel.
Did one limb shiver,
Or an eyelid quiver,
Thou wert lost for ever
Though I am form'd from the ether blue,
And my blood is of the unfallen dew
And thou art framed of mud and dust,
'Tis thine to speak, reply I must."

"I demand of thee, then," said the youth, "by what charm it is that I am thus altered in mind and in wishes—that I think no longer of deer or dog, of bow or bolt—that my soul spurns the bounds of this obscure glen—that my blood boils at an insult from one by whose stirrup I would some days since have run for a whole summer's morn, contented and honoured by the notice of a single word? Why do I now seek to mate me with princes, and knights, and nobles?—Am I the same, who but yesterday, as it were, slumbered in contented obscurity, but who am to-day awakened to glory and ambition?—Speak—tell me, if thou canst, the meaning of this change?—Am I spell-bound—or have I till now been under the influence of a spell, that I feel as another being, yet am conscious of remaining the same? Speak and tell me, is it to thy influence that the change is owing?"

The White Lady replied,—

"A mightier wizard far than I
Wields o'er the universe his power;
Him owns the eagle in the sky,
The turtle in the bower.
Changeful in shape, yet mightiest still,
He wields the heart of man at will,
From ill to good, from good to ill,
In cot and castle-tower."

"Speak not thus darkly," said the youth, colouring so deeply, that face, neck, and hands, were in a sanguine glow; "make me sensible of thy purpose."

The spirit answered,—

"Ask thy heart, whose secret cell
Is fill'd with Mary Avenel!
Ask thy pride, why scornful look
In Mary's view it will not brook?
Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise
Among the mighty and the wise,—
Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot,—
Why thy pastimes are forgot,—
Why thou wouldst in bloody strife
Mend thy luck or lose thy life?
Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,
Sighing from its secret cell,
'Tis for Mary Avenel."

"Tell me, then," said Halbert, his cheek still deeply crimsoned, "thou who hast said to me that which I dared not to say myself, by what means shall I urge my passion—by what means make it known?"

The White Lady replied,—

"Do not ask me;
On doubts like these thou canst not task me.
We only see the passing show
Of human passions' ebb and flow;
And view the pageant's idle glance
As mortals eye the northern dance,
When thousand streamers, flashing bright,
Career it o'er the brow of night,
And gazers mark their changeful gleams,
But feel no influence from their beams."

"Yet thine own fate," replied Halbert, "unless men greatly err, is linked with that of mortals?"

The phantom answered,—

"By ties mysterious link'd, our fated race
Holds strange connexion with the sons of men.
The star that rose upon the House of Avenel,
When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,
That star, when culminating in its orbit,
Shot from its sphere a drop of diamond dew,
And this bright font received it—and a Spirit
Rose from the fountain, and her date of life
Hath co-existence with the House of Avenel,
And with the star that rules it."

"Speak yet more plainly," answered young Glendinning; "of this I can understand noth[ing]
what hath forged thy wierded* link of d[estiny with]
the House of Avenel? Say, especially, wh[at fate]
overhangs that house?"

The White Lady replied,—

"Look on my girdle—on this thread of gold
'Tis fine as web of lightest gossamer,
And, but there is a spell on't, would not bind
Light as they are, the folds of my thin robe.
But when 'twas donn'd, it was a massive cha[in]
Such as might bind the champion of the Jew[s,]
Even when his locks were longest—it hath d[windled,]
Hath minish'd in its substance and its streng[th,]
As sunk the greatness of the House of Aven[el.]
When this frail thread gives way, I to the ele[ments]
Resign the principles of life they lent me
Ask me no more of this!—the stars forbid it."

"Then canst thou read the stars," an[swered the]
youth, "and mayst tell me the fate of my [passion, if]
thou canst not aid it?"

The White Lady again replied,—

"Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel,
Dim as the beacon when the morn is nigh,
And the o'er-wearied warder leaves the light
There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,
That dogs its downward course. Disastrous
Fierce hate and rivalry, are in the aspect
That lowers upon its fortunes."

"And rivalry?" repeated Glendinning; [" it is]
as I feared!—But shall that English silk[worm pre]
sume to beard me in my father's house, a[nd in the]
presence of Mary Avenel?—Give me to [meet him,]
spirit,—give me to do away the vain dist[inction of]
rank on which he refuses me the combat. [Place us]
on equal terms, and gleam the stars with w[hat]
they will, the sword of my father shall co[ntrol their]
influences."

She answered as promptly as before,—

"Complain not of me, child of clay,
If to thy harm I yield the way.
We, who soar thy sphere above,
Know not aught of hate or love;
As will or wisdom rules thy mood,
My gifts to evil turn, or good."

"Give me to redeem my honour," said Glendinning—"give me to retort on my p[roud rival]
the insults he has thrown on me, and let th[e rest be]
as it will. If I cannot revenge my wron[gs, let me]
sleep quiet, and know nought of my disgra[ce."]

The phantom failed not to reply,—

"When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye.
The sun is westering from the dell,
Thy wish is granted—fare thee well!"

As the White Lady spoke or chanted t[hese]
words, she undid from her locks a silve[r bodkin]
around which they were twisted, and gave i[t to Hal]
bert Glendinning; then shaking her dishev[elled hair]
till it fell like a veil around her, the outline [of her]
form gradually became as diffuse as her flowi[ng tress]
es, her countenance grew pale as the moon in [her wane]
quarter, her features became indistinguish[able, and]
she melted into the air.

Habit inures us to wonders; but the yout[h did not]
find himself alone by the fountain without [experien]
cing, though in a much less degree, the rev[ulsion of]
spirits which he had felt upon the phantom['s first]
disappearance. A doubt strongly pressed [upon his]
mind, whether it were safe to avail hims[elf of the]
gifts of a spirit which did not even pretend [to belong]
to the class of angels, and might, for aught [he knew,]
have a much worse lineage than that which [she was]
pleased to avow. "I will speak of it," he [said, "to]
Edward, who is clerkly learned, and will tell [me what]
I should do. And yet, no—Edward is scrup[ulous and]
wary.—I will prove the effect of her gift on [Sir Pier]
cie Shafton if he again braves me, and by th[e issue I]
will be myself a sufficient judge whether the[re is dan]
ger in resorting to her counsel. Home then[, Halbert,]
and we shall soon learn whether that ho[use can]
longer hold me; for not again will I broo[k insult,]
with my father's sword by my side, and Ma[ry a]
spectator of my disgrace."

* Wierded—fated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

> I give thee eighteenpence a-day,
> And my bow shalt thou bear,
> And over all the north country,
> I make thee the chief rydere.
> And I thirteenpence a-day, quoth the queen,
> By God and by my fay;
> Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,
> No man shall say thee nay.—[illegible]

THE manners of the age did not permit the inhabitants of Glendearg to partake of the collation which was placed in the spence of that ancient tower, before the Lord Abbot and his attendants, and Sir Piercie Shafton. Dame Glendinning was excluded, both by inferiority of rank and by sex; for (though it was a rule often neglected) the Superior of Saint Mary's was debarred from taking his meals in female society. To Mary Avenel the latter, and to Edward Glendinning the former, incapacity attached; but it pleased his lordship to require their presence in the apartment, and to say sundry kind words to them upon the ready and hospitable reception which they had afforded him.

The smoking haunch now stood upon the table; a napkin, white as snow, was, with due reverence, tucked under the chin of the Abbot by the Refectioner; and nought was wanting to commence the repast, save the presence of Sir Piercie Shafton, who at length appeared, glittering like the sun, in a carnation-velvet doublet, slashed and puffed out with cloth of silver, his hat of the newest block, surrounded by a hatband of goldsmith's work, while around his neck he wore a collar of gold, set with rubies and topazes so rich, that it vindicated his anxiety for the safety of his baggage from being founded upon his love of mere finery. This gorgeous collar or chain, resembling those worn by the knights of the highest orders of chivalry, fell down on his breast, and terminated in a medallion.

"We waited for Sir Piercie Shafton," said the Abbot, hastily assuming his place in the great chair which the Kitchener advanced to the table with a ready hand.

"I pray your pardon, reverend father, and my good lord," replied that pink of courtesy; "I did but wait to cast my riding slough, and to transmew myself into some civil form meeter for this worshipful company."

"I cannot but praise your gallantry, Sir Knight," said the Abbot, "and your prudence also, for choosing the fitting time to appear thus adorned. Certes, had that goodly chain been visible in some part of your late progress, there was risk that the lawful owner might have parted company therewith."

"This chain, said your reverence?" answered Sir Piercie; "surely it is but a toy, a trifle, a slight thing, which shows but poorly with this doublet—marry, when I wear that of the murrey-coloured double-piled Genoa velvet, puffed out with Cyprus, the gems, being relieved and set off by the darker and more grave ground of the stuff, show like stars giving a lustre through dark clouds."

"I nothing doubt it," said the Abbot; "but I pray you to sit down at the board."

But Sir Piercie had now got into his element, and was not easily interrupted—"I own," he continued, "that slight as the toy is, it might perchance have had some captivation for Julian Santa Maria!" said he, interrupting himself; "what was I about to say, and my fair and beauteous Protection, or shall I rather term her my Discretion, here in presence!—Indiscreet had it been in your Affability, O most lovely Discretion, to suffer a stray word to have broke out from the penfold of his mouth, that might overleap the fence of civility, and trespass on the manor of decorum."

"Marry!" said the Abbot, somewhat impatiently, "the greatest discretion that I can see in the matter is to eat our victuals being hot. Father Eustace, say a Benedicite, and cut up the haunch."

The Sub-Prior readily obeyed the first part of the Abbot's injunction, but paused upon the second. "It is Friday, most reverend," he said in Latin, desirous that the hint should escape, if possible, the ears of the stranger.

"We are travellers," said the Abbot, in reply, "and *viatoribus licitum est*—You know the canon—a traveller must eat what food his hard fate sets before him. I grant you all a dispensation to eat flesh this day, conditionally that you, brethren, say the *Confiteor* at curfew time, that the knight give alms to his ability, and that all and each of you fast from flesh on such day within the next month that shall seem most convenient; wherefore fall to and eat your food with cheerful countenances; and you, Father Refectioner, *da mixtus*."

While the Abbot was thus stating the conditions on which his indulgence was granted, he had already half finished a slice of the noble haunch, and now washed it down with a flagon of rhenish, modestly tempered with water.

"Well is it said," he observed, as he required from the Refectioner another slice, "that virtue is its own reward; for though this is but humble fare, and hastily prepared, and eaten in a poor chamber, I do not remember me of having had such an appetite since I was a simple brother in the Abbey of Dundrennan, and was wont to labour in the garden from morning until nones, when our Abbot struck the *Cymbalum*. Then would I enter keen with hunger, parched with thirst, (*da mihi vinum, quaeso, et merum sit*,) and partake with appetite of whatever was set before us, according to our rule; feast or fast-day, *caritas* or *penitentia*, was the same to me. I had no stomach complaints then, which now crave both the aid of wine and choice cookery, to render my food acceptable to my palate, and easy of digestion."

"It may be, holy father," said the Sub-Prior, "an occasional ride to the extremity of St. Mary's patrimony, may have the same happy effect on your health as the air of the garden at Dundrennan."

"Perchance, with our patroness's blessing, such progresses may advantage us," said the Abbot; "having an especial eye that our venison is carefully killed by some woodsman that is master of his craft."

"If the Lord Abbot will permit me," said the Kitchener, "I think the best way to assure his lordship on that important point, would be to retain as a yeoman pricker, or deputy ranger, the eldest son of this good woman, Dame Glendinning, who is here to wait upon us. I should know by mine office what belongs to the killing of game, and I can safely pronounce, that never saw I, or any other *coquinarius*, a bolt so justly shot. It has cloven the very heart of the buck."

"What, speak you to us of one good shot, father?" said Sir Piercie; "I would advise you that such no more maketh a shooter, than doth one swallow make a summer. I have seen this springald of whom you speak, and if his hand can send forth his shafts as boldly as his tongue doth utter presumptuous speeches, I will own him as good an archer as Robin Hood."

"Marry," said the Abbot, "and it is fitting we know the truth of this matter from the Dame herself; for ill-advised were we to give way to any rashness in this matter whereby the bounties which heaven and our patroness provide might be unskilfully mangled and rendered unfit for worthy men's use. Stand forth, therefore, Dame Glendinning, and tell to us, as thy liege and spiritual Superior, using plainness and truth, without either fear or favour, as being a matter wherein we are deeply interested, Doth this son of thine use his bow as well as the Father Kitchener avers to us?"

"So please your noble fatherhood," answered Dame Glendinning, with a deep curtsy, "I should know somewhat of archery to my cost, seeing my husband—God assoilzie him!—was slain in the field of Pinkie with an arrow-shot, while he was fighting under the Kirk's banner, as became a liege vassal of the Halidome. He was a valiant man, please your reverence, and an honest; and saving that he loved a bit of venison, and shifted for his living at a time as Border-men will sometimes do, I wot not of sin that he did. And yet, though I have paid for mass after mass, to the matter of a forty-shilling, besides a quarter of wheat and four firlots of rye, I can have no assurance yet that he has been delivered from purgatory."

bolt, or bullet through it, (so that right honourable gentleman swerve not, but hold out steady,) and I will forfeit a quarter of barley if he touch but a knot of his ribands. I have seen our old Martin do as much, and so has our right reverend the Sub-Prior, if he be pleased to remember it."

"I am not like to forget it, dame," said Father Eustace; "for I knew not which most to admire, the composure of the young marksman, or the steadiness of the old mark. Yet I presume not to advise Sir Piercie Shafton to subject his valuable beaver, and yet more valuable person, to such a risk, unless it should be his own special pleasure."

"Be assured it is not," said Sir Piercie Shafton, something hastily; "be well assured, holy father, that it is not. I dispute not the lad's qualities, for which your reverence vouches. But bows are but wood, strings are but flax, or the silk-worm's excrement at best; archers are but men, fingers may slip, eyes may dazzle, the blindest may hit the butt, the best marker may shoot a bow's length beside. Therefore will we try no perilous experiments."

"Be that as you will, Sir Piercie," said the Abbot; "meantime we will name this youth bow-bearer in the forest granted to us by good King David, that the chase might recreate our wearied spirits, the flesh of the deer improve our poor commons, and the hides cover the books of our library; thus tending at once to the sustenance of body and soul."

"Kneel down, woman, kneel down," said the Refectioner and the Kitchener, with one voice, to Dame Glendinning, "and kiss his lordship's hand, for the grace which he has granted to thy son."

They then, as if they had been chanting the service and the responses, set off in a sort of duetto, enumerating the advantages of the situation.

"A green gown and a pair of leathern galligaskins every Pentecost," said the Kitchener.

"Four marks by the year at Candlemas," answered the Refectioner.

"An hogshead of ale at Martlemas, of the double strike, and single ale at pleasure, as he shall agree with the Cellarer"——

"Who is a reasonable man," said the Abbot; "and will encourage an active servant of the convent."

"A moment's patience, my brethren the Sub-Prior, "and let us not be thu before cause is afforded of our amaz good dame best knoweth the temper and son—this much I can say, that it lieth letters or learning, of which I have in voured to instil into him some tincture less, he is a youth of no common spir like those (in my weak judgment) whom up among a people when he meanet deliverance shall be wrought out with hand and valour of heart. Such men v marked by a waywardness, and even an character, which hath appeared intra stupidity to those among whom they were conversant, until the very oppo arrived in which it was the will of Pro they should be the fitting instrument of g

"Now, in good time hast thou spo Eustace," said the Abbot; "and we swankie before we decide upon the mean ing him.—How say you, Sir Piercie Sha the court fashion to suit the man to th not the office to the man?"

"So please your reverence and lordshi the Northumbrian knight, "I do partl some sort, subscribe to what your wisdo vered. Nevertheless, under reverence Prior, we do not look for gallant leaders deliverers in the hovels of the mean com Credit me, that if there be some flashe spirit about this young person, which I upon to dispute, (though I have seldom s sumption and arrogance were made go upshot by deed and action,) yet still the insufficient to distinguish him, save in his and lowly sphere—even as the glowv makes a goodly show among the grass would be of little avail if deposited in a ba

"Now, in good time," said the Sub- here comes the young huntsman to spe self;" for, being placed opposite to the could observe Halbert as he ascended the on which the tower was situated.

"Summon him to our presence," sa Abbot; and with an obedient start the t

mpany into which he was so unceremo-
uded, and the greater part of whom were
consider him with hauteur, if not with
itempt. But his appearance and reception
vote to another chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

> oose thee, gallant, betwixt wealth and honour,
> es the pelf, in sum to [illegible] thee through
> [illegible] of youth, and the turmoil of manhood,
> enough for age's chimney-corner;
> thou grasp to it fame [illegible] ambition,
> [illegible] of bettering my condition,
> in [illegible] my low rank above the church
> [illegible] the earth for bread. —*Old Play.*

ssary to dwell for some brief space on the and demeanour of young Glendinning, ssed to describe his interview with the aunt Mary's, at this momentous crisis of

vas now about nineteen years old, tall and r than strong, yet of that hardy conforma- and sinew, which promises great strength owth shall be complete, and the system He was perfectly well made, and, like who have that advantage, possessed a atural ease of manner and carriage, which s height from being the distinguished part ial appearance. It was not until you had iis stature with that of those amongst or om he stood, that you became sensible ing Glendinning was upwards of six feet he combination of unusual height with nmetry, ease, and grace of carriage, the of Glendearg, notwithstanding his rustic ducation, had greatly the advantage even cie Shafton himself, whose stature was his limbs, though there was no particular ect to, were on the whole less exactly pro- On the other hand, Sir Piercie's very ountenance afforded him as decided an over the Scotsman, as regularity of fea- brilliance of complexion could give over were rather strongly marked than beauti- on whose complexion the "skyey influ- which he was constantly exposed, had red and white into the purely nut-brown coloured alike cheeks, neck, and forehead, only in a darker glow upon the former. yes supplied a marked and distinguished physiognomy. They were large and of a r, and sparkled in moments of animation uncommon brilliancy, that it seemed as if y emitted light. Nature had closely curled dark-brown hair, which relieved and set ures, such as we have described them, dis- old and animated disposition, much more have been expected from his situation, or vious manners, which hitherto had seemed mely, and awkward.

dress was certainly not of that descrip- sets off to the best advantage a presence possessing. His jerkin and hose were of e cloth, and his cap of the same. A belt vaist served at once to sustain the broad- h we have already mentioned, and to hold arrows and bird-bolts, which were stuck the right side, along with a large knife buck-horn, or, as it was then called, a dud- r. To complete his dress, we must notice iskins of deer's-hide, formed so as to draw g as high as high as the knee, or at plea- hrust down lower than the calves. These ally used at the period by such as either rincipal occupation, or their chief pleasure, ports, as they served to protect the legs rough and tangled thickets into which of game frequently led them. —And these ticulars complete his external appearance. o easy to do justice to the manner in which ndinning's soul spoke through his eyes, ed so suddenly into the company of those earliest education had taught him to treat with awe and reverence. The degree of embarrass- ment which his demeanor evinced, had nothing in it either meanly servile, or utterly disconcerted. It was no more than became a generous and ingenuous youth of a bold spirit, but totally inexperienced, who should for the first time be called upon to think and act for himself in such society, and under such disad- vantageous circumstances. There was not in his carriage a grain either of forwardness or of timidity, which a friend could have wished away.

He kneeled and kissed the Abbot's hand, then rose and retiring two paces, bowed respectfully to the cir- cle around, smiling gently as he received an encourag- ing nod from the Sub-Prior, to whom alone he was personally known, and blushing as he encountered the anxious look of Mary Avenel, who beheld with painful interest the sort of ordeal to which her foster- brother was about to be subjected. Recovering from the transient flurry of spirits into which the encounter of her glance had thrown him, he stood composedly awaiting till the Abbot should express his pleasure.

The ingenuous expression of countenance, noble form, and graceful attitude, of the young man, failed not to prepossess in his favour the churchmen in whose presence he stood. The Abbot looked round, and exchanged a gracious and approving glance with his counsellor Father Eustace, although probably the appointment of a ranger, or bow-bearer, was one in which he might have been disposed to proceed without the Sub-Prior's advice, were it but to show his own free agency. But the good mien of the young man now in nomination was such, that he rather hastened to exchange congratulation on meeting with so proper a subject of promotion, than to indulge any other feeling. Father Eustace enjoyed the plea- sure which a well-constituted mind derives from see- ing a benefit light on a deserving object; for as he had not seen Halbert since circumstances had made so material a change in his manner and feelings, he scarce doubted that the proffered appointment would, notwithstanding his mother's uncertainty, suit the disposition of a youth who had appeared devoted to woodland-sports, and a foe alike to sedentary or set- tled occupation of any kind. The Refectioner and Kitchener were so well pleased with Halbert's pre- possessing appearance, that they seemed to think that the salary, emoluments, and perquisites, the dole, the grazing, the gown, and the galligaskins, could scarce be better bestowed than on the active and graceful figure before them.

Sir Piercie Shafton, whether from being more deeply engaged in his own cogitations, or that the subject was unworthy of his notice, did not seem to partake of the general feeling of approbation excited by the young man's presence. He sate with his eyes half shut, and his arms folded, appearing to be wrapped in contemplations of a nature deeper than those arising out of the scene before him. But, not- withstanding his seeming abstraction and absence of mind, there was a flutter of vanity in Sir Piercie's very handsome countenance, an occasional change of posture from one striking attitude (or what he conceived to be such) to another, and an occasional stolen glance at the female part of the company, to spy how far he succeeded in riveting their attention, which gave a marked advantage, in comparison to the less regular and more harsh features of Halbert Glendinning, with their composed, manly, and deli- berate expression of mental fortitude.

Of the females belonging to the family of Glen- dearg, the Miller's daughter alone had her mind suffi- ciently at leisure to admire, from time to time, the graceful attitudes of Sir Piercie Shafton; for both Mary Avenel and Dame Glendinning were waiting in anxiety and apprehension the answer which Hal- bert was to return to the Abbot's proposal, and fear- fully anticipating the consequences of his probable refusal. The conduct of his brother Edward, for a lad constitutionally shy, respectful, and even timid, was at once affectionate and noble. This younger son of Dame Elspeth had stood unnoticed in a cor- ner, after the Abbot, at the request of the Sub-Prior, had honoured him with some passing notice, and asked him a few commonplace questions about his

progress in Donatus, and in the *Promptuarium Parvulorum*, without waiting for the answers. From his corner he now glided round to his brother's side, and keeping a little behind him, slid his right hand into the huntsman's left, and by a gentle pressure, which Halbert instantly and ardently returned, expressed at once his interest in his situation, and his resolution to share his fate.

The group was thus arranged, when, after the pause of two or three minutes, which he employed in slowly sipping his cup of wine, in order that he might enter on his proposal with due and deliberate dignity, the Abbot at length expressed himself thus:

"My son, we your lawful superior, and the Abbot, under God's favour, of the community of Saint Mary's, have heard of your manifold good gifts—ahem—especially touching wood-craft and the huntsman-like fashion in which you strike your game, truly and as a yeoman should, not abusing Heaven's good benefits by spoiling the flesh, as is too often seen in careless rangers abroad." He made here a pause, but observing that Glendinning only replied to his compliment by a bow, he proceeded,—"My son, we commend your modesty; nevertheless, we will that thou shouldst speak freely to us touching that which we have premeditated for thine advancement, meaning to confer on thee the office of bow-bearer and ranger, as well over the chases and forests wherein our house hath privilege by the gifts of pious kings and nobles, whose souls now enjoy the fruits of their bounties to the church, as to those which belong to us in exclusive right of property and perpetuity. Thy knee, my son, that we may, with our own hand, and without loss of time, induct thee into office."

"Kneel down," said the Kitchener on the one side; and "Kneel down," said the Refectioner on the other.

But Halbert Glendinning remained standing.

"Were it to show gratitude and good-will for your reverend lordship's noble offer, I could not," he said, "kneel low enough, or remain long enough kneeling. But I may not kneel to take investiture of your noble gift, my Lord Abbot, being a man determined to seek my fortune otherwise."

"How is that, sir?" said the Abbot, knitting his brows; "do I hear you speak aright? and do you, a born vassal of the Halidome, at the moment when I am destining to you such a noble expression of my good-will, propose exchanging my service for that of any other?"

"My lord," said Halbert Glendinning, "it grieves me to think you hold me capable of undervaluing your gracious offer, or of exchanging your service for another. But your noble proffer doth but hasten the execution of a determination which I have long since formed."

"Ay, my son," said the Abbot, "is it indeed so?—right early have you learned to form resolutions without consulting those on whom you naturally depend. But what may it be, this sagacious resolution, if I may so far pray you?"

"To yield up to my brother and mother," answered Halbert, "mine interest in the fief of Glendearg, lately possessed by my father, Simon Glendinning; and having prayed your lordship to be the same kind and generous master to them, that your predecessors, the venerable Abbots of Saint Mary's, have been to my fathers in time past; for myself, I am determined to seek my fortune where I may best find it."

Dame Glendinning here ventured, emboldened by maternal anxiety, to break silence with an exclamation of "O my son!" Edward clinging to his brother's side, half spoke, half whispered, a similar ejaculation, of "Brother! brother!"

The Sub-Prior took up the matter in a tone of grave reprehension, which, as he conceived, the interest he had always taken in the family of Glendearg required at his hand.

"Wilful young man," he said, "what folly can urge thee to push back the hand that is stretched out to aid thee? What visionary aim hast thou before thee, that can compensate for the decent and sufficient independence which thou art now rejecting with scorn?"

"*Four marks by the year*, duly and truly," said the Kitchener.

"Cow's-grass, doublet, and galligaskins," responded the Refectioner.

"Peace, my brethren," said the Sub-Prior; "and may it please your lordship, venerable father, upon my petition, to allow this headstrong youth a day for consideration, and it shall be my part so to indoctrinate him, as to convince him what is due on this occasion to your lordship, and to his family, and to himself."

"Your kindness, reverend father," said the youth, "craves my dearest thanks—it is the continuance of a long train of benevolence towards me, for which I give you my gratitude, for I have nothing else to offer. It is my mishap, not your fault, that your intentions have been frustrated. But my present resolution is fixed and unalterable. I cannot accept the generous offer of the Lord Abbot; my fate calls me elsewhere, to scenes where I shall end it or mend it."

"By Our Lady," said the Abbot, "I think the youth be mad indeed—or that you, Sir Piercie, judged of him most truly, when you prophesied that he would prove unfit for the promotion we designed him—It may be you knew something of this wayward humour before?"

"By the mass, not I," answered Sir Piercie Shafton, with his usual indifference. "I but judged of him by his birth and breeding; for seldom doth a good hawk come out of a kite's egg."

"Thou art thyself a kite, and kestrel to boot," replied Halbert Glendinning, without a moment's hesitation.

"This in our presence, and to a man of worship!" said the Abbot, the blood rushing to his face.

"Yes, my lord," answered the youth; "even in your presence, I return to this gay man's face the causeless dishonour which he has flung on my name. My brave father who fell in the cause of his country, demands that justice at the hands of his son!"

"Unmannered boy!" said the Abbot.

"Nay, my good lord," said the knight, "praying pardon for the coarse interruption, let me entreat you not to be wroth with this rustical—Credit me, the north wind shall as soon puff one of your rocks from its basis, as aught which I hold so slight and inconsiderate as the churlish speech of an untaught churl, shall move the spleen of Piercie Shafton."

"Proud as you are, Sir Knight," said Halbert, "in your imagined superiority, be not too confident that you cannot be moved."

"Faith, by nothing that thou canst urge," said Sir Piercie.

"Knowest thou then this token?" said young Glendinning, offering to him the silver bodkin which he had received from the White Lady.

Never was such an instant change, from the most contemptuous serenity to the most furious state of passion, as that which Sir Piercie Shafton exhibited. It was the difference between a cannon lying quiet in its embrasure, and the same gun when touched by the linstock. He started up, every limb quivering with rage, and his features so inflamed and agitated by passion, that he more resembled a demoniac than a man under the regulation of reason. He clenched both his fists, and thrusting them forward, offered them furiously at the face of Glendinning, who was even himself startled at the frantic state of excitation which his action had occasioned. The next moment he withdrew them, struck his open palm against his own forehead, and rushed out of the room in a state of indescribable agitation. The whole matter had been so sudden, that no person present had time to interfere.

When Sir Piercie Shafton had left the apartment, there was a moment's pause of astonishment, and then a general demand that Halbert Glendinning should instantly explain by what means he had produced such a violent change in the deportment of the English cavalier.

"I did nought to him," answered Halbert Glendinning, "but what you all saw. Am I to answer for his fantastic freaks of humour?"

"Boy," said the Abbot, in his most authoritative manner, "these subterfuges shall not avail thee. This is not a man to be driven from his tempera-

without some sufficient cause. That cause ven by thee, and must have been known to I command thee, as thou wilt save thyself orse measure, to explain to me by what means ist moved our friend thus—We choose not that ssals shall drive our guests mad in our very e, and we remain ignorant of the means where- purpose is effected."

may it please your reverence, I did but show s token," said Halbert Glendinning, delivering e same time to the Abbot, who looked at it uch attention, and then, shaking his head, delivered it to the Sub-Prior, without speaking

er Eustace looked at the mysterious token ine attention; and then addressing Halbert in and severe voice, said, "Young man, if thou t not have us suspect thee of some strange dealing in this matter, let us instantly know thou hadst this token, and how it possesses ience on Sir Piercie Shafton?"—It would have tremely difficult for Halbert, thus hard pressed, either evaded or answered so puzzling a ques- To have avowed the truth might, in those times, ccasioned his being burnt at a stake, although, his confession would have only gained for credit of a liar beyond all rational credibility. fortunately relieved by the return of Sir Piercie n himself, whose ear caught, as he entered, the of the Sub-Prior's question.

out waiting until Halbert Glendinning replied, e forward, whispering to him as he passed, et—thou shalt have the satisfaction thou ed to seek for."

n he returned to his place, there were still of discomposure on his brow; but, becoming ntly collected and calm, he looked around him, ologized for the indecorum of which he had uilty, which he ascribed to sudden and severe sition. All were silent, and looked on each vith some surprise.

Lord Abbot gave orders for all to retire from artment, save himself, Sir Piercie Shafton, and b-Prior. "And have an eye," he added, "on old youth, that he escape not; for if he hath ed by charm, or otherwise, on the health of rshipful guest, I swear by the alb and mitre I wear, that his punishment shall be most lary."

y lord and venerable father," said Halbert, g respectfully, "fear not but that I will abide om. I think you will best learn from the wor- l knight himself, what is the cause of his dis- rature, and how slight my share in it has been." assured," said the knight, without looking up, er, while he spoke, "I will satisfy the Lord "

these words the company retired, and with young Glendinning.

en the Abbot, the Sub-Prior, and the English , were left alone, Father Eustace, contrary to stom, could not help speaking the first. "Ex- unto us, noble sir," he said, "by what mys- means the production of this simple toy could move your spirit, and overcome your patience, ou had shown yourself proof to all the provo- offered by this self-sufficient and singular ?"

knight took the silver bodkin from the good s hand, looked at it with great composure, and, g examined it all over, returned it to the Sub- saying at the same time, "In truth, venerable , I cannot but marvel that the wisdom implied n your silver hairs, and in your eminent rank, l, like a babbling hound, (excuse the similitude,) thus loudly on a false scent. I were, indeed, slight to be moved than the leaves of the aspen which wag at the least breath of heaven, could uched by such a trifle as this, which in no way rns me more than if the same quantity of silver stricken into so many groats. Truth is, that my youth upward, I have been subjected to such ady as you saw me visited with even now—a and searching pain, which goeth through nerve and bone, even as a good brand in the hands of a brave soldier sheers through limb and sinew—but it passes away speedily, as you yourselves may judge."

"Still," said the Sub-Prior, "this will not account for the youth offering to you this piece of silver, as a token by which you were to understand something, and, as we must needs conjecture, something disagreeable."

"Your reverence is to conjecture what you will," said Sir Piercie; "but I cannot pretend to lay your judgment on the right scent when I see it at fault. I hope I am not liable to be called upon to account for the foolish actions of a malapert boy?"

"Assuredly," said the Sub-Prior, "we shall prosecute no inquiry which is disagreeable to our guest. Nevertheless," said he, looking to his Superior, "this chance may, in some sort, alter the plan your lordship had formed for your worshipful guest's residence for a brief term in this tower, as a place alike of secrecy and of security; both of which, in the terms which we now stand on with England, are circumstances to be desired."

"In truth," said the Abbot, "and the doubt is well thought on, were it as well removed; for I scarce know in the Halidome so fitting a place of refuge, yet see I not how to recommend it to our worshipful guest, considering the unrestrained petulance of this headstrong youth."

"Tush! reverend sirs,—what would you make of me?" said Sir Piercie Shafton. "I protest, by mine honour, I would abide in this house were I to choose. What! I take no exceptions at the youth for showing a flash of spirit, though the spark may light on mine own head. I honour the lad for it. I protest I will abide here, and he shall aid me in striking down a deer. I must needs be friends with him, an he be such a shot; and we will speedily send down to my Lord Abbot a buck of the first head, killed so artificially as shall satisfy even the reverend Kitchener."

This was said with such apparent ease and good-humour, that the Abbot made no farther observation on what had passed, but proceeded to acquaint his guest with the details of furniture, hangings, provisions, and so forth, which he proposed to send up to the Tower of Glendearg for his accommodation. This discourse, seasoned with a cup or two of wine, served to prolong the time until the reverend Abbot ordered his cavalcade to prepare for their return to the Monastery.

"As we have," he said, "in the course of this our toilsome journey, lost our meridian,* indulgence shall be given to those of our attendants who shall, from very weariness, be unable to attend the duty at prime,† and this by way of misericord or *indulgentia*."‡

Having benevolently intimated a boon to his faithful followers, which he probably judged would be far from unacceptable, the good Abbot, seeing all ready for his journey, bestowed his blessing on the assembled household—gave his hand to be kissed by Dame Glendinning—himself kissed the cheek of Mary Avenel, and even of the Miller's maiden, when they approached to render him the same homage—commanded Halbert to rule his temper, and to be aiding and obedient in all things to the English knight—admonished Edward to be *discipulus impiger atque strenuus*—then took a courteous farewell of Sir Piercie Shafton, advising him to lie close, for fear of the English borderers, who might be employed to kidnap him; and having discharged these various offices of courtesy, moved forth to the court-yard, followed by the whole establishment. Here, with a heavy sigh approaching to a groan, the venerable father heaved himself upon his palfrey, whose dark purple housings swept the ground; and, greatly comforted that the discretion of the animal's pace would be no longer

* The hour of repose at noon, which, in the middle ages, was employed in slumber, and which the monastic rules of nocturnal vigils rendered necessary.

† *Prime* was the midnight service of the monks.

‡ *Misericord*, according to the learned work of Fosbrooke on British Monachism, meant not only an indulgence, or exoneration from particular duties, but also a particular apartment in a convent, where the monks assembled to enjoy such indulgences or allowances as were granted beyond the rule.

disturbed by the gambadoes of Sir Piercie and his prancing warhorse, he set forth at a sober and steady trot upon his return to the Monastery.

When the Sub-Prior had mounted to accompany his principal, his eye sought out Halbert, who, partly hidden by a projection of the outward wall of the court, stood apart from, and gazing upon the departing cavalcade, and the group which assembled around them. Unsatisfied with the explanation he had received concerning the mysterious transaction of the silver bodkin, yet interesting himself in the youth, of whose character he had formed a favourable idea, the worthy monk resolved to take an early opportunity of investigating that matter. In the meanwhile, he looked upon Halbert with a serious and warning aspect, and held up his finger to him as he signed farewell. He then joined the rest of the churchmen, and followed his Superior down the valley.

CHAPTER XX.

> I hope you'll give me cause to think you noble,
> And do me right with your sword, sir, as becomes
> One gentleman of honour to another;
> All this is fair, sir—let us make no days on't,
> I'll lead your way.
> *Love's Pilgrimage.*

THE look and sign of warning which the Sub-Prior gave to Halbert Glendinning as they parted, went to his heart; for, although he had profited much less than Edward by the good man's instructions, he had a sincere reverence for his person; and even the short time he had for deliberation, tended to show him he was embarked in a perilous adventure. The nature of the provocation which he had given to Sir Piercie Shafton he could not even conjecture; but he saw that it was of a mortal quality, and he was now to abide the consequences.

That he might not force these consequences forward by any premature renewal of their quarrel, he resolved to walk apart for an hour, and consider on what terms he was to meet this haughty foreigner. The time seemed propitious for his doing so without having the appearance of wilfully shunning the stranger, as all the members of the little household were dispersing, either to perform such tasks as had been interrupted by the arrival of the dignitaries, or to put in order what had been deranged by their visit.

Leaving the tower, therefore, and descending, unobserved as he thought, the knoll on which it stood, Halbert gained the little piece of level ground which extended betwixt the descent of the hill, and the first sweep made by the brook after washing the foot of the eminence on which the tower was situated, where a few straggling birch and oak-trees served to secure him from observation. But scarcely had he reached the spot, when he was surprised to feel a smart tap upon the shoulder, and, turning around, he perceived he had been closely followed by Sir Piercie Shafton.

When, whether from our state of animal spirits, want of confidence in the justice of our cause, or any other motive, our own courage happens to be in a wavering condition, nothing tends so much altogether to disconcert us, as a great appearance of promptitude on the part of our antagonist. Halbert Glendinning, both morally and constitutionally intrepid, was nevertheless somewhat troubled at seeing the stranger whose resentment he had provoked, appear at once before him, and with an aspect which boded hostility. But though his heart might beat somewhat thicker, he was too high spirited to exhibit any external signs of emotion—"What is your pleasure, Sir Piercie?" he said to the English knight, enduring, without apparent discomposure, all the terrors which his antagonist had summoned into his aspect.

"What is my pleasure?" answered Sir Piercie; "a goodly question, after the part you have acted towards me!—Young man, I know not what infatuation has led thee to place thyself in direct and insolent opposition to one who is a guest of thy liege-lord the Abbot, and who, even from the courtesy due to thy mother's roof, had a right to remain there without meeting insult. Neither do I ask, or care, by what means thou hast become possessed of the fatal secret by which thou hast dared to offer me open shame. But I must now tell thee, that the possession of it hath cost thee thy life."

"Not, I trust, if my hand and sword can defend it," replied Halbert, boldly.

"True," said the Englishman; "I mean not to deprive thee of thy fair chance of self-defence. I am only sorry to think, that, young and country-bred as thou art, it can but little avail thee. But thou must be well aware, that in this quarrel I shall use no terms of quarter."

"Rely on it, proud man," answered the youth, "that I shall ask none; and although thou speakest as if I lay already at thy feet, trust me, that as I am determined never to ask thy mercy, so I am not fearful of needing it."

"Thou wilt, then," said the knight, "do nothing to avert the certain fate which thou hast provoked with such wantonness?"

"And how were that to be purchased?" replied Halbert Glendinning, more with the wish of obtaining some farther insight into the terms on which he stood with this stranger, than to make him the submission he might require.

"Explain to me instantly," said Sir Piercie, "without equivocation or delay, by what means thou wert enabled to wound my honour so deeply—and shouldst thou point out to me by so doing an enemy more worthy of my resentment, I will permit thine own obscure insignificance to draw a veil over thine insolence."

"This is too high a flight," said Glendinning, fiercely, "for thine own presumption to soar without being checked. Thou hast come to my father's house, as well as I can guess, a fugitive and an exile, and thy first greeting to its inhabitants has been that of contempt and injury. By what means I have been able to retort that contempt, let thine own conscience tell thee. Enough for me that I stand on the privilege of a free Scotchman, and will brook no insult unreturned, and no injury unrequited."

"It is well, then," said Sir Piercie Shafton; "we will dispute this matter to-morrow morning with our swords. Let the time be daybreak, and do thou assign the place. We will go forth as if to strike a deer."

"Content," replied Halbert Glendinning; "I will guide thee to a spot where an hundred men might fight and fall without any chance of interruption."

"It is well," answered Sir Piercie Shafton. "Here then we part.—Many will say, that in thus indulging the right of a gentleman to the son of a clod-breaking peasant, I derogate from my sphere, even as the blessed sun would derogate, should he condescend to compare and match his golden beams with the twinkle of a pale, blinking, expiring, grossfed taper. But no consideration of rank shall prevent my avenging the insult thou hast offered me. We bear a smooth face, observe me, Sir Villagio, before the worshipful inmates of yonder cabin, and to-morrow we try conclusions with our swords." So saying, he turned away towards the tower.

It may not be unworthy of notice, that in the last speech only, had Sir Piercie used some of those flowers of rhetoric which characterized the usual style of his conversation. Apparently, a sense of wounded honour, and the deep desire of vindicating his injured feelings, had proved too strong for the fantastic affectation of his acquired habits. Indeed, such is usually the influence of energy of mind, when called forth and exerted, that Sir Piercie Shafton had never appeared in the eyes of his youthful antagonist half so much deserving of esteem and respect as in this brief dialogue, by which they exchanged mutual defiance. As he followed him slowly to the tower, he could not help thinking to himself, that, had the English knight always displayed this superior tone of bearing and feeling, he would not probably have felt so earnestly disposed to take offence at his hand. Mortal offence, however, had been exchanged, and the matter was to be put to mortal arbitrement.

The family met at the evening meal, when Sir Piercie Shafton extended the benignity of his countenance

f his conversation far more generally ıan he had hitherto condescended to part of his attention was, of course, his divine and inimitable Discretion, rın Mary Avenel; but, nevertheless, ctional flourishes to the Maid of the title of Comely Damsel, and to the t of Worthy Matron. Nay, lest he ste their admiration by the graces of generously, and without solicitation, s voice: and after regretting bitterly his viol-de-gamba, he regaled them ıich," said he, "the inimitable Astrotals call Philip Sidney, composed in ı muse, to show the world what they ı his riper years, and which will one n that not to-be-paralleled perfection hich he has addressed to his sister, rtrenope, whom men call Countessworks," he continued, "whereof his ermitted me, though unworthy, to l partaker, and whereof I may well p afflictive tale which awakeneth o relieved with brilliant similitudes, ns, pleasant poems, and engaging ıey seem as the stars of the firmag the dusky robe of night. And ıl how much the lovely and quaint fer by my widowed voice, widowed ger matched by my beloved viol-deay to give you a taste of the ravish- the poesy of the un-to-be-imitated

ung without mercy or remorse about es, of which the two first and the fice for a specimen—

gue can her perfections tell,
each part all pens may dwell.
* * * *
ugh praise and praiseful bliss,
heaven, Heaven paper is;
mortal fame doth send,
so I must end."

Shafton always sung with his eyes not until, agreeably to the promise ad fairly made an end, that, looking red that the greater part of his au- meanwhile, yielded to the charms Avenel, indeed, from a natural sense contrived to keep awake through of the divine Astrophel; but Mysie in dreams back to the dusty atmosr's mill; Edward himself, who had ı for some time, had at length fallen he good dame's nose, could its tones her regulation, might have supplied amented viol-de-gamba. Halbert, d no temptation to give way to the er, remained awake, with his eyes ster; not that he was better enterwords, or more ravished with the ıe rest of the company, but rather d, or perhaps envied, the composure, spend the evening in interminable the next morning was to be devoted

Yet it struck his natural acuteness at the eye of the gallant cavalier did tively as it were, seek a glance of ıs if to discover how he was taking his antagonist's composure and

othing in my countenance, thought that can make him think my indifais own.

n the shelf a bag full of miscellaected for the purpose, he began with dress hooks, and had finished halfwe are enabled, for the benefit of the antiquities of the gentle art of ıat they were brown hackles) by the cie had arrived at the conclusion of strophes of the divine Astrophel. tified a magnanimous contempt of rrow should bring forth.

As it now waxed late, the family of Glendearg separated for the evening; Sir Piercie first saying to the dame that "her son Albert"——

"Halbert," said Elspeth, with emphasis, "Halbert; after his goodsire, Halbert Brydone."

"Well, then, I have prayed your son, Halbert, that we may strive to-morrow, with the sun's earliness, to wake a stag from his lair, that I may see whether he be as prompt at that sport as fame bespeaks him."

"Alas! sir," answered Dame Elspeth, "he is but too prompt, an you talk of promptitude, at any thing that has steel at one end of it, and mischief at the other. But he is at your honourable disposal, and I trust you will teach him how obedience is due to our venerable father and lord, the Abbot, and prevail with him to take the bow-bearer's place in fee; for, as the two worth monks said, it will be a great help to a widow woman."

"Trust me, good dame," replied Sir Piercie, "it is my purpose so to indoctrinate him, touching his conduct and bearing towards his betters, that he shall not lightly depart from the reverence due to them.—We meet, then, beneath the birch-trees in the plain," he said, looking to Halbert, "so soon as the eye of day hath opened its lids."—Halbert answered with a sign of acquiescence, and the knight proceeded. "And now, having wished to my fairest Discre[illegible] pleasant dreams which wave their pinions [illegible] couch of sleeping beauty, and to this cor[illegible] the bounties of Morpheus, and to all oth[illegible] mon good-night, I will crave you leave to [illegible]t to my place of rest, though I may say with the poet,

'Ah rest!—no rest but change of place and posture;
Ah sleep!—no sleep but worn-out Nature's swooning;
Ah bed!—no bed but cushion fill'd with stones:
Rest, sleep, nor bed, await not on an exile.'"

With a delicate obeisance he left the room, evading Dame Glendinning, who hastened to assure him he would find his accommodations for repose much more agreeable than they had been the night before, there having been store of warm coverlets, and a soft feather-bed, sent up from the Abbey. But the good knight probably thought that the grace and effect of his exit would be diminished, if he were recalled from his heroics to discuss such sublunary and domestic topics, and therefore hastened away without waiting to hear her out.

"A pleasant gentleman," said Dame Glendinning; "but I will warrant him an humorous*—And sings a sweet song, though it is somewhat of the longest.—Well, I make mine avow he is goodly company—I wonder when he will go away."

Having thus expressed her respect for her guest, not without intimation that she was heartily tired of his company, the good dame gave the signal for the family to disperse, and laid her injunctions on Halbert to attend Sir Piercie Shafton at daybreak, as he required.

When stretched on his pallet by his brother's side, Halbert had no small cause to envy the sound sleep which instantly settled on the eyes of Edward, but refused him any share of its influence. He saw now too well what the Spirit had darkly indicated, that, in granting the boon which he had asked so unadvisedly, she had contributed more to his harm than his good. He was now sensible, too late, of the various dangers and inconveniences with which his dearest friends were threatened, alike by his discomfiture or his success in the approaching duel. If he fell, he might say personally, "good-night all." But it was not the less certain that he should leave a dreadful legacy of distress and embarrassment to his mother and family,—an anticipation which by no means tended to render the front of death, in itself a grisly object, more agreeable to his imagination. The vengeance of the Abbot, his conscience told him, was sure to descend on his mother and brother, or could only be averted by the generosity of the victor—And Mary Avenel—he should have shown himself, if he succumbed in the present combat, as inefficient in protecting her, as he had been unnecessarily active in bringing disaster on

* *Humorous*—full of whims. Thus Shakspeare, "Humorous as winter."—The vulgar word *humorsome* comes nearest to the meaning.

ner, and on the house in which she had been protected from infancy. And to this view of the case were to be added all those embittered and anxious feelings with which the bravest men, even in a better or less doubtful quarrel, regard the issue of a dubious conflict, the first time when it has been their fate to engage in an affair of that nature.

But however disconsolate the prospect seemed in the event of his being conquered, Halbert could expect from victory little more than the safety of his own life, and the gratification of his wounded pride. To his friends—to his mother and brother—especially to Mary Avenel—the consequences of his triumph would be more certain destruction than the contingency of his defeat and death. If the English knight survived, he might in courtesy extend his protection to them; but if he fell, nothing was likely to screen them from the vindictive measures which the Abbot and convent would surely adopt against the violation of the peace of the Halidome, and the slaughter of a protected guest by one of their own vassals, within whose house they had lodged him for shelter. These thoughts, in which neither view of the case augured aught short of ruin to his family, and that ruin entirely brought on by his own rashness, were thorns in [illegible] Glendinning's pillow, that deprived his [illegible], and his eyes of slumber.

[illegible]eared no middle course, saving one which [illegible]d by degradation, and which, even if he [illegible] to it, was by no means free of danger. He might indeed confess to the English knight the strange circumstances which led to his presenting him with that token which the White Lady (in her displeasure as it now seemed) had given him, that he might offer it to Sir Piercie Shafton. But to this avowal his pride could not stoop, and reason, who is wonderfully ready to be of counsel with pride on such occasions, offered many arguments to show it would be useless as well as mean so far to degrade himself. "If I tell a tale so wonderful," thought he, "shall I not either be stigmatized as a liar, or punished as a wizard?—Were Sir Piercie Shafton generous, noble, and benevolent, as the champions of whom we hear in romance, I might indeed gain his ear, and, without demeaning myself, escape from the situation in which I am placed. But as he is, or at least seems to be, self-conceited, arrogant, vain, and presumptuous—I should but humble myself in vain—and I will not humble myself!" he said, starting out of bed, grasping to his broadsword, and brandishing it in the light of the moon, which streamed through the deep niche that served them as a window; when, to his extreme surprise and terror, an airy form stood in the moonlight, but intercepted not the reflection on the floor. Dimly as it was expressed, the sound of the voice soon made him sensible he saw the White Lady.

At no time had her presence seemed so terrific to him; for when he had invoked her, it was with the expectation of the apparition, and the determination to abide the issue. But now she had come uncalled, and her presence impressed him with a sense of approaching misfortune, and with the hideous apprehension that he had associated himself with a demon, over whose motions he had no control, and of whose powers and quality he had no certain knowledge. He remained, therefore, in mere terror, gazing on the apparition, which chanted or recited in cadence the following lines—

"He whose heart for vengeance sued,
Must not shrink from shedding blood:
The knot that thou hast tied with word,
Thou must loose by edge of sword."

"Avaunt thee, false Spirit!" said Halbert Glendinning; "I have bought thy advice too dearly already—Begone, in the name of God!"

The Spirit laughed; and the cold unnatural sound of her laughter had something in it more fearful than the usual melancholy tones of her voice. She then replied,—

"You have summon'd me once—you have summon'd me twice,
And without e'er a summons I come to you thrice;
Unask'd for, unsued for, you came to my glen;
Unsued and unask'd, I am with you again."

Halbert Glendinning gave way for a moment to terror, and called on his brother, "Edward! waken, waken, for our Lady's sake!"

Edward awaked accordingly, and asked what he wanted.

"Look out," said Halbert, "look up! seest thou no one in the room?"

"No, upon my good word," said Edward, looking out.

"What! seest thou nothing in the moonshine upon the floor there?"

"No, nothing," answered Edward, "save thyself, resting on thy naked sword. I tell thee, Halbert, thou shouldst trust more to thy spiritual arms, and less to those of steel and iron. For this many a night hast thou started and moaned, and cried out of fighting, and of spectres, and of goblins—thy sleep hath not refreshed thee—thy waking hath been a dream.—Credit me, dear Halbert, say the *Pater* and *Credo*, resign thyself to the protection of God, and thou wilt sleep sound and wake in comfort."

"It may be," said Halbert slowly, and having his eye still bent on the female form which to him seemed distinctly visible,—"it may be—But tell me, dear Edward, seest thou no one on the chamber floor but me?"

"No one," answered Edward, raising himself on his elbow; "dear brother, lay aside thy weapon, say thy prayers, and lay thee down to rest."

While he thus spoke, the spirit smiled at Halbert as if in scorn; her wan cheek faded in the wan moonlight even before the smile had passed away, and Halbert himself no longer beheld the vision to which he had so anxiously solicited his brother's attention. "May God preserve my wits!" he said, as, laying aside his weapon, he again threw himself on his bed.

"Amen! my dearest brother," answered Edward; "but we must not provoke that heaven in our wantonness which we invoke in our misery.—Be not angry with me, my dear brother—I know not why you have totally of late estranged yourself from me—It is true, I am neither so athletic in body, nor so alert in courage, as you have been from your infancy; yet, till lately, you have not absolutely cast off my society—Believe me, I have wept in secret, though I forbore to intrude myself on your privacy. The time has been when you held me not so cheap; and when, if I could not follow the game so closely, or mark it so truly as you, I could fill up our intervals of pastime with pleasant tales of the olden times, which I had read or heard, and which excited even your attention as we sate and ate our provision by some pleasant spring—but now I have, though I know not why, lost thy regard and affection.—Nay, toss not thy arms about thee thus wildly," said the younger brother; "from thy strange dreams, I fear some touch of fever hath affected thy blood—let me draw closer around thee thy mantle."

"Forbear," said Halbert—"your care is needless—your complaints are without reason—your fears on my account are in vain."

"Nay, but hear me, brother," said Edward. "Your speech in sleep, and now even your waking dreams, are of beings which belong not to this world, or to our race—Our good Father Eustace says, that howbeit we may not do well to receive all idle tales of goblins and spectres, yet there is warrant from holy Scripture to believe, that the fiends haunt waste and solitary places; and that those who frequent such wildernesses alone, are the prey, or the sport, of these wandering demons. And therefore, I pray thee, brother, let me go with you when you go next up the glen, where, as you well know, there be places of evil reputation.—Thou carest not for my escort; but, Halbert, such dangers are more safely encountered by the wise in judgment, than by the bold in bosom; and though I have small cause to boast of my own wisdom, yet I have that which ariseth from the written knowledge of elder times."

There was a moment during this discourse, when Halbert had wellnigh come to the resolution of disburdening his own breast, by intrusting Edward with all that weighed upon it. But when his brother reminded him that this was the morning of a high holiday, and that, setting aside all other [illegible]

e ought to go to the Monastery and shrive
fore Father Eustace, who would that day
: confessional, pride stepped in and con-
wavering resolution. "I will not avow,"
, "a tale so extraordinary, that I may be
as an impostor or something worse--I
from this Englishman, whose arm and
be no better than my own. My fathers
his betters, were he as much distinguished
he is by his quaint discourse."
nich has been said to save man, and wo-
om falling, has yet a stronger influence on
vhen it embraces the cause of passion,
n fails to render it victorious over con-
reason. Halbert once determined, though
etter course, at length slept soundly, and
wakened by the dawn of day.

CHAPTER XXI.

ent, but indifferent—pshaw, he doth it not
e who is his craft's master—ne'ertheless
een a clown confer a bloody coxcomb
who was a master of defence · *Old Play.*

e first gray peep of dawn, Halbert Glen-
ose and hastened to dress himself, girded
pon, and took a crossbow in his hand, as
sport had been his sole object. He groped
wn the dark and winding staircase, and
as little noise as possible, the fastenings
r door, and of the exterior iron grate. At
tood free in the court-yard, and looking up
r, saw a signal made with a handkerchief
indow. Nothing doubting that it was his
he paused, expecting him. But it was
el, who glided like a spirit from under the
gged portal.
vas much surprised, and felt, he knew not
ne caught in the act of a meditated tres-
presence of Mary Avenel had till that
ver given him pain. She spoke, too, in a
sorrow seemed to mingle with reproach,
sked him with emphasis, "What he was
?"
ed his crossbow, and was about to express
he had meditated, when Mary interrupted

Halbert—that evasion were unworthy of
word has hitherto been truth. You medi-
e destruction of the deer—your hand and
are aimed at other game—you seek to do
this stranger."
ere fore should I quarrel with our guest?"
Halbert, blushing deeply.
are, indeed, many reasons why you should
d the maiden, "nor is there one of avail
you should yet, nevertheless, such a quar-
now searching after."
ould you suppose so, Mary?" said Halbert,
ng to hide his conscious purpose,-"he is
's guest—he is protected by the Abbot and
nity, who are our masters—he is of high
.--and wherefore should you think that I
, resent a hasty word, which he has per-
own out against me more from the wan-
his wit, than the purpose of his heart?"
answered the maiden, "the very asking
on puts your resolution beyond a doubt.
childhood you were ever daring, seeking
er than avoiding it—delighting in what-
e air of adventure and of courage: and it
fear that you will now blench from your
let it then be from pity! from pity,
your aged mother, whom your death or
alike deprive of the comfort and stay of
ruin himself, and tear up their future hopes of happi-
ness and protection."

Halbert's heart swelled as he replied to this re-
proach, "Well—what avails it speaking?—you have
him that is better than me—wiser, more considerate
—braver, for aught that I know—you are provided
with a protector, and need care no more for me."

Again he turned to depart, but Mary Avenel laid
her hand on his arm so gently that he scarce felt her
hold, yet felt that it was impossible for him to strike
it off. There he stood, one foot advanced to leave
the court-yard, but so little determined on departure,
that he resembled a traveller arrested by the spell o
a magician, and unable either to quit the attitude of
motion, or to proceed on his course.

Mary Avenel availed herself of his state of sus-
pense. "Hear me," she said, "hear me, Halbert!—
I am an orphan, and even Heaven hears the orphan—I
have been the companion of your infancy, and if *you*
will not hear me for an instant, from whom may
Mary Avenel claim so poor a boon?"

"I hear you," said Halbert Glendinning, "but be
brief, dear Mary you mistake the nature of my busi-
ness—it is but a morning of summer sport which we
propose."

"Say not thus," said the maiden, interrupting
him, "say not thus to me—others thou mayest de-
ceive, but me thou canst not—There has been that
in me from the earliest youth, which fraud flies from,
and which imposture cannot deceive. For thy fate
has given me such a power I know not; but bred an
ignorant maiden in this sequestered valley, mine
eyes can too often see what man would most willingly
hide—I can judge of the dark purpose, though it is
hid under the smiling brow, and a glance of the eye
says more to me than oaths and protestations do to
others."

"Then," said Halbert, "if thou canst so read the
human heart,—say, dear Mary—what dost thou see
in mine?—tell me that—say that what thou seest—
what thou readest in this bosom, does not offend thee
—say but *that*, and thou shalt be the guide of my
actions, and mould me now and henceforward to
honour or to dishonour at thy own free will!"

Mary Avenel became first red, and then deadly
pale, as Halbert Glendinning spoke. But when, turn-
ing round at the close of his address, he took her
hand, she gently withdrew it, and replied, "I cannot
read the heart, Halbert, and I would not of my will
know aught of yours, save what beseems us both—I
only can judge of signs, words, and actions of little
outward import, more truly than those around me, as
my eyes, thou knowest, have seen objects not pre-
sented to those of others."

"Let them gaze then on one whom they shall never
see more," said Halbert, once more turning from her,
and rushing out of the court-yard without again look-
ing back.

Mary Avenel gave a faint scream, and clasped both
her hands firmly on her forehead and eyes. She had
been a minute in this attitude, when she was thus
greeted by a voice from behind: "Generously done,
my most clement Discretion, to hide those brilliant
eyes from the far inferior beams which even now
begin to gild the eastern horizon—Certes, peril there
were that Phœbus, outshone in splendour, might in
very shamefacedness turn back his car, and rather
leave the world in darkness, than incur the disgrace
of such an encounter—Credit me, lovely Discretion"--

But as Sir Piercie Shafton (the reader will readily
set down these flowers of eloquence to the proper
owner) attempted to take Mary Avenel's hand, in
order to proceed in his speech, she shook him abruptly
off, and regarding him with an eye which evinced
terror and agitation, rushed past him into the tower.

The knight stood looking after her with a counte-
nance in which contempt was strongly mingled with
mortification. "By my knighthood!" he ejaculated,
"I have thrown away upon this rude rustic Phidelé
a speech, which the proudest beauty at the court of
Felicia (so let me call the Elysium from which I am
banished!) might have termed the very matins of
Cupid. Hard and inexorable was the fate that sent
thee thither, Piercie Shafton, to waste thy wit upon

s my brother Edward," said Halbert, turn-
ly from her.
s indeed," said Mary Avenel, "the calm,
ninded, the considerate Edward, who has
e, Halbert, without thy fiery rashness,—
is spirit, with more of reason to guide it.
ot have heard his mother, would not have
lopted sister, beseech him in vain not to

country wenches, and thy valour upon hobnailed clowns! But that insult—that affront—had it been offered to me by the lowest plebeian, he must have died for it by my hand, in respect the enormity of the offence doth countervail the inequality of him by whom it was given. I trust I shall find this clownish roisterer not less willing to deal in blows than in taunts."

While he held this conversation with himself, Sir Piercie Shafton was hastening to the little tuft of birch-trees which had been assigned as the place of meeting. He greeted his antagonist with a courtly salutation, followed by this commentary: "I pray you to observe, that I doff my hat to you, though so much my inferior in rank, without derogation on my part, inasmuch as my having so far honoured you in receiving and admitting your defiance, doth, in the judgment of the best martialists, in some sort and for the time, raise you to a level with me—an honour which you may and ought to account cheaply purchased, even with the loss of your life, if such should chance to be the issue of this duello."

"For which condescension," said Halbert, "I have to thank the token which I presented to you."

The knight changed colour, and grinded his teeth with rage.—"Draw your weapon!" said he to Glendinning.

"Not in this spot," answered the youth; "we [illegible] be liable to interruption--Follow me, and I will [illegible] you to a place where we shall encounter no such risk."

He proceeded to walk up the glen, resolving that their place of combat should be in the entrance of the Corri-nan-shian; both because the spot, lying under the reputation of being haunted, was very little frequented, and also because he regarded it as a place which to him might be termed fated, and which he therefore resolved should witness his death or victory.

They walked up the glen for some time in silence, like honourable enemies who did not wish to contend with words, and who had nothing friendly to exchange with each other. Silence, however, was always an irksome state with Sir Piercie, and, moreover, his anger was usually a hasty and short-lived passion. As, therefore, he went forth, in his own idea, in all love and honour towards his antagonist, he saw not any cause for submitting longer to the painful restraint of positive silence. He began by complimenting Halbert on the alert activity with which he surmounted the obstacles and impediments of the way.

"Trust me," said he, "worthy rustic, we have not a lighter or a firmer step in our courtlike revels, and if duly set forth by a silk hose, and trained unto that stately exercise, your leg would make an indifferent good show in a pavin or a galliard. And I doubt nothing," he added, "that you have availed yourself of some opportunity to improve yourself in the art of fence, which is more akin than dancing to our present purpose?"

"I know nothing more of fencing," said Halbert, "than hath been taught me by an old shepherd of ours, called Martin, and at whiles a lesson from Christie of the Clinthill—for the rest, I must trust to good sword, strong arm, and sound heart."

"Marry and I am glad of it, young Audacity, (I will call you my Audacity, and you may call me your Condescension, while we are on these terms of unnatural equality,) I am glad of your ignorance with all my heart. For we martialists proportion the punishments which we inflict upon our opposites, to the length and hazard of the efforts wherewith they oppose themselves to us. And I see not why you, being but a tyro, may not be held sufficiently punished for your outrecuidance and orgillous presumption, by the loss of an ear, an eye, or even of a finger, accompanied by some flesh-wound of depth and severity, suited to your error—whereas, had you been able to stand more effectually on your defence, I see not how less than your life could have atoned sufficiently for your presumption."

"Now, by God and Our Lady," said Halbert, unable any longer to restrain himself, "thou art thyself over presumptuous, who speakest thus daringly of the issue of a combat which is not yet even begun—Are you a god, that you already dispose of my life and limbs? or are you a judge in the justice-air, telling, at your ease and without risk, how the head and quarters of a condemned criminal are to be disposed of?"

"Not so, O thou, whom I have well permitted to call thyself my Audacity! I, thy Condescension, am neither a god to judge the issue of the combat before it is fought, nor a judge to dispose at my ease and in safety of the limbs and head of a condemned criminal; but I am an indifferent good master of fence, being the first pupil of the first master of the first school of fence that our royal England affords, the said master being no other than the truly noble, and all-unutterably-skilful Vincentio Saviola, from whom I learned the firm step, quick eye, and nimble hand—of which qualities thou, O my most rustical Audacity, art full like to reap the fruits, so soon as we shall find a piece of ground fitting for such experiments."

They had now reached the gorge of the ravine where Halbert had at first intended to stop; but when he observed the narrowness of the level ground, he began to consider that it was only by superior agility that he could expect to make up his deficiency in the science, as it was called, of defence. He found no spot which afforded sufficient room to traverse for this purpose, until he gained the well-known fountain, by whose margin, and in front of the huge rock from which it sprung, was an amphitheatre of level turf, of small space indeed, compared with the great height of the cliffs with which it was surrounded on every point save that from which the rivulet issued forth, yet large enough for their present purpose.

When they had reached this spot of ground, fitted well by its gloom and sequestered situation to be a scene of mortal strife, both were surprised to observe that a grave was dug close by the foot of the rock with great neatness and regularity, the green turf being laid down upon the one side, and the earth thrown out in a heap upon the other. A mattock and shovel lay by the verge of the grave.

Sir Piercie Shafton bent his eye with unusual seriousness upon Halbert Glendinning, as he asked him sternly, "Does this bode treason, young man? And have you purpose to set upon me here as in an emboscata or place of vantage?"

"Not on my part, by Heaven!" answered the youth; "I told no one of our purpose, nor would I for the throne of Scotland take odds against a single arm."

"I believe thou wouldst not, mine Audacity," said the knight, resuming the affected manner which was become a second nature to him; "nevertheless this fosse is curiously well shaped, and might be the masterpiece of Nature's last bed-maker, I would say the sexton—Wherefore, let us be thankful to chance, or some unknown friend, who hath thus provided for one of us the decencies of sepulture, and let us proceed to determine which shall have the advantage of enjoying this place of undisturbed slumber."

So saying, he stripped off his doublet and cloak, which he folded up with great care, and deposited upon a large stone, while Halbert Glendinning, not without some emotion, followed his example. Their vicinity to the favourite haunt of the White Lady led him to form conjectures concerning the incident of the grave—"It must have been her work!" he thought: "the Spirit foresaw and has provided for the fatal event of the combat—I must return from this place a homicide, or I must remain here for ever!"

The bridge seemed now broken down behind him, and the chance of coming off honourably without killing or being killed, (the hope of which issue has cheered the sinking heart of many a duellist,) seemed now to be altogether removed. Yet the very desperation of his situation gave him, on an instant's reflection, both firmness and courage, and presented to him one sole alternative, namely, conquest or death.

"As we are here," said Sir Piercie Shafton, "unaccompanied by any patrons or seconds, it were well you should pass your hands over my side, as I shall over yours; not that I suspect you to use any quaint

device of privy armour, but in order to comply with the ancient and laudable custom practised on all such occasions."

While, complying with his antagonist's humour, Halbert Glendinning went through this ceremony, Sir Piercie Shafton did not fail to solicit his attention to the quality and fineness of his wrought and embroidered shirt—"In this very shirt," said he, "O mine Audacity,—I say in this very garment, in which I am now to combat a Scottish rustic like thyself, it was my envied lot to lead the winning party at that wondrous match at ballon, made betwixt the divine Astrophel, (our matchless Sidney,) and the right honourable my very good lord of Oxford. All the beauties of Felicia (by which name I distinguish our beloved England) stood in the gallery, waving their kerchiefs at each turn of the game, and cheering the winners by their plaudits. After which noble sport we were refreshed by a suitable banquet, whereat it pleased the noble Urania (being the unmatched Countess of Pembroke) to accommodate me with her own fan for the cooling my somewhat too much inflamed visage, to requite which courtesy, I said, casting my features into a smiling yet melancholy fashion, O divinest Urania! receive again that too fatal gift, which not like the Zephyr cooleth, but like the hot breath of the Sirocco heateth yet more, that which is already inflamed. Whereupon, looking upon me somewhat scornfully, yet not so but what the experienced courtier might perceive a certain cast of approbative affection"——

Here the knight was interrupted by Halbert, who had waited with courteous patience for some little time, till he found, that far from drawing to a close, Sir Piercie seemed rather inclined to wax prolix in his reminiscences.

"Sir Knight," said the youth, "if this matter be not very much to the purpose, we will, if you object not, proceed to that which we have in hand. You should have abidden in England had you desired to waste time in words, for here we spend it in blows."

"I crave your pardon, most rusticated Audacity," answered Sir Piercie; "truly I become oblivious of every thing beside, when the recollections of the divine court of Felicia press upon my weakened memory, even as a saint is dazzled when he bethinks him of the beatific vision. Ah, felicitous Feliciana! delicate nurse of the fair, chosen abode of the wise, the birth-place and cradle of nobility, the temple of courtesy, the fane of sprightly chivalry—Ah, heavenly court, or rather courtly heaven! cheered with dances, lulled asleep with harmony, wakened with sprightly sports and tourneys, decored with silks and tissues, glittering with diamonds and jewels, standing on end with double-piled velvets, satins, and satinettas!"

"The token, Sir Knight, the token!" exclaimed Halbert Glendinning, who, impatient of Sir Piercie's interminable oratory, reminded him of the ground of their quarrel, as the best way to compel him to the purpose of their meeting.

And he judged right; for Sir Piercie Shafton no sooner heard him speak, than he exclaimed, "Thy death-hour has struck—betake thee to thy sword—Via!"

Both swords were unsheathed, and the combatants commenced their engagement. Halbert became immediately aware, that, as he had expected, he was far inferior to his adversary in the use of his weapon. Sir Piercie Shafton had taken no more than his own share of real merit, when he termed himself an absolutely good fencer; and Glendinning soon found that he should have great difficulty in escaping with life and honour from such a master of the sword. The English knight was master of all the mystery of the *stoccata, imbroccata, punto-reverso, incartata*, and so forth, which the Italian masters of defence had lately introduced into general practice. But Glendinning, on his part, was no novice in the principles of the art, according to the old Scottish fashion, *and possessed the* first of all qualities, *a steady and collected mind*. At first, being desirous to try the skill, and become acquainted with the play of his enemy, he stood on his defence, keeping his foot, hand, eye, and body, in perfect unison, and holding his sword short, and with the point towards his antagonist's face, so that Sir Piercie, in order to assail him, was obliged to make actual passes, and could not avail himself of his skill in making feints; while, on the other hand, Halbert was prompt to parry these attacks, either by shifting his ground, or with the sword. The consequence was, that after two or three sharp attempts on the part of Sir Piercie, which were evaded or disconcerted by the address of his opponent, he began to assume the defensive in his turn, fearful of giving some advantage by being repeatedly the assailant. But Halbert was too cautious to press on a swordsman whose dexterity had already more than once placed him within a hair's-breadth of death, which he had only escaped by uncommon watchfulness and agility.

When each had made a feint or two, there was a pause in the conflict, both as if by one assent dropping their swords' point, and looking on each other for a moment without speaking. At length Halbert Glendinning, who felt perhaps more uneasy on account of his family than he had done before he had displayed his own courage, and proved the strength of his antagonist, could not help saying, "Is the subject of our quarrel, Sir Knight, so mortal, that one of our two bodies must needs fill up that grave?—or may we with honour, having proved ourselves against each other, sheathe our swords and depart friends?"

"Valiant and most rustical Audacity," said the Southron knight, "to no man on earth could you have put a question on the code of honour, who was more capable of rendering you a reason. Let us pause for the space of one venue, until I give you my opinion on this dependence;* for certain it is, that brave men should not run upon their fate like brute and furious wild beasts, but should slay each other deliberately, decently, and with reason. Therefore, if we coolly examine the state of our dependence, we may the better apprehend whether the sisters three have doomed one of us to expiate the same with his blood—Dost thou understand me?"

"I have heard Father Eustace," said Halbert, after a moment's recollection, "speak of the three furies, with their thread and their shears."

"Enough—enough,"—interrupted Sir Piercie Shafton, crimsoning with a new fit of rage, "the thread of thy life is spun!"

And with these words he attacked with the utmost ferocity the Scottish youth, who had but just time to throw himself into a posture of defence. But the rash fury of the assailant, as frequently happens, disappointed its own purpose; for, as he made a desperate thrust, Halbert Glendinning avoided it, and ere the knight could recover his weapon, requited him (to use his own language) with a resolute stoccata which passed through his body, and Sir Piercie Shafton fell to the ground.

CHAPTER XXII.

Yes, life hath left him—every busy thought,
Each fiery passion, every strong affection,
All sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me;
And I have given that which spoke and moved,
Thought, acted, suffer'd as a living man,
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,
Soon the foul food for reptiles.—*Old Play.*

I believe few successful duellists (if the word successful can be applied to a superiority so fatal) have beheld their dead antagonist stretched on the earth at their feet, without wishing they could redeem with their own blood that which it has been their fate to spill. Least of all could such indifference be the lot of so young a man as Halbert Glendinning, who, unused to the sight of human blood, was not only struck with sorrow, but with terror, when he beheld Sir Piercie Shafton lie stretched on the green-sward before him, vomiting gore as if impelled by the strokes of a pump. He threw his bloody sword on the ground, and hastened to kneel down and support him, vainly

* Dependence—A phrase among the brethren of the sword an existing quarrel.

striving, at the same time, to stanch his wound, which seemed rather to bleed inwardly than externally.

The unfortunate knight spoke at intervals, when the syncope would permit him, and his words, so far as intelligible, partook of his affected and conceited, yet not ungenerous character.

"Most rustical youth," he said, "thy forune hath prevailed over knightly skill—and Audacity hath overcome Condescension, even as the kite hath sometimes hawked at and struck down the falcon-gentle. Fly and save thyself! Take my purse—it is in the nether pocket of my carnation-coloured hose—and is worth a clown's acceptance. See that my mails, with my vestments, be sent to the Monastery of Saint Mary's"—(here his voice grew weak, and his mind and recollection seemed to waver)—"I bestow the cut velvet jerkin, with close breeches conforming—for oh! the good of my soul."

"Be of good comfort, sir," said Halbert, half distracted with his agony of pity and remorse. "I trust you shall yet do well—O for a leech!"

"Were there twenty physicians, O most generous Audacity, and that were a grave spectacle—I might not survive—my life is ebbing fast.—Commend me to the rustical nymph whom I called my Discretion—O Claridiana!—true empress of this bleeding heart—which now bleedeth in sad earnest!—Place me on the ground at my length, most rustical victor, born to quench the pride of the burning light of the most felicitous court of Feliciana—O saints and angels—knights and ladies—masques and theatres—quaint devices—chain-work and broidery—love, honour, and beauty!"——

While muttering these last words, which slid from him, as it were unawares, while doubtless he was recalling to mind the glories of the English court, the gallant Sir Piercie Shafton stretched out his limbs—groaned deeply, shut his eyes, and became motionless.

The victor tore his hair for very sorrow, as he looked on the pale countenance of his victim. Life, he thought, had not utterly fled, but without better aid than his own, he saw not how it could be preserved.

"Why," he exclaimed, in vain penitence, "why did I provoke him to an issue so fatal! Would to God I had submitted to the worst insult man could receive from man, rather than be the bloody instrument of this bloody deed—and doubly cursed be this evil-boding spot, which, haunted as I knew it to be by a witch or a devil, I yet chose for the place of combat! In any other place, save this, there had been help to be gotten by speed of foot, or by uplifting of voice—but here there is no one to be found by search, no one to hear my shouts, save the evil spirit who has counselled this mischief. It is not her hour—I will essay the spell howsoever; and if she can give me aid, she *shall* do it, or know of what a madman is capable even against those of another world!"

He spurned his bloody shoe from his foot, and repeated the spell with which the reader is well acquainted; but there was neither voice, apparition, nor signal of answer. The youth, in the impatience of his despair, and with the rash hardihood which formed the basis of his character, shouted aloud "Witch—Sorceress—Fiend!—art thou deaf to my cries for help, and so ready to appear and answer those of vengeance? Arise and speak to me, or I will choke up thy fountain, tear down thy hollybush, and leave thy haunt as waste and bare, as thy fatal assistance has made me waste of comfort and bare of counsel!"—This furious and raving invocation was suddenly interrupted by a distant sound, resembling a hallo, from the gorge of the ravine. "Now may saint Mary be praised," said the youth, hastily fastening his sandal, "I hear the voice of some living man, who may give me counsel and help in this fearful extremity!"

Having donned his sandal, Halbert Glendinning, hallooing at intervals, in answer to the sound which he had heard, ran with the speed of a hunted buck down the rugged defile, as if paradise had been before him, hell and all her furies behind, and his eternal happiness or misery had depended upon the speed which he exerted. In a space incredibly short for any one but a Scottish mountaineer having his nerves strung by the deepest and most passionate interest, the youth reached the entrance of the ravine, through which the rill that flows down Corri-nan-shian discharges itself, and unites with the brook that waters the little valley of Glendearg.

Here he paused, and looked around him upwards and downwards through the glen, without perceiving a human form. His heart sank within him. But the windings of the glen intercepted his prospect, and the person, whose voice he had heard, might, therefore, be at no great distance, though not obvious to his sight. The branches of an oak tree, which shot straight out from the face of a tall cliff, proffered to his bold spirit, steady head, and active limbs, the means of ascending it as a place of out-look, although the enterprise was what most men would have shrunk from. But by one bound from the earth, the active youth caught hold of the lower branch, and swung himself up into the tree, and in a minute more gained the top of the cliff, from which he could easily descry a human figure descending the valley. It was not that of a shepherd, or of a hunter, and scarcely any others used to traverse this deserted solitude, especially coming from the north, since the reader may remember that the brook took its rise from an extensive and dangerous morass which lay in that direction.

But Halbert Glendinning did not pause to consider who the traveller might be, or what might be the purpose of his journey. To know that he saw a human being, and might receive, in the extremity of his distress, the countenance and advice of a fellow-creature, was enough for him at the moment. He threw himself from the pinnacle of the cliff once more into the arms of the projecting oak tree, whose boughs waved in middle air, anchored by the roots in a huge rift, or chasm of the rock. Catching at the branch which was nearest to him, he dropped himself from that height upon the ground; and such was the athletic springiness of his youthful sinews, that he pitched there as lightly, and with as little injury, as the falcon stooping from her wheel.

To resume his race at full speed up the glen, was the work of an instant; and as he turned angle after angle of the indented banks of the valley, without meeting that which he sought, he became half afraid that the form which he had seen at such a distance had already melted into thin air, and was either a deception of his own imagination, or of the elementary spirits by which the valley was supposed to be haunted.

But, to his inexpressible joy, as he turned round the base of a huge and distinguished crag, he saw, straight before and very near to him, a person, whose dress, as he viewed it hastily, resembled that of a pilgrim.

He was a man in advanced life, and wearing a long beard, having on his head a large slouched hat, without either band or brooch. His dress was a tunic of black serge, which, like those commonly called hussar-cloaks, had an upper part, which covered the arms and fell down on the lower; a small scrip and bottle, which hung at his back, with a stout staff in his hand, completed his equipage. His step was feeble, like that of one exhausted by a toilsome journey.

"Save ye, good father!" said the youth. "God and Our Lady have sent you to my assistance."

"And in what, my son, can so frail a creature as I am, be of service to you?" said the old man, not a little surprised at being thus accosted by so handsome a youth, his features discomposed by anxiety, his face flushed with exertion, his hands and much of his dress stained with blood.

"A man bleeds to death in the valley here, hard by. Come with me—come with me! You are aged—you have experience—you have at least your senses—and mine have well-nigh left me."

"A man, and bleeding to death—and here in this desolate spot?" said the stranger.

"Stay not to question it, father," said the youth, "but come instantly to his rescue. Follow me—follow me, without an instant's delay!"

"Nay, but my son," said the old man, "we do not lightly follow the guides who present themselves thus

suddenly in the bosom of a howling wilderness. Ere I follow thee, thou must expound to me thy name, thy purpose, and the cause."

"There is no time to expound any thing," said Halbert; "I tell thee a man's life is at stake, and thou must come to aid him, or I will carry thee thither by force!"

"Nay, thou shalt not need," said the traveller; "if it indeed be as thou sayest, I will follow thee of free will—the rather that I am not wholly unskilled in leech-craft, and have in my scrip that which may do thy friend a service.—Yet walk more slowly, I pray thee, for I am already well-nigh fore-spent with travel."

With the indignant impatience of the fiery steed when compelled by his rider to keep pace with some slow drudge upon the highway, Halbert accompanied the wayfarer, burning with anxiety, which he endeavoured to subdue, that he might not alarm his companion, who was obviously afraid to trust him. When they reached the place where they were to turn off the wider glen into the Corri, the traveller made a doubtful pause, as if unwilling to leave the broader path—"Young man," he said, "if thou meanest aught but good to these gray hairs, thou wilt gain little by thy cruelty—I have no earthly treasure to tempt either robber or murderer."

"And I," said the youth, "am neither—and yet—God of Heaven!—I *may* be a murderer, unless your aid comes in time to this wounded wretch!"

"Is it even so?" said the traveller; "and do human passions disturb the breast of nature even in her deepest solitude!—Yet why should I marvel that where darkness abides the works of darkness should abound?—By its fruits is the tree known.—Lead on, unhappy youth—I follow thee!"

And with better will to the journey than he had evinced hitherto, the stranger exerted himself to the uttermost, and seemed to forget his own fatigue in his efforts to keep pace with his impatient guide.

What was the surprise of Halbert Glendinning, when, upon arriving at the fatal spot, he saw no appearance of the body of Sir Piercie Shafton! The traces of the fray were otherwise sufficiently visible. The knight's cloak had indeed vanished as well as the body, but his doublet remained where he had laid it down, and the turf on which he had been stretched was stained with blood in many a dark crimson spot.

As he gazed round him in terror and astonishment, Halbert's eyes fell upon the place of sepulture which had so lately appeared to gape for a victim. It was no longer open, and it seemed that earth had received the expected tenant; for the usual narrow hillock was piled over what had lately been an open grave, and the green sod was adjusted over all with the accuracy of an experienced sexton. Halbert stood aghast. The idea rushed on his mind irresistibly, that the earth-heap before him enclosed what had lately been a living, moving, and sentient fellow-creature, whom, on little provocation, his fell act had reduced to a clod of the valley, as senseless and as cold as the turf under which he rested. The hand that scooped the grave had completed its work; and whose hand could it be save that of the mysterious being of doubtful quality, whom his rashness had invoked, and whom he had suffered to intermingle in his destinies?

As he stood with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, bitterly rueing his rashness, he was roused by the voice of the stranger, whose suspicions of his guide had again been awakened by finding the scene so different from what Halbert had led him to expect—"Young man," he said, "hast thou baited thy tongue with falsehood, to cut perhaps only a few days from the life of one whom Nature will soon call home without guilt on thy part to hasten his journey?"

"By the blessed Heaven!—by our dear Lady!" ejaculated Halbert——

"Swear not at all!" said the stranger, interrupting him, "neither by Heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by earth, for it is his footstool—nor by the creatures whom he hath made, for they are but earth and clay as we are. Let thy yea be yea, and thy nay nay. Tell me in a word, why and for what purpose thou hast feigned a tale, to lead a bewildered traveller yet farther astray?"

"As I am a Christian man," said Glendinning, "I left him here bleeding to death—and now I nowhere spy him, and much I doubt that the tomb that thou seest has closed on his mortal remains!"

"And who is he for whose fate thou art so anxious?" said the stranger; "or how is it possible that this wounded man could have been either removed from, or interred in, a place so solitary?"

"His name," said Halbert, after a moment's pause, "is Piercie Shafton—there, on that very spot, I left him bleeding; and what power has conveyed him hence, I know no more than thou dost."

"Piercie Shafton!" said the stranger; "Sir Piercie Shafton of Wolverton, a kinsman, as it is said, of the great Piercie of Northumberland? If thou hast slain him, to return to the territories of the proud Abbot is to give thy neck to the gallows. He is well known, that Piercie Shafton; the meddling tool of wiser plotters—a harebrained trafficker in treason—a champion of the Pope, employed as a forlorn hope by those more politic heads, who have more will to work mischief, than valour to encounter danger.—Come with me, youth, and save thyself from the evil consequences of this deed. Guide me to the Castle of Avenel, and thy reward shall be protection and safety."

Again Halbert paused, and summoned his mind to a hasty council. The vengeance with which the Abbot was likely to visit the slaughter of Shafton, his friend, and in some measure his guest, was likely to be severe; yet, in the various contingencies which he had considered previous to their duel, he had unaccountably omitted to reflect what was to be his line of conduct in case of Sir Piercie falling by his hand. If he returned to Glendearg, he was sure to draw on his whole family, including Mary Avenel, the resentment of the Abbot and community, whereas it was possible that flight might make him be regarded as the sole author of the deed, and might avert the indignation of the monks from the rest of the inhabitants of his paternal tower. Halbert recollected also the favour expressed for the household, and especially for Edward, by the Sub-Prior; and he conceived that he could, by communicating his own guilt to that worthy ecclesiastic, when at a distance from Glendearg, secure his powerful interposition in favour of his family. These thoughts rapidly passed through his mind, and he determined on flight. The stranger's company and his promised protection came in aid of that resolution; but he was unable to reconcile the invitation which the old man gave him to accompany him for safety to the Castle of Avenel, with the connexions of Julian, the present usurper of that inheritance. "Good father," he said, "I fear that you mistake the man with whom you wish me to harbour. Avenel guided Piercie Shafton into Scotland, and his henchman, Christie of the Clinthill, brought the southron hither."

"Of that," said the old man, "I am well aware. Yet if thou wilt trust to me, as I have shown no reluctance to confide in thee, thou shalt find with Julian Avenel welcome, or at least safety."

"Father," replied Halbert, "though I can ill reconcile what thou sayest with what Julian Avenel hath done, yet caring little about the safety of a creature so lost as myself, and as thy words seem those of truth and honesty, and finally, as thou didst render thyself frankly up to my conduct, I will return the confidence thou hast shown, and accompany thee to the Castle of Avenel by a road which thou thyself couldst never have discovered." He led the way, and the old man followed for some time in silence.

CHAPTER XXIII.

'Tis when the wound is stiffening with the cold,
The warrior first feels pain—'tis when the heat
And fiery fever of his soul is pass'd,
The sinner feels remorse.—*Old Play.*

THE feelings of compunction with which Halbert Glendinning was visited upon this painful occasion, were deeper than belonged to an age and country in which human life was held so cheap. They fell far short certainly of those which might have afflicted a mind regulated by better religious precepts, and more

strictly trained under social laws; but still they were deep and severely felt, and divided in Halbert's heart even the regret with which he parted from Mary Avenel and the tower of his fathers.

The old traveller walked silently by his side for some time, and then addressed him.—"My son, it has been said that sorrow must speak or die—Why art thou so much cast down?—Tell me thy unhappy tale, and it may be that my gray head may devise counsel and aid for your young life."

"Alas!" said Halbert Glendinning, "can you wonder why I am cast down?—I am at this instant a fugitive from my father's house, from my mother and from my friends, and I bear on my head the blood of a man who injured me but in idle words, which I have thus bloodily requited. My heart now tells me I have done evil—it were harder than these rocks if it could bear unmoved the thought, that I have sent this man to a long account, unhouseled and unshrieved!"

"Pause there, my son," said the traveller. "That thou hast defaced God's image in thy neighbour's person—that thou hast sent dust to dust in idle wrath or idler pride, is indeed a sin of the deepest dye—that thou hast cut short the space which Heaven might have allowed him for repentance, makes it yet more deadly—but for all this there is balm in Gilead."

"I understand you not, father," said Halbert, struck by the solemn tone which was assumed by his companion.

The old man proceeded. "Thou hast slain thine enemy—it was a cruel deed: thou hast cut him off perchance in his sins—it is a fearful aggravation. Do yet by my counsel, and in lieu of him whom thou hast perchance consigned to the kingdom of Satan, let thine efforts wrest another subject from the reign of the Evil One."

"I understand you, father," said Halbert; "thou wouldst have me atone for my rashness by doing service to the soul of my adversary—But how may this be? I have no money to purchase masses, and gladly would I go barefoot to the Holy Land to free his spirit from purgatory, only that"——

"My son," said the old man, interrupting him, "the sinner for whose redemption I entreat you to labour, is not the dead but the living. It is not for the soul of thine enemy I would exhort thee to pray—that has already had its final doom from a Judge as merciful as he is just; nor, wert thou to coin that rock into ducats, and obtain a mass for each one, would it avail the departed spirit. Where the tree hath fallen it must lie. But the sapling, which hath in it yet the vigour and juice of life, may be bended to the point to which it ought to incline."

"Art thou a priest, father?" said the young man, "or by what commission dost thou talk of such high matters?"

"By that of my Almighty Master," said the traveller, "under whose banner I am an enlisted soldier."

Halbert's acquaintance with religious matters was no deeper than could be derived from the Archbishop of Saint Andrews' Catechism, and the pamphlet called the Twa-pennie Faith, both which were industriously circulated and recommended by the monks of St. Mary's. Yet, however indifferent and superficial a theologian, he began to suspect that he was now in company with one of the gospellers, or heretics, before whose influence the ancient system of religion now tottered to the very foundation. Bred up, as may well be presumed, in a holy horror against these formidable sectaries, the youth's first feelings were those of a loyal and devoted church vassal. "Old man," he said, "wert thou able to make good with thy hand the words that thy tongue hath spoken against our Holy Mother Church, we should have tried upon this moor which of our creeds have the better champion."

"Nay," said the stranger, "if thou art a true soldier of Rome, thou wilt not pause from thy purpose because thou hast the odds of years and of strength on thy side. Hearken to me, my son. I have showed thee how to make thy peace with Heaven, and thou hast rejected my proffer. I will now show thee how thou shalt make thy reconciliation with the powers of this world. Take this gray head from the frail body which supports it, and carry it to the chair of proud Abbot Boniface; and when thou tellest him that thou hast slain Piercie Shafton, and his ire rises at the deed, lay the head of Henry Warden at his foot, and thou shalt have praise instead of censure."

Halbert Glendinning stepped back in surprise. "What! are you that Henry Warden so famous among the heretics, that even Knox's name is scarce more frequently in their mouths? Art thou he, and darest thou to approach the Halidome of Saint Mary's?"

"I am Henry Warden of a surety," said the old man, "far unworthy to be named in the same breath with Knox, but yet willing to venture on whatever dangers my Master's service may call me to."

"Hearken to me, then," said Halbert; "to slay thee, I have no heart—to make thee prisoner, were equally to bring thy blood on my head—to leave thee in this wild without a guide, were little better. I will conduct thee, as I promised, in safety to the Castle of Avenel; but breathe not, while we are on the journey, a word against the doctrines of the holy church of which I am an unworthy—but though an ignorant, a zealous member.—When thou art there arrived, beware of thyself—there is a high price upon thy head, and Julian Avenel loves the glance of gold-bonnet pieces."*

"Yet thou sayest not," answered the Protestant preacher, for such he was, "that for lucre he would sell the blood of his guest?"

"Not if thou comest an invited stranger, relying on his faith," said the youth; "evil as Julian may be, he dare not break the rites of hospitality; for, loose as we on these marches may be in all other ties, these are respected amongst us even to idolatry, and his nearest relations would think it incumbent on them to spill his blood themselves, to efface the disgrace such treason would bring upon their name and lineage. But if thou goest self-invited, and without assurance of safety, I promise thee thy risk is great."

"I am in God's hand," answered the preacher; "it is on His errand that I traverse these wilds amidst dangers of every kind; while I am useful for my master's service, they shall not prevail against me, and when, like the barren fig-tree, I can no longer produce fruit, what imports it when or by whom the axe is laid to the root?"

"Your courage and devotion," said Glendinning, "are worthy of a better cause."

"That," said Warden, "cannot be—mine is the very best."

They continued their journey in silence, Halbert Glendinning tracing with the utmost accuracy the mazes of the dangerous and intricate morasses and hills which divided the Halidome from the barony of Avenel. From time to time he was obliged to stop, in order to assist his companion to cross the black intervals of quaking bog, called in the Scottish dialect *hags*, by which the firmer parts of the morass were intersected.

"Courage, old man," said Halbert, as he saw his companion almost exhausted with fatigue, "we shall soon be upon hard ground. And yet soft as this moss is, I have seen the merry falconers go through it as light as deer when the quarry was upon the flight."

"True, my son," answered Warden, "for so I will still call you, though you term me no longer father and even so doth headlong youth pursue its pleasures without regard to the mire and the peril of the paths through which they are hurried."

"I have already told thee," answered Halbert Glendinning, sternly, "that I will hear nothing from thee that savours of doctrine."

"Nay, but, my son," answered Warden, "thy spiritual father himself would surely not dispute the truth of what I have now spoken for your edification?"

Glendinning stoutly replied, "I know not how that may be—but I wot well it is the fashion of your brotherhood to bait your hook with fair discourse, and to hold yourselves up as angels of light, that you may the better extend the kingdom of darkness."

"May God," replied the preacher, "pardon those who have thus reported of his servants! I will not

* A gold coin of James V., the most beautiful of the Scottish series; so called because the effigy of the sovereign is represented wearing a bonnet.

, my son, by being instant out of season
akest but as thou art taught—yet sure I
so goodly a youth will be still rescued, like
m the burning."

· thus spoke, the verge of the morass was
nd their path lay on the declivity. Green-
as, and, viewed from a distance, checkered
arrow and verdant line the dark-brown
h it traversed, though the distinction was
ly traced when they were walking on it.*
n pursued his journey with comparative
unwilling again to awaken the jealous
young companion for the Roman faith,
sed on other matters. The tone of his
n was still grave, moral, and instructive.
velled much, and knew both the language
ers of other countries, concerning which
endinning, already anticipating the possi-
ing obliged to quit Scotland for the deed
e, was naturally and anxiously desirous of
n. By degrees he was more attracted by
of the stranger's conversation than re-
he dread of his dangerous character as a
l Halbert had called him father more than
e turrets of Avenel Castle came in view.
ation of this ancient fortress was remark-
ccupied a small rocky islet in a mountain
n, as such a piece of water is called in
and. The lake might be about a mile in
nce, surrounded by hills of considerable
ch, except where old trees and brushwood
e ravines that divided them from each
bare and heathy. The surprise of the
vas chiefly excited by finding a piece of
ted in that high and mountainous region,
dscape around had features which might
ermed wild, than either romantic or sub-
the scene was not without its charms.
urning sun of summer, the clear azure of
nruffled lake refreshed the eye, and im-
mind with a pleasing feeling of deep soli-
inter, when the snow lay on the mountains
se dazzling masses appeared to ascend
their wonted and natural height, while
which stretched beneath, and filled their
all its frozen waves, lay like the surface
ned and broken mirror around the black
slet, and the walls of the gray castle with
s crowned.

astle occupied, either with its principal
r with its flanking and outward walls,
cting point of rock, which served as its
ned as completely surrounded by water as
a wild swan, save where a narrow cause-
led betwixt the islet and the shore. But
was larger in appearance than in reality;
buildings which it actually contained,
become ruinous and uninhabitable. In
f the grandeur of the Avenel family, these
ccupied by a considerable garrison of fol-
retainers, but they were now in a great
serted; and Julian Avenel would probably
his habitation in a residence better suited
nished fortunes, had it not been for the
ity which the situation of the old castle
man of his precarious and perilous mode
deed, in this respect, the spot could scarce
more happily chosen, for it could be ren-
st completely inaccessible at the pleasure
bitant. The distance betwixt the nearest
the islet was not indeed above a hundred
then the causeway which connected them
ndy narrow, and completely divided by
ne in the midway between the islet and
another close under the outward gate of
These formed a formidable, and almost
able interruption to any hostile approach.
defended by a drawbridge, one of which,
earest to the castle, was regularly raised at
ring the day, and both were lifted at night.†

The situation of Julian Avenel, engaged in a variety of feuds, and a party to almost every dark and mysterious transaction which was on foot in that wild and military frontier, required all these precautions for his security. His own ambiguous and doubtful course of policy had increased these dangers; for as he made professions to both parties in the state, and occasionally united more actively with either the one or the other, as chanced best to serve his immediate purpose, he could not be said to have either firm allies and protectors, or determined enemies. His life was a life of expedients and of peril; and while, in pursuit of his interest, he made all the doubles which he thought necessary to attain his object, he often overran his prey, and missed that which he might have gained by observing a straighter course.

CHAPTER XXIV.

> I'll walk on tiptoe; arm my eye with caution,
> My heart with courage, and my hand with weapon,
> Like him who ventures on a lion's den.—*Old Play.*

When, issuing from the gorge of a pass which terminated upon the lake, the travellers came in sight of the ancient castle of Avenel, the old man paused, and, resting upon his pilgrim staff, looked with earnest attention upon the scene before him. The castle was, as we have said, in many places ruinous, as was evident, even at this distance, by the broken, rugged, and irregular outline of the walls and of the towers. In others it seemed more entire, and a pillar of dark smoke, which ascended from the chimneys of the donjon, and spread its long dusky pennon through the clear ether, indicated that it was inhabited. But no cornfields or enclosed pasture-grounds on the side of the lake showed that provident attention to comfort and subsistence which usually appeared near the houses of the greater, and even of the lesser barons. There were no cottages with their patches of infield, and their crofts and gardens, surrounded by rows of massive sycamores; no church with its simple tower in the valley; no herds of sheep among the hills; no cattle on the lower ground; nothing which intimated the occasional prosecution of the arts of peace and of industry. It was plain that the inhabitants, whether few or numerous, must be considered as the garrison of the castle, living within its defended precincts, and subsisting by means which were other than peaceful.

Probably it was with this conviction that the old man, gazing on the castle, muttered to himself, "*Lapis offensionis et petra scandali!*" and then, turning to Halbert Glendinning, he added, "We may say of yonder fort as King James did of another fastness in this province, that he who built it was a thief in his heart."‡

"But it was not so," answered Glendinning; "yonder castle was built by the old lords of Avenel, men as much beloved in peace as they were respected in war. They were the bulwark of the frontiers against foreigners, and the protectors of the natives from domestic oppression. The present usurper of their inheritance no more resembles them, than the night-prowling owl resembles a falcon, because she builds on the same rock."

"This Julian Avenel, then, holds no high place in the love and regard of his neighbours?" said Warden.

"So little," answered Halbert, "that besides the jack-men and riders with whom he has associated himself, and of whom he has many at his disposal, I know of few who voluntarily associate with him. He has been more than once outlawed both by England and Scotland, his lands declared forfeited, and his head set at a price. But in these unquiet times,

of path, visible when looked at from a distance,
seen when you are upon it, is called on the Border
ant name of a Blind-road.
in to search near Melrose for any such castle as is
here described. The lakes at the head of the Yarrow, and those at the rise of the water of Ale, present no object of the kind. But in Yetholm Loch, a romantic sheet of water, in the dry march, as it is called, there are the remains of a fortress called Lochside Tower, which, like the supposed Castle of Avenel, is built upon an island, and connected with the land by a causeway. It is much smaller than the Castle of Avenel is described, consisting only of a single ruinous tower.

‡ It was of L…hwood, the hereditary fortress of the Johnstones of Annan…le, a strong castle situated in the centre of a quaking bog, … James VI. made this remark.

a man so daring as Julian Avenel has ever found some friends willing to protect him against the penalties of the law, on condition of his secret services."

"You describe a dangerous man," replied Warden.

"You may have experience of that," replied the youth, "if you deal not the more warily: though it may be that he also has forsaken the communion of the church, and gone astray in the path of heresy."

"What your blindness terms the path of heresy," answered the reformer, "is indeed the straight and narrow way, wherein he who walks turns not aside, whether for worldly wealth or for worldly passions. Would to God this man were moved by no other and no worse spirit than that which prompts my poor endeavours to extend the kingdom of Heaven! This Baron of Avenel is personally unknown to me, is not of our congregation or of our counsel; yet I bear to him charges touching my safety, from those whom he must fear if he does not respect them, and upon that assurance I will venture upon his hold. I am now sufficiently refreshed by these few minutes of repose."

"Take then this advice for your safety," said Halbert, "and believe that it is founded upon the usage of this country and its inhabitants. If you can better shift for youself, go not to the Castle of Avenel—if you do risk going thither, obtain from him, if possible, his safe-conduct, and beware that he swears it by the Black Rood—And lastly, observe whether he eats with you at the board, or pledges you in the cup; for if he gives you not these signs of welcome, his thoughts are evil towards you."

"Alas!" said the preacher, "I have no better earthly refuge for the present than these frowning towers, but I go thither trusting to aid which is not of this earth—But thou, good youth, needest thou trust thyself in this dangerous den?"

"I," answered Halbert, "am in no danger. I am well known to Christie of the Clinthill, the henchman of this Julian Avenel; and, what is a yet better protection, I have nothing either to provoke malice or to tempt plunder."

The tramp of a steed, which clattered along the shingly banks of the loch, was now heard behind them; and, when they looked back, a rider was visible, his steel cap and the point of his long lance glancing in the setting sun, as he rode rapidly towards them.

Halbert Glendinning soon recognised Christie of the Clinthill, and made his companion aware that the henchman of Julian Avenel was approaching.

"Ha, youngling!" said Christie to Halbert, as he came up to them, "thou hast made good my word at last, and come to take service with my noble master hast thou not? Thou shalt find me a good friend and a true; and ere Saint Barnaby come round again, thou shalt know every pass betwixt Millburn Plain and Netherby, as if thou hadst been born with a jack on thy back, and a lance in thy hand.—What old carle hast thou with thee? He is not of the brotherhood of Saint Mary's—at least he has not the buist* of these black cattle."

"He is a wayfaring man," said Halbert, "who has concerns with Julian of Avenel. For myself, I intend to go to Edinburgh to see the court and the Queen, and when I return hither we will talk of your proffer. Meantime, as thou hast often invited me to the castle, I crave hospitality there to-night for myself and my companion."

"For thyself, and welcome, young comrade," replied Christie; "but we harbour no pilgrims, nor aught that looks like a pilgrim."

"So please you," said Warden, "I have letters of commendation to thy master from a sure friend, whom he will right willingly oblige in higher matters than in affording me a brief protection. And I am no pilgrim, but renounce the same, with all its superstitious observances."

He offered his letters to the horseman, who shook his head.

"These," he said, "are matters for my master, and it will be well if he can read them himself; for me, sword and lance are my book and psalter been since I was twelve years old. But I you to the castle, and the Baron of Avenel self judge of your errand."

By this time the party had reached the along which Christie advanced at a trot, his presence to the warders within the shrill and peculiar whistle. At this signal drawbridge was lowered. The horseman and disappeared under the gloomy portal beyond it.

Glendinning and his companion, advan leisurely along the rugged causeway, stoo under the same gateway, over which frown red freestone, the ancient armorial beari house of Avenel, which represented a fen shrouded and muffled, which occupied the v The cause of their assuming so singular a uncertain, but the figure was generally su represent the mysterious being called the W of Avenel.† The sight of this moulderi awakened in the mind of Halbert the st cumstances which had connected his fate of Mary Avenel, and with the doings of th being who was attached to her house, and saw here represented in stone, as he had b her effigy upon the seal ring of Walter Aven with other trinkets formerly mentioned, saved from pillage, and brought to Glende Mary's mother was driven from her habita

"You sigh, my son," said the old man, the impression made on his youthful con countenance, but mistaking the cause; "if to enter we may yet return."

"That can you not," said Christie of the who emerged at that instant from the side der the archway. "Look yonder, and choos you will return skimming the water like a w or winging the air like a plover."

They looked, and saw that the drawbri they had just crossed was again raised, and terposed its planks betwixt the setting su portal of the castle, deepening the gloom of under which they stood. Christie laughed, them follow him, saying by way of encour in Halbert's ear, "Answer boldly and n whatever the Baron asks you. Never sto your words, and above all show no fear of devil is not so black as he is painted."

As he spoke thus, he introduced them into stone hall, at the upper end of which blaz fire of wood. The long oaken table, which, occupied the midst of the apartment, was with rude preparations for the evening me Baron and his chief domestics, five or six strong, athletic, savage-looking men, paced down the lower end of the hall, which ran jarring clang of their long swords that cla they moved, and to the heavy tramp of the heeled jack-boots. Iron jacks, or coats of buff the principal part of their dress, and steel or large slouched hats with Spanish plume ing backwards, were their head attire.

The Baron of Avenel was one of those tal lar, martial figures, which are the favourite of Salvator Rosa. He wore a cloak which once gaily trimmed, but which, by long wea quent exposure to the weather, was now fa colours. Thrown negligently about his tal it partly hid, and partly showed, a short d buff, under which was in some places vis light shirt of mail which was called a *secret* worn instead of more ostensible armour, t against private assassination. A leathern tained a large and heavy sword on one side the other that gay poniard which had onc Sir Piercie Shafton master, of which the ha and gildings were already much defaced, rough usage or neglect.

Notwithstanding the rudeness of his ap lian Avenel's manner and countenance had

* *Buist*—The brand, or mark, set upon sheep or cattle by their owners.

† There is an ancient English family, I believe, wh or Ald beat, a ghost or spirit passant sable in a field an seems to have been a device of a punning or canting

tion than those of the attendants who surrounded
He might be fifty or upwards, for his dark hair
mingled with gray, but age had neither tamed
ire of his eye nor the enterprise of his disposi-
His countenance had been handsome, for
ty was an attribute of the family; but the lines
roughened by fatigue and exposure to the wea-
and rendered coarse by the habitual indul- gence
olent passions.
e seemed in deep and moody reflection, and was
ng at a distance from his dependants along the
r end of the hall, sometimes stopping from time
me to caress and feed a goshawk, which sat
his wrist, with its jesses (i. e. the leathern
s fixed to its legs) wrapped around his hand.
bird, which seemed not insensible to its master's
tion, answered his caresses by ruffling forward
feathers, and pecking playfully at his finger. At
intervals the Baron smiled, but instantly re-
ed the darksome air of sullen meditation. He
not even deign to look upon an object, which
could have passed and repassed so often without
wing on it a transient glance.
is was a woman of exceeding beauty, rather gay-
in richly attired, who sat on a low seat close by
uge hall chimney. The gold chains round her
and arms,—the gay gown of green which swept
loor,—the silver-embroidered girdle, with its
of keys, depending in housewifely pride by a
chain,—the yellow silken *courre-chef* (Scotticè,
) which was disposed around her head, and
concealed her dark profusion of hair,—above
e circumstances so delicately touched in the old
l, that "the girdle was too short," the "gown
en all too strait," for the wearer's present shape,
l have intimated the Baron's Lady. But then
wly seat,—the expression of deep melancholy,
was changed into a timid smile whenever she
the least chance of catching the eye of Julian
el,—the subdued look of grief, and the starting
or which that constrained smile was again ex-
ged when she saw herself entirely disregarded,
se were not the attributes of a wife, or they were
of a dejected and afflicted female, who had
d her love on less than legitimate terms.
ian Avenel, as we have said, continued to pace
all without paying any of that tacit attention
is rendered to almost every female either by
ion or courtesy. He seemed totally uncon-
s of her presence, or of that of his attendants,
was only roused from his own dark reflections
e notice he paid to the falcon, to which, how-
the lady seemed to attend, as if striving to find
an opportunity of speaking to the Baron, or
ding something enigmatical in the expressions
he used to the bird. All this the strangers
ime enough to remark; for no sooner had they
ed the apartment than their usher, Christie of
Clinthill, after exchanging a significant glance
the menials or troopers at the lower end of the
ment, stepped to Halbert Glendinning and his
anion to stand still near the door, while he
lf, advancing nearer the table, placed himself
h a situation as to catch the Baron's observa-
when he should be dis- posed to look around, but
at presuming to intrude himself on his mas-
notice. Indeed the look of this man, naturally
hardy, and audacious, seemed totally changed
he was in presence of his lord, and resembled
jected and cowering manner of a quarrelsome
when rebuked by his owner, or when he finds
lf obliged to deprecate the violence of a supe-
dversary of his own species.
pite of the novelty of his own situation, and
painful feeling connected with it, Halbert felt
riosity interested in the female, who sate by
imney, unnoticed and unregarded. He marked
what keen and trembling anxiety she watched
oken words of Julian, and how her glance stole
ds him, ready to be averted upon the slightest
e of his perceiving himself to be watched.
antime he went on with his dalliance with his
red favourite, now giving, now withholding,
orsel with which he was about to feed the bird,
and so exciting its appetite and gratifying it by turns.
"What! more yet?—thou foul kite, thou wouldst never
have done—give thee part thou wilt have all—Ay,
prune thy feathers, and prink thyself gay—much thou
wilt make of it now—dost think I know thee not?—
dost think I see not that all that ruffling and pluming
of wing and feathers is not for thy master, but to try
what thou canst make of him, thou greedy gled?—
well—there—take it then, and rejoice thyself—little
boon goes far with thee, and with all thy sex—and so
it should."

He ceased to look on the bird, and again traversed
the apartment. Then taking another small piece of
raw meat from the trencher on which it was placed
ready cut for his use, he began once again to tempt
and tease the bird, by offering and withdrawing it,
until he awakened its wild and bold disposition.
"What! struggling, fluttering, aiming at me with
beak and single?* So la! So la! wouldst mount?
wouldst fly? the jesses are round thy clutches, fool—
thou canst neither stir nor soar, but by my will—
Beware thou come to reclaim, wench, else I will
wring thy head off one of these days.—Well, have it
then, and well fare thou with it. So ho, Jenkin!"
One of the attendants stepped forward—"Take the
foul gled hence to the mew—or, stay; leave her, but
look well to her casting and to her bathing—we will
see her fly to-morrow.—How now Christie, so soon
returned?"

Christie advanced to his master, and gave an ac-
count of himself and his journey, in the way in which
a police-officer holds communication with his magis-
trate, that is, as much by signs as by words.

"Noble sir," said that worthy satellite, "the Laird
of ———," he named no place, but pointed with his
finger in a south-western direction,—"may not ride
with you the day he purposed, because the Lord War-
den has threatened that he will"———

Here another blank, intelligibly enough made up
by the speaker touching his own neck with his left
forefinger, and leaning his head a little to one side.

"Cowardly caitiff!" said Julian; "by Heaven! the
whole world turns sheer naught—it is not worth a
brave man's living in—ye may ride a day and night,
and never see a feather wave or hear a horse prance—
the spirit of our fathers is dead amongst us—the very
brutes are degenerated—the cattle we bring home at
our life's risk are mere carrion—our hawks are riflers†
—our hounds are turnspits and trindle-tails—our men
are women—and our women are"———

He looked at the female for the first time, and stop-
ped short in the midst of what he was about to say,
though there was something so contemptuous in the
glance, that the blank might have been thus filled up
—"Our women are such as she is."

He said it not, however, and, as if desirous of at-
tracting his attention at all risks, and in whatever
manner, she rose and came forward to him, but with
a timorousness ill-disguised by affected gayety.—"Our
women, Julian—what would you say of the women?"

"Nothing," answered Julian Avenel, "at least no-
thing but that they are kind-hearted wenches like
thyself, Kate." The female coloured deeply, and re-
turned to her seat. "And what strangers hast thou
brought with thee, Christie, that stand yonder like
two stone statues?" said the Baron.

"The taller," answered Christie, "is, so please
you, a young fellow called Halbert Glendinning, the
eldest son of the old widow at Glendearg."

"What brings him here?" said the Baron; "hath
he any message from Mary Avenel?"

"Not as I think," said Christie; "the youth is
roving the country—he was always a wild slip, for
I have known him since he was the height of my
sword."

"What qualities hath he?" said the Baron.

"All manner of qualities," answered his follower
—"he can strike a buck, track a deer, fly a hawk,
halloo to a hound—he shoots in the long and cross-
bow to a hair's-breadth—wields a lance or a sword
like myself nearly—backs a horse manfully and fairly

* In the *kindly* language of hawking, as Lady Juliana Berners
terms it, hawks' talons are called their *singles*.

† So termed when they only caught their prey by the feathers.

—I wot not what more a man need to do to make him a gallant companion."

"And who," said the Baron, "is the old miser* who stands beside him?"

"Some cast of a priest as I fancy—he says he is charged with letters to you."

"Bid them come forward," said the Baron; and no sooner had they approached him more nearly, than, struck by the fine form and strength displayed by Halbert Glendinning, he addressed him thus: "I am told, young swankie, that you are roaming the world to seek your fortune—if you will serve Julian Avenel, you may find it without going farther."

"So please you," answered Glendinning, "something has chanced to me that makes it better I should leave this land, and I am bound for Edinburgh."

"What!—thou hast stricken some of the king's deer, I warrant,—or lightened the meadows of Saint Mary's of some of their beeves,—or thou hast taken a moonlight leap over the Border?"

"No, sir," said Halbert, "my case is entirely different."

"Then I warrant thee," said the Baron, "thou hast stabbed some brother churl in a fray about a wench—thou art a likely lad to wrangle in such a cause."

Ineffably disgusted at his tone and manner, Halbert Glendinning remained silent, while the thought darted across his mind, what would Julian Avenel have said, had he known the quarrel, of which he spoke so lightly, had arisen on account of his own brother's daughter!—"But be thy cause of flight what it will," said Julian, in continuation, "dost thou think the law or its emissaries can follow thee into this island, or arrest thee under the standard of Avenel?—Look at the depth of the lake, the strength of the walls, the length of the causeway—look at my men, and think if they are likely to see a comrade injured, or if I, their master, am a man to desert a faithful follower, in good or evil. I tell thee, it shall be an eternal day of truce betwixt thee and justice, as they call it, from the instant thou hast put my colours into thy cap—thou shalt ride by the Warden's nose as thou wouldst pass an old market-woman, and ne'er a cur which follows him shall dare to bay at thee!"

"I thank you for your offers, noble sir," replied Halbert, "but I must answer in brief, that I cannot profit by them—my fortunes lead me elsewhere."

"Thou art a self-willed fool for thy pains," said Julian, turning from him; and signing Christie to approach, he whispered in his ear, "There is promise in that young fellow's looks, Christie, and we want men of limbs and sinews so compacted—those thou hast brought to me of late are the mere refuse of mankind, wretches scarce worth the arrow that ends them: this youngster is limbed like Saint George. Ply him with wine and wassail—let the wenches weave their meshes about him like spiders—thou understandest?" Christie gave a sagacious nod of intelligence, and fell back to a respectful distance from his master.—"And thou, old man," said the Baron, turning to the elder traveller, "hast thou been roaming the world after fortune too?—it seems not she has fallen into thy way."

"So please you," replied Warden,, "I were perhaps more to be pitied than I am now, had I indeed met with that fortune, which, like others, I have sought in my greener days."

"Nay, understand me, friend," said the Baron; "if thou art satisfied with thy buckram gown and long staff, I also am well content thou shouldst be as poor and contemptible as is good for the health of thy body and soul—All I care to know of thee is, the cause which hath brought thee to my castle, where few crows of thy kind care to settle. Thou art, I warrant thee, some ejected monk of a suppressed convent, paying in his old days the price of the luxurious idleness in which he spent his youth.—Ay, or it may be some pilgrim with a budget of lies from Saint James of Compostella, or Our Lady of Loretto; or thou mayest be some pardoner with his budget of relics from Rome, forgiving sins at a penny a-dozen, and one to the tale—Ay, I guess why I find th boy's company, and doubtless thou wouldst a strapping lad as he to carry thy wallet, a thy lazy shoulders; but, by the mass, I wil cunning. I make my vow to sun and mo not see a proper lad so misleard as to run tl with an old knave, like Simmie and his Away with thee!" he added, rising in w speaking so fast as to give no opportunity being probably determined to terrify the el into an abrupt flight—"Away with thee, clouted coat, scrip, and scallop-shell, or, by of Avenel, I will have them loose the hounds

Warden waited with the greatest patience lian Avenel, astonished that the threats an of his language made no impression on hi in a sort of wonder, and said in a less imper "Why the fiend dost thou not answer me?

"When you have done speaking," said W the same composed manner, "it will be ful reply."

"Say on, man, in the devil's name—but ta beg not here—were it but for the rinds of c refuse of the rats, or a morsel that my do turn from—neither a grain of meal, nor the n part of a gray groat, will I give to any feigne of thy coat."

"It may be," answered Warden, "that y have less quarrel with my coat if you knew covers. I am neither friar nor mendicant, a be right glad to hear thy testimony against deceivers of God's church, and usurpers of over the Christian flock, were it given in charity."

"And who or what art thou, then," sai "that thou comest to this Border land, an ther monk, nor soldier, nor broken man?"

"I am an humble teacher of the holy w swered Warden. "This letter from a most son will speak why I am here at this pres

He delivered the letter to the Baron, wh the seal with some surprise, and then look letter itself, which seemed to excite still n then fixed his eyes on the stranger, and menacing tone, "I think thou darest not l or deceive me?"

"I am not the man to attempt either," wa cise reply.

Julian Avenel carried the letter to the where he perused, or at least attempted to more than once, often looking from the gazing on the stranger who had delivered meant to read the purport of the missive i of the messenger. Julian at length called male,—"Catherine, bestir thee, and fetch me that letter which I bade thee keep ready a thy casket, having no sure lockfast place of

Catherine went with the readiness of one be employed; and as she walked, the situa requires a wider gown and a longer gird which woman claims from man a double the most anxious care, was still more visib fore. She soon returned with the paper, a warded with a cold—"I thank thee, wenc a careful secretary."

This second paper he also perused and more than once, and still, as he read it, time to time a wary and observant eye u Warden. This examination and re-ex though both the man and the place were the preacher endured with the most com steady countenance, seeming, under the e ther the vulture eye of the Baron, as unm der the gaze of an ordinary and peaceful p length Julian Avenel folded both papers, a put them into the pocket of his cloak, brow, and, coming forward, addressed companion. "Catherine," said he, "I this good man injustice, when I mistook h of the drones of Rome. He is a preacher, —a preacher of the—the new doctrine of of the Congregation."

* *Miser*, used in the sense in which it often occurs in Spenser, and which is indeed its literal import,—"wretched old man."

[1] Two questionarii, or begging friars, whose ac and roguery make the subject of an old Scottish sa

doctrine of the blessed Scriptures," said the r, "purified from the devices of men."

'est thou?" said Julian Avenel—"Well, thou call it what thou lists; but to me it is recoml, because it flings off all those sottish dreams aints and angels and devils, and unhorses the onks that have ridden us so long, and spurs so hard. No more masses and corpse-gifts ore tithes and offerings to make men poor—e prayers or psalms to make men cowards—e christenings and penances, and confessions rriages."

please you," said Henry Warden, "it is against ruptions, not against the fundamental doc- of the church, which we desire to renovate, t to abolish."

thee, peace, man," said the Baron; "we of y care not what you set up, so you pull merrily what stands in our way. Specially it suits well of the Southland fells; for it is our profes- turn the world upside down, and we live ever hest life when the downer side is uppermost." len would have replied; but the Baron allow- not time, striking the table with the hilt of his , and crying out,—"Ha! you loitering knaves, ur supper-meal quickly. See you not this holy exhausted for lack of food? Heard ye ever t or preacher that devoured not his five meals "

attendants bustled to and fro, and speedily t in several large smoking platters, filled with ieces of beef, boiled and roasted, but without iety whatsoever; without vegetables, and al- without bread, though there was at the upper ew oat-cakes in a basket. Julian Avenel made of apology to Warden.

u have been commended to our care, Sir er, since that is your style, by a person whom hly honour."

m assured," said Warden, "that the most no- rd"——

thee, peace, man," said Avenel: "what need ing names, so we understand each other? I but to speak in reference to your safety and t, of which he desires us to be chary. Now, r safety, look at my walls and water. But ig your comfort, we have no corn of our own, meal-girnels of the south are less easily trans- than their beeves, seeing they have no legs to pon. But what though! a stoup of wine thou ave, and of the best—thou shalt sit betwixt ine and me at the board-end.—And, Christie, u look to the young springald, and call to the r for a flagon of the best."

Baron took his wonted place at the upper end board; his Catherine sate down, and courte- ointed to a seat betwixt them for their reve- uest. But notwithstanding the influence both ger and fatigue, Henry Warden retained his ig posture.

CHAPTER XXV.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray— -
* * * * *

AN AVENEL saw with surprise the demeanour reverend stranger. "Beshrew me," he said, new-fashioned religioners have fast-days, I it me—the old ones used to confer these bless- iefly on the laity."

e acknowledge no such rule," said the preacher hold that our faith consists not in using or ing from special meats on special days; and ing we rend our hearts, and not our garments."

ie better—the better for yourselves, and the for Tom Tailor," said the Baron; "but come, vn, or, if thou needs must e'en give us a cast ie office, mutter thy charm."

Baron," said the preacher, "I am in a strange where neither mine office nor my doctrine are , and where, it would seem, both are greatly derstood. It is my duty so to bear me, that in son, however unworthy, my Master's dignity may be respected, and that sin may take no confidence from relaxation of the bonds of discipline."

"Ho la! halt there," said the Baron; "thou wert sent hither for thy safety, but not, I think, to preach to, or control me. What is it thou wouldst have, Sir Preacher? Remember, thou speakest to one somewhat short of patience, who loves a short health and a long draught."

"In a word, then," said Henry Warden, "that lady"——

"How!" said the Baron, starting—"what of her? what hast thou to say of that dame?"

"Is she thy house-dame?" said the preacher, after a moment's pause, in which he seemed to seek for the best mode of expressing what he had to say—"Is she, in brief, thy wife?"

The unfortunate young woman pressed both her hands on her face, as if to hide it, but the deep blush which crimsoned her brow and neck, showed that her cheeks were also glowing; and the bursting tears, which found their way betwixt her slender fingers, bore witness to her sorrow, as well as to her shame.

"Now, by my father's ashes!" said the Baron, rising and spurning from him his footstool with such violence, that it hit the wall on the opposite side of the apartment—then instantly constraining himself, he muttered, "What need to run myself into trouble for a fool's word?"—then, resuming his seat, he answered coldly and scornfully—"No, Sir Priest or Sir Preacher, Catherine is not my wife—Cease thy whimpering, thou foolish wench—she is not my wife, but she is handfasted with me, and that makes her as honest a woman."

"Handfasted?"—repeated Warden.

"Knowest thou not that rite, holy man?" said Avenel, in the same tone of derision; "then I will tell thee. We Border-men are more wary than your inland clowns of Fife and Lothian—no jump in the dark for us—no clenching the fetters around our wrists till we know how they will wear with us—we take our wives, like our horses, upon trial. When we are handfasted, as we term it, we are man and wife for a year and day—that space gone by, each may choose another mate, or, at their pleasure, may call the priest to marry them for life—and this we call handfasting."*

"Then," said the preacher, "I tell thee, noble Baron, in brotherly love to thy soul, it is a custom licentious, gross, and corrupted, and, if persisted in, dangerous, yea damnable. It binds thee to the frailer being while she is the object of desire—it relieves thee when she is most the subject of pity—it gives all to brutal sense, and nothing to generous and gentle affection. I say to thee, that he who can meditate the breach of such an engagement, abandoning the deluded woman and the helpless offspring, is worse than the birds of prey; for of them the males remain with their mates until the nestlings can take wing. Above all, I say it is contrary to the pure Christian doctrine, which assigns woman to man as the partner of his labour, the soother of his evil, his helpmate in peril, his friend in affliction; not as the toy of his looser hours, or as a flower, which once cropped, he may throw aside at pleasure."

"Now, by the Saints, a most virtuous homily!" said the Baron; "quaintly conceived and curiously pronounced, and to a well-chosen congregation. Hark ye, Sir Gospeller! trow ye to have a fool in hand? Know I not that your sect rose by bluff Harry Tudor, merely because ye aided him to change *his* Kate; and wherefore should I not use the same Christian liberty with *mine?* Tush, man! bless the good food, and meddle not with what concerns thee not—thou hast no gull in Julian Avenel."

"He hath gulled and cheated himself," said the preacher, "should he even incline to do that poor sharer of his domestic cares the imperfect justice that remains to him. Can he now raise her to the

* This custom of handfasting actually prevailed in the upland days. It arose partly from the want of priests. While the convents subsisted, monks were detached on regular circuits through the wilder districts, to marry those who had lived in this species of connexion. A practice of the same kind existed in the Isle of Portland.

less as he was, and accustomed to spurn at the control whether of religious or moral law, felt, for the first time perhaps in his life, that he was under subjection to a mind superior to his own. He sat mute and suspended in his deliberations, hesitating betwixt anger and shame, yet borne down by the weight of the just rebuke thus boldly fulminated against him.

The unfortunate young woman, conceiving hopes from her tyrant's silence and apparent indecision, forgot both her fear and shame in her timid expectation that Avenel would relent; and fixing upon him her anxious and beseeching eyes, gradually drew near and nearer to his seat, till at length, laying a trembling hand on his cloak, she ventured to utter, 'O noble Julian, listen to the good man!"

The speech and the motion were ill-timed, and wrought on that proud and wayward spirit the reverse of her wishes.

The fierce Baron started up in fury, exclaiming, "What! thou foolish callet, art thou confederate with this strolling vagabond, whom thou hast seen beard me in mine own hall! Hence with thee, and think that I am proof both to male and female hypocrisy!"

The poor girl started back, astounded at his voice of thunder and looks of fury, and, turning pale as death, endeavoured to obey his orders, and tottered towards the door. Her limbs failed in the attempt, and she fell on the stone floor in a manner which her situation might have rendered fatal—The blood gushed from her face.—Halbert Glendinning brooked not a sight so brutal, but, uttering a deep imprecation, started from his seat, and laid his hand on his sword, under the strong impulse of passing it through the body of the cruel and hard-hearted ruffian. But Christie of the Clinthill, guessing his intention, threw his arms around him, and prevented him from stirring to execute his purpose.

The impulse to such a dangerous act of violence was indeed but momentary, as it instantly appeared that Avenel himself, shocked at the effects of his violence, was lifting up and endeavouring to soothe in his own way the terrified Catherine.

"Peace," he said, "prithee, peace, thou silly minion—why, Kate, though I listen not to this tramping preacher, I said not what might happen an thou dost bear me a stout boy. There—there—dry thy tears

am to hide the light which I am commande
forth, or to lose the light of this world, m
made. I say to thee, like the Holy Baptis
it is not lawful for thee to have this wom
say it, though bonds and death be the co
counting my life as nothing in compari
ministry to which I am called."

Julian Avenel, enraged at the firmness o
flung from his right hand the cup in wh
about to drink to his guest, and from the
off the hawk, which flew wildly through
ment. His first motion was to lay han
dagger. But, changing his resolution, he
"To the dungeon with this insolent stroll
hear no man speak a word for him.—L
falcon, Christie, thou fool—an she escape,
patch you after her every man—Away with
critical dreamer—drag him hence if he res

He was obeyed in both points. Chri
Clinthill arrested the hawk's flight, by
foot on her jesses, and so holding her
Henry Warden was led off, without havi
the slightest symptom of terror, by two of
satellites. Julian Avenel walked the apa
a short space in sullen silence, and despa
of his attendants with a whispered mess
probably related to the health of the u
Catherine, he said aloud, "These rash an
priests—By heaven! they make us wors
should be without them."*

* If it were necessary to name a prototype for t
centious, and cruel Border chief, in an age which
too many such, the Laird of Black Ormiston migh
for that purpose. He was a friend and confidant
and an agent in Henry Darnley's murder. At his l
was, like other great offenders, a seeming penitent
confession bears, divers gentlemen and servants
chamber, he said, "For God's sake, sit down and
for I have been a great sinner otherwise," (that a
share in Darnley's death,) "for the which God is th
ing me; for of all men on the earth, I have bee
proudest, and most high-minded, and most unclea
But specially I have shed the innocent blood of
Hunter with my own hands. Alas! therefore, bec
Michael, having me lying on my back, having a fork
might have slain me if he had pleased, and did it
all things grieves me most in conscience. Also,
hanged a poor man for a horse;—with many other w
for which I ask my God mercy. It is not marvel
wicked, considering the wicked company that eve

/er which he presently received seemed o pacify his angry mood, and he took his board, commanding his retinue to do the at down in silence, and began the re-

ıe meal, Christie in vain attempted to youthful companion in carousal, or, at versation. Halbert Glendinning pleaded expressed himself unwilling to take any ger than the heather ale, which was at quently used at meals. Thus every effort died away, until the Baron, striking his st the table, as if impatient of the long lence, cried out aloud, "What, ho! my e ye Border-riders, and sit as mute over ıs a mess of monks and friars?—Some no one list to speak. Meat eaten without or music is ill of digestion.—Louis," he zing to one of the youngest of his fol- ɔu art ready enough to sing when no one

; man looked first at his master, then up d roof of the hall, then drank off the horn ne, which stood beside him, and with a ot unmelodious voice, sung the following ancient air of "Blue Bonnets over the

I.

rch, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
deil dinna ye march forward in order?
rch, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
lue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
ny a banner spread,
tters above your head,
rest that is famous in story;
ount and make ready then,
ıs of the mountain glen,
the Queen and the old Scottish glory!

II.

the hills where the hirsels are grazing,
om the glen of the buck and the roe;
e crag where the beacon is blazing,
th the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
mpets are sounding,
r-steeds are bounding,
your arms then, and march in good order,
gland shall many a day
ll of the bloody fray,
e Blue Bonnets came over the Border!

, rude as it was, had in it that warlike ich at any other time would have roused irit; but at present the charm of min- ıo effect upon him. He made it his re- ristie to suffer him to retire to rest, a ı which that worthy person, seeing no aking a favourable impression on his in- lyte in his present humour, was at length mply. But no Sergeant Kite, who ever e profession of recruiting, was more at- his object should not escape him, than of the Clinthill. He indeed conducted ndinning to a small apartment overlook- which was accommodated with a truc- it before quitting him, Christie took spe- give a look to the bars which crossed the e window, and when he left the apart- iled not to give the key a double turn; es which convinced young Glendinning as no intention of suffering him to de- ıe Castle of Avenel at his own time and Ie judged it, however, most prudent to rming symptoms pass without observa-

· did he find himself in undisturbed soli- e ran rapidly over the events of the day ection, and to his surprise found that his ous fate, and even the death of Piercie de less impression on him than the sin- and determined conduct of his compa- Warden. Providence, which suits its to the end they are to achieve, had awakened in the cause of Reformation in Scotland, a body of preachers of more energy than refinement, bold in spirit, and strong in faith, contemners of whatever stood betwixt them and their principal object, and seeking the advancement of the great cause in which they laboured by the roughest road, provided it were the shortest. The soft breeze may wave the willow, but it requires the voice of the tempest to agitate the boughs of the oak; and, accordingly to milder hearers, and in a less rude age, their manners would have been ill adapted, but they were singularly successful in their mission to the rude people to whom it was addressed.

Owing to these reasons, Halbert Glendinning, who had resisted and repelled the arguments of the preacher, was forcibly struck by the firmness of his demeanour in the dispute with Julian Avenel. It might be discourteous, and most certainly it was incautious, to choose such a place and such an audience, for upbraiding with his transgressions a baron, whom both manners and situation placed in full possession of independent power. But the conduct of the preacher was uncompromising, firm, manly, and obviously grounded upon the deepest conviction which duty and principle could afford; and Glendinning, who had viewed the conduct of Avenel with the deepest abhorrence, was proportionally interested in the brave old man, who had ventured life rather than withhold the censure due to guilt. This pitch of virtue seemed to him to be in religion what was demanded by chivalry of her votaries in war; an absolute surrender of all selfish feelings, and a combination of every energy proper to the human mind, to discharge the task which duty demanded.

Halbert was at the period when youth is most open to generous emotions, and knows best how to appreciate them in others, and he felt, although he hardly knew why, that, whether catholic or heretic, the safety of this man deeply interested him. Curiosity mingled with the feeling, and led him to wonder what the nature of those doctrines could be, which stole their votary so completely from himself, and devoted him to chains or to death as their sworn champion. He had indeed been told of saints, and martyrs of former days, who had braved for their religious fate the extremity of death and torture. But their spirit of enthusiastic devotion had long slept in the ease and indolent habits of their successors, and their adventures, like those of knights errant, were rather read for amusement than for edification. A new impulse had been necessary to rekindle the energies of religious zeal, and that impulse was now operating in favour of a purer religion, with one of whose steadiest votaries the youth had now met for the first time.

The sense that he himself was a prisoner, under the power of this savage chieftain, by no means diminished Halbert's interest in the fate of his fellow-sufferer, while he determined at the same time so far to emulate his fortitude, that neither threats nor suffering should compel him to enter into the service of such a master. The possibility of escape next occurred to him, and though with little hope of effecting it in that way, Glendinning proceeded to examine more particularly the window of the apartment. This apartment was situated in the first story of the castle, and was not so far from the rock on which it was founded, but that an active and bold man might with little assistance descend to a shelf of rock which was immediately below the window, and thence either leap or drop himself down into the lake which lay below his eye, clear and blue in the light of a full summer's moon.—"Were I once on that ledge," thought Glendinning, "Julian Avenel and Christie had seen the last of me." The size of the window favoured such an attempt, but the stanchions or iron bars seemed to form an insurmountable obstacle.

ing, stealing, and taking deep revenge for slight seemed to be very penitent, and much desired a e comfort of his soul. We promised him to let ıow his desire who, we knew, would promptly took leave of him; and presently I took order ', a very honest preacher, should go to him, and not stir from him till his execution the next morning ... I had heard his own confession, I was resolved no ... should save his life, and so took order, that at the ... the next morning, he should be carried ... cordingly was ... of Monmouth.

While Halbert Glendinning gazed from the window with that eagerness of hope which was prompted by the energy of his character and his determination not to yield to circumstances, his ear caught some sounds from below, and listening with more attention, he could distinguish the voice of the preacher engaged in his solitary devotions. To open a correspondence with him became immediately his object, and failing to do so by less marked sounds, he at length ventured to speak, and was answered from beneath—"Is it thou, my son?" The voice of the prisoner now sounded more distinctly than when it was first heard, for Warden had approached the small aperture, which, serving his prison for a window, opened just betwixt the wall and the rock, and admitted a scanty portion of light through a wall of immense thickness. This *soupirail* being placed exactly under Halbert's window, the contiguity permitted the prisoners to converse in a low tone, when Halbert declared his intention to escape, and the possibility he saw of achieving his purpose, but for the iron stancheons of the window. "Prove thy strength, my son, in the name of God!" said the preacher. Halbert obeyed him more in despair than hope, but to his great astonishment and somewhat to his terror, the bar parted asunder near the bottom, and the longer part being easily bent outwards and not secured with lead in the upper socket, dropt out into Halbert's hand. He immediately whispered, but as energetically as a whisper could be expressed—"By Heaven, the bar has given way in my hand!"

"Thank Heaven, my son, instead of swearing by it," answered Warden from his dungeon.

With little effort Halbert Glendinning forced himself through the opening thus wonderfully effected, and using his leathern sword-belt as a rope to assist him, let himself safely drop on the shelf of rock upon which the preacher's window opened. But through this no passage could be effected, being scarce larger than a loophole for musketry, and apparently constructed for that purpose.

"Are there no means by which I can assist your escape, my father?" said Halbert.

"There are none, my son," answered the preacher; "but if thou wilt ensure my safety, that may be in thy power."

"I will labour earnestly for it," said the youth.

"Take then a letter which I will presently write, for I have the means of light and writing materials in my scrip—Hasten towards Edinburgh, and on the way thou wilt meet a body of horse marching southwards—Give this to their leader, and acquaint him of the state in which thou hast left me. It may hap that thy doing so will advantage thyself."

In a minute or two the light of a taper gleamed through the shot-hole, and very shortly after, the preacher, with the assistance of his staff, pushed a billet to Glendinning through the window.

"God bless thee, my son," said the old man, "and complete the marvellous work which He hath begun!"

"Amen!" answered Halbert, with solemnity, and proceeded on his enterprise.

He hesitated a moment whether he should attempt to descend to the edge of the water; but the steepness of the rock, notwithstanding the clearness of the night, rendered the enterprise too dangerous. He clasped his hands above his head, and boldly sprung from the precipice, shooting himself forward into the air as far as he could for fear of sunken rocks, and alighted on the lake, head foremost, with such force as sunk him for a minute below the surface. But strong, long-breathed, and accustomed to such exercise, Halbert, even though encumbered with his sword, dived and rose like a sea-fowl, and swam across the lake in the northern direction. When he landed and looked back on the castle, he could observe that the alarm had been given, for lights glanced from window to window, and he heard the drawbridge lowered, and the tread of horses' feet upon the causeway. But, little alarmed for the consequence of a pursuit during the darkness, he wrung the water from his dress, and, plunging into the moors, directed his course to the north-east by the assistance of the polar star.

CHAPTER XXVI.

> Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
> I think you all have drank of Circe's cup.
> If here you housed him, here he would have been;
> If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.
>
> COMEDY OF ERRORS.

THE course of our story, leaving for the present Halbert Glendinning to the guidance of his courage and his fortune, returns to the Tower of Glendearg, where matters in the meanwhile fell out, with which it is most fitting that the reader should be acquainted.

The meal was prepared at noontide with all the care which Elspeth and Tibb, assisted by the various accommodations which had been supplied from the Monastery, could bestow on it. Their dialogue ran as usual in the intervals of their labour, partly betwixt mistress and servant, partly as maintained by gossips of nearly equal quality.

"Look to the minced meat, Tibb," said Elspeth; "and turn the broach even, thou good-for-nothing Simmie,—thy wits are harrying birds' nests, child.—Weel, Tibb, this is a fashious job, this Sir Piercie lying leaguer with us up here, and wha kens for how lang!"

"A fashious job, indeed," answered her faithful attendant, "and little good did the name ever bring to fair Scotland. Ye may have your hands fuller of them than they are yet—Mony a sair heart have the Percies given to Scots wife and bairns with their prickings on the Borders. There was Hotspur, and mony mair of that bloody kindred, have sate in our skirts since Malcolm's time, as Martin says!"

"Martin should keep a weel-scrapit tongue in his head," said Elspeth, "and not slander the kin of any body that quarters at Glendearg; forby, that Sir Piercie Shafton is much respected with the holy fathers of the community, and they will make up to us ony fasherie that we may have with him, either by good word or good deed, I'se warrant them. He is a considerate lord the Lord Abbot."

"And weel he likes a saft seat to his hinder end," said Tibb; "I have seen a belted baron sit on a bare bench, and find nae fault. But an ye are pleased, mistress, I am pleased."

"Now, in good time, here comes Mysie of the Mill—And whare hae ye been, lass, for a's gane wrang without you?" said Elspeth.

"I just gaed a blink up the burn," said Mysie, "for the young lady has been down on her bed, and is no just that weel—So I gaed a gliff up the burn."

"To see the young lads come hame frae the sport, I will warrant you," said Elspeth. "Ay, ay, Tibb, that's the way the young folk guide us. Tibb—leave us to do the wark, and out to the play themsells."

"Ne'er a bit of that, mistress," said the Maid of the Mill, stripping her round pretty arms, and looking actively and good-humouredly about her for some duty that she could discharge, "but just—I thought ye might like to ken if they were coming back, just to get the dinner forward."

"And saw you aught of them, then?" demanded Elspeth.

"Not the least tokening," said Mysie, "though I got to the head of a knowe, and though the English knight's beautiful white feather could have been seen over all the bushes in the Shaw."

"The knight's white feather!" said dame Glendinning; "ye are a silly hempie—my Halbert's head will be seen farther than his feather, let it be as white as it like, I trow."

Mysie made no answer, but began to knead dough for wastel-cake with all despatch, observing that Sir Piercie had partaken of that dainty, and commended it upon the preceding day. And presently, in order to place on the fire the *girdle* or iron plate on which these cates were to be baked, she displaced a stewpan in which some of Tibb's delicacies were subjected to the action of the kitchen fire. Tibb muttered betwixt her teeth—"And it is the broth for my sick bairn, that maun make room for the dainty Southron's wastel-bread! It was a blithe time in Wight Wallace's day, or good King Robert's, when the pock-puddings gat naething here but hard straiks and bloody crowns. But we will see how it will a' end."

Elspeth did not think it proper to notice these dis-

contented expressions of Tibbie, but they sunk into her mind; for she was apt to consider her as a sort of authority in matters of war and policy, with which her former experience as bower-woman at Avenel Castle made her better acquainted than were the peaceful inhabitants of the Halidome. She only spoke, however, to express her surprise that the hunters did not return.

"And they come not back the sooner," said Tibb, "they will fare the waur, for the meat will be roasted to a cinder—and there is poor Simmie that can turn the spit nae langer; the bairn is melting like an icicle in warm water. Gang awa, bairn, and take a mouthful of the caller air, and I will turn the broach till ye come back."

"Rin up to the bartizan at the tower head, callant," said Dame Glendinning, "the air will be caller there than ony gate else, and bring us word if our Halbert and the gentleman are coming down the glen."

The boy lingered long enough to allow his substitute, Tibb Tacket, to make to tire of her own generosity, and of his credit stood by the side of a huge fire. He at length returned with the news that he had seen nobody.

The matter was not remarkable so far as Halbert Glendinning was concerned, for, patient alike of want and of fatigue, it was no uncommon circumstance for him to remain in the wilds till curfew time. But nobody had given Sir Piercie Shafton credit for being so keen a sportsman, and the idea of an Englishman preferring the chase to his dinner was altogether inconsistent with their preconceptions of the national character. Amidst wondering and conjecturing, the usual dinner-hour passed long away; and the inmates of the tower, taking a hasty meal themselves, adjourned their more solemn preparations until the hunters' return at night, since it seemed now certain that their sport had either carried them to a greater distance, or engaged them for a longer time, than had been expected.

About four hours after noon, arrived, not the expected sportsman, but an unlooked-for visitant, the Sub-Prior from the Monastery. The scene of the preceding day had dwelt on the mind of Father Eustace, who was of that keen and penetrating cast of character which loves not to leave unascertained whatever of mysterious is subjected to his inquiry. His kindness was interested in the family of Glendearg, which he had now known for a long time; and besides, the community was interested in the preservation of the peace betwixt Sir Piercie Shafton and his youthful host, since whatever might draw public attention on the former, could not fail to be prejudicial to the Monastery, which was already threatened by the hand of power. He found the family assembled all but Mary Avenel, and was informed that Halbert Glendinning had accompanied the stranger on a day's sport. So far was well. They had not returned; but when did youth and sport conceive themselves bound by set hours? and the circumstance excited no alarm in his mind.

While he was conversing with Edward Glendinning touching his progress in the studies he had pointed out to him, they were startled by a shriek from Mary Avenel's apartment, which drew the whole family thither in headlong haste. They found her in a swoon in the arms of old Martin, who was bitterly accusing himself of having killed her; so indeed it seemed, for her pale features and closed eyes argued rather a dead corpse than a living person. The whole family were instantly in tumult. Snatching her from Martin's arms with the eagerness of affectionate terror, Edward bore her to the casement, that she might receive the influence of the open air; the Sub-Prior, who, like many of his profession, had some knowledge of medicine, hastened to prescribe the readiest remedies which occurred to him, and the terrified females contended with, and impeded each other, in their rival efforts to be useful.

"It has been ane of her weary ghaists," said Dame Glendinning.

"It's just a trembling on her spirits, as her blessed mother used to have," said Tibb.

"It's some ill news has come ower her," said the miller's maiden; while burnt feathers, cold water and all the usual means of restoring suspended animation, were employed alternately, and with little effect.

At length a new assistant, who had joined the group unobserved, tendered his aid in the following terms:—"How is this, my most fair Discretion? What cause hath moved the ruby current of life to rush back to the citadel of the heart, leaving pale those features in which it should have delighted to meander for ever? Let me approach her," he said, "with this sovereign essence, distilled by the fair hands of the divine Urania, and powerful to recall fugitive life, even if it were trembling on the verge of departure."

Thus speaking, Sir Piercie Shafton knelt down, and most gracefully presented to the nostrils of Mary Avenel a silver pouncet-box, exquisitely chased, containing a sponge dipt in the essence which he recommended so highly. Yes, gentle reader, it was Sir Piercie Shafton himself who thus unexpectedly proffered his good offices! his cheeks, indeed, very pale and some part of his dress stained with blood, but not otherwise appearing different from what he was on the preceding evening. But no sooner had Mary Avenel opened her eyes, and fixed them on the figure of the officious courtier, than she screamed faintly, and exclaimed, "Secure the murderer!"

Those present stood aghast with astonishment, and none more so than the Euphuist, who found himself so suddenly and so strangely accused by the patient whom he was endeavouring to succour, and who repelled his attempts to yield her assistance with all the energy of abhorrence.

"Take him away!" she exclaimed—"take away the murderer!"

"Now, by my knighthood," answered Sir Piercie, "your lovely faculties either of mind or body are, O my most fair Discretion, obnubilated by some strange hallucination! For either your eyes do not discern that it is Piercie Shafton, your most devoted Affability, who now stands before you, or else, your eyes discerning truly, your mind has most erroneously concluded that he has been guilty of some delict or violence to which his hand is a stranger. No murder, O most scornful Discretion, hath been this day done saving that which your angry glances are now performing on your most devoted captive."

He was here interrupted by the Sub-Prior, who had, in the meantime, been speaking with Martin apart, and had received from him an account of the circumstances, which, suddenly communicated to Mary Avenel, had thrown her into this state. "Sir Knight," said the Sub-Prior, in a very solemn tone, yet with some hesitation, "circumstances have been communicated to us of a nature so extraordinary, that, reluctant as I am to exercise such authority over a guest of our venerable community, I am constrained to request from you an explanation of them. You left this tower early in the morning, accompanied by a youth, Halbert Glendinning, the eldest son of this good dame, and you return hither without him. Where, and at what hour, did you part company from him?"

The English knight paused for a moment, and then replied,—"I marvel that your reverence employs so grave a tone to enforce so light a question. I parted with the villagio whom you call Halbert Glendinning some hour or twain after sunrise."

"And at what place, I pray you?" said the monk.

"In a deep ravine, where a fountain rises at the base of a huge rock: an earth-born Titan, which heaveth up its gray head, even as"——

"Spare us farther description," said the Sub-Prior—"we know the spot. But that youth hath not since been heard of, and it will fall on you to account for him."

"My bairn! my bairn!" exclaimed Dame Glendinning. "Yes, holy father, make the villain account for my bairn!"

"I swear, good woman, by bread and by water, which are the props of our life"——

"Swear by wine and wastel-bread, for these a-

"It is a deep assertion, Sir Knight," answered the Sub-Prior; "yet, bethink you, it is only an assertion, and that no reason can be alleged why things should be believed which are so contrary to reason. Let me pray you to say whether the grave, which has been seen at your place of combat, was open or closed when your encounter took place?"

"Reverend father," said the knight, "I will veil from you nothing, but show you each secret of my bosom; even as the pure fountain revealeth the smallest pebble which graces the sand at the bottom of its crystal mirror, and as"—

"Speak in plain terms, for the love of heaven!" said the monk; "these holiday phrases belong not to solemn affairs. Was the grave open when the conflict began?"

"It was," answered the knight, "I acknowledge it; even as he that acknowledgeth"—

"Nay, I pray you, fair son, forbear these similitudes, and observe me. On yesterday at even no grave was found in that place, for old Martin chanced, contrary to his wont, to go thither in quest of a strayed sheep. At break of day, by your own confession, a grave was opened in that spot, and there a combat was fought. Only one of the combatants appears, and he is covered with blood, and to all appearance woundless." Here the knight made a gesture of impatience. —"Nay, fair son, hear me but one moment—the grave is closed and covered by the sod—what can we believe, but that it conceals the bloody corpse of the fallen duellist?"

"By Heaven, it cannot!" said the knight, "unless the juvenal hath slain himself, and buried himself, in order to place me in the predicament of his murderer."

"The grave shall doubtless be explored, and that by to-morrow's dawn," said the monk; "I will see it done with mine own eyes."

"But," said the prisoner, "I protest against all evidence which may arise from its contents, and do insist beforehand, that whatever may be found in that grave shall not prejudicate me in my defence. I have been so haunted by diabolical deceptions in this matter, that what do I know but that the devil may assume the form of this rustical juvenal in order to procure me farther vexation?—I protest to you, holy father, it is my very thought that there is witchcraft in all that hath befallen me. Since I entered into this northern land, in which men say that sorceries do abound, I, who am held in awe and regard even by the prime gallants in the court of Feliciana, have been here bearded and taunted by a clod-treading clown. I, whom Vicentio Saviola termed his nimblest and most agile disciple, was, to speak briefly, foiled by a cow-boy, who knew no more of fence than is used at every country wake. I am run, as it seemed to me, through the body, with a very sufficient stoccata, and faint on the spot; and yet, when I recover, I find myself without either wem or wound, and lacking nothing of my apparel, saving my murrey-coloured doublet, slashed with satin, which I will pray may be inquired after, lest the devil, who transported me, should have dropped it in his passage among some of the trees or bushes—it being a choice and most fanciful piece of raiment, which I wore for the first time at the Queen's pageant in Southwark."

"Sir Knight," said the monk, "you do again go astray from this matter. I inquire of you respecting that which concerns the life of another man, and, it may be, touches your own also, and you answer me with the tale of an old doublet!"

"Old!" exclaimed the knight; "now, by the gods and saints, if there be a gallant at the British Court more fancifully considerate, and more considerately fanciful, more quaintly curious, and more curiously quaint, in frequent changes of all rich articles of vesture, becoming one who may be accounted point-device a courtier, I will give you leave to term me a slave and a liar."

The monk thought, but did not say, that he had already acquired right to doubt the veracity of the Euphuist, considering the marvellous tale which he had told. Yet his own strange adventure, and that of Father Philip, rushed on his mind, and forbade his coming to any conclusion. He contented himself, therefore, with observing, that these were certainly strange incidents, and requested to know if Sir Piercie Shafton had any reason for suspecting that he had been singled out by the means of sorcery and witchcraft.

"Sir Sub-Prior," said the Euphuist, "the most extraordinary circumstance remains behind, which alone, had I neither been baffled in dispute, nor foiled in combat, nor wounded and cured in the space of a few hours, would of itself, and without other testimony, have compelled me to believe myself the subject of some malefice. Reverend sir, it is not to your ears that men should tell tales of love and gallantry, nor is Sir Piercie Shafton one who, to any ears whatsoever, is wont to boast of his fair acceptance with the choice and prime beauties of the court; insomuch that a lady, none of the least resplendent constellations which revolve in that hemisphere of honour, pleasure, and beauty, but whose name I here pretermit, was wont to call me her Taciturnity. Nevertheless, truth must be spoken; and I cannot but allow, as the general report of the court, allowed in camps, and echoed back by city and country, that in the alacrity of the accost, the tender delicacy of the regard, the fine fineness of the address, the adopting and pursuing of the fancy, the solemn close and the graceful fall off, Piercie Shafton was accounted the only gallant of the time, and so well accepted amongst the choicer beauties of the age, that no silk-hosed reveller of the presence-chamber, or plumed jouster of the tilt-yard, approached him by a bow's-length in the ladies' regard, being the mark at which every well-born and generous juvenal aimeth his shaft. Nevertheless, reverend sir, having found in this rude place something which by blood and birth might be termed a lady, and being desirous to keep my gallant humour in exercise, as well as to show my sworn devotion to the sex in general, I did shoot off some arrows of compliment at this Mary Avenel, terming her my Discretion, with other quaint and well-imagined courtesies, rather bestowed out of my bounty than warranted by her merit, or peradventure like unto the boyish fowler, who, rather than not exercise his bird-piece, will shoot at crows or magpies for lack of better game."——

"Mary Avenel is much obliged by your notice," answered the monk; "but to what does all this detail of past and present gallantry conduct us?"

"Marry, to this conclusion," answered the knight, "that either this my Discretion, or I myself, am little less than bewitched; for, instead of receiving my accost with a gratified bow, answering my regard with a suppressed smile, accompanying my fall off or departure with a slight sigh,—honours with which I protest to you the noblest dancers and proudest beauties in Feliciana have graced my poor services—she hath paid me as little and as cold regard as if I had been some hobnailed clown of these bleak mountains! Nay, this very day, while I was in the act of kneeling at her feet to tender her the succours of this pungent quintessence of purest spirit distilled by the fairest hands of the court of Feliciana, she pushed me from her with looks which savoured of disdain, and, as I think, thrust at me with her foot as if to spurn me from her presence. These things, reverend father, are strange, portentous, unnatural, and befall not in the current of mortal affairs, but are symptomatic of sorcery and fascination. So that, having given to your reverence a perfect, simple, and plain account of all that I know concerning this matter, I leave it to your wisdom to solve what may be found soluble in the same, it being my purpose to-morrow, with the peep of dawn, to set forward towards Edinburgh."

"I grieve to be an interruption to your designs, Sir Knight," said the monk, "but that purpose of thine may hardly be fulfilled."

"How, reverend father!" said the knight, with an air of the utmost surprise; "if what you say respects my departure, understand that it *must* be, for I have so resolved it."

"Sir Knight," reiterated the Sub-Prior, "I must once more repeat, this *cannot* be, until the Abbot's pleasure be known in the matter."

"Reverend sir," said the knight, drawing himself up with great dignity, "I desire my hearty and thankful commendations to the Abbot; but in this matter I have nothing to do with his reverend pleasure, designing only to consult my own."

"Pardon me," said the Sub-Prior; "the Lord Abbot hath in this matter a voice potential."

Sir Piercie Shafton's colour began to rise—"I marvel," he said, "to hear your reverence talk thus—What! will you, for the imagined death of a rude low-born frampler and wrangler, venture to impinge upon the liberty of the kinsman of the house of Piercie?"

"Sir Knight," returned the Sub Prior, civilly, "your high lineage and your kindling anger will avail you nothing in this matter—You shall not come here to seek a shelter, and then spill our blood as if it were water."

"I tell you," said the knight, "once more, as I have told you already, that there was no blood spilled but mine own!"

"That remains to be proved," replied the Sub-Prior; "we of the community of Saint Mary's of Kennaquhair, use not to take fairy tales in exchange for the lives of our liege vassals."

"We of the house of Piercie," answered Shafton, "brook neither threats nor restraint—I say I will travel to-morrow, happen what may!"

"And I," answered the Sub-Prior, in the same tone of determination, "say that I will break your journey, come what may!"

"Who shall gainsay me," said the knight, "if I make my way by force?"

"You will judge wisely to think ere you make such an attempt," answered the monk, with composure; "there are men enough in the Halidome to vindicate its rights over those who dare to infringe them."

"My cousin of Northumberland will know how to revenge this usage to a beloved kinsman so near to his blood," said the Englishman.

"The Lord Abbot will know how to protect the rights of his territory, both with the temporal and spiritual sword," said the monk. "Besides, consider, were we to send you to your kinsman at Alnwick or Warkworth to-morrow, he dare do nothing but transmit you in fetters to the Queen of England. Bethink, Sir Knight, that you stand on slippery ground, and will act most wisely in reconciling yourself to be a prisoner in this place until the Abbot shall decide the matter. There are armed men enow to countervail all your efforts at escape. Let patience and resignation, therefore, arm you to a necessary submission."

So saying, he clapped his hands, and called aloud. Edward entered, accompanied by two young men who had already joined him, and were well armed.

"Edward," said the Sub-Prior, "you will supply the English knight here in this spence with suitable food and accommodation for the night, treating him with as much kindness as if nothing had happened between you. But you will place a sufficient guard, and look carefully that he make not his escape. Should he attempt to break forth, resist him to the death; but in no other case harm a hair of his head, as you shall be answerable."

Edward Glendinning replied,—"That I may obey your commands, reverend sir, I will not again offer myself to this person's presence; for shame it were to me to break the peace of the Halidome, but not less shame to leave my brother's death unavenged."

As he spoke his lips grew livid, the blood forsook his cheek, and he was about to leave the apartment, when the Sub-Prior recalled him, and said in a solemn tone,—"Edward, I have known you from infancy—I have done what lay within my reach to be of use to you—I say nothing of what you owe to me as the representative of your spiritual Superior—I say nothing of the duty from the vassal to the Sub-Prior—But Father Eustace expects from the pupil whom he has nurtured—he expects from Edward Glendinning, that he will not, by any deed of sudden violence, however justified in his own mind by the provocation, break through the respect due to public justice, or that which he has an especial right to claim from him."

"Fear nothing, my reverend father, for so in an hundred senses may I well term you," said the young man; "fear not, I would say, that I will in any thing diminish the respect I owe to the venerable community by whom we have so long been protected, far less that I will do aught which can be personally less than respectful to you. But the blood of my brother must not cry for vengeance in vain—your reverence knows our Border creed."

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will requite it,'" answered the monk. "The heathenish custom of deadly feud which prevails in this land, through which each man seeks vengeance at his own hand when the death of a friend or kinsman has chanced, hath already deluged our vales with the blood of Scottish men, spilled by the hands of countrymen and kindred. It were endless to count up the fatal results. On the Eastern Border, the Homes are at feud with the Swintons and Cockburns; in our Middle Marches, the Scotts and Kerrs have spilled as much brave blood in domestic feud as might have fought a pitched field in England, could they have but forgiven and forgotten a casual rencounter that placed their names in opposition to each other. On the west frontier, the Johnstones are at war with the Maxwells, the Jardines with the Bells, drawing with them the flower of the country, which should place their breasts as a bulwark against England, into private and bloody warfare, of which it is the only end to waste and impair the forces of the country, already divided in itself. Do not, my dear son Edward, permit this bloody prejudice to master your mind. I cannot ask you to think of the crime supposed as if the blood spilled had been less dear to you—Alas! I know that is impossible. But I do require you, in proportion to your interest in the supposed sufferer, (for as yet the whole is matter of supposition,) to bear on your mind the evidence on which the guilt of the accused person must be tried. He hath spoken with me, and I confess his tale is so extraordinary, that I should have, without a moment's hesitation, rejected it as incredible, but that an affair which chanced to myself in this very glen—More of that another time—Suffice it for the present to say, that from what I have myself experienced, I deem it possible, that, extraordinary as Sir Piercie Shafton's story may seem, I hold it not utterly impossible."

"Father," said Edward Glendinning, when he saw that his preceptor paused, unwilling farther to explain upon what grounds he was inclined to give a certain degree of credit to Sir Piercie Shafton's story, while he admitted it as improbable—"Father to me you have been in every sense. You know that my hand grasped more readily to the book than to the sword; and that I lacked utterly the ready and bold spirit which distinguished"——Here his voice faltered, and he paused for a moment, and then went on with resolution and rapidity—"I would say, that I was unequal to Halbert in promptitude of heart and of hand; but Halbert is gone, and I stand his representative, and that of my father—his successor in all his rights," (while he said this his eyes shot fire,) "and bound to assert and maintain them as he would have done—therefore I am a changed man, increased in courage as in my rights and pretensions. And, reverend father, respectfully, but plainly and firmly do I say, his blood, if it has been shed by this man, shall be atoned—Halbert shall not sleep neglected in his lonely grave, as if with him the spirit of my father had ceased for ever. His blood flows in my veins, and while his has been poured forth unrequited, mine will permit me no rest. My poverty and meanness of rank shall not avail the lordly murderer. My calm nature and peaceful studies shall not be his protection. Even the obligations, holy father, which I acknowledge to you, shall not be his protection. I wait with patience the judgment of the Abbot and Chapter, for the slaughter of one of their most anciently descended vassals. If they do right to my brother's memory, it is well. But mark me, father if they shall fail in rendering me that justice, I bear a heart and a hand which, though I love not such

extremities, are capable of remedying such an error. He who takes up my brother's succession must avenge his death."

The monk perceived with surprise, that Edward, with his extreme diffidence, humility, and obedient assiduity, for such were his general characteristics, had still boiling in his veins the wild principles of those from whom he was descended, and by whom he was surrounded. His eyes sparkled, his frame was agitated, and the extremity of his desire of vengeance seemed to give a vehemence to his manner resembling the restlessness of joy.

"May God help us," said Father Eustace, "for, frail wretches as we are, we cannot help ourselves under sudden and strong temptation.—Edward, I will rely on your word that you do nothing rashly."

"That will I not," said Edward,—"that, my better than father, I surely will not. But the blood of my brother—the tears of my mother—and—and—and of Mary Avenel, shall not be shed in vain. I will not deceive you, father—if this Piercie Shafton hath slain my brother, he dies, if the whole blood of the whole house of Piercie were in his veins."

There was a deep and solemn determination in the utterance of Edward Glendinning, expressive of a rooted resolution. The Sub-Prior sighed deeply, and for the moment yielded to circumstances, and urged the acquiescence of his pupil no farther. He commanded lights to be placed in the lower chamber, which for a time he paced in silence.

A thousand ideas, and even differing principles, debated with each other in his bosom. He greatly doubted the English knight's account of the duel, and of what had followed it. Yet the extraordinary and supernatural circumstances which had befallen the Sacristan and himself in that very glen, prevented him from being absolutely incredulous on the score of the wonderful wound and recovery of Sir Piercie Shafton, and prevented him from at once condemning as impossible that which was altogether improbable. Then he was at a loss how to control the fraternal affections of Edward, with respect to whom he felt something like the keeper of a wild animal, a lion's whelp or tiger's cub, which he has held under his command from infancy, but which, when grown to maturity, on some sudden provocation displays his fangs and talons, erects his crest, resumes his savage nature, and bids defiance at once to his keeper and to all mankind.

How to restrain and mitigate an ire which the universal example of the times rendered deadly and inveterate, was sufficient cause of anxiety to Father Eustace. But he had also to consider the situation of his community, dishonoured and degraded by submitting to suffer the slaughter of a vassal to pass unavenged; a circumstance which of itself might in those difficult times have afforded pretext for a revolt among their wavering adherents, or, on the other hand, exposed the community to imminent danger, should they proceed against a subject of England of high degree, connected with the house of Northumberland, and other northern families of high rank, who, as they possessed the means, could not be supposed to lack inclination, to wreak upon the patrimony of Saint Mary of Kennaquhair, any violence which might be offered to their kinsman.

In either case, the Sub-Prior well knew, that the ostensible cause of feud, insurrection, or incursion, being once afforded, the case would not be ruled either by reason or by evidence, and he groaned in spirit when, upon counting up the chances which arose in this ambiguous dilemma, he found he had only a choice of difficulties. He was a monk, but he felt also as a man, indignant at the supposed slaughter of young Glendinning by one skilful in all the practice of arms, in which the vassal of the Monastery was most likely to be deficient; and to aid the resentment which he felt for the loss of a youth whom he had known from infancy, came in full force the sense of dishonour arising to his community from passing over so gross an insult unavenged. Then the light in which it might be viewed by those who at present presided in the stormy Court of Scotland, attached as they were to the Reformation, and allied by common faith and common interest with Queen Elizabeth, was a formidable subject of apprehension. The Sub-Prior well knew how they lusted after the revenues of the church, (to express it in the ordinary phrase of the religious of the time,) and how readily they would grasp at such a pretext for encroaching on those of St. Mary's, as would be afforded by the suffering to pass unpursued the death of a native Scotsman by a Catholic Englishman, a rebel to Queen Elizabeth.

On the other hand, to deliver up to England, or, which was nearly the same thing, to the Scottish administration, an English knight leagued with the Piercie by kindred and political intrigue, a faithful follower of the Catholic Church, who had fled to the Halidome for protection, was in the estimation of the Sub-Prior, an act most unworthy in itself, and meriting the malediction of Heaven, besides being, moreover, fraught with great temporal risk. If the government of Scotland was now almost entirely in the hands of the Protestant party, the Queen was still a Catholic, and there was no knowing when, amid the sudden changes which agitated that tumultuous country, she might find herself at the head of her own affairs, and able to protect those of her own faith. Then, if the Court of England and its Queen were zealously Protestant, the northern counties, whose friendship or enmity were of most consequence in the first instance to the community of St. Mary's, contained many Catholics, the heads of whom were able, and must be supposed willing, to avenge any injury suffered by Sir Piercie Shafton.

On either side, the Sub-Prior thinking, according to his sense of duty, most anxiously for the safety and welfare of his Monastery, saw the greatest risk of damage, blame, inroad, and confiscation. The only course on which he could determine was to stand by the helm like a resolute pilot, watch every contingence, do his best to weather each reef and shoal, and commit the rest to Heaven and his patroness.

As he left the apartment, the knight called after him, beseeching he would order his trunk-mails to be sent into his apartment, understanding he was to be guarded there for the night, as he wished to make some alteration in his apparel.*

* *Foppery of the Sixteenth Century.*—Sir Piercie Shafton's extreme love of dress was an attribute of the coxcombs of the period. The display made by their forefathers was in the numbers of their retinue; but as the actual influence of the nobility began to be restrained, both in France and England, by the increasing power of the crown, the indulgence of vanity in personal display became more inordinate. There are many allusions to this change of custom in Shakspeare and other dramatic writers, where the reader may find mention made of

"Bea's enter'd into
For gay apparel against the triumph day."

Jonson informs us, that for the first entrance of a gallant, "'twere good you turned four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three trunks of apparel."—*Every Man out of his Humour.*

In the Memorie of the Somervile family, a curious instance occurs of this fashionable species of extravagance. In the year 1537, when James V. brought over his short-lived bride from France, the Lord Somerville of the day was so profuse in the expense of his apparel, that the money which he borrowed on the occasion was compensated by a perpetual annuity of threescore pounds Scottish, payable out of the barony of Carnwath till doomsday, which was assigned by the creditor to Saint Magdalen's Chapel. By this deep expense the Lord Somerville had rendered himself so glorious in apparel, that the King, who saw so brave a gallant enter the gate of Holyrood, followed by only two pages, called upon several of the courtiers to ascertain who it could be who was so richly dressed and so slightly attended, and he was not recognised until he entered the presence-chamber. "You are very brave, my lord," said the King, as he received his homage; "but where are all your men and attendants?" The Lord Somerville readily answered, "If it like your Majesty, here they are," pointing to the lace that was on his own and his pages' clothes; whereat the King laughed heartily, and having surveyed the finery more nearly, bade him have away with it all, and let him have his stout band of spearmen again.

There is a scene in Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," (Act IV. Scene 6,) in which a Euphuist of the time gives an account of the effects of a duel on the clothes of himself and his opponent, and never departs a syllable from the catalogue of his wardrobe. We shall insert it in evidence that the foppery of our ancestors was not inferior to that of our own time.

"Fastidius. Good faith, signior, now you speak of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you with a difference that happened between a gal-

"Ay, ay," said the monk, muttering as he went up he winding stair, "carry him his trumpery with all espatch. Alas! that man with so many noble objects f pursuit, will amuse himself like a jackanape, with a aced jerkin and a cap and bells!—I must now to the nelancholy work of consoling that which is wellnigh inconsolable, a mother weeping for her firstorn.'

Advancing, after a gentle knock, into the apartment f the women, he found that Mary Avenel had rered to bed, extremely indisposed, and that Dame Glendinning and Tibb were indulging their sorrows y the side of a decaying fire, and by the light of a mall iron lamp, or cruize, as it was termed. Poor Elseth's apron was thrown over her head, and bitterly id she sob and weep for "her beautiful, her brave, —the very image of her dear Simon Glendinning, ne stay of her widowhood and the support of her ld age."

The faithful Tibb echoed her complaints, and, nore violently clamorous, made deep promises of evenge on Sir Piercie Shafton, "if there were a man eft in the south that could draw a whinger, or a voman that could thraw a rape." The presence of ne Sub-Prior imposed silence on these clamours. He sate down by the unfortunate mother, and essayed, y such topics as his religion and reason suggested, o interrupt the current of Dame Glendinning's feelngs; but the attempt was in vain. She listened, ndeed, with some little interest, while he pledged his vord and his influence with the Abbot, that the fanily which had lost their eldest-born by means of a uest received at his command, should experience articular protection at the hands of the community; and that the fief which belonged to Simon Glendinning should, with extended bounds and added priviegee, be conferred on Edward; but it was only for a ery brief space that the mother's sobs were appaently softer, and her grief more mild. She soon lamed herself for casting a moment's thought upon vorld's gear, while poor Halbert was lying stretched n his bloody shirt. The Sub-Prior was not more ortunate, when he promised that Halbert's body 'should be removed to hallowed ground, and his soul secured by the prayers of the church in his behalf." Grief would have its natural course, and the voice of the comforter was wasted in vain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

He is at liberty, I have ventured for him!
——————————if the law
Find and condemn me for't, some living wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr.—*Two Noble Kinsmen.*

THE Sub-Prior of Saint Mary's, in taking his departure from the spence in which Sir Piercie Shafton was confined, and in which some preparations were made for his passing the night, as the room which might be most conveniently guarded, left more than one perplexed person behind him. There was connected with this chamber, and opening into it, a small *outshot*, or projecting part of the building, occupied by a little sleeping apartment, which upon ordinary occasions was that of Mary Avenel, and which, in the unusual number of guests who had come to the tower on the former evening, had also accommodated Mysie Happer, the Miller's daughter; for anciently, as well as in the present day, a Scottish house was always rather too narrow and limited for the extent of the owner's hospitality, and some shift and contrivance was necessary, upon any unusual occasion, to ensure the accommodation of all the guests.

The fatal news of Halbert Glendinning's death had thrown all former arrangements into confusion. Mary Avenel, whose case required immediate attention, had been transported into the apartment hitherto occupied by Halbert and his brother, as the latter proposed to watch all night, in order to prevent the escape of the prisoner. Poor Mysie had been altogether overlooked, and had naturally enough betaken herself to the little apartment which she had hitherto occupied, ignorant that the spence, through which lay the only access to it, was to be the sleeping chamber of Sir Piercie Shafton. The measures taken for securing him there had been so sudden, that she was not aware of it, until she found that the other females had been removed from the spence by the Sub-Prior's direction, and having once missed the opportunity of retreating along with them, bashfulness, and the high respect which she was taught to bear to the monks, prevented her venturing forth alone, and intruding herself on the presence of Father Eustace, while in secret conference with the Southron. There appeared no remedy but to wait till their interview was over; and, as the door was thin, and did not shut very closely, she could hear every word which passed betwixt them.

It thus happened, that without any intended intrusion on her part, she became privy to the whole conversation of the Sub-Prior and the English knight, and could also observe from the window of her little retreat, that more than one of the young men summoned by Edward arrived successively at the tower. These circumstances led her to entertain most serious apprehension, that the life of Sir Piercie Shafton was in great and instant peril.

Woman is naturally compassionate, and not less willingly so when youth and fair features are on the side of him who claims her sympathy. The handsome presence, elaborate dress and address of Sir Piercie Shafton, which had failed to make any favourable impression on the grave and lofty character of Mary Avenel, had completely dazzled and bewildered the poor Maid of the Mill. The knight had perceived this result, and, flattered by seeing that his merit was not universally underrated, he had bestowed on Mysie a good deal more of his courtesy than in his opinion her rank warranted. It was not cast away, but received with a devout sense of his condescension, and with gratitude for his personal notice, which, joined to her fears for his safety, and the

hat and myself, Sir Puntarvolo. You know him if I should name him—Signior Luculento.

"*Punt.* Luculento! What inauspicious chance interposed itself to your two loves?

"*Fast.* Faith, sir, the same that sundered Agamemnon and great Thetis' son; but let the cause escape, sir. He sent me a challenge, mixt with some few braves, which I restored, and, in fine, we met. Now indeed, sir, I must tell you he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment; for look you, sir, I cast myself into this figure; now he came violently on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have took his arm, for he had left his body to my election, and I was sure he could not recover his guard. Sir, I mist my purpose in his arm, rashed his doublet sleeves, ran him close by the left cheek, and through his hair. He, again, light me here—I had on a gold cable hat-band, then new come up, about a murrey French hat I had; cuts my hat-band, and yet it was massy goldsmith's work, cuts my brim, which, by good fortune, being thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles, disappointed the force of the blow; nevertheless, it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purls of an Italian cut work band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange but three days before——

"*Punt.* This was a strange encounter.

"*Fast.* Nay, you shall hear, sir. With this, we both fell out and breathed. Now, upon the second sign of his assault, I betook me to my former manner of defence; he, on the other side, abandoned his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows; but I, being loth to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side, made a kind of stramazoun, ran him up to the hilt through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet missed the skin. He, making a reverse blow, falls upon my embossed girdle,—I had thrown off the hangers a little before,—strikes off a skirt of a thick laced satin doublet I had, lined with four taffatas, cuts off two panes embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings out of tissue, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

"*Car.* I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt.

"*Fast.* Here, in the opinion of mutual damage, we paused. But, ere I proceed, I must tell you, signior, that in the last encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catched hold of the ruffles of my boot, and, being Spanish leather and subject to tear, overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings that I put on, being somewhat of a raw morning, a peach colour and another, and strikes me some halfinch deep into the side of the calf. He seeing the blood come, presently takes horse and away: I having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt——

"*Car.* O, comes it in there?

"*Fast.* Ride after him, and, lighting at the court-gate both together, embraced, and marched hand in hand up into the presence. Was not this business well carried?

"*Maci.* Well! yes; and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wore.

"*Punt.* 'Fore valour! it was a designment begun with much resolution, maintained with as much prowess, and ended with more humanity."

natural tenderness of her disposition, began to make wild work in her heart.

"To be sure it was very wrong in him to slay Halbert Glendinning," (it was thus she argued the case with herself,) "but then he was a gentleman born, and a soldier, and so gentle and courteous withal, that she was sure the quarrel had been all of young Glendinning's own seeking; for it was well known that both these lads were so taken up with that Mary Avenel, that they never looked at another lass in the Halidome, more than if they were of a different degree. And then Halbert's dress was as clownish as his manners were haughty; and this poor young gentleman, (who was habited like any prince,) banished from his own land, was first drawn into a quarrel by a rude brangler, and then persecuted and like to be put to death by his kin and allies."

Mysie wept bitterly at the thought, and then her heart rising against such cruelty and oppression to a defenceless stranger, who dressed with so much skill, and spoke with so much grace, she began to consider whether she could not render him some assistance in his extremity.

Her mind was now entirely altered from its original purpose. At first her only anxiety had been to find the means of escaping from the interior apartment, without being noticed by any one; but now she began to think that Heaven had placed her there for the safety and protection of the persecuted stranger. She was of a simple and affectionate, but at the same time an alert and enterprising character, possessing more than female strength of body, and more than female courage, though with feelings as capable of being bewildered with gallantry of dress and language, as a fine gentleman of any generation would have desired to exercise his talents upon. "I will save him," she thought, "that is the first thing to be resolved—and then I wonder what he will say to the poor Miller's maiden, that has done for him what all the dainty dames in London or Holyrood would have been afraid to venture upon."

Prudence began to pull her sleeve as she indulged speculations so hazardous, and hinted to her that the warmer Sir Piercie Shafton's gratitude might prove, it was the more likely to be fraught with danger to his benefactress. Alas! poor Prudence, thou mayst say with our moral teacher,

"I preach for ever, but I preach in vain."

The Miller's maiden, while you pour your warning into her unwilling bosom, has glanced her eye on the small mirror by which she has placed her little lamp, and it returns to her a countenance and eyes, pretty and sparkling at all times, but ennobled at present with the energy of expression proper to those who have dared to form, and stand prepared to execute, deeds of generous audacity.

"Will these features—will these eyes, joined to the benefit I am about to confer upon Sir Piercie Shafton, do nothing towards removing the distance of rank between us?"

Such was the question which female vanity asked of fancy: and though even fancy dared not answer in a ready affirmative, a middle conclusion was adopted—"Let me first succour the gallant youth, and trust to fortune for the rest."

Banishing, therefore, from her mind every thing that was personal to herself, the rash but generous girl turned her whole thoughts to the means of executing this enterprise.

The difficulties which interposed were of no ordinary nature. The vengeance of the men of that country, in cases of deadly feud, that is, in cases of a quarrel excited by the slaughter of any of their relations, was one of their most marked characteristics; and Edward, however gentle in other respects, was so fond of his brother, that there could be no doubt that he would be as signal in his revenge as the customs of the country authorized. There were to be passed the inner door of the apartment, the two gates of the tower itself, and the gate of the court-yard, ere the prisoner was at liberty; and then a guide and means of flight were to be provided, otherwise ultimate escape was impossible. But where the will of woman is strongly bent on the accomplishment of such a purpose, her wit is seldom baffled by difficulties, however embarrassing.

The Sub-Prior had not long left the apartment, ere Mysie had devised a scheme for Sir Piercie Shafton's freedom, daring indeed, but likely to be successful, if dexterously conducted. It was necessary, however, that she should remain where she was till so late an hour, that all in the tower should have betaken themselves to repose, excepting those whose duty made them watchers. The interval she employed in observing the movements of the person in whose service she was thus boldly a volunteer.

She could hear Sir Piercie Shafton pace the floor to and fro, in reflection doubtless on his own untoward fate and precarious situation. By and by she heard him making a rustling among his trunks, which, agreeably to the order of the Sub-Prior, had been placed in the apartment to which he was confined, and which he was probably amusing more melancholy thoughts by examining and arranging. Then she could hear him resume his walk through the room, and, as if his spirits had been somewhat relieved and elevated by the survey of his wardrobe, she could distinguish that at one turn he half recited a sonnet, at another half whistled a galliard, and at the third hummed a saraband. At length she could understand that he extended himself on the temporary couch which had been allotted to him, after muttering his prayers hastily, and in a short time she concluded he must be fast asleep.

She employed the moments which intervened in considering her enterprise under every different aspect; and dangerous as it was, the steady review which she took of the various perils accompanying her purpose, furnished her with plausible devices for obviating them. Love and generous compassion, which give singly such powerful impulse to the female heart, were in this case united, and championed her to the last extremity of hazard.

It was an hour past midnight. All in the tower slept soundly but those who had undertaken to guard the English prisoner; or if sorrow and suffering drove sleep from the bed of Dame Glendinning and her foster-daughter, they were too much wrapt in their own griefs to attend to external sounds. The means of striking light were at hand in the small apartment, and thus the Miller's maiden was enabled to light and trim a small lamp. With a trembling step and throbbing heart, she undid the door which separated her from the apartment in which the Southron knight was confined, and almost flinched from her fixed purpose, when she found herself in the same room with the sleeping prisoner. She scarcely trusted herself to look upon him, as he lay wrapped in his cloak, and fast asleep upon the pallet bed, but turned her eyes away while she gently pulled his mantle with no more force than was just equal to awaken him. He moved not until she had twitched his cloak a second and a third time, and then at length looking up, was about to make an exclamation in the suddenness of his surprise.

Mysie's bashfulness was conquered by her fear. She placed her fingers on her lips, in token that he must observe the most strict silence, and then pointed to the door to intimate that it was watched.

Sir Piercie Shafton now collected himself, and sat upright on his couch. He gazed with surprise on the graceful figure of the young woman who stood before him; her well-formed person, her flowing hair, and the outline of her features, showed dimly, and yet to advantage, by the partial and feeble light which she held in her hand. The romantic imagination of the gallant would soon have coined some compliment proper for the occasion, but Mysie left him not time.

"I come," she said, "to save your life, which is else in great peril—if you answer me, speak as low as you can, for they have sentinelled your door with armed men."

"Comeliest of millers' daughters," answered Sir Piercie, who by this time was sitting upright in his couch, "dread nothing for my safety. Credit me, that, as, in very truth, I have not spilled the red puddle (which these villagios call the blood) of their most

lation, so I am under no apprehension whathe issue of this restraint, seeing that it canne harmless to me. Natheless, to thee, O lendinar beauty, I return the thanks which sy may justly claim."

but, Sir Knight," answered the maiden, in as low as it was tremulous, "I deserve no nless you will act by my counsel. Edward ing hath sent for Dan of the Howlet-hirst, g Adie of Aikenshaw, and they are come e men more, and with bow and jack, and d I heard them say to each other, and to as they alighted in the court, that they ve amends for the death of their kinsman, ik's cowl should smoke for it—And the vaso wilful now, that the Abbot himself dare ol them, for fear they turn heretics, and pay their feu-duties."

th," said Sir Piercie Shafton, "it may be a emptation, and perchance the monks may selves of trouble and cumber, by handing he march to Sir John Foster or Lord Huns-English wardens, and so make peace with sals and with England at once. Fairest I will for once walk by thy rede, and if contrive to extricate me from this vile kenso celebrate thy wit and beauty, that the Baiph of Raphael d'Urbino shall seem but a omparison of my Molinara."

y you, then, be silent," said the Miller's ; "for if your speech betrays that you are y scheme fails utterly, and it is Heaven's d Our Lady's that we are not already over-l discovered."

silent," replied the Southron, "even as the ight—but yet—if this contrivance of thine danger thy safety, fair and no less kind damsel, it were utterly unworthy of me to at thy hand."

t think of me," said Mysie, hastily; "I am ill take thought for myself, if I once saw of this dangerous dwelling—if you would ourself with any part of your apparel or e no time."

ight *did*, however, lose some time, ere he le in his own mind what to take and what on of his wardrobe, each article of which ideared to him by recollection of the feasts s at which it had been exhibited. For some le Mysie left him to make his selections at r she herself had also some preparations to flight. But when, returning from the chamwhich she had retired, with a small bundle nd, she found him still indecisive, she inplain terms, that he should either make up ge for the enterprise, or give it up entirely. d, the disconsolate knight hastily made up thes into a bundle, regarded his trunk-mails ate expression of parting sorrow, and inti-readiness to wait upon his kind guide.

d the way to the door of the apartment, rst carefully extinguished her lamp, and g to the knight to stand close behind her, ce or twice at the door. She was at length by Edward Glendinning, who demanded who knocked within, and what was desired.

t low," said Mysie Happer, "or you will he English knight. It is I, Mysie Happer, k—I wish to get out—you have locked me I was obliged to wait till the Southron

d you up!" replied Edward, in surprise.

answered the Miller's daughter, "you have up into this room—I was in Mary Avenel's partment."

an you not remain there till morning," reard, "since it has so chanced?"

!" said the Miller's daughter, in a tone of delicacy, "*I* remain here a moment longer n get out without discovery!—I would not, Halidome of St. Mary's, remain a minute the neighbourhood of a man's apartment n help it—For whom, or for what do you I promise you, my father's daughter has been better brought up than to put in peril her good name."

"Come forth, then, and get to thy chamber in silence," said Edward.

So saying, he undid the bolt. The staircase without was in utter darkness, as Mysie had before ascertained. So soon as she stept out, she took hold of Edward as if to support herself, thus interposing her person betwixt him and Sir Piercie Shafton, by whom she was closely followed. Thus screened from observation, the Englishman slipped past on tiptoe, unshod and in silence, while the damsel complained to Edward that she wanted a light.

"I cannot get you a light," said he, "for I cannot leave this post; but there is a fire below."

"I will sit below till morning," said the Maid of the Mill; and, tripping down stairs, heard Edward bolt and bar the door of the now tenantless apartment, with vain caution.

At the foot of the stair which she descended, she found the object of her care waiting her farther directions. She recommended to him the most absolute silence, which, for once in his life, he seemed not unwilling to observe, conducted him with as much caution as if he were walking on cracked ice, to a dark recess, used for depositing wood, and instructed him to ensconce himself behind the fagots. She herself lighted her lamp once more at the kitchen-fire, and took her distaff and spindle, that she might not seem to be unemployed, in case any one came into the apartment. From time to time, however, she stole towards the window on tiptoe, to catch the first glance of the dawn, for the farther prosecution of her adventurous project. At length she saw, to her great joy, the first peep of the morning brighten upon the gray clouds of the east, and, clasping her hands together, thanked Our Lady for the sight, and implored protection during the remainder of her enterprise. Ere she had finished her prayer, she started at feeling a man's arm across her shoulder, while a rough voice spoke in her ear—"What! menseful Mysie of the Mill so soon at her prayers?—now, benison on the bonny eyes that open so early!—I'll have a kiss for good-morrow's sake."

Dan of the Howlet-hirst, for he was the gallant who paid Mysie this compliment, suited the action with the word, and the action, as is usual in such cases of rustic gallantry, was rewarded with a cuff, which Dan received as a fine gentleman receives a tap with a fan, but which, delivered by the energetic arm of the Miller's maiden, would have certainly astonished a less robust gallant.

"How now, Sir Coxcomb!" said she, "and must you be away from your guard over the English knight, to plague quiet folk with your horsetricks!"

"Truly you are mistaken, pretty Mysie," said the clown, "for I have not yet relieved Edward at his post; and were it not a shame to let him stay any longer, by my faith, I could find it in my heart not to quit you these two hours."

"O, you have hours and hours enough to see any one," said Mysie; "but you must think of the distress of the household even now, and get Edward to sleep for awhile, for he has kept watch this whole night."

"I will have another kiss first," answered Dan of the Howlet-hirst.

But Mysie was now on her guard, and, conscious of the vicinity of the wood-hole, offered such strenuous resistance, that the swain cursed the nymph's bad humour with very unpastoral phrase and emphasis, and ran up stairs to relieve the guard of his comrade. Stealing to the door, she heard the new sentinel hold a brief conversation with Edward, after which the latter withdrew, and the former entered upon the duties of his watch.

Mysie suffered him to walk there a little while undisturbed, until the dawning became more general, by which time she supposed he might have digested her coyness, and then presenting herself before the watchful sentinel, demanded of him "the keys of the outer tower, and of the court-yard gate."

"And for what purpose?" answered the warder.

"To milk the cows, and drive them out to their

pasture," said Mysie; "you would not have the poor beasts kept in the byre a' morning, and the family in such distress, that there isna ane fit to do a turn but the byre-woman and myself?"

"And where is the byre-woman?" said Dan.

"Sitting with me in the kitchen, in case these distressed folk want any thing."

"There are the keys, then, Mysie Dorts," said the sentinel.

"Many thanks, Dan Ne'er-do-weel," answered the Maid of the Mill, and escaped down stairs in a moment.

To hasten to the wood-hole, and there to robe the English knight in a short gown and petticoat, which she had provided for the purpose, was the work of another moment. She then undid the gates of the tower, and made towards the byre, or cow-house, which stood in one corner of the court-yard. Sir Piercie Shafton remonstrated against the delay which this would occasion.

"Fair and generous Molinara," he said, "had we not better undo the outward gate, and make the best of our way hence, even like a pair of sea-mews who make towards shelter of the rocks as the storm waxes high?"

"We must drive out the cows first," said Mysie, "for a sin it were to spoil the poor widow's cattle, both for her sake and the puir beasts' own; and I have no mind any one shall leave the tower in a hurry to follow us. Besides you must have your horse, for you will need a fleet one ere all be done."

So saying, she locked and double-locked both the inward and outward door of the tower, proceeded to the cow-house, turned out the cattle, and, giving the knight his own horse to lead, drove them before her out of the court-yard gate, intending to return for her own palfrey. But the noise attending the first operation caught the wakeful attention of Edward, who starting to the bartizan, called to know what the matter was.

Mysie answered with great readiness, that "she was driving out the cows, for that they would be spoiled for want of looking to."

"I thank thee, kind maiden," said Edward—"and yet," he added, after a moment's pause, "what damsel is that thou hast with thee?"

Mysie was about to answer, when Sir Piercie Shafton, who apparently did not desire that the great work of his liberation should be executed without the interposition of his own ingenuity, exclaimed from beneath, "I am she, O most bucolical juvenal under whose charge are placed the milky mothers of the herd."

"Hell and darkness!" exclaimed Edward, in a transport of fury and astonishment, "it is Piercie Shafton—What! treason! treason!—ho!—Dan—Jasper—Martin—the villain escapes!"

"To horse! to horse!" cried Mysie, and in an instant mounted behind the knight, who was already in the saddle.

Edward caught up a crossbow, and let fly a bolt, which whistled so near Mysie's ear, that she called to her companion —"Spur—spur, Sir Knight!—the next will not miss us.—Had it been Halbert instead of Edward who bent that bow, we had been dead."

The knight pressed his horse, which dashed past the cows, and down the knoll on which the tower was situated. Then taking the road down the valley, the gallant animal, reckless of its double burden, soon conveyed them out of hearing of the tumult and alarm with which their departure filled the tower of Glendearg.

Thus it strangely happened, that two men were flying in different directions at the same time, each accused of being the other's murderer.

CHAPTER XXIX.

> ——— —Sure he cannot
> Be so unmanly as to leave me here;
> If he do, maids will not so easily
> Trust men again. —*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

The knight continued to keep the good horse at a pace as quick as the road permitted, until they had cleared the valley of Glendearg, and ente[red] the broad dale of the Tweed, which now rol[ls] them in crystal beauty, displaying on its [opposite] bank the huge gray Monastery of St. Mary['s, whose] towers and pinnacles were scarce yet touch[ed by the] newly-risen sun, so deeply the edifice lies under the mountains which rise to the sout[h].

Turning to the left, the knight continued down the northern bank of the river, until [they arri]ved nearly opposite to the weir, or dam-dik[e, where] Father Philip concluded his extraordinary excursion.

Sir Piercie Shafton, whose brain seldom [admitted] more than one idea at a time, had hithert[o pushed] forward without very distinctly considerin[g whither] he was going. But the sight of the Mon[astery so] near to him, reminded him that he was stil[l on dan]gerous ground, and that he must necessaril[y provide] for his safety by choosing some settled pl[an of es]cape. The situation of his guide and deliv[erer also] occurred to him, for he was far from bein[g either] selfish or ungrateful. He listened, and di[scovered] that the Miller's daughter was sobbing and [weeping] bitterly as she rested her head on his should[er.]

"What ails thee," he said, "my genero[us Moli]nara?—is there aught that Piercie Shafto[n can do] which may show his gratitude to his del[iverer?"] Mysie pointed with her finger across the r[iver, but] ventured not to turn her eyes in that d[irection.] "Nay, but speak plain, most generous dam[sel," said] the knight, who, for once, was puzzled as [much as] his own elegance of speech was wont t[o puzzle] others, "for I swear to you that I comprehen[d nothing] by the extension of thy fair digit."

"Yonder is my father's house," said My[sie, in a] voice interrupted by the increased burst of he[r grief.]

"And I was carrying thee discourteously [to a dis]tance from thy habitation?" said Shafton, [imagin]ing he had found out the source of her grie[f. "Ill] worth the hour that Piercie Shafton, in att[ending to] his own safety, neglected the accommodatio[n of any] female, far less of his most beneficent lib[eratrice.] Dismount, then, O lovely Molinara, unl[ess thou] wouldst rather that I should transport thee [on horse]back to the house of thy molendinary fathe[r, which,] if thou sayest the word, I am prompt to do, [defying] all dangers which may arise to me personal[ly, whe]ther by monk or miller."

Mysie suppressed her sobs, and with con[siderable] difficulty muttered her desire to alight, and [take her] fortune by herself. Sir Piercie Shafton, too [devoted] a squire of dames to consider the most low[ly as ex]empted from a respectful attention, indepe[ndent of] the claims which the Miller's maiden posses[sed over] him, dismounted instantly from his horse, [and re]ceived in his arms the poor girl, who still w[ept bit]terly, and, when placed on the ground, seeme[d hardly] able to support herself, or at least still clung, as it appeared, unconsciously, to the support [he had] afforded. He carried her to a weeping bi[rch tree,] which grew on the green-sward bank aroun[d which] the road winded, and, placing her on the gr[ass be]neath it, exhorted her to compose herself. [A strong] touch of natural feeling struggled with, [and half] overcame, his acquired affectation, while [he said,] "Credit me, most generous damsel, the se[rvice you] have done to Piercie Shafton he would hav[e held] too dearly bought, had he foreseen it was t[o cost you] these tears and singults. Show me the cau[se of your] grief, and if I can do ought to remove it, be[lieve that] the rights you have acquired over me will m[ake your] commands sacred as those of an empress. [Speak] then, fair Molinara, and command him who[m fortune] hath rendered at once your debtor and your c[hampion.] What are your orders?"

"Only that you will fly and save yours[elf," said] Mysie, mustering up her utmost efforts to u[tter these] few words.

"Yet," said the knight, "let me not [leave you] without some token of remembrance." My[sie would] have said there needed none, and most tr[uly could] she have spoken, could she have spoken for [weeping.] "Piercie Shafton is poor," he continued, ["but let] this chain testify he is not ungrateful to hi[s deliverer."]

He took from his neck the rich chain and medallion we have formerly mentioned, and put it into the powerless hand of the poor maiden, who neither received nor rejected it, but, occupied with more intense feelings, seemed scarce aware of what he was doing.

"We shall meet again," said Sir Piercie Shafton, "at least I trust so; meanwhile, weep no more, fair Molinara, an thou lovest me."

The phrase of conjuration was but used as an ordinary commonplace expression of the time, but bore a deeper sense to poor Mysie's ear. She dried her tears: and when the knight, in all kind and chivalrous courtesy, stooped to embrace her at their parting, she rose humbly up to receive the proffered honour in a posture of more deference, and meekly and gratefully accepted the offered salute. Sir Piercie Shafton mounted his horse, and began to ride off, but curiosity, or perhaps a stronger feeling, soon induced him to look back, when he beheld the miller's daughter standing still motionless on the spot where they had parted, her eyes turned after him, and the unheeded chain hanging from her hand.

It was at this moment that a glimpse of the real state of Mysie's affections, and of the motive from which she had acted in the whole matter, glanced on Sir Piercie Shafton's mind. The gallants of that age, disinterested, aspiring, and lofty-minded even in their coxcombry, were strangers to those degrading and mischievous pursuits which are usually termed low amours. They did not "chase the humble maidens of the plain," or degrade their own rank, to deprive rural innocence of peace and virtue. It followed of course, that as conquests in this class were no part of their ambition, they were in most cases totally overlooked and unsuspected, left unimproved, as a modern would call it, where, as on the present occasion, they were casually made. The companion of Astrophel, and flower of the tilt-yard of Feliciana, had no more idea that his graces and good parts could attach the love of Mysie Happer, than a first-rate beauty in the boxes dreams of the fatal wound which her charms may inflict on some Attorney's romantic apprentice in the pit. I suppose, in any ordinary case, the pride of rank and distinction would have pronounced on the humble admirer the doom which Beau Fielding denounced against the whole female world, "Let them look and die;" but the obligations under which he lay to the enamoured maiden, miller's daughter as she was, precluded the possibility of Sir Piercie's treating the matter *en cavalier*, and, much embarrassed, yet a little flattered at the same time, he rode back to try what could be done for the damsel's relief.

The innate modesty of poor Mysie could not prevent her showing too obvious signs of joy at Sir Piercie Shafton's return. She was betrayed by the sparkle of the rekindling eye, and a caress which, however timidly bestowed, she could not help giving to the neck of the horse which brought back the beloved rider.

"What farther can I do for you, kind Molinara?" said Piercie Shafton, himself hesitating and blushing; for, to the grace of Queen Bess's age be it spoken, her courtiers wore more iron on their breasts than brass on their foreheads, and even amid their vanities preserved still the decaying spirit of chivalry, which inspired of yore the very gentle Knight of Chaucer,

> "Who in his port was modest as a maid."

Mysie blushed deeply, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and Sir Piercie proceeded in the same tone of embarrassed kindness. "Are you afraid to return home alone, my kind Molinara?—would you that I should accompany you?"

"Alas!" said Mysie, looking up, and her cheek changing from scarlet to pale, "I have no home left!"

"How! no home?" said Shafton; "says my generous Molinara she hath no home, when yonder stands the house of her father, and but a crystal stream between?"

"Alas!" answered the Miller's maiden, "I have no longer either home or father. He is a devoted servant to the Abbey—I have offended the Abbot, and if I return home my father will kill me."

"He dare not injure thee, by Heaven!" said Sir Piercie; "I swear to thee, by my honour and knighthood, that the forces of my cousin of Northumberland shall lay the Monastery so flat, that a horse shall not stumble as he rides over it, if they should dare to injure a hair of your head! Therefore be hopeful and content, kind Mysinda, and know you have obliged one who can and will avenge the slightest wrong offered to you."

He sprung from his horse as he spoke, and in the animation of his argument, grasped the willing hand of Mysie, (or Mysinda as he had now christened her.) He gazed too upon full black eyes, fixed upon his own with an expression which, however subdued by maidenly shame, it was impossible to mistake, on cheeks where something like hope began to restore the natural colour, and on two lips which, like double rose-buds, were kept a little apart by expectation, and showed within a line of teeth as white as pearl. All this was dangerous to look upon, and Sir Piercie Shafton, after repeating with less and less force his request that the fair Mysinda would allow him to carry her to her father's, ended by asking the fair Mysinda to go along with him—"At least," he added, "until I shall be able to conduct you to a place of safety."

Mysie Happer made no answer; but, blushing scarlet betwixt joy and shame, mutely expressed her willingness to accompany the Southron Knight, by knitting her bundle closer, and preparing to resume her seat *en croupe*. "And what is your pleasure that I should do with this?" she said, holding up the chain as if she had been for the first time aware that it was in her hand.

"Keep it, fairest Mysinda, for my sake," said the knight.

"Not so, sir," answered Mysie, gravely; "the maidens of my country take no such gifts from their superiors, and I need no token to remind me of this morning."

Most earnestly and courteously did the knight urge her acceptance of the proposed guerdon, but on this point Mysie was resolute; feeling perhaps, that to accept of any thing bearing the appearance of reward, would be to place the service she had rendered him on a mercenary footing. In short, she would only agree to conceal the chain, lest it might prove the means of detecting the owner, until Sir Piercie should be placed in perfect safety.

They mounted and resumed their journey, of which Mysie, as bold and sharp-witted in some points as she was simple and susceptible in others, now took in some degree the direction, having only inquired its general destination, and learned that Sir Piercie Shafton desired to go to Edinburgh, where he hoped to find friends and protection. Possessed of this information, Mysie availed herself of her local knowledge to get as soon as possible out of the bounds of the Halidome, and into those of a temporal baron, supposed to be addicted to the reformed doctrines, and upon whose limits, at least, she thought their pursuers would not attempt to hazard any violence. She was not indeed very apprehensive of a pursuit, reckoning with some confidence that the inhabitants of the tower of Glendearg would find it a matter of difficulty to surmount the obstacles arising from their own bolts and bars, with which she had carefully secured them before setting forth on the retreat.

They journeyed on, therefore, in tolerable security, and Sir Piercie Shafton found leisure to amuse the time in high-flown speeches and long anecdotes of the court of Feliciana, to which Mysie bent an ear not a whit less attentive, that she did not understand one word out of three which was uttered by her fellow-traveller. She listened, however, and admired upon trust, as many a wise man has been contented to treat the conversation of a handsome but silly mistress. As for Sir Piercie, he was in his element; and well assured of the interest and full approbation of his auditor, he went on spouting Euphuism of more than usual obscurity, and at more than usual length. Thus passed the morning, and noon brought

them within sight of a winding stream, on the side of which arose an ancient baronial castle, surrounded by some large trees. At a small distance from the gate of the mansion, extended as in those days was usual, a straggling hamlet, having a church in the centre.

"There are two hostelries in this Kirk-town," said Mysie, "but the worst is best for our purpose; for it stands apart from the other houses, and I ken the man weel, for he has dealt with my father for malt."

This *causa scientiæ*, to use a lawyer's phrase, was ill chosen for Mysie's purpose; for Sir Piercie Shafton had, by dint of his own loquacity, been talking himself all this while into a high esteem for his fellow-traveller, and, pleased with the gracious reception which she afforded to his powers of conversation, had well-nigh forgotten that she was not herself one of those high-born beauties of whom he was recounting so many stories, when this unlucky speech at once placed the most disadvantageous circumstances attending her lineage under his immediate recollection. He said nothing, however. What indeed could he say? Nothing was so natural as that a miller's daughter should be acquainted with publicans who dealt with her father for malt, and all that was to be wondered at was the concurrence of events which had rendered such a female the companion and guide of Sir Piercie Shafton of Wilverton, kinsman of the great Earl of Northumberland, whom princes and sovereigns themselves termed cousin, because of the Piercie blood.* He felt the disgrace of strolling through the country with a miller's maiden on the crupper behind him, and was even ungrateful enough to feel some emotions of shame, when he halted his horse at the door of the little inn.

But the alert intelligence of Mysie Happer spared him farther sense of derogation, by instantly springing from the horse, and cramming the ears of mine host, who came out with his mouth agape to receive a guest of the knight's appearance, with an imagined tale, in which circumstance on circumstance were huddled so fast, as to astonish Sir Piercie Shafton, whose own invention was none of the most brilliant. She explained to the publican that this was a great English knight travelling from the Monastery to the Court of Scotland, after having paid his vows to St. Mary, and that she had been directed to conduct him so far on the road; and that Ball, her palfrey, had fallen by the way, because he had been over-wrought with carrying home the last melder of meal to the portioner of Langhope; and that she had turned in Ball to graze in the Tasker's park, near Cripplecross, for he had stood as still as Lot's wife with very weariness; and that the knight had courteously insisted she should ride behind him, and that she had brought him to her kend friend's hostelry rather than to proud Peter Peddie's, who got his malt at the Millerstane mills; and that he must get the best that the house afforded, and that he must get it ready in a moment of time, and that she was ready to help in the kitchen.

All this ran glibly off the tongue without pause on the part of Mysie Happer, or doubt on that of the landlord. The guest's horse was conducted to the stable, and he himself installed in the cleanest corner and best seat which the place afforded. Mysie, ever active and officious, was at once engaged in preparing food, in spreading the table, and in making all the better arrangements which her experience could suggest, for the honour and comfort of her companion. He would fain have resisted this; for while it was impossible not to be gratified with the eager and alert kindness which was so active in his service, he felt an undefinable pain in seeing Mysinda engaged in these menial services, and discharging them, moreover, as one to whom they were but too familiar. Yet this jarring feeling was mixed with, and perhaps balanced by, the extreme grace with which the neat-handed maiden executed these tasks, however mean in themselves, and gave to the ed corner of a miserable inn of the period, t a bower, in which an enamoured fairy, or a shepherdess of Arcadia, was displaying, w vailing solicitude, her designs on the heart knight, destined by fortune to higher though more splendid union.

The lightness and grace with which Mysie the little round table with a snow-white cl arranged upon it a hastily-roasted capon, wit companying stoup of Bourdeaux, were but graces in themselves; but yet there were very ing ideas excited by each glance. She was well made, agile at once and graceful, with h and arm as white as snow, and her face in smile contended with a blush, and her eyes looked ever at Shafton when he looked el and were dropped at once when they encount that she was irresistible! In fine, the affec delicacy of her whole demeanour, joined promptitude and boldness she had so lately e tended to ennoble the services she had render some

———— "sweet engaging Grace
Put on some clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place."

But, on the other hand, came the damning re that these duties were not taught her by l serve the beloved only, but arose from the and natural habits of a miller's daughter, acc doubtless, to render the same service to eve thier churl who frequented her father's mil stopped the mouth of vanity, and of the lov vanity had been hatching, as effectually as literal flour would have done.

Amidst this variety of emotions, Sir Piercie forgot not to ask the object of them to sit d partake the good cheer which she had been so to provide and to place in order. He expe this invitation would have been bashfully, but certainly most thankfully, accepted: but partly flattered, and partly piqued, by the m deference and resolution with which Mysie his invitation. Immediately after, she vanis the apartment, leaving the Euphuist to consi ther he was most gratified or displeased by appearance.

In fact, this was a point on which he wo found it difficult to make up his mind, had th any necessity for it. As there was none, he few cups of claret, and sang (to himself) a s two of the canzonettes of the divine Astroph in spite both of wine and of Sir Philip Sid connexion in which he now stood, and that was in future to hold, with the lovely Moli Mysinda, as he had been pleased to denomina Happer, recurred to his mind. The fashion times (as we have already noticed) fortuna incided with his own natural generosity of tion, which indeed amounted almost to extra in prohibiting, as a deadly sin, alike against g chivalry, and morality, his rewarding the goo he had received from this poor maiden, by any of the advantages which her confiden honour had afforded. To do Sir Piercie j was an idea which never entered into his h he would probably have dealt the most *imbroccata*, *stoccata*, or *punto reverso*, w school of Vincent Saviola had taught him man who had dared to suggest to him su and ungrateful meanness. On the other was a man, and foresaw various circumstanc might render their journey together in this fashion a scandal and a snare. Moreover, coxcomb and a courtier, and felt there was so ridiculous in travelling the land with a miller' ter behind his saddle, giving rise to suspic very creditable to either, and to ludicrous c tions, so far as he himself was concerned.

"I would," he said half aloud, "that, if su be done without harm or discredit to the too-s yet too-well-distinguishing Molinara, sh fairly severed, and bound on our differe even as we see the goodly vessel bo

* Froissart tells us somewhere (the readers of romances are indifferent to accurate reference) that the King of France called one of the Piercies cousin, because of the blood of Northumberland.

tant seas hoist sails and bear away into the deep, ile the humble fly-boat carries to shore those nds, who, with wounded hearts and watery eyes, re committed to their higher destinies the more ing adventurers by whom the fair frigate is man-."

He had scarce uttered the wish when it was grati-; for the host entered to say that his worshipful ghthood's horse was ready to be brought forth as had desired: and on his inquiry for "the—the—asel—that is—the young woman"——

Mysie Happer," said the landlord, "has returned her father's; but she bade me say, you could not s the road for Edinburgh, in respect it was neither way nor foul gate."

t is seldom we are exactly blessed with the pre- fulfilment of our wishes at the moment when we er them; perhaps because Heaven wisely withholds at, if granted, would be often received with in-titude. So at least it chanced in the present in-nce; for when mine host said that Mysie was urned homeward, the knight was tempted to reply, h an ejaculation of surprise and vexation, and a sty demand, whither and when she had departed? e first emotion his prudence suppressed, the second nd utterance.

'Where is she gane?" said the host, gazing on n, and repeating his question—"she is gane hame her father's, it is like—and she gaed just when she re orders about your worship's horse, and saw it ll fed, (she might have trusted me, but millers and lers' kin think a' body as thief-like as themselves,) she's three miles on the gate by this time."

Is she gone, then?" muttered Sir Piercie, making o or three hasty strides through the narrow apart-nt—"Is she gone?—Well, then, let her go. She ld have had but disgrace by abiding by me, and I e credit by her society. That I should have ught there was such difficulty in shaking her off! rrant she is by this time laughing with some wn she has encountered; and my rich chain will ve a good dowry.—And ought it not to prove so? l has she not deserved it, were it ten times more uable?—Piercie Shafton! Piercie Shafton! dost u grudge thy deliverer the guerdon she hath so rly won? The selfish air of this northern land h infected thee, Piercie Shafton, and blighted the ssoms of thy generosity, even as it is said to ivel the flowers of the mulberry.—Yet I thought," added, after a moment's pause, "that she would so easily and voluntarily have parted from me. t it skills not thinking of it.—Cast my reckoning, e host, and let your groom lead forth my nag."

The good host seemed also to have some mental nt to discuss, for he answered not instantly, de-ing perhaps whether his conscience would bear a ble charge for the same guests. Apparently his science replied in the negative, though not with-hesitation, for he at length replied—"It's daffing lee; it winna deny that the lawing is clean paid. vertheless, if your worshipful knighthood pleases give aught for increase of trouble"——

"How!" said the knight; "the reckoning paid? by whom, I pray you?"

"E'en by Mysie Happer, if truth maun be spoken, I said before," answered the honest landlord, with many compunctious visitings for telling the ve-as another might have felt for making a lie in circumstances—"and out of the moneys sup-d for your honour's journey by the Abbot, as she d to me. And laith were I to surcharge any gen-an that darkens my doors." He added, in the dance of honesty which his frank avowal enti-him to entertain, "Ne'ertheless, as I said before, pleases your knighthood of free good-will to sider extraordinary trouble"——

The knight cut short his argument, by throwing landlord a rose-noble, which probably doubled value of a Scottish reckoning, though it would defrayed but a half one at the Three Cranes or Vintry. The bounty so much delighted mine that he ran to fill the stirrup-cup (for which no ge was ever made) from a butt yet charier than which he had pierced for the former stoup. The knight paced slowly to horse, partook of his courtesy, and thanked him with the stiff condescension of the court of Elizabeth; then mounted and followed the northern path, which was pointed out as the nearest to Edinburgh, and which, though very unlike a modern highway, bore yet so distinct a resemblance to a public and frequented road as not to be easily mistaken.

"I shall not need her guidance it seems," said he to himself, as he rode slowly onward; "and I suppose that was one reason of her abrupt departure, so different from what one might have expected.—Well, I am well rid of her. Do we not pray to be liberated from temptation? Yet that she should have erred so much in estimation of her own situation and mine, as to think of defraying the reckoning! I would I saw her once more, but to explain to her the solecism of which her inexperience hath rendered her guilty. And I fear," he added as he emerged from some straggling trees, and looked out upon a wild moorish country, composed of a succession of swelling lumpish hills, "I fear I shall soon want the aid of this Ariadne, who might afford me a clew through the recesses of yonder mountainous labyrinth."

As the Knight thus communed with himself, his attention was caught by the sound of a horse's footsteps; and a lad mounted on a little gray Scottish nag, about fourteen hands high, coming along a path which led from behind the trees, joined him on the high-road, if it could be termed such.

The dress of the lad was completely in village fashion, yet neat and handsome in appearance. He had a jerkin of gray cloth slashed and trimmed, with black hose of the same, with deer-skin rullions or sandals, and handsome silver spurs. A cloak of a dark mulberry colour was closely drawn round the upper part of his person, and the cape in part muffled his face, which was also obscured by his bonnet of black velvet cloth, and its little plume of feathers.

Sir Piercie Shafton, fond of society, desirous also to have a guide, and moreover, prepossessed in favour of so handsome a youth, failed not to ask him whence he came, and whither he was going. The youth looked another way, as he answered, that he was going to Edinburgh, "to seek service in some nobleman's family."

"I fear me you have run away from your last master," said Sir Piercie, "since you dare not look me in the face while you answer my question."

"Indeed, sir, I have not," answered the lad, bashfully, while, as if with reluctance, he turned round his face, and instantly withdrew it. It was a glance, but the discovery was complete. There was no mistaking the dark full eye, the cheek in which much embarrassment could not altogether disguise an expression of comic humour, and the whole figure at once betrayed, under her metamorphosis, the Maid of the Mill. The recognition was joyful, and Sir Piercie Shafton was too much pleased to have regained his companion to remember the various good reasons which had consoled him for losing her.

To his questions respecting her dress, she answered, that she had obtained it in the Kirk-town from a friend; it was the holiday suit of a son of hers, who had taken the field with his liege-lord, the baron of the land. She had borrowed the suit under pretence she meant to play in some mumming or rural masquerade. She had left, she said, her own apparel in exchange, which was better worth ten crowns than this was worth four.

"And the nag, my ingenious Molinara," said Sir Piercie, "whence comes the nag?"

"I borrowed him from our host at the Gled's Nest," she replied; and added, half stifling a laugh "he has sent to get, instead of it, our Ball, which I left in the Tasker's Park at Cripplecross. He will be lucky if he find it there."

"But then the poor man will lose his horse, most argute Mysinda," said Sir Piercie Shafton, whose English notions of property were a little startled at a mode of acquisition more congenial to the ideas of a miller's daughter (and he a Border miller to boot) than with those of an English person of quality.

"And if he does lose his horse," said Mysie.

laughing, "surely he is not the first man on the marches who has had such a mischance? But he will be no loser, for I warrant he will stop the value out of moneys which he has owed my father this many a day."

"But then your father will be the loser," objected yet again the pertinacious uprightness of Sir Piercie Shafton.

"What signifies it now to talk of my father?" said the damsel, pettishly; then instantly changing to a tone of deep feeling, she added, "My father has this day lost that, which will make him hold light the loss of all the gear he has left."

Struck with the accents of remorseful sorrow in which his companion uttered these few words, the English knight felt himself bound both in honour and conscience to expostulate with her as strongly as he could, on the risk of the step which she had now taken, and on the propriety of her returning to her father's house. The matter of his discourse, though adorned with many unnecessary flourishes, was honourable both to his head and heart.

The Maid of the Mill listened to his flowing periods with her head sunk on her bosom as she rode, like one in deep thought or deeper sorrow. When he had finished, she raised up her countenance, looked full on the knight, and replied with great firmness—"If you are weary of my company, Sir Piercie Shafton, you have but to say so, and the Miller's daughter will be no farther cumber to you. And do not think I will be a burden to you, if we travel together to Edinburgh; I have wit enough and pride enough to be a willing burden to no man. But if you reject not my company at present, and fear not it will be burdensome to you hereafter, speak no more to me of returning back. All that you can say to me I have said to myself; and that I am now here, is a sign that I have said it to no purpose. Let this subject, therefore, be for ever ended betwixt us. I have already, in some small fashion, been useful to you, and the time may come I may be more so; for this is not your land of England, where men say justice is done with little fear or favour to great and to small; but it is a land where men do by the strong hand, and defend by the ready wit, and I know better than you the perils you are exposed to."

Sir Piercie Shafton was somewhat mortified to find that the damsel conceived her presence useful to him as a protectress as well as guide, and said something of seeking protection from nought save his own arm and his good sword. Mysie answered very quietly, that she nothing doubted his bravery; but it was that very quality of bravery which was most likely to involve him in danger. Sir Piercie Shafton, whose head never kept very long in any continued train of thinking, acquiesced without much reply, resolving in his own mind that the maiden only used this apology to disguise her real motive, of affection to his person. The romance of the situation flattered his vanity and elevated his imagination, as placing him in the situation of one of those romantic heroes of whom he had read the histories, where similar transformations made a distinguished figure.

He took many a sidelong glance at his page, whose habits of country sport and country exercise had rendered her quite adequate to sustain the character she had assumed. She managed the little nag with dexterity, and even with grace; nor did any thing appear which could have betrayed her disguise, except when a bashful consciousness of her companion's eyes being fixed on her, gave her an appearance of temporary embarrassment, which greatly added to her beauty.

The couple rode forward as in the morning, pleased with themselves and with each other, until they arrived at the village where they were to repose for the night, and where all the inhabitants of the little inn, both male and female, joined in extolling the good grace and handsome countenance of the English knight, and the uncommon beauty of his youthful attendant.

It was here that Mysie Happer first made Sir *Piercie Shafton* sensible of the reserved manner in *which she proposed* to live with him. She announced him as her master, and, waiting upon the reverent demeanour of an actual dome mitted not the least approach to famili even such as the knight might with the u nocence have ventured upon. For exan Piercie, who, as we know, was a great co in dress, was detailing to her the adva change which he proposed to make in her soon as they should reach Edinburgh, by her in his own colours of pink and carnati sie Happer listened with great complace unction with which he dilated upon wel slashes, and trimmings, until, carried aw enthusiasm with which he was asserting riority of the falling band over the Spanis approached his hand, in the way of illustr wards the collar of his page's doublet. She stepped back, and gravely reminded him was alone, and under his protection.

"You cannot but remember the cause w brought me here," she continued; "make approach to any familiarity which you w offer to a princess surrounded by her court have seen the last of the Miller's daughter— vanish as the chaff disappears from the shiel when the west wind blows."

"I do protest, fair Molinara," said S Shafton—but the fair Molinara had disapp fore his protest could be uttered. "A most wench," said he to himself; "and by this discreet as she is fair-featured—Certes, shan to offer her scathe or dishonour! She make too, though somewhat savouring of her c Had she but read Euphues, and forgotten cursed mill and shieling-hill, it is my tho her converse would be broidered with as n as choice pearls of compliment, as that of rhetorical lady in the Court of Feliciana. she means to return to bear me company?"

But that was no part of Mysie's prudential It was then drawing to dusk, and he saw again until the next morning, when the hor brought to the door, that they might prosec journey.

But our story here necessarily leaves the knight and his page, to return to the Tower dearg.

CHAPTER XXX.

You call it an ill angel—it may be so;
But sure I am, among the ranks which fell,
'Tis the first fiend e'er counsell'd man to rise,
And win the bliss the sprite himself had forfeited.
Ol

We must resume our narrative at the perio Mary Avenel was conveyed to the apartment had been formerly occupied by the two Glendi and when her faithful attendant, Tibbie, had exh herself in useless attempts to compose and to c her. Father Eustace also dealt forth with well kindness those apothegms and dogmata of c tion, which friendship almost always offers though they are uniformly offered in vain. S at length left to indulge in the desolation of h sorrowful feelings. She felt as those who, fo the first time, have lost what they loved, befo and repeated calamity have taught them th loss is to a certain extent reparable or endura

Such grief may be conceived better than described, as is well known to those who ha rienced it. But Mary Avenel had been taugh peculiarity of her situation, to regard hersel Child of Destiny; and the melancholy and r turn of her disposition gave to her sorrows and breadth peculiar to her character. The and it was a bloody grave—had closed, as lieved, over the youth to whom she was secr most warmly, attached; the force and ardour bert's character bearing a singular correspon the energy of which her own was capable. I

* The place where corn was winnowed, while that was performed by the hand, was called in Scotland the hill.

ot exhaust itself in sighs or in tears, but irst shock had passed away, concentrated deep and steady meditation, to collect and ike a bankrupt debtor, the full amount of It seemed as if all that connected her with vanished with this broken tie. She had l to anticipate the probability of an ultimate Halbert, yet now his supposed fall seemed only tree which was to shelter her from She respected the more gentle character, peaceful attainments, of the younger Glen- out it had not escaped her (what never pd woman in such circumstances) that posed to place himself in competition with the daughter of a proud and warlike race, more manly qualities of his elder brother; is no time when a woman does so little ne character of a surviving lover, as when him with the preferred rival of whom she ecently deprived.

herly, but coarse kindness of Dame Glen- id the doting fondness of her old domes- now the only kind feeling of which she object; and she could not but reflect how were to be compared with the devoted t of a high-souled youth, whom the least er eye could command, as the high-met- s governed by the bridle of the rider. It plunged among these desolating reflec- Mary Avenel felt the void of mind, arising narrow and bigoted ignorance in which n educated the children of her church. le religion was a ritual, and their prayers ormal iteration of unknown words, which, r of affliction, could yield but little conso- hose who from habit resorted to them. the practice of mental devotion, and of pproach to the Divine presence by prayer, not help exclaiming in her distress, "There for me on earth, and I know not how to Heaven!"

poke thus in a agony of sorrow, she cast to the apartment, and saw the mysterious ch waited upon the fortunes of her house, the moonlight in the midst of the room. form, as the reader knows, had more than d itself to her sight; and either her native f mind, or some peculiarity attached to er birth, made her now look upon it with- ing. But the White Lady of Avenel was listinctly visible, and more closely present, had ever before seemed to be, and Mary ed by her presence. She would, however, n; but there ran a tradition, that though o had seen the White Lady had asked and received answers, yet those of the venel who had ventured to speak to her, long survived the colloquy. The figure, sitting up in her bed, Mary Avenel gazed tly, seemed by its gestures to caution her ence, and at the same time to bespeak at-

ite Lady then seemed to press one of the the floor with her foot, while, in her usual choly, and musical chant, she repeated the ers s:

wh[illegible] sorrows wail the Living Dead,
yes shall commune with the Dead Alive,
tend! Beneath my foot [illegible] hid
d, the Law, the Path, which [illegible] dost strive
d canst not find. [illegible]
their lot, it were [illegible] to weep,
[illegible]
[illegible]
, and cold [illegible]
[illegible]
re lies full [illegible] this [illegible]
e wo[illegible] that wait frail Adam's line—
and make it yours—I may not make it mine!"

ntom stooped towards the floor as she con- if with the intention of laying her hand ard on which she stood. But ere she had that gesture, her form became indistinct, ntly only like the shade of a fleecy cloud, ssed betwixt earth and the moon, and was gether invisible.

A strong impression of fear, the first which she had experienced in her life to any agitating extent, seized upon the mind of Mary Avenel, and for a minute she felt a disposition to faint. She repelled it, however, mustered her courage, and addressed herself to saints and angels, as her church recommended. Broken slumbers at length stole on her exhausted mind and frame, and she slept until the dawn was about to arise, when she was awakened by the cry of "Treason! treason! follow, follow!" which arose in the tower, when it was found that Piercie Shafton had made his escape.

Apprehensive of some new misfortune, Mary Avenel hastily arranged the dress which she had not laid aside, and, venturing to quit her chamber, learned from Tibb, who, with her gray hairs dishevelled like those of a sibyl, was flying from room to room, that the bloody Southron villain had made his escape, and that Halbert Glendinning, poor bairn, would sleep unrevenged and unquiet in his bloody grave. In the lower apartments, the young men were roaring like thunder, and venting in oaths and exclamations against the fugitives the rage which they experienced in finding themselves locked up within the tower, and debarred from their vindictive pursuit by the wily precautions of Mysie Happer. The authoritative voice of the Sub-Prior commanding silence was next heard; upon which Mary Avenel, whose tone of feeling did not lead her to enter into counsel or society with the rest of the party, again retired to her solitary chamber.

The rest of the family held counsel in the spence, Edward almost beside himself with rage, and the Sub-Prior in no small degree offended at the effrontery of Mysie Happer in attempting such a scheme, as well as at the mingled boldness and dexterity with which it had been executed. But neither surprise nor anger availed aught. The windows, well secured with iron bars for keeping assailants out, proved now as effectual for detaining the inhabitants within. The battlements were open, indeed; but without ladder or ropes, to act as a substitute for wings, there was no possibility of descending from them. They easily succeeded in alarming the inhabitants of the cottages beyond the precincts of the court; but the men had been called in to strengthen the guard for the night, and only women and children remained, who could contribute nothing in the emergency, except their useless exclamations of surprise, and there were no neighbours for miles around. Dame Elspeth, however, though drowned in tears, was not so unmindful of external affairs, but that she could find voice enough to tell the women and children without, to "leave their skirling, and look after the cows that she couldna get minded, what wi' the awfu' distraction of her mind, what wi' that fause slut having locked them up in their ain tower as fast as if they had been in the Jeddart tolbooth."

Meanwhile, the men, finding other modes of exit impossible, unanimously concluded to force the doors with such tools as the house afforded for the purpose. These were not very proper for the occasion, and the strength of the doors was great. The interior one, formed of oak, occupied them for three mortal hours, and there was litte prospect of the iron door being forced in double the time.

While they were engaged in this ungrateful toil, Mary Avenel had with much less labour acquired exact knowledge of what the spirit had intimated in her mystic rhyme. On examining the spot which the phantom had indicated by her gestures, it was not difficult to discover that a board had been loosened, which might be raised at pleasure. On removing this piece of plank, Mary Avenel was astonished to find the Black Book, well remembered by her as her mother's favourite study, of which she immediately took possession, with as much joy as her present situation rendered her capable of feeling.

Ignorant in a great measure of its contents, Mary Avenel had been taught from her infancy to hold this volume in sacred veneration. It is probable that the deceased Lady of Walter Avenel only postponed initiating her daughter into the mysteries of the Divine Word, until she should be better able to comprehend both

the lessons which it taught, and the risk at which, in those times, they were studied. Death interposed, and removed her before the times became favourable to the reformers, and before her daughter was so far advanced in age as to be fit to receive religious instruction of this deep import. But the affectionate mother had made preparations for the earthly work which she had most at heart. There were slips of paper inserted in the volume, in which, by an appeal to, and a comparison of, various passages in holy writ, the errors and human inventions with which the Church of Rome had defaced the simple edifice of Christianity, as erected by its divine architect, were pointed out. These controversial topics were treated with a spirit of calmness and Christian charity, which might have been an example to the theologians of the period; but they were clearly, fairly, and plainly argued, and supported by the necessary proofs and references. Other papers there were which had no reference whatever to polemics, but were the simple effusions of a devout mind communing with itself. Among these was one frequently used, as it seemed from the state of the manuscript, on which the mother of Mary had transcribed and placed together those affecting texts to which the heart has recourse in affliction, and which assure us at once of the sympathy and protection afforded to the children of the promise. In Mary Avenel's state of mind, these attracted her above all the other lessons, which, coming from a hand so dear, had reached her at a time so critical, and in a manner so touching. She read the affecting promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and the consoling exhortation, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." She read them, and her heart acquiesced in the conclusion, Surely this is the word of God!

There are those to whom a sense of religion has come in storm and tempest; there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity; there are those, too, who have heard its "still small voice" amid rural leisure and placid contentment. But perhaps the knowledge which causeth not to err, is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction; and tears are the softened showers which cause the seed of Heaven to spring and take root in the human breast. At least it was thus with Mary Avenel. She was insensible to the discordant noise which rang below, the clang of bars and the jarring symphony of the levers which they used to force them, the measured shouts of the labouring inmates as they combined their strength for each heave, and gave time with their voices to the exertion of their arms, and their deeply muttered vows of revenge on the fugitives who had bequeathed them at their departure a task so toilsome and difficult. Not all this din, combined in hideous concert, and expressive of aught but peace, love, and forgiveness, could divert Mary Avenel from the new course of study on which she had so singularly entered. "The serenity of heaven," she said, "is above me; the sounds which are around are but those of earth and earthly passion."

Meanwhile the noon was passed, and little impression was made on the iron grate, when they who laboured at it received a sudden reinforcement by the unexpected arrival of Christie of the Clinthill. He came at the head of a small party, consisting of four horsemen, who bore in their caps the sprig of holly, which was the badge of Avenel.

"What, ho!—my masters," he said, "I bring you a prisoner."

"You had better have brought us liberty," said Dan of the Howlet-hirst.

Christie looked at the state of affairs with great surprise. "An I were to be hanged for it," he said, "as I may for as little a matter, I could not forbear laughing at seeing men peeping through their own bars like so many rats in a rat-trap, and he with the beard behind, like the oldest rat in the cellar!"

"Hush, thou unmannered knave," said Edward, "it is the Sub-Prior; and this is neither time, place, nor company, for your ruffian jests."

"What, ho! is my young master malapert?" said Christie; "why man were he my own carnal father, instead of being father to half the world, I would have my laugh out. And now it is over, I must assist you, I reckon, for you are setting very greenly about this gear—put the pinch nearer the staple, man, and hand me an iron crow through the grate, for that's the fowl to fly away with a wicket on its shoulders. I have broke into as many grates as you have teeth in your young head—ay, and broke out of them, too, as the Captain of the Castle of Lochmaben knows full well."

Christie did not boast more skill than he really possessed; for, applying their combined strength, under the direction of that experienced engineer, bolt and staple gave way before them, and in less than half an hour, the grate, which had so long repelled their force, stood open before them.

"And now," said Edward, "to horse, my mates, and pursue the villain Shafton!"

"Halt, there," said Christie of the Clinthill; "persue your guest, my master's friend and my own!—there go two words to that bargain. What the foul fiend would you pursue him for?"

"Let me pass," said Edward vehemently, "I will be stand by no man—the villain has murdered my brother!"

"What says he?" said Christie, turning to the others; "murdered? who is murdered, and by whom?"

"The Englishman, Sir Piercie Shafton," said Dan of the Howlet-hirst, "has murdered young Halbert Glendinning yesterday morning, and we have all risen to the fray."

"It is a bedlam business, I think," said Christie. "First I find you all locked up in your own tower, and next I am come to prevent you revenging a murder that was never committed!"

"I tell you," said Edward, "that my brother was slain and buried yesterday morning by this false Englishman."

"And I tell you," answered Christie, "that I saw him alive and well last night. I would I knew his trick of getting out of the grave; most men find it more hard to break through a green sod than a grated door."

Every body now paused, and looked on Christie in astonishment, until the Sub-Prior, who had hitherto avoided communication with him, came up, and required earnestly to know, whether he meant really to maintain that Halbert Glendinning lived.

"Father," he said, with more respect than he usually showed to any one save his master, "I confess I may sometimes jest with those of your coat, but not with you; because, as you may partly recollect, I owe you a life. It is certain as the sun is in heaven, that Halbert Glendinning supped at the house of my master the Baron of Avenel last night, and that he came thither in company with an old man, of whom more anon."

"And where is he now?"

"The devil only can answer that question," replied Christie, "for the devil has possessed the whole family, I think. He took fright, the foolish lad, at something or other which our Baron did in his moody humour, and so he jumped into the lake and swam ashore like a wild-duck. Robin of Red-castle spoiled a good gelding in chasing him this morning."

"And why did he chase the youth?" said the Sub-Prior; "what harm had he done?"

"None that I know of," said Christie; "but such was the Baron's order, being in his mood, and all the world having gone mad, as I have said before."

"Whither away so fast, Edward?" said the monk.

"To Corri-nan-shian, Father," answered the youth.—"Martin and Dan, take pick-axe and mattock, and follow me if you be men!"

"Right," said the monk, "and fail not to give us instant notice what you find."

"If you find aught there like Halbert Glendinning," said Christie, hallooing after Edward, "I will be bound to eat him unsalted.—'Tis a sight to see now how that fellow takes the bent!—It is in the time of action men see what lads are made of. Halbert was aye skipping up and down like a roe, and his brother used to sit in the chimney-nook with his book and sic like trash—But the lad was like a

aded hackbut, which will stand in the corner as uiet as an old crutch until ye draw the trigger, and en there is nothing but flash and smoke.—But here mes my prisoner; and, setting other matters aside, must pray a word with you, Sir Sub Prior, respecting him. I came on before to treat about him, but was interrupted with this fasherie."

As he spoke, two more of Avenel's troopers rode to the court-yard, leading betwixt them a horse, on hich, with his hands bound to his side sate the reformed preacher, Henry Warden.

CHAPTER XXXI.

At school I knew him—a sharp-witted youth
Grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates,
Turning the hours of sport and food to labour,
Starving his body to inform his mind. —*Old Play*.

THE Sub-Prior, at the Borderer's request, had not iled to return to the tower, into which he was folwed by Christie of the Clinthill, who, shutting the or of the apartment, drew near, and began his disurse with great confidence and familiarity.

"My master," he said, "sends me with his comendations to you, Sir Sub-Prior, above all the conunity of St. Mary's, and more specially than even the Abbot himself; for though he be termed my rd, and so forth, all the world knows that you are e tongue of the trump."

"If you have aught to say to me concerning the mmunity," said the Sub-Prior, "it were well you proeded in it without farther delay. Time presses, and e fate of young Glendinning dwells on my mind."

"I will be caution for him, body for body," said hristie. "I do protest to you, as sure as I am a livg man, so surely is he one."

"Should I not tell his unhappy mother the joyful lings?" said Father Eustace,—"and yet better wait l they return from searching the grave.—Well, Sir ickman, your message to me from your master?"

"My lord and master," said Christie, "hath good ason to believe that, from the information of cerin back friends, whom he will reward at more leire, your reverend community hath been led to deem im ill attached to Holy Church, allied with heretics nd those who favour heresy, and a hungerer after e spoils of your Abbey."

"Be brief, good henchman," said the Sub-Prior, for the devil is ever most to be feared when he eacheth."

"Briefly, then—my master desires your friendship; id to excuse himself from the maligners' calumes, he sends to your Abbot that Henry Warden, hose sermons have turned the world upside down, be dealt with as Holy Church directs, and as the bbot's pleasure may determine."

The Sub-Prior's eyes sparkled at the intelligence; it had been accounted a matter of great importce that this man should be arrested, possessed, as was known to be, of so much zeal and popularity. it scarcely the preaching of Knox himself had been re awakening to the people, and more formidable the Church of Rome.

n fact, that ancient system, which so well accomdated its doctrines to the wants and wishes of a barous age, had, since the art of printing, and the adual diffusion of knowledge, lain floating like ne huge leviathan, into which ten thousand reming fishers were darting their harpoons. The man Church of Scotland, in particular, was at her t gasp, actually blowing blood and water, yet still th unremitted, though animal exertions, maintain the conflict with the assailants, who on every e were plunging their weapons into her bulky body. many large towns, the monasteries had been supssed by the fury of the populace; in other places, ir possessions had been usurped by the power of reformed nobles; but still the hierarchy made a rt of the common law of the realm, and might im both its property and it's privileges wherever it d the means of asserting them. The community Saint Mary's of Kennaquhair was considered as ing particularly in this situation. They had rened, undiminished, their territorial power and influence; and the great barons in the neighbourhood, partly from their attachment to the party in the state who still upheld the old system of religion, partly because each grudged the share of the prey which the others must necessarily claim, had as yet abstained from despoiling the Halidome. The Community was also understood to be protected by the powerful Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, whose zealous attachment to the Catholic faith caused at a later period the great rebellion of the tenth of Elizabeth.

Thus happily placed, it was supposed by the friends of the decaying cause of the Roman Catholic faith, that some determined example of courage and resolution exercised where the franchises of the church were yet entire, and her jurisdiction undisputed, might awe the progress of the new opinions into activity; and, protected by the laws which still existed, and by the favour of the sovereign, might be the means of securing the territory which Rome yet preserved in Scotland, and perhaps of recovering that which she had lost.

The matter had been considered more than once by the northern Catholics of Scotland, and they had held communication with those of the south. Father Eustace, devoted by his public and private vows, had caught the flame, and had eagerly advised that they should execute the doom of heresy on the first reformed preacher, or, according to his sense, on the first heretic of eminence, who should venture within the precincts of the Halidome. A heart, naturally kind and noble, was, in this instance, as it has been in many more, deceived by its own generosity. Father Eustace would have been a bad administrator of the inquisitorial power of Spain, where that power was omnipotent, and where judgment was exercised without danger to those who inflicted it. In such a situation his rigour might have relented in favour of the criminal, whom it was at his pleasure to crush or to place at freedom. But in Scotland, during this crisis, the case was entirely different. The question was, whether one of the spirituality dared, at the hazard of his own life, to step forward to assert and exercise the rights of the church. Was there any one who would venture to wield the thunder in her cause, or must it remain like that in the hand of a painted Jupiter, the object of derision instead of terror? The crisis was calculated to awake the soul of Eustace; for it comprised the question, whether he dared, at all hazards to himself, to execute with stoical severity, a measure which, according to the general opinion, was to be advantageous to the church, and, according to ancient law, and to his firm belief, was not only justifiable but meritorious.

While such resolutions were agitated amongst the Catholics, chance placed a victim within their grasp. Henry Warden had, with the animation proper to the enthusiastic reformers of the age, transgressed, in the vehemence of his zeal, the bounds of the discretional liberty allowed to his sect so far, that it was thought the Queen's personal dignity was concerned in bringing him to justice. He fled from Edinburgh, with recommendations, however, from Lord James Stewart, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Murray, to some of the Border chieftains of inferior rank, who were privately conjured to procure him safe passage into England. One of the principal persons to whom such recommendation was addressed, was Julian Avenel; for as yet, and for a considerable time afterwards, the correspondence and interest of Lord James lay rather with the subordinate leaders than with the chiefs of great power and men of distinguished influence upon the Border. Julian Avenel had intrigued without scruple with both parties—yet bad as he was, he certainly would not have practised aught against the guest whom Lord James had recommended to his hospitality, had it not been for what he termed the preacher's officious intermeddling in his family affairs. But when he had determined to make Warden rue the lecture he had read him, and the scene of public scandal which he had caused in his hall, Julian resolved with the constitutional shrewdness of his disposition, to combine his vengeance with his interest. And therefore, instead of doing violence on the person of Henry Warden

within his own castle, he determined to deliver him up to the Community of Saint Mary's, and at once make them the instruments of his own revenge, and found a claim of personal recompense, either in money, or in a grant of Abbey lands at a low quitrent, which last began now to be the established form in which the temporal nobles plundered the spirituality.

The Sub-Prior, therefore, of Saint Mary's, unexpectedly saw the steadfast, active, and inflexible enemy of the church delivered into his hand, and felt himself called upon to make good his promises to the friends of the Catholic faith, by quenching heresy in the blood of one of its most zealous professors.

To the honour more of Father Eustace's heart than of his consistency, the communication that Henry Warden was placed within his power, struck him with more sorrow than triumph; but his next feelings were those of exultation. "It is sad," he said to himself, "to cause human suffering, it is awful to cause human blood to be spilled; but the judge to whom the sword of Saint Paul, as well as the keys of Saint Peter, are confided, must not flinch from his task. Our weapon returns into our own bosom if not wielded with a steady and unrelenting hand against the irreconcilable enemies of the Holy Church. *Pereat iste!* It is the doom he has incurred, and were all the heretics in Scotland armed and at his back, they should not prevent its being pronounced, and, if possible, enforced. Bring the heretic before me," he said, issuing his commands aloud, and in a tone of authority.

Henry Warden was led in, his hands still bound, but his feet at liberty.

"Clear the apartment," said the Sub-Prior, "of all but the necessary guard on the prisoner."

All retired excepting Christie of the Clinthill, who, having dismissed the inferior troopers whom he commanded, unsheathed his sword, and placed himself beside the door, as if taking upon him the character of sentinel.

The judge and the accused met face to face, and in that of both was enthroned the noble confidence of rectitude. The monk was about, at the utmost risk to himself and his community, to exercise what in his ignorance he conceived to be his duty. The preacher, actuated by a better informed, yet not a more ardent zeal, was prompt to submit to execution for God's sake, and to seal, were it necessary, his mission with his blood. Placed at such a distance of time as better enables us to appreciate the tendency of the principles on which they severally acted, we cannot doubt to which the palm ought to be awarded. But the zeal of Father Eustace was as free from passion and personal views as if it had been exerted in a better cause.

They approached each other, armed each and prepared for intellectual conflict, and each intently regarding his opponent, as if either hoped to spy out some defect, some chasm in the armour of his antagonist. As they gazed on each other, old recollections began to awake in either bosom, at the sight of features long unseen and much altered, but not forgotten. The brow of the Sub-Prior dismissed by degrees its frown of command, the look of calm yet stern defiance gradually vanished from that of Warden, and both lost for an instant that of gloomy solemnity. They had been ancient and intimate friends in youth at a foreign university, but had been long separated from each other; and the change of name, which the preacher had adopted from motives of safety, and the monk from the common custom of the convent, had prevented the possibility of their hitherto recognising each other in the opposite parts which they had been playing in the great polemical and political drama. But now the Sub-Prior exclaimed, "Henry Wellwood!" and the preacher replied, "William Allan!"—and, stirred by the old familiar names, and never-to-be forgotten recollections of college studies and college intimacy, their hands were for a moment locked in each other.

"Remove his bonds," said the Sub-Prior, and assisted Christie in performing that office with his own hands, although the prisoner scarcely would consent to be unbound, repeating with emphasis, that he rejoiced in the cause for which he suffered shame. When his hands were at liberty, however, he showed his sense of the kindness by again exchanging a grasp and a look of affection with the Sub-Prior.

The salute was frank and generous on either side, yet it was but the friendly recognition and greeting which is wont to take place betwixt adverse champions, who do nothing in hate, but all in honour. As each felt the pressure of the situation in which they stood, he quitted the grasp of the other's hand, and they fell back, confronting each other with looks more calm and sorrowful than expressive of any other passion. The Sub-Prior was the first to speak.

"And is this, then, the end of that restless activity of mind, that bold and indefatigable love of truth, that urged investigation to its utmost limits, and seemed to take heaven itself by storm—is this the termination of Wellwood's career?—And having known and loved him during the best years of our youth, do we meet in our old age as judge and criminal?"

"Not as judge and criminal," said Henry Warden,—for to avoid confusion we describe him by his later and best-known name—"Not as judge and criminal do we meet, but as a misguided oppressor and his ready and devoted victim. I, too, may ask, are these the harvest of the rich hopes excited by the classical learning, acute logical powers, and varied knowledge of William Allan, that he should sink to be the solitary drone of a cell, graced only above the swarm with the high commission of executing Roman malice on all who oppose Roman imposture?"

"Not to thee," answered the Sub-Prior, "be assured—not unto thee, nor unto mortal man, will I render an account of the power with which the church may have invested me. It was granted but as a deposit for her welfare—for her welfare it shall at every risk be exercised, without fear and without favour."

"I expected no less from your misguided zeal," answered the preacher; "and in me have you met one on whom you may fearlessly exercise your authority, secure that his mind at least will defy your influence, as the snows of that Mont Blanc which we saw together, shrink not under the heat of the hottest summer sun."

"I do believe thee," said the Sub-Prior, "I do believe that thine is indeed metal unmalleable by force. Let it yield then to persuasion. Let us debate these matters of faith, as we once were wont to conduct our scholastic disputes, when hours, nay days, glided past in the mutual exercise of our intellectual powers. It may be thou mayst yet hear the voice of the shepherd, and return to the universal fold."

"No, Allan," replied the prisoner, "this is no vain question, devised by dreaming scholiasts, on which they may whet their intellectual faculties until the very metal be wasted away. The errors which I combat are like those fiends which are only cast out by fasting and prayer. Alas! not many wise, not many learned are chosen; the cottage and the hamlet shall in our days bear witness against the schools and their disciples. Thy very wisdom, which is foolishness, hath made thee, as the Greeks of old, hold as foolishness that which is the only true wisdom."

"This," said the Sub-Prior, sternly, "is the mere cant of ignorant enthusiasm, which appealeth from learning and from authority, from the sure guidance of that lamp which God hath afforded us in the Councils and in the Fathers of the Church, to a rash, self-willed, and arbitrary interpretation of the Scriptures, wrested according to the private opinion of each speculating heretic."

"I disdain to reply to the charge," replied Warden. "The question at issue between your church and mine, is, whether we will be judged by the Holy Scriptures, or by the devices and decisions of men not less subject to error than ourselves, and who have defaced our holy religion with vain devices, reared up idols of stone and wood, in form of those who, when they lived, were but sinful creatures, to share the worship due only to the Creator—established a toll-house betwixt heaven and hell, that profitable purgatory of which the Pope keeps the keys, like an iniquitous judge commutes punishment for bribes, and"——

"Silence, blasphemer," said the Sub-Prior, sternly, "or I will have thy blatant obloquy stopped with a gag!"

"Ay," replied Warden, "such is the freedom of the Christian conference to which Rome's priests so kindly invite us!—the gag—the rack—the axe—is the *ratio ultima Romæ*. But know thou, mine ancient friend, that the character of thy former companion is not so changed by age, but that he still dares to endure for the cause of truth all that thy proud hierarchy shall dare to inflict."

"Of that," said the monk, "I nothing doubt—Thou wert ever a lion to turn against the spear of the hunter, not a stag to be dismayed at the sound of his bugle."—He walked through the room in silence. "Wellwood," he said at length, "we can no longer be friends. Our faith, our hope, our anchor on futurity, is no longer the same."

"Deep is my sorrow that thou speakest truth.—May God so judge me," said the Reformer, "as I would buy the conversion of a soul like thine with my dearest heart's blood."

"To thee, and with better reason, do I return the wish," replied the Sub-Prior; "it is such an arm as thine that should defend the bulwarks of the Church, and it is now directing the battering-ram against them, and rendering practicable the breach through which all that is greedy, and all that is base, and all that is mutable and hot-headed in this innovating age, already hope to advance to destruction and to spoil. But since such is our fate, that we can no longer fight side by side as friends, let us at least act as generous enemies. You cannot have forgotten,

> 'O gran bonta dei cavalieri antiqui!
> Erano nemici, eran' di fede diversa'——

Although, perhaps," he added, stopping short in his quotation, "your new faith forbids you to reserve a place in your memory, even for what high poets have recorded of loyal faith, and generous sentiment."

"The faith of Buchanan," replied the preacher, "the faith of Buchanan and of Beza cannot be unfriendly to literature. But the poet you have quoted affords strains fitter for a dissolute court than for a convent."

"I might retort on your Theodore Beza," said the Sub-Prior smiling; but "I hate the judgment that, like the flesh-fly, skims over whatever is sound to detect and settle upon some spot which is tainted. But to the purpose. If I conduct thee or send thee a prisoner to Saint Mary's, thou art to-night a tenant of the dungeon, to-morrow a burden to the gibbet-tree. If I were to let thee go hence at large, I were thereby wronging the Holy Church, and breaking mine own solemn vow. Other resolutions may be adopted in the capital, or better times may speedily ensue. Wilt thou remain a true prisoner upon thy parole, rescue or no rescue, as is the phrase amongst the warriors of this country? Wilt thou solemnly promise that thou wilt do so, and that at my summons thou wilt present thyself before the Abbot and Chapter of Saint Mary's and that thou wilt not stir from this house above a quarter of a mile in any direction? Wilt thou, I say, engage me thy word for this? and such is the sure trust which I repose in thy good faith, that thou shalt remain here unharmed and unsecured, a prisoner at large, subject only to appear before our court when called upon."

The preacher paused—"I am unwilling," he said, "to fetter my native liberty by any self-adopted engagement. But I am already in your power, and you may bind me to my answer. By such promise, to abide within a certain limit, and to appear when called upon, I renounce not any liberty which I at present possess, and am free to exercise; but, on the contrary, being in bonds, and at your mercy, I acquire thereby a liberty which I at present possess not. I will therefore accept of thy proffer, as what is courteously offered on thy part, and may be honourably accepted on mine."

"Stay yet," said the Sub-Prior, "one important part of thy engagement is forgotten—thou art farther to promise, that while thus left at liberty, thou wilt not preach or teach, directly or indirectly, any of those pestilent heresies by which so many souls have been in this our day won over from the kingdom of light to the kingdom of darkness."

"There we break off our treaty," said Warden, firmly—"Wo unto me if I preach not the Gospel!"

The Sub-Prior's countenance became clouded, and he again paced the apartment, and muttered, "A plague upon the self-willed fool!" then stopped short in his walk, and proceeded in his argument.—"Why, by thine own reasoning, Henry, thy refusal here is but peevish obstinacy. It is in my power to place you where your preaching can reach no human ear; in promising therefore to abstain from it, you grant nothing which you have it in your power to refuse."

"I know not that," replied Henry Warden; "thou mayst indeed cast me into a dungeon, but can I foretell that my Master hath not task-work for me to perform even in that dreary mansion? The chains of saints have, ere now, been the means of breaking the bonds of Satan. In a prison, holy Paul found the jailer whom he brought to believe the word of salvation, he and all his house."

"Nay," said the Sub-Prior, in a tone betwixt anger and scorn, "if you match yourself with the blessed Apostle, it were time we had done—prepare to endure what thy folly, as well as thy heresy, deserves.—Bind him, soldier."

With proud submission to his fate, and regarding the Sub-Prior with something which almost amounted to a smile of superiority, the preacher placed his arms so that the bonds could be again fastened round him.

"Spare me not," he said to Christie; for even that ruffian hesitated to draw the cord straitly.

The Sub-Prior, meanwhile, looked at him from under his cowl, which he had drawn over his head, and partly over his face, as if he wished to shade his own emotions. They were those of a huntsman within point-blank shot of a noble stag, who is yet too much struck with his majesty of front and of antler to take aim at him. They were those of a fowler, who, levelling his gun at a magnificent eagle, is yet reluctant to use his advantage when he sees the noble sovereign of the birds pruning himself in proud defiance of whatever may be attempted against him. The heart of the Sub-Prior (bigoted as he was) relented, and he doubted if he ought to purchase, by a rigorous discharge of what he deemed his duty, the remorse he might afterwards feel for the death of one so nobly independent in thought and character, the friend, besides, of his own happiest years, during which they had, side by side, striven in the noble race of knowledge, and indulged their intervals of repose in the lighter studies of classical and general letters.

The Sub-Prior's hand pressed his half-o'ershadowed cheek, and his eye, more completely obscured, was bent on the ground, as if to hide the workings of his relenting nature.

"Were but Edward safe from the infection," he thought to himself—"Edward, whose eager and enthusiastic mind presses forward in the chase of all that hath even the shadow of knowledge, I might trust this enthusiast with the women, after due caution to them that they cannot, without guilt, attend to his reveries."

As the Sub-Prior revolved these thoughts, and delayed the definitive order which was to determine the fate of the prisoner, a sudden noise at the entrance of the tower diverted his attention for an instant, and, his cheek and brow inflamed with all the glow of heat and determination, Edward Glendinning rushed into the room.

CHAPTER XXXI .

> Then in my gown of sober gray
> Along the mountain path I'll wander,
> And wind my solitary way
> To the sad shrine that courts me yonder.
>
> There, in the calm monastic shade,
> All injuries may be forgiven;
> And there for thee, obdurate maid,
> My orisons shall rise to heaven.
>
> *The Cruel Lady of the Mountains.*

THE first words which Edward uttered were,—"My brother is safe, reverend father—he is safe.

thank God, and lives!—There is not in Corri-nan-shian a grave, nor a vestige of a grave. The turf around the fountain has neither been disturbed by pick-axe, spade, or mattock, since the deer's-hair first sprang there. He lives as surely as I live!"

The earnestness of the youth—the vivacity with which he looked and moved—the springy step, outstretched hand, and ardent eye, reminded Henry Warden of Halbert, so lately his guide. The brothers had indeed a strong family resemblance, though Halbert was far more athletic and active in his person, taller and better knit in the limbs, and though Edward had, on ordinary occasions, a look of more habitual acuteness and more profound reflection. The preacher was interested as well as the Sub-Prior.

"Of whom do you speak, my son?" he said, in a tone as unconcerned as if his own fate had not been at the same instant trembling in the balance, and as if a dungeon and death did not appear to be his instant doom—"Of whom, I say, speak you? If of a youth somewhat older than you seem to be—brown-haired, open-featured, taller and stronger than you appear, yet having much of the same air, and of the same tone of voice—if such a one is the brother whom you seek, it may be I can tell you news of him."

"Speak, then, for Heaven's sake," said Edward—"life or death lies on thy tongue."

The Sub-Prior joined eagerly in the same request, and, without waiting to be urged, the preacher gave a minute account of the circumstances under which he met the elder Glendinning, with so exact a description of his person, that there remained no doubt as to his identity. When he mentioned that Halbert Glendinning had conducted him to the dell in which they found the grass bloody, and a grave newly closed, and told how the youth accused himself of the slaughter of Sir Piercie Shafton, the Sub-Prior looked on Edward with astonishment.

"Didst thou not say, even now," he said, "that there was no vestige of a grave in that spot?"

"No more vestige of the earth having been removed than if the turf had grown there since the days of Adam," replied Edward Glendinning. "It is true," he added, "that the adjacent grass was trampled and bloody."

"These are delusions of the enemy," said the Sub-Prior, crossing himself.—"Christian men may no longer doubt of it."

"But an it be so," said Warden, "Christian men might better guard themselves by the sword of prayer, than by the idle form of a cabalistical spell."

"The badge of our salvation," said the Sub-Prior, "cannot be so termed—the sign of the cross disarmeth all evil spirits."

"Ay," answered Henry Warden, apt and armed for controversy, "but it should be borne in the heart, not scored with the fingers in the air. That very impassive air, through which your hand passes, shall as soon bear the imprint of your action, as the external action shall avail the fond bigot who substitutes vain motions of the body, idle genuflections, and signs of the cross, for the living and heart-born duties of faith and good works."

"I pity thee," said the Sub-Prior, as actively ready for polemics as himself,—"I pity thee, Henry, and reply not to thee. Thou mayst as well winnow forth and measure the ocean with a sieve, as mete out the power of holy words, deeds, and signs, by the erring gauge of thine own reason."

"Not by mine own reason would I mete them," said Warden; "but by His holy Word, that unfading and unerring lamp of our paths, compared to which human reason is but as a glimmering and fading taper, and your boasted tradition only a misleading wild-fire. Show me your Scripture warrant for ascribing virtue to such vain signs and motions?"

"I offered thee a fair field of debate," said the Sub-Prior, "which thou didst refuse. I will not at present resume the controversy."

"*Were these* my last accents," said the Reformer, "*and were* they uttered at the stake, half-choked *with smoke*, and as the fagots kindled into a blaze around me, with that last utterance I would testify against the superstitious devices of Rome."

The Sub-Prior suppressed with pain the controversial answer which arose to his lips, and turning to Edward Glendinning, he said, "there could be now no doubt that his mother ought presently to be informed that her son lived."

"I told you that two hours since," said Christie of the Clinthill, "an you would have believed me. But it seems you are more willing to take the word of an old gray sorner, whose life has been spent in pattering heresy, than mine, though I never rode a foray in my life without duly saying my pater-noster."

"Go, then," said Father Eustace to Edward; "let thy sorrowing mother know that her son is restored to her from the grave, like the child of the widow of Zarephath; at the intercession," he added, looking at Henry Warden, "of the blessed Saint whom I invoked in his behalf."

"Deceived thyself," said Warden, instantly, "thou art a deceiver of others. It was no dead man, no creature of clay, whom the blessed Tishbite invoked, when, stung by the reproach of the Shunamite woman, he prayed that her son's soul might come into him again."

"It was by his intercession, however," repeated the Sub-Prior; "for what says the Vulgate? Thus is it written: '*Et exaudivit Dominus vocem Heliæ; et reversa est anima pueri intra eum, et revixit;*'—and thinkest thou the intercession of a glorified saint is more feeble than when he walks on earth, shrouded in a tabernacle of clay, and seeing but with the eye of flesh?"

During this controversy Edward Glendinning appeared restless and impatient, agitated by some strong internal feeling, but whether of joy, grief, or expectation, his countenance did not expressly declare. He took now the unusual freedom to break in upon the discourse of the Sub-Prior, who, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, was obviously kindling in the spirit of controversy, which Edward diverted by conjuring his reverence to allow him to speak a few words with him in private.

"Remove the prisoner," said the Sub-Prior to Christie; "look to him carefully that he escape not; but for thy life do him no injury."

His commands being obeyed, Edward and the monk were left alone, when the Sub-Prior thus addressed him.

"What hath come over thee, Edward, that thy eye kindles so wildly, and thy cheek is thus changing from scarlet to pale? Why didst thou break in so hastily and unadvisedly upon the argument with which I was prostrating yonder heretic? And wherefore doest thou not tell thy mother that her son is restored to her by the intercession, as Holy Church well warrants us to believe, of Blessed Saint Benedict, the patron of our Order? For if ever my prayers were put forth to him with zeal, it hath been in behalf of this house, and thine eyes have seen the result—go, tell it to thy mother."

"I must tell her, then," said Edward, "that if she has regained one son, another is lost to her."

"What meanest thou, Edward? what language is this?" said the Sub-Prior.

"Father," said the youth, kneeling down to him, "my sin and my shame shall be told thee, and thou shalt witness my penance with thine own eyes."

"I comprehend thee not," said the Sub-Prior. "What canst thou have done to deserve such self-accusation?—Hast thou too listened," he added, knitting his brows, "to the demon of heresy, ever most effectual tempter of those, who, like yonder unhappy man, are distinguished by their love of knowledge?"

"I am guiltless in that matter," answered Glendinning, "nor have presumed to think otherwise than thou, my kind father, hast taught me, and that the Church allows."

"And what is it then, my son," said the Sub-Prior, kindly, "which thus afflicts thy conscience? speak it to me, that I may answer thee in the words of comfort; for the Church's mercy is great to those obedient children who doubt not her power."

"My confession will require her mercy," replied Edward. "My brother Halbert—so kind, so brave, so gentle, who spoke not, thought not, acted not, but in love to me, whose hand had aided me in every difficulty, whose eye watched over me like the eagle's over her nestlings, when they prove their first flight from the eyry—this brother, so kind, so gentle, so affectionate—I heard of his sudden, his bloody, his violent death, and I rejoiced—I heard of his unexpected restoration, and I sorrowed!"

"Edward," said the father, "thou art beside thyself—what could urge thee to such odious ingratitude?—In your hurry of spirits you have mistaken the confused tenor of your feelings—Go, my son, pray and compose thy mind—we will speak of this another time."

"No, father, no," said Edward, vehemently, "now, or never!—I will find the means to tame this rebellious heart of mine, or I will tear it out of my bosom—Mistake its passions?—No, father, grief can ill be mistaken for joy—All wept, all shrieked around me—my mother—the menials—she too, the cause of my crime—all wept—and I—I could hardly disguise my brutal and insane joy, under the appearance of revenge—Brother, I said, I cannot give thee tears, but I will give thee blood—Yes, father, as I counted hour after hour, while I kept watch upon the English prisoner, and said, I am an hour nearer to hope and to happiness"——

"I understand thee not, Edward," said the monk, "nor can I conceive in what way thy brother's supposed murder should have affected thee with such unnatural joy—Surely the sordid desire to succeed him in his small possessions"——

"Perish the paltry trash!" said Edward, with the same emotion. "No, father, it was rivalry—it was jealous rage—it was the love of Mary Avenel, that rendered me the unnatural wretch I confess myself!"

"Of Mary Avenel!" said the priest—"of a lady so high above either of you in name and in rank? How dared Halbert—how dared you, presume to lift your eye to her but in honour and respect, as to a superior of another degree from yours?"

"When did love wait for the sanction of heraldry?" replied Edward; "and in what but a line of dead ancestors was Mary, our mother's guest and foster-child, different from us, with whom she was brought up? Enough, we loved—we both loved her! But the passion of Halbert was requited. He knew it not, he saw it not—but I was sharper-eyed. I saw that even when I was more approved, Halbert was more beloved. With me she would sit for hours at our common task, with the cold simplicity and indifference of a sister, but with Halbert she trusted not herself. She changed colour, she was fluttered when he approached her; and when he left her, she was sad, pensive, and solitary. I bore all this—I saw my rival's advancing progress in her affections—I bore it, father, and yet I hate him not—I could not hate him!"

"And well for thee that thou didst not," said the father; "wild and headstrong as thou art, wouldst thou hate thy brother for partaking in thine own folly?"

"Father," replied Edward, "the world esteems thee wise, and holds thy knowledge of mankind high; but thy question shows that thou hast never loved. It was by an effort that I saved myself from hating my kind and affectionate brother, who, all unsuspicious of my rivalry, was perpetually loading me with kindness. Nay, there were moods of my mind, in which I could return that kindness for a time with energetic enthusiasm. Never did I feel this so strongly as on the night which parted us. But I could not help rejoicing when he was swept from my track—could not help sorrowing when he was again restored to be a stumbling-block in my paths."

"May God be gracious to thee, my son!" said the monk; "this is an awful state of mind. Even in such evil mood did the first murderer rise up against his brother, because Abel's was the more acceptable sacrifice."

"I will wrestle with the demon which has haunted me, father," replied the youth, firmly—"I will wrestle with him, and I will subdue him. But first I must remove from the scenes which are to follow here. I cannot endure that I should see Mary Avenel's eyes again flash with joy at the restoration of her lover. It were a sight to make indeed a second Cain of me! My fierce, turbid, and transitory joy discharged itself in a thirst to commit homicide, and how can I estimate the frenzy of my despair!"

"Madman!" said the Sub-Prior, "at what dreadful crime does thy fury drive?"

"My lot is determined, father," said Edward in a resolute tone; "I will embrace the spiritual state which you have so oft recommended. It is my purpose to return with you to Saint Mary's, and, with the permission of the Holy Virgin and of Saint Benedict, to offer my profession to the Abbot."

"Not now, my son," said the Sub-Prior, "not in this distemperature of mind. The wise and good accept not gifts which are made in heat of blood, and which may be after repented of; and shall we make our offerings to wisdom and to goodness itself, with less of solemn resolution and deep devotion of mind, than is necessary to make them acceptable to our own frail companions in this valley of darkness? This I say to thee, my son, not as meaning to deter thee from the good path thou art now inclined to prefer, but that thou mayst make thy vocation and thine election sure."

"There are actions, father," returned Edward, "which brook no delay, and this is one. It must be done this very *now*; or it may never be done. Let me go with you; let me not behold the return of Halbert into this house. Shame, and the sense of the injustice I have already done him, will join with these dreadful passions which urge me to do him yet farther wrong. Let me then go with you."

"With me, my son," said the Sub-Prior, "thou shalt surely go; but our rule, as well as reason and good order, require that you should dwell a space with us as a probationer, or novice, before taking upon thee those final vows, which, sequestering thee for ever from the world, dedicate thee to the service of Heaven."

"And when shall we set forth, father?" said the youth, as eagerly as if the journey which he was now undertaking led to the pleasures of a summer holiday.

"Even now, if thou wilt," said the Sub-Prior, yielding to his impetuosity—"go, then, and command them to prepare for our departure.—Yet stay," he said, as Edward, with all the awakened enthusiasm of his character, hastened from his presence, "come hither, my son, and kneel down."

Edward obeyed, and kneeled down before him. Notwithstanding his slight figure and thin features, the Sub-Prior could, from the energy of his tone, and the earnestness of his devotional manner, impress his pupils and his penitents with no ordinary feelings of personal reverence. His heart always was, as well as seemed to be, in the duty which he was immediately performing; and the spiritual guide who thus shows a deep conviction of the importance of his office, seldom fails to impress a similar feeling upon his hearers. Upon such occasions as the present, his puny body seemed to assume more majestic stature—his spare and emaciated countenance bore a bolder, loftier, and more commanding port—his voice, always beautiful, trembled as labouring under the immediate impulse of the Divinity—and his whole demeanour seemed to bespeak, not the mere ordinary man, but the organ of the Church, in which she had vested her high power for delivering sinners from their load of iniquity.

"Hast thou, my fair son," said he, "faithfully recounted the circumstances which have thus suddenly determined thee to a religious life?"

"The sins I have confessed, my father," answered Edward, "but I have not yet told of a strange appearance, which, acting on my mind, hath, I think, aided to determine my resolution."

"Tell it, then, now," returned the Sub-Prior; "it is thy duty to leave me uninstructed in nought, so that thereby I may understand the temptation that besets thee."

"I tell it with unwillingness," said Edward; "for although, God wot, I speak but the mere truth, yet even while my tongue speaks it as truth, my own ears receive it as fable."

"Yet say the whole," said Father Eustace; "neither fear rebuke from me, seeing I may know reasons for receiving as true that which others might regard as fabulous."

"Know, then, father," replied Edward, "that betwixt hope and despair—and, Heavens! what a hope!—the hope to find the corpse mangled and crushed hastily in amongst the bloody clay which the foot of the scornful victor had trod down upon my good, my gentle, my courageous brother.—I sped to the glen call'ed Corri-nan-shian; but, as your reverence has been already informed, neither the grave, which my unhallowed wishes had in spite of my better self longed to see, nor any appearance of the earth having been opened, was visible in the solitary spot where Martin had, at morning yesterday, seen the fatal hillock. You know our dalesmen, father. The place hath an evil name, and this deception of the sight inclined them to leave it. My companions became affrighted, and hastened down the glen as men caught in trespass. My hopes were too much blighted, my mind too much agitated, to fear either the living or the dead. I descended the glen more slowly than they, often looking back, and not ill pleased with the poltronery of my companions, which left me to my own perplexed and moody humour, and induced them to hasten into the broader dale. They were already out of sight, and lost amongst the windings of the glen, when, looking back, I saw a female form standing beside the fountain"——

"How, my fair son?" said the Sub-Prior, "beware you jest not with your present situation!"

"I jest not, father," answered the youth; "it may be I shall never jest again—surely not for many a day. I saw, I say, the form of a female clad in white, such—such as the Spirit which haunts the house of Avenel is supposed to be. Believe me, my father, for, by Heaven and earth, I say nought but what I saw with these eyes!"

"I believe thee, my son," said the monk; "proceed in thy strange story."

"The apparition," said Edward Glendinning, "sung, and thus ran her lay; for, strange as it may seem to you, her words abide by my remembrance as if they had been sung to me from infancy upward:

'Thou who seek'st my fountain lone,
With thoughts and hopes thou darest not own;
Whose heart within leap'd wildly glad
When most his brow seem'd dark and sad;
Hie thee back, thou find'st not here
Corpse or coffin, grave or bier;
The Dead Alive is gone and fled—
Go thou, and join the Living Dead!

'The Living Dead, whose sober brow
Oft shrouds such thoughts as thou hast now.
Whose hearts within are seldom cured
Of passions by their vows abjured;
Where, under sad and solemn show.
Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes glow.
Seek the convent's vaulted room
Prayer and vigil be thy doom:
Doff the green, and don the gray.
To the cloister hence away!'"

"'Tis a wild lay," said the Sub-Prior, "and chanted, I fear me, with no good end. But we have power to turn the machinations of Satan to his shame. Edward, thou shalt go with me as thou desirest; thou shalt prove the life for which I have long thought thee best fitted—thou shalt aid, my son, this trembling hand of mine to sustain the Holy Ark, which bold unhallowed men press rashly forward to touch and to profane.—Wilt thou not first see thy mother?"

"I will see no one," said Edward, hastily; "I will risk nothing that may shake the purpose of my heart. From Saint Mary's they shall learn my destination—all of them shall learn it. My mother—Mary Avenel—my restored and happy brother—they shall all know that Edward lives no longer to the world to be a clog on their happiness. Mary shall no longer need to constrain her looks and expressions to coldness because I am nigh. She shall no longer"——

"My son," said the Sub-Prior, interrupting him, "it is not by looking back on the vanities and vexations of this world, that we fit ourselves for the discharge of duties which are not of it. Go, get our horses ready, and, as we descend the glen together, I will teach thee the truths through which the fathers and wise men of old had that precious alchymy, which can convert suffering into happiness."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Now, on my faith, this gear is all entangled,
Like to the yarn clew of the drowsy knitter,
Dragg'd by the frolic kitten through the cabin,
While the good dame sits nodding o'er the fire!
Masters, attend; 'twill crave some skill to clear it
Old Play.

EDWARD, with the speed of one who doubts the steadiness of his own resolution, hastened to prepare the horses for their departure, and at the same time thanked and dismissed the neighbours who had come to his assistance, and who were not a little surprised both at the suddenness of his proposed departure, and at the turn affairs had taken.

"Here's cold hospitality," quoth Dan of the Howlet-hirst to his comrades; "I trow the Glendinnings may die and come alive right oft, ere I put foot in stirrup again for the matter."

Martin soothed them by placing food and liquor before them. They ate sullenly, however, and departed in bad humour.

The joyful news that Halbert Glendinning lived, was quickly communicated through the sorrowing family. The mother wept and thanked Heaven alternately; until her habits of domestic economy awakening as her feelings became calmer, she observed, "It would be an unco task to mend the yetts, and what were they to do while they were broken in that fashion? At open doors dogs come in?"

Tibb remarked, "She aye thought Halbert was ower gleg at his weapon to be killed sae easily by ony Sir Piercie of them a'. They might say of these Southrons as they liked; but they had not the pith and wind of a canny Scot, when it came to close grips."

On Mary Avenel the impression was inconceivably deeper. She had but newly learned to pray, and it seemed to her that her prayers had been instantly answered—that the compassion of Heaven, which she had learned to implore in the words of Scripture, had descended upon her after a manner almost miraculous, and recalled the dead from the grave at the sound of her lamentations. There was a dangerous degree of enthusiasm in this strain of feeling, but it originated in the purest devotion.

A silken and embroidered muffler, one of the few articles of more costly attire which she possessed, was devoted to the purpose of wrapping up and concealing the sacred volume, which henceforth she was to regard as her chiefest treasure, lamenting only that, for want of a fitting interpreter, much must remain to her a book closed and a fountain sealed. She was unaware of the yet greater danger she incurred, of putting an imperfect or even false sense upon some of the doctrines which appeared most comprehensible. But Heaven had provided against both these hazards.

While Edward was preparing the horses, Christie of the Clinthill again solicited his orders respecting the reformed preacher, Henry Warden, and again the worthy monk laboured to reconcile in his own mind the compassion and esteem which, almost in spite of him, he could not help feeling for his former companion, with the duty which he owed to the Church. The unexpected resolution of Edward had removed he thought, the chief objection to his being left at Glendearg.

"If I carry this Wellwood, or Warden, to the Monastery," he thought, "he must die—die in his heresy—perish body and soul: And though such a measure was once thought advisable, to strike terror into the heretics, yet such is now their daily-increasing strength, that it may rather rouse them to fury and to revenge. True, he refuses to pledge himself to abstain from sowing his tares among the wheat; but the ground here is too barren to receive them. I fear not his making impression on these poor women, the vassals of the church, and bred up in due obedience to her behests. The keen, searching, inquiring, and

disposition of Edward, might have afforded to the fire; but that is removed, and there is ing left which the flame may catch to.—Thus l he have no power to spread his evil doctrines ad, and yet his life shall be preserved, and it may is soul rescued as a prey from the fowler's net. ll myself contend with him in argument; for n we studied in common, I yielded not to him, and ly the cause for which I struggle will support me, · I yet more weak than I deem myself. Were man reclaimed from his errors, an hundred-fold : advantage would arise to the church from his tual regeneration, than from his temporal death."

aving finished these meditations, in which there at once goodness of disposition and narrowness rinciple, a considerable portion of self-opinion, no small degree of self-delusion, the Sub-Prior manded the prisoner to be brought into his pre- e.

Henry," he said, "whatever a rigid sense of duty demand of me, ancient friendship and Christian passion forbid me to lead thee to assured death. ı wert wont to be generous, though stern and born in thy resolves; let not thy sense of what own thoughts term duty, draw thee farther than have done. Remember, that every sheep whom shalt here lead astray from the fold, will be de- ded in time and through eternity of him who left thee the liberty of doing such evil. I ask ngagement of thee, save that thou remain a ner on thy word at this tower, and wilt appear ı summoned."

Thou hast found an invention to bind my hands," ed the preacher, "more sure than would have the heaviest shackles in the prison of thy con- . I will not rashly do what may endanger thee thy unhappy superiors, and I will be the more ous, because, if we had farther opportunity of erence, I trust thine own soul may yet be rescued brand from the burning, and that, casting from the livery of Anti-Christ, that trader in human and human souls, I may yet assist thee to lay on the Rock of Ages."

e Sub-Prior heard the sentiment, so similar to which had occurred to himself, with the same ling feelings with which the game cock hears replies to the challenge of his rival.

bless God and Our Lady," said he, drawing elf up, "that my faith is already anchored on Rock on which Saint Peter founded his church."

t is a perversion of the text," said the eager y Warden, "grounded on a vain play upon s—a most idle paronomasia."

e controversy would have been rekindled, and l probability—for what can ensure the good tem- nd moderation of polemics?—might have ended e preacher's being transported a captive to the astery, had not Christie of the Clinthill observed it was growing late, and that he having to de- d the glen, which had no good reputation, cared greatly for travelling there after sunset. The Prior, therefore, stifled his desire of argument, igain telling the preacher that he trusted to his tude and generosity, he bade him farewell.

Be assured, mine old friend," replied Warden, t no willing act of mine shall be to thy preju- But if my Master shall place work before me, st obey God rather than man."

ese two men, both excellent from natural dispo- ı and acquired knowledge, had more points of arity than they themselves would have admit- In truth, the chief distinction betwixt them that the Catholic, defending a religion which led little interest to the feelings, had, in his de- n to the cause he espoused, more of the head of the heart, and was politic, cautious, and art- while the Protestant, acting under the strong lse of more lately adopted conviction, and feel- as he justly might, a more animated confidence s cause, was enthusiastic, eager, and precipitate s desire to advance it. The priest would have contented to defend, the preacher aspired to ner; and, of course, the impulse by which the lat- as governed, was more active and more decisive. They could not part from each other without a se- cond pressure of hands, and each looked in the face of his old companion, as he bade him adieu, with a countenance strongly expressive of sorrow, affection, and pity.

Father Eustace then explained briefly to Dame Glendinning, that this person was to be her guest for some days, forbidding her and her whole house- hold, under high spiritual censures, to hold any con- versation with him on religious subjects, but com- manding her to attend to his wants in all other particulars.

"May Our Lady forgive me, reverend father," said Dame Glendinning, somewhat dismayed at this in- telligence, "but I must needs say, that ower mony guests have been the ruin of mony a house, and I trow they will bring down Glendearg. First came the Lady of Avenel—(her soul be at rest)—she meant nae ill—but she brought with her as mony bo- gles and fairies, as hae kept the house in care ever since, sae that we hae been living as it were in a dream. And then came that English knight, if it please you, and if he hasna killed my son outright, he has chased him aff the gate, and it may be lang enough ere I see him again—forby the damage done to outer door and inner door. And now your rever- ence has given me the charge of a heretic, who, it is like, may bring the great horned devil himself down upon us all; and they say that it is neither door nor window will serve him, but he will take away the side of the auld tower along with him. Neverthe- less, reverend father, your pleasure is doubtless to be done to our power."

"Go to, woman," said the Sub-Prior; "send for workmen from the clachan, and let them charge the expense of their repairs to the Community, and I will give the treasurer warrant to allow them. Moreover, in settling the rental-mails, and feu-duties, thou shalt have allowance for the trouble and charges to which thou art now put, and I will cause strict search to be made after thy son."

The dame curtsied deep and low at each favour- able expression; and when the Sub-Prior had done speaking, she added her farther hope that the Sub- Prior would hold some communing with her gossip the Miller, concerning the fate of his daughter, and expound to him that the chance had by no means happened through any negligence on her part.

"I sair doubt me, father," she said, "whether Mysie finds her way back to the Mill in a hurry; but it was all her father's own fault that let her run lamp- ing about the country, riding on bare-backed naigs, and never settling to do a turn of wark within doors, unless it were to dress dainties at dinner-time for his ain kyte."

"You remind me, dame, of another matter of ur- gency," said Father Eustace; "and, God knows, too many of them press on me at this moment. This English knight must be sought out, and expla- nation given to him of these most strange chances. The giddy girl must also be recovered. If she hath suffered in reputation by this unhappy mistake, I will not hold myself innocent of the disgrace. Yet how to find them out I know not."

"So please you," said Christie of the Clinthill, "I am willing to take the chase, and bring them back by fair means or foul; for though you have always looked as black as night at me, whenever we have forgathered, yet I have not forgotten, that had it not been for you, my neck would have kend the weight of my four quarters. If any man can track the tread of them, I will say in the face of both Merse and Teviotdale, and take the Forest to boot, I am that man. But first I have matters to treat of on my master's score, if you will permit me to ride down the glen with you."

"Nay, but, my friend," said the Sub-Prior, "thou shouldst remember I have but slender cause to trust thee for a companion through a place so solitary."

"Tush! tush!" said the jackman, "fear me not; I had the worst too surely to begin that sport again. Besides, have I not said a dozen of times, I owe you a life? and when I owe a man either a good turn or a bad, I never fail to pay it sooner or later. Moreover,

beshrew me if I care to go alone down the glen, or even with my troopers, who are, every loon of them, as much devil's bairns as myself; whereas, if your reverence, since that is the word, take beads and psalter, and I come along with jack and spear, you will make the devils take the air, and I will make all human enemies take the earth."

Edward here entered, and told his reverence that his horse was prepared. At this instant his eye caught his mother's, and the resolution which he had so strongly formed was staggered when he recollected the necessity of bidding her farewell. The Sub-Prior saw his embarrassment, and came to his relief.

"Dame," said he, "I forgot to mention that your son Edward goes with me to Saint Mary's and will not return for two or three days."

"You'll be wishing to help him to recover his brother? May the saints reward your kindness!"

The Sub-Prior returned the benediction which, in this instance, he had not very well deserved, and he and Edward set forth on their route. They were presently followed by Christie, who came up with his followers at such a speedy pace, as intimated sufficiently that his wish to obtain spiritual convoy through the glen, was extremely sincere. He had, however, other matters to stimulate his speed, for he was desirous to communicate to the Sub-Prior a message from his master Julian, connected with the delivery of the prisoner Warden; and having requested the Sub-Prior to ride with him a few yards before Edward, and the troopers of his own party, he thus addressed him, sometimes interrupting his discourse in a manner testifying that his fear of supernatural beings was not altogether lulled to rest by his confidence in the sanctity of his fellow-traveller.

"My master," said the rider, "deemed he had sent you an acceptable gift in that old heretic preacher; but it seems, from the slight care you have taken of him, that you make small account of the boon."

"Nay," said the Sub-Prior, "do not thus judge of it. The Community must account highly of the service, and will reward it to thy master in goodly fashion. But this man and I are old friends, and I trust to bring him back from the paths of perdition."

"Nay," said the moss-trooper, "when I saw you shake hands at the beginning, I counted that you would fight it all out in love and honour, and that there would be no extreme dealings betwixt ye—however, it is all one to my master—Saint Mary! what call you yon, Sir Monk?"

"The branch of a willow streaming across the path betwixt us and the sky."

"Beshrew me," said Christie, "if it looked not like a man's hand holding a sword.—But touching my master, he, like a prudent man, hath kept himself aloof in these broken times, until he could see with precision what footing he was to stand upon. Right tempting offers he hath had from the Lords of Congregation, whom you call heretics; and at one time he was minded, to be plain with you, to have taken their way—for he was assured that the Lord James* was coming this road at the head of a round body of cavalry. And accordingly Lord James did so far reckon upon him, that he sent this man Warden, or whatsoever be his name, to my master's protection, as an assured friend; and, moreover, with tidings that he himself was marching hitherward at the head of a strong body of horse."

"Now, Our Lady forfend!" said the Sub-Prior.

"Amen!" answered Christie, in some trepidation, "did your reverence see aught?"

"Nothing whatever," replied the monk; "it was thy tale which wrested from me that exclamation."

"And it was some cause," replied he of the Clinthill, "for if Lord James should come hither, your Halidome would smoke for it. But be of good cheer—that expedition is ended before it was begun. The Baron of Avenel had sure news that Lord James has been fain to march westward with his merrymen, to protect Lord Semple against Cassilis and the Kennedies. By my faith, it will cost him a brush; for *wot ye* what they say of that name,—

"'Twixt Wigton and the town of Ayr,
Portpatrick and the cruives of Cree,
No man need think for to bide there,
Unless he court Saint Kennedie.'"

"Then," said the Sub-Prior, "the Lord James's purpose of coming southwards being broken, comes this person, Henry Warden, a cold reception at Avenel Castle."

"It would not have been altogether so rough a one," said the moss-trooper, "for my master was in heavy thought what to do in these unsettled times, and would scarce have hazarded misusing a man sent to him by so terrible a leader as the Lord James. But, to speak the truth, some busy devil tempted the old man to meddle with my master's Christian liberty of hand-fasting with Catherine of Newport. So that broke the wand of peace between them, and now ye may have my master, and all the force he can make, at your devotion, for Lord James never forgave wrong done to him; and if he come by the upper-hand, he will have Julian's head if there were never another of the name, as it is like there is not, excepting the bit slip of a lassie yonder. And now I have told you more of my master's affairs than he would thank me for; but you have done me a frank turn once, and I may need one at your hands again."

"Thy frankness," said the Sub-Prior, "shall surely advantage thee; for much it concerns the church in these broken times to know the purposes and motives of those around us. But what is it that thy master expects from us in reward of good service; for I esteem him one of those who are not willing to work without their hire?"

"Nay, that I can tell you flatly; for Lord James had promised him, in case he would be of his faction in these parts, an easy tack of the teind-sheaves of his own Barony of Avenel, together with the lands of Cranberry-moor, which lie intersected with his own. And he will look for no less at your hand."

"But there is old Gilbert of Cranberry-moor," said the Sub-Prior, "what are we to make of him? The heretic Lord James may take on him to dispone upon the goods and lands of the Halidome at his pleasure, because, doubtless, but for the protection of God, and the baronage which yet remain faithful to their creed, he may despoil us of them by force; but while they are the property of the Community, we may not take steadings from ancient and faithful vassals, to gratify the covetousness of those who serve God only from the lucre of gain."

"By the mass," said Christie, "it is well talking, Sir Priest; but when ye consider that Gilbert has but two half-starved cowardly peasants to follow him, and only an auld jaded aver to ride upon, fitter for the plough than for manly service; and that the Baron of Avenel never rides with fewer than ten jackmen at his back, and oftener with fifty, bodin in all that effeirs to war as if they were to do battle for a kingdom, and mounted on nags that nicker at the clash of a sword as if it were the clank of the lid of a corn-chest—I say, when ye have computed all this, you may guess which course will best serve your Monastery."

"Friend," said the monk, "I would willingly purchase thy master's assistance on his own terms, since times leave us no better means of defence against the sacrilegious spoliation of heresy; but to take from a poor man his patrimony"——

"For that matter," said the rider, "his seat would scarce be a soft one, if my master thought that Gilbert's interest stood betwixt him and what he wishes. The Halidome has land enough, and Gilbert may be quartered elsewhere."

"We will consider the possibility of so disposing the matter," said the monk, "and will expect in consequence your master's most active assistance, with all the followers he can make, to join in the defence of the Halidome, against any force by which it may be threatened."

"A man's hand and a mailed glove on that,"* said

* Lord James Stewart, afterwards the Regent Murray.

* As some atonement for their laxity of morals on most occasions, the Borderers were severe observers of the faith which they had pledged, even to an enemy. If any person broke his word so plighted, the individual to whom faith had not been observed, used to bring to the next Border-meeting a glove hung on the

'They call us marauders, thieves, and the side we take we hold by.—And I hen my Baron comes to a point which e, for the castle is a kind of hell, (Our ne for naming such a word in this ie is in his mood, studying how he itage himself. And now, Heaven be in the open valley, and I may swear hould aught happen to provoke it."

said the Sub-Prior, "thou hast little ing from oaths or blasphemy, if it be of evil spirits."

not quite a church vassal yet," said and if you link the curb too tight on I promise you he will rear—Why, it is forbear old customs on any account

ing fine, they forded the river at the Sacristan met with his unhappy en- ie spirit. As soon as they arrived at Monastery, the porter in waiting ea- l, "Reverend father, the Lord Abbot s for your presence."

trangers be carried to the great hall," rior, "and be treated with the best by minding them, however, of that mo- cy of conduct which becometh guests this."

ord Abbot demands you instantly, my her," said Father Philip, arriving in I have not seen him more discouraged ounsel since the field of Pinkie-cleugh

good brother, I come," said Father ray thee, good brother, let this youth, inning, be conveyed to the Chamber s, and placed under their instructer. ied his heart, and he proposeth laying ies of the world, to become a brother er; which, if his good parts be matched ocility and humility, he may one day

enerable brother," exclaimed old Fa- who came hobbling with a third sum- ib-Prior, "I pray thee to hasten to our d Abbot. The holy patroness be with I Abbot of the House of Saint Mary's rnation; and yet I remember me well Ingleram had the news of Flodden-

ome, venerable brother," said Father aving repeatedly ejaculated "I come!" to the Abbot in good earnest.

HAPTER XXXIV.

s will do it Church artillery
soon by real ordnance,
are but vain opposed to cannon.
r crozier, melt your church plate down,
ed soldier banquet in your halls,
ur long-saved hogsheads —Turn them out
with your good cheer, to guard your wall,
ll venture for't.—— *Old Play.*

eceived his counsellor with a tremu- of welcome, which announced to the xtreme agitation of spirits and the ut- good counsel. There was neither standing-cup upon the little table, at s huge chair of state; his beads alone t seemed as if he had been telling them ty of distress. Beside the beads was re of the Abbot, of an antique form, ith precious stones, and the rich and highly-embossed crozier rested against the same table.

The Sacristan and old Father Nicholas had followed the Sub-Prior into the Abbot's apartment, perhaps with the hope of learning something of the important matter which seemed to be in hand. They were not mistaken; for, after having ushered in the Sub-Prior, and being themselves in the act of retiring, the Abbot made them a signal to remain.

"My brethren," he said, "it is well known to you with what painful zeal we have overseen the weighty affairs of this house committed to our unworthy hand—your bread hath been given to you, and your water hath been sure—I have not wasted the revenues of the Convent on vain pleasures, as hunting or hawking or in change of rich cope or alb, or in feasting idle bards and jesters, saving those, who, according to old wont, were received in time of Christmas and Easter. Neither have I enriched either mine own relations nor strange women at the expense of the Patrimony."

"There hath not been such a Lord Abbot," said Father Nicholas, "to my knowledge, since the days of Abbot Ingelram, who"——

At that portentous word, which always preluded a long story, the Abbot broke in.

"May God have mercy on his soul!—we talk not of him now.—What I would know of ye, my brethren, is, whether I have, in your mind, faithfully discharged the duties of mine office?"

"There has never been subject of complaint," answered the Sub-Prior.

The Sacristan, more diffuse, enumerated the various acts of indulgence and kindness which the mild government of Abbot Boniface had conferred on the brotherhood of Saint Mary's—the *indulgentiæ*—the *gratias*—the *biberes*—the weekly mess of boiled almonds—the enlarged accommodation of the refectory—the better arrangement of the cellarage—the improvement of the revenue of the Monastery—the diminution of the privations of the brethren.

"You might have added, my brother," said the Abbot, listening with melancholy acquiescence to the detail of his own merits, "that I caused to be built that curious screen, which secureth the cloisters from the north-east wind.—But all these things avail nothing—As we read in holy Maccabee, *Capta est civitas per voluntatem Dei.* It hath cost me no little thought, no common toil, to keep these weighty matters in such order as you have seen them—there was both barn and binn to be kept full—Infirmary, dormitory, guest-hall, and refectory to be looked to—processions to be made, confessions to be heard, strangers to be entertained, *veniæ* to be granted or refused; and I warrant me, when every one of you was asleep in your cell, the Abbot hath lain awake for a full hour by the bell, thinking how these matters might be ordered seemly and suitably."

"May we ask, reverend my lord," said the Sub-Prior, "what additional care has now been thrown upon you, since your discourse seems to point that way?"

"Marry, this it is," said the Abbot. "The talk is not now of *biberes* or of *caritas*, or of boiled almonds,* but of an English band coming against us

nd proclaim to Scots and English the name of s was accounted so great a disgrace to all con- hat his own clansmen sometimes destroyed infamy he had brought on them.

engaged by Sir Ralph Sadler, talks of two om he used as his guides,—"That they would and yet that they would not betray any man m, for all the gold in Scotland or in France. s and outlaws. If they would betray me they dons, and cause me to be hanged; but I have ."—*Sadler's Letters during the Northern In-*

* The *biberes*, *caritas*, and boiled almonds, of which Abbot Boniface speaks, were special occasions for enjoying luxuries, afforded to the monks by grants from different sovereigns, or from other benefactors to the convent. There is one of these charters called *De Pitancia Centum Librarum*. By this charter, which is very curious, our Robert Bruce, on the 10th January, and in the twelfth year of his reign, assigns out of the customs of Berwick, and failing them, out of the customs of Edinburgh or Haddington, the sum of one hundred pounds, at the half-yearly terms of Pentecost and Saint Martin's in winter, to the abbot and community of the monks of Melrose. The precise purpose of this annuity is to furnish to each of the monks of the said monastery, while placed at food in the refectory, an extra mess of rice boiled with milk, or of almonds, or peas, or other pulse of that kind which could be procured in the country. This addition to their commons is to be entitled the King's Mess. And it is declared, that although any monk should, from some honest apology, want appetite or inclination to eat of the king's mess, his share should, nevertheless, be placed on the table with those of his brethren, and afterwards carried to the gate and given to the poor. "Neither is it our pleasure," continues the bountiful sovereign, "that the dinner, which is or ought to be served up to the said monks according to their ancient rule, should be diminished in quantity, or rendered inferior in quality, on account of this our mess, so furnished as aforesaid." It is, moreover, provided, that the abbot, with the

from Hexham, commanded by Sir John Foster; nor is it of these screening us from the east wind, but how to escape Lord James Stewart, who cometh to lay waste and destroy with his heretic soldiers."

"I thought that purpose had been broken by the feud between Semple and the Kennedies," said the Sub-Prior hastily.

"They have accorded that matter at the expense of the church, as usual," said the Abbot; "the Earl of Cassilis is to have the teind-sheaves of his lands, which were given to the house of Crosraguel, and he has stricken hands with Stewart, who is now called Murray.—*Principes convenerunt unum adversus Dominum.* There are the letters."

The Sub-Prior took the letters, which had come by an express messenger from the Primate of Scotland, who still laboured to uphold the tottering fabric of the system under which he was at length buried, and, stepping towards the lamp, read them with an air of deep and settled attention; the Sacristan and Father Nicholas looked as helplessly at each other, as the denizens of the poultry-yard when the hawk soars over it. The Abbot seemed bowed down with the extremity of sorrowful apprehension, but kept his eye timorously fixed on the Sub-Prior, as if striving to catch some comfort from the expression of his countenance. When at length he beheld that, after a second intent perusal of the letters, he remained still silent and full of thought, he asked him in an anxious tone, "What is to be done?"

"Our duty must be done," answered the Sub-Prior, "and the rest is in the hands of God."

"Our duty—our duty?" answered the Abbot, impatiently; "doubtless we are to do our duty; but what is that duty? or how will it serve us?—Will bell, book, and candle, drive back the English heretics? or will Murray care for psalms and antiphonars? or can I fight for the Halidome, like Judas Maccabeus, against those profane Nicanors? or send the Sacristan against this new Holofernes, to bring back his head in a basket?"

"True, my Lord Abbot," said the Sub-Prior, "we cannot fight with carnal weapons, it is alike contrary to our habit and vow; but we can die for our Convent and for our Order. Besides, we can arm those who will and can fight. The English are but few in number, trusting, as it would seem, that they will be joined by Murray, whose march has been interrupted. If Foster, with his Cumberland and Hexham bandits, ventures to march into Scotland, to pillage and despoil our House, we will levy our vassals, and, I trust, shall be found strong enough to give the."

"In the blessed name of Our Lady," said t[he] "think you that I am Petrus Eremita, to go leader of an host?"

"Nay," said the Sub-Prior, "let some ma[n] in war lead our people—there is Julian A[venel] approved soldier."

"But a scoffer, a debauched person, and a man of Belial," quoth the Abbot.

"Still," said the monk, "we must use his in that to which he has been brought up. guerdon him richly, and indeed I already price of his service. The English, it is will presently set forth, hoping here to se Piercie Shafton, whose refuge being taken they make the pretext of this unheard-of in[road]

"Is it even so?" said the Abbot; "I neve that his body of satin and his brain of feath[er] us much good."

"Yet we must have his assistance, if p said the Sub-Prior; "he may interest in o the great Piercie, of whose friendship he bo that good and faithful Lord may break Fos pose. I will despatch the jackman after him speed.—Chiefly, however, I trust to the milit of the land, which will not suffer peace to broken on the frontier. Credit me, my lo[rd] bring to our side the hands of many, who may have gone astray after strange doctrin[e] great chiefs and barons will be ashamed vassals of peaceful monks fight unaided ag old enemies of Scotland."

"It may be," said the Abbot, "that Fo wait for Murray, whose purpose hitherwa delayed for a short space."

"By the rood, he will not," said the S[ub-Prior] "we know this Sir John Foster—a pestilen he will long to destroy the church—born a he will thirst to plunder her of her wealth— warden, he will be eager to ride in Scotland are too many causes to urge him on. If he j[oin] Murray, he will have at best but an auxiliar of the spoil—if he comes hither before him reckon on the whole harvest of depredatio[n] own. Julian Avenel also has, as I have hea spite against Sir John Foster; they will fig[ht] they meet, with double determination.—S send for our bailiff—Where is the roll of fenc liable to do suit and service to the Halidome off to the Baron of Meigallot; he can raise t

consent of the most sage of his brethren shall name a prudent and decent monk for receiving, directing, and expending, all matters concerning this annuity for the benefit of the community, agreeably to the royal desire and intention, rendering a faithful account thereof to the abbot and superiors of the same convent. And the same charter declares the king's farther pleasure that the said men of religion should be bound yearly and for ever, in acknowledgment of the above donation, to clothe fifteen poor men at the feast of Saint Martin in winter, and to feed them on the same day, delivering to each of them four ells of large or broad, or six ells of narrow cloth, and to each also a new pair of shoes or sandals, according to their order; and if the said monks shall fail in their engagements or any of them, it is the king's will that the fault shall be redeemed by a double performance of what has been omitted, to be executed at the sight of the chief forester of Ettrick for the time being, and before the return of Saint Martin's day succeeding that on which the omission has taken place.

Of this charter, respecting the pittance of the [illegible] assigned to furnish the monks of Melrose with a daily mess of boiled rice, [illegible] almonds, or other pulse, to mend their commons, the antiquarian reader will be pleased, doubtless, to see the original.

Carta Regis Roberti I Abbati et Conventui de Melross.

Carta de Pitancia Centum Librarum.

"Robertus Dei gracia Rex Scottorum omnibus probis hominibus tocius terre sue Salutem. Sciatis nos pro salute anime nostre et pro salute animarum antecessorum et successorum nostrorum Regum Scocie Dedisse Concessisse et hac presenti Carta nostra confirmasse Deo et Beate Marie Virgini et Religiosis viris Abbati et Conventui de Melross et eorum successoribus in perpetuum Centum Libras Sterlingorum Annui Redditus singulis annis percipiendas de firmis nostris Burgi Berwici super Twedam ad terminos Pentecostis et Sancti Martini in hyeme pro equali portione vel de nova Custuma nostra Burgi predicti si firme nostre predicte ad dictam summam pecunie sufficere non poterunt vel de nova Custuma nostra Burgorum nostrorum de Edenburg et de Hadington Si firme nostre et Custuma nostra ville Berwici aliquo casu contingente ad hoc forte non sufficiant. Ita quod dicta summa pecunie Centum Librarum eis annuatim integre et absque [...] tione aliqua plenarie persolvatur pre cunctis aliis qu[...] assignacionibus per nos factis seu faciendis ad inven[...] perpetuo singulis diebus cuilibet monacho monast[...] comedenti in Refectorio unum sufficiens ferculum risa[...] rum cum lacte, amigdalarum vel pisarum sive aliorum consimilis condicionis inventorum in patria et illud fe[...] culum Regis vocabitur in eternum. Et si aliquis mo[...] aliqua causa honesta de dicto ferculo comedere noluer[...] non poterit non tamen ei tamen sibi de dicto ferculo [...] et ad portam pro pauperibus deportetur. Nec volumus [...] sione ferculi nostri predicti pitanciam dicti Conventus d[...] antiquitus communiter eis deserviri sive ministrari solebat [...] peiorentur seu diminuantur. Volumus insuper et ordin[...] Abbas ejusdem monasterii qui pro tempore fuerit de co[...] niorum de Conventu specialiter constituat unum mona[...] videum et discretum ad recipiendum ordinandum et exp[...] totam summam pecunie memorate pro utilitate conve[...] dum voluntatem et intencionem mentis nostre superius an[...] ad reddendum fidele compotum coram Abbate et M[...] Conventus singulis annis de pecunia sic recepta. Et vol[...] dicti religiosi teneantur annuatim in perpetuum pro [...] nacione nostra ad perpetuam nostri memoriam vestire [...] pauperes ad festum Sancti Martini in hieme et eos eodem die liberare cuilibet quatuor ulnas pann[...] lati vel sex ulnas panni stricti et eorum cuilibet unum sotularium de ordine suo. Et si dicti religiosi in p[...] aliquo premissorum aliquo anno defecerint volumus quod ipsum perimpletum fuerit duplicetur diebus ma[...] tis per visum capitalis forestarii nostri de Selkirk qui [...] fuerit. Et quod dicta duplicatio fiat ante natale domi[...] sequens festum Sancti Martini predictum. In cujus r[...] rum presenti Carte nostre sigillum nostrum precipim[...] Testibus Venerabilibus in Christo patribus Willelmo [...] Willelmo et David Sancti Andree, Glasguensis, Dunk[...] Moraviensis ecclesiarum dei gracia episcopis Bernardo [...] Abirbrothoc Cancellario, Duncano, Malisio, et Hugon[...] Strathin et de Ross, Comitibus Waltero Senescallo S[...] colo domino de Duglas et Alexandro Fraser Camera[...] Scocie militibus. Apud Abirbrothock, decimo die Janu[...] Regni nostri vicesimo.

e and better—Say to him the Monastery will pound with him for the customs of his bridge, ch have been in controversy, if he will show him- a friend at such a point.—And now, my lord, let ompute our possible numbers, and those of the ny, that human blood be not spilled in vain—Let herefore calculate"——

My brain is dizzied with the emergency," said poor Abbot—"I am not, I think, more a coward others, so far as my own person is concerned; speak to me of marching and collecting soldiers, calculating forces, and you may as well tell of it e youngest novice of a nunnery. But my resolu- is taken.—Brethren," he said, rising up, and ing forward with that dignity which his comely on enabled him to assume, "hear for the last time voice of your Abbot Boniface. I have done for the best that I could; in quieter times I had per- done better, for it was for quiet that I sought cloister, which has been to me a place of turmoil, much as if I had sate in the receipt of custom, or en forth as leader of an armed host. But now ters turn worse and worse, and I, as I grow old, less able to struggle with them. Also, it becomes not to hold a place, whereof the duties, through default or misfortune, may be but imperfectly fill- by me. Wherefore I have resolved to demit this e high office, so that the order of these matters presently devolve upon Father Eustatius here ent, our well-beloved Sub-Prior; and I now re- that he hath not been provided according to his its elsewhere, seeing that I well hope he will suc- l to the mitre and staff which it is my present pose to lay down."

In the name of Our Lady, do nothing hastily, lord!" said Father Nicholas—"I do remember when the worthy Abbot Ingelram, being in his tieth year—for I warrant you he could remember Benedict the Thirteenth was deposed—and be- ill at ease and bed-rid, the brethren rounded in his that he were better resign his office. And what he, being a pleasant man? marry, that while he crook his little finger he would keep hold of the er with it."

e Sacristan also strongly remonstrated against esolution of his Superior, and set down the in- ciency he pleaded to the native modesty of his sition. The Abbot listened in downcast silence; flattery could not win his ear.

ther Eustace took a nobler tone with his dis- rted and dejected Superior. "My Lord Abbot," id, "if I have been silent concerning the virtues which you have governed this house, do not that I am unaware of them. I know that no ever brought to your high office a more sincere to do well to all mankind; and if your rule has een marked with the bold lines which some- distinguished your spiritual predecessors, their have equally been strangers to your character."

did not believe," said the Abbot, turning his to Father Eustace with some surprise, "that father, of all men, would have done me this e."

n your absence," said the Sub-Prior, "I have done it more fully. Do not lose the good opi- which all men entertain of you, by renouncing office when your care is most needed."

But, my brother," said the Abbot, "I leave a able in my place."

That you do not," said Eustace; "because it is ecessary you should resign, in order to possess e of whatever experience or talent I may be ac- ted master of. I have been long enough in this ssion to know that the individual qualities which of us may have, are not his own, but the pro- of the Community, and only so far useful when promote the general advantage. If you care a person, my lord, to deal with this troublesome er, let me implore you to go instantly to Edin- , and make what friends you can in our behalf, I in your absence will, as Sub-Prior, do my in defence of the Halidome. If I succeed, may honour and praise be yours, and if I fail, let the ace and shame be mine own."

The Abbot mused for a space, and then replied,—"No, Father Eustatius, you shall not conquer me by your generosity. In times like these, this house must have a stronger pilotage than my weak hands afford; and he who steers the vessel must be chief of the crew. Shame were it to accept the praise of other men's labours; and, in my poor mind, all the praise which can be bestowed on him who under- takes a task so perilous and perplexing, is a meed beneath his merits. Misfortune to him would deprive him of an iota of it! Assume, therefore, your autho- rity to-night, and proceed in the preparations you judge necessary. Let the Chapter be summoned to-morrow after we have heard mass, and all shall be ordered as I have told you. Benedicite, my bre- thren!—peace be with you! May the new Abbot-ex- pectant sleep as sound as he who is about to resign his mitre."

They retired, affected even to tears. The good Abbot had shown a point of his character to which they were strangers. Even Father Eustace had held his spiritual Superior hitherto as a good-humoured, indolent, self-indulgent man, whose chief merit was the absence of gross faults; so that this sacrifice of power to a sense of duty, even if a little alloyed by the meaner motives of fear and apprehended difficul- ties, raised him considerably in the Sub-Prior's esti- mation. He even felt an aversion to profit by the resignation of the Abbot Boniface, and in a manner to rise on his ruins; but this sentiment did not long contend with those which led him to recollect higher considerations. It could not be denied that Boniface was entirely unfit for his situation in the present crisis; and the Sub-Prior felt that he himself, acting merely as a delegate, could not well take the decisive measures which the time required; the weal of the Commu- nity therefore demanded his elevation. If, besides, there crept in a feeling of an high dignity obtained, and the native exultation of a haughty spirit called to contend with the imminent dangers attached to a post of such distinction, these sentiments were so cunningly blended and amalgamated with others of a more disinterested nature, that, as the Sub-Prior himself was unconscious of their agency, we, who have a regard for him, are not solicitous to detect it.

The Abbot elect carried himself with more dignity than formerly, when giving such directions as the pressing circumstances of the times required; and those who approached him could perceive an unusual kindling of his falcon eye, and an unusual flush upon his pale and faded cheek. With briefness and precision he wrote and dictated various letters to dif- ferent barons, acquainting them with the meditated invasion of the Halidome by the English, and con- juring them to lend aid and assistance as in a com- mon cause. The temptation of advantage was held out to those whom he judged less sensible of the cause of honour, and all were urged by the motives of patriotism and ancient animosity to the English. The time had been when no such exhortations would have been necessary. But so essential was Eliza- beth's aid to the reformed party in Scotland, and so strong was that party almost every where, that there was reason to believe a great many would observe neutrality on the present occasion, even if they did not go the length of uniting with the English against the Catholics.

When Father Eustace considered the number of the immediate vassals of the Church whose aid he might legally command, his heart sunk at the thoughts of ranking them under the banner of the fierce and profligate Julian Avenel.

"Were the young enthusiast Halbert Glendinning to be found," thought Father Eustace in his anxiety, "I would have risked the battle under his leading, young as he is, and with better hope of God's bless- ing. But the bailiff is now too infirm, nor know I a chief of name whom I might trust in this important matter better than this Avenel."—He touched the bell which stood on the table, and commanded Christie of the Clinthill to be brought before him.—"Thou owest me a life," said he to that person on his entrance, "and I may do thee another good turn if thou be'st sincere with me."

Christie had already drained two standing cups of wine, which would, on another occasion, have added to the insolence of his familiarity. But at present there was something in the augmented dignity of manner of Father Eustace, which imposed a restraint on him. Yet his answers partook of his usual character of undaunted assurance. He professed himself willing to return a true answer to all inquiries.

"Has the Baron (so styled) of Avenel any friendship with Sir John Foster, Warden of the West Marches of England?"

"Such friendship as is between the wild-cat and the terrier," replied the rider.

"Will he do battle with him should they meet?"

"As surely," answered Christie, "as ever cock fought on Shrovetide-even."

"And would he fight with Foster in the Church's quarrel?"

"On any quarrel, or upon no quarrel whatever," replied the jackman.

"We will then write to him, letting him know, that if upon occasion of an apprehended incursion by Sir John Foster he will agree to join his force with ours, he shall lead our men, and be gratified for doing so to the extent of his wish.—Yet one word more—Thou didst say thou couldst find out where the English knight Piercie Shafton has this day fled to?"

"That I can, and bring him back too, by fair means or force, as best likes your reverence."

"No force must be used upon him. Within what time wilt thou find him out?"

"Within thirty hours, so he have not crossed the Lothian firth—If it is to do you a pleasure, I will set off directly, and wind him as a sleuth-dog tracks the moss-trooper," answered Christie.

"Bring him hither then, and thou wilt deserve good at our hands, which I may soon have free means of bestowing on thee."

"Thanks to your reverence, I put myself in your reverence's hands. We of the spear and snaffle walk something recklessly through life; but if a man were worse than he is, your reverence knows he must live, and that's not to be done without shifting, I trow."

"Peace, sir, and begone on thine errand—thou shalt have a letter from us to Sir Piercie."

Christie made two steps towards the door; then turning back and hesitating, like one who would make an impertinent pleasantry if he dared, he asked what he was to do with the wench Mysie Happer, whom the Southron knight had carried off with him.

"Am I to bring her hither, please your reverence?"

"Hither, you malapert knave?" said the churchman; "remember you to whom you speak?"

"No offence meant," replied Christie; "but if such is not your will, I could carry her to Avenel Castle, where a well-favoured wench was never unwelcome."

"Bring the unfortunate girl to her father's, and break no scurril jests here," said the Sub-Prior—"See that thou guide her in all safety and honour."

"In safety, surely," said the rider, "and in such honour as her outbreak has left her.—I bid your reverence farewell, I must be on horse before cock-crow."

"What, in the dark!—how knowest thou which way to go?"

"I tracked the knight's horse-tread as far as near to the ford, as we rode along together," said Christie, "and I observed the track turn to the northward. He is for Edinburgh, I will warrant you—so soon as daylight comes I will be on the road again. It is a kenspeckle hoof-mark, for the shoe was made by old Eckie of Cannobie—I would swear to the curve of the cawker." So saying he departed.

"Hateful necessity," said Father Eustace, looking after him, "that obliges us to use such implements as these! But, assailed as we are on all sides, and by all conditions of men, what alternative is left us?—But now let me to my most needful task."

The Abbot elect accordingly sate down to write letters, arrange orders, and take upon him the whole charge of an institution which tottered to its fall, with the same spirit of proud and devoted fortitude wherewith the commander of a fortress, reduced nearly to the last extremity, calculates what means remain to him to protract the fatal hour of successful storm. In the meanwhile Abbot Boniface, given a few natural sighs to the downfall of eminence he had so long enjoyed amongst his b fell fast asleep, leaving the whole cares and office to his assistant and successor.

CHAPTER XXXV.

And when he came to broken briggs,
He slack'd his bow and swam;
And when he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.—*Gil Morrice.*

We return to Halbert Glendinning, who, readers may remember, took the high-road t burgh. His intercourse with the preacher Warden, from whom he received a letter at ment of his deliverance, had been so brief, had not even learned the name of the noble whose care he was recommended. Somethi a name had been spoken indeed, but he h comprehended that he was to meet the chief cing towards the south, at the head of a horse. When day dawned on his journey, he the same uncertainty. A better scholar was been informed by the address of the letter, b bert had not so far profited by Father Eusta sons as to be able to decipher it. His mot taught him that he must not, in such uncertai be too hasty in asking information of any o when, after a long day's journey, night surpri near a little village, he began to be dubious ious concerning the issue of his journey.

In a poor country, hospitality is generally freely, and Halbert, when he requested a night ters, did nothing either degrading or ex The old woman, to whom he made thi granted it the more readily, that she thought some resemblance between Halbert and Saunders, who had been killed in one of the common in the time. It is true, Saunders was square-made fellow, with red hair and a freck and somewhat bandy-legged, whereas the was of a brown complexion, tall, and rem well made. Nevertheless, the widow was there existed a general resemblance betwixt h and Saunders, and kindly pressed him to her evening cheer. A pedler, a man of abo years old, was also her guest, who talked wi feeling of the misery of pursuing such a pr as his in the time of war and tumult.

"We think much of knights and soldier he; "but the pedder-coffe who travels the need of more courage than them all. I am maun face mair risk, God help him. Ha come this length, trusting the godly Earl would be on his march to the Borders, for have guestened with the Baron of Avenel; stead of that comes news that he has gone w ways about some tuilzie in Ayrshire. And do I wot not; for if I go to the south withou guard, the next bonny rider I meet might ea sack and pack, and maybe of my life to be then, if I try to strike across the moors, I m ill off before I can join myself to that good company."

No one was quicker at catching a hint th bert Glendinning. He said he himself had to go westward. The pedler looked at his very doubtful air, when the old dame, who thought her young guest resembled the Saunders, not only in his looks, but in a pretty turn to slight-of-hand, which the def supposed to have possessed, tipped him th and assured the pedler he need have no do her young cousin was a true man.

"Cousin!" said the pedler, "I thought this youth had been a stranger."

"Ill hearing makes ill rehearsing," said th lady; "he is a stranger to me by eye-sight, does not make him a stranger to me by blo especially seeing his likeness to my son Sa poor bairn."

The pedler's scruples and jealousies being moved, or at least silenced, the travellers agr

would proceed in company together the next ing by daybreak, the pedler acting as a guide endinning, and the youth as a guard to the pedntil they should fall in with Murray's detach. of horse. It would appear that the landlady doubted what was to be the event of this comfor, taking Glendinning aside, she charged him e moderate with the puir body, but at all events, forget to take a piece of black say, to make the wife a new rokelay." Halbert laughed and took ave.

did not a little appal the pedler, when, in the t of a black heath, the young man told him the e of the commission with which their hostess charged him. He took heart, however, upon g the open, frank, and friendly demeanour of outh, and vented his exclamations on the unful old traitress. "I gave her," he said, "yesen, nae farther gane, a yard of that very black to make her a couvre-chef; but I see it is ill to teach the cat the way to the kirn."

us set at ease on the intentions of his companion, n those happy days the worst was always to be exd from a stranger,) the pedler acted as Halbert's over moss and moor, over hill and many a dale, ch a direction as might best lead them towards oute of Murray's party. At length they arrived the side of an eminence, which commanded a nt prospect over a tract of savage and desolate rland, marshy and waste—an alternate change ingly hill and level morass, only varied by bluenant pools of water. A road scarcely marked led like a serpent through this wilderness, and pedler, pointing to it, said—"The road from Edinh to Glasgow. Here we must wait, and if Murand his train be not already passed by, we shall see trace of them, unless some new purpose have altered their resolution; for in these blessed no man, were he the nearest the throne, as the of Murray may be, knows when he lays his on his pillow at night, where it is to lie upon the ing even."

ey paused accordingly, and sat down, the pedler iously using for a seat the box which contained reasures, and not concealing from his companion he wore under his cloak a pistolet hanging at lt in case of need. He was courteous, however, offered Halbert a share of the provisions which rried about him for refreshment. They were of oarsest kind—oat-bread baked into cakes, oatslaked with cold water, an onion or two, and el of smoked ham, completed the feast. But as it was, no Scotsman of the time, had his been much higher than that of Glendinning, have refused to share in it, especially as the r produced, with a mysterious air, a tup's horn, he carried slung from his shoulders, and when its contents were examined, produced ch party a clamshell-full of excellent usquea liquor strange to Halbert, for the strong s known in the south of Scotland came from e, and in fact such were but rarely used. The r recommended it as excellent, said he had proit in his last visit to the braes of Doune, where d securely traded under the safe-conduct of the of Buchanan. He also set an example to Halby devoutly emptying the cup "to the speedy fail of Anti-Christ."

eir conviviality was scarce ended, ere a rising was seen on the road of which they commanded rospect, and a half a score of horsemen were r descried advancing at considerable speed, their es glancing, and the points of their spears ling, as they caught a glimpse of the sun.

"These," said the pedler, "must be the outscour-r Murray's party; let us lie down in the peatand keep ourselves out of sight."

"And why so?" said Halbert; "let us rather go and make a signal to them."

"God forbid!" replied the pedler; "do you ken the customs of our Scottish nation? That p of spears that are spurring on so fast are less commanded by some wild kinsman of ton, or some such daring fear-nothing as neither regards God nor man. It is their business if they meet with any enemies, to pick quarrels and clear the way of them; and the chief knows nothing of what happens, coming up with his more discreet and moderate friends, it may be a full mile in the rear. Were we to go near these lads of the laird's belt, your letter would do you little good, and my pack would do me muckle black ill; they would tirl every steek of claithes from our backs, fling us into a moss-hag with a stone at our heels, naked as the hour that brought us into this cumbered and sinful world, and neither Murray nor any other man ever the wiser. But if he did come to ken of it, what might he help it?—it would be accounted a mere mistake, and there were all the moan made. O credit me, youth, that when men draw cold steel on each other in their native country, they neither can nor may dwell deeply on the offences of those whose swords are useful to them."

They suffered, therefore, the vanguard, as it might be termed, of the Earl of Murray's host to pass forward; and it was not long until a denser cloud of dust began to arise to the northward.

"Now," said the pedler, "let us hurry down the hill; for to tell the truth," said he, dragging Halbert along earnestly, "a Scottish noble's march is like a serpent—the head is furnished with fangs, and the tail hath its sting; the only harmless point of access is the main body."

"I will hasten as fast as you," said the youth; "but tell me why the rearward of such an army should be as dangerous as the van?"

"Because, as the vanguard consists of their picked wild desperates, resolute for mischief, such as neither fear God nor regard their fellow-creatures, but understand themselves bound to hurry from the road whatever is displeasing to themselves, so the rear-guard consists of misproud serving-men, who, being in charge of the baggage, take care to amend by their exactions upon traveling-merchants and others, their own thefts on their master's property. You will hear the advanced *enfans perdus*, as the French call them, and so they are indeed, namely, children of the fall, singing unclean and fulsome ballads of sin and harlotrie. And then will come on the middle-ward, when you will hear the canticles and psalms sung by the reforming nobles, and the gentry, and honest and pious clergy, by whom they are accompanied. And last of all, you will find in the rear a legend of godless lackeys, and palfreniers, and horse-boys, talking of nothing but dicing, drinking, and drabbing."

As the pedler spoke, they had reached the side of the high-road, and Murray's main body was in sight, consisting of about three hundred horse, marching with great regularity, and in a closely compacted body. Some of the troopers wore the liveries of their masters, but this was not common. Most of them were dressed in such colours as chance dictated. But the majority, being clad in blue cloth, and the whole armed with cuirass and backplate, with sleeves of mail, gauntlets, and poldroons, and either mailed hose or strong jack-boots, they had something of a uniform appearance. Many of the leaders were clad in complete armour, and all in a certain halfmilitary dress, which no man of quality in those disturbed times ever felt himself sufficiently safe to abandon.

The foremost of this party immediately rode up to the pedlar and to Halbert Glendinning, and demanded of them who they were. The pedler told his story the young Glendinning exhibited his letter, which a gentleman carried to Murray. In an instant after, the word "Halt!" was given through the squadron, and at once the onward heavy tramp, which seemed the most distinctive attribute of the body, ceased, and was hear no more. The command was announced that the troop should halt here for an hour to refresh themselves and their horses. The pedlar was assured of safe protection, and accommodated with the use of a baggage horse. But at the same time he was ordered into the rear; a command which he reluctantly obeyed, and not without wringing pathetically the hand of Halbert as he separated from him.

The young heir of Glendearg was in the mean

to attach to himself those who were doubtful, to stun and overwhelm, by the suddenness and intrepidity of his enterprises, those who were resolute in resistance, he attained, and as to personal merit certainly deserved, the highest place in the kingdom. But he abused, under the influence of strong temptation, the opportunities which his sister Mary's misfortunes and imprudence threw in his way; he supplanted his sovereign and benefactress in her power, and his history affords us one of those mixed characters, in which principle was so often sacrificed to policy, that we must condemn the statesman while we pity and regret the individual. Many events in his life gave likelihood to the charge that he himself aimed at the crown; and it is too true, that he countenanced the fatal expedient of establishing an English, that is a foreign and a hostile interest, in the councils of Scotland. But his death may be received as an atonement for his offences, and may serve to show how much more safe is the person of a real patriot, than that of a mere head of a faction, who is accounted answerable for the offences of his meanest attendants.

When Murray approached, the young rustic was naturally abashed at the dignity of his presence. The commanding form, and the countenance to which high and important thoughts were familiar, the features which bore the resemblance of Scotland's long line of kings, were well calculated to impress awe and reverence. His dress had little to distinguish him from the high-born nobles and barons by whom he was attended. A buff-coat, richly embroidered with silken lace, supplied the place of armour; and a massive gold chain, with its medal, hung round his neck. His black velvet bonnet was decorated with a string of large and fair pearls, and with a small tufted feather; a long heavy sword was girt to his side, as the familiar companion of his hand. He wore gilded spurs on his boots, and these completed his equipment.

"This letter," he said, "is from the godly preacher of the word, Henry Warden, young man? is it not so?" Halbert answered in the affirmative. "And he writes to us, it would seem, in some strait, and refers us to you, for the circumstances. Let us know, I pray you, how things stand with him."

In some perturbation Halbert Glendinning gave
an account of the circumstances which had ...

his hand on the hilt of his dagger. Ca
once more around the circle, which
mented by one or two of the reformed
seemed to devour his rage in silence, a
manded Halbert to proceed. When h
scribe how Warden had been dragged
the Earl seemed to have found the poi
might give vent to his own resentment
sympathy and approbation of all who
"Judge you," he said, looking to those
"judge you, my peers, and noble gentl
land, betwixt me and this Julian Av
broken his own word, and hath viol
conduct—and judge you also, my reve
he hath put his hand forth upon a p
gospel, and perchance may sell his blo
shippers of Anti-Christ!"

"Let him die the death of a traitor,"
lar chiefs, "and let his tongue be struck
the hangman's fiery iron, to avenge hi

"Let him go down to his place with
said the preachers, "and be his ashes
phet!"

Murray heard them with the smil
revenge; yet it is probable that the br
of the female, whose circumstances son
bled those of the Earl's own mother, h
the grim smile which curled his sun-bu
his haughty lip. To Halbert Glendinn
narrative was finished, he spoke with g

"He is a bold and gallant youth," s
around, "and formed of the stuff whi
bustling time. There are periods when
shine bravely through them. I will kn
more of him."

He questioned him more particular
the Baron of Avenel's probable forces
of his castle—the dispositions of his
this brought necessarily forward the
his brother's daughter, Mary Avenel, w
with an embarrassment that did not e

"Ha! Julian Avenel," he said, "and
voke my resentment, when you have
reason to deprecate my justice! I knew
nel, a true Scotsman and a good soldie
the Queen, must right his daughter;

By my hand," said Murray, "thou art a bold row-hawk, to match thee so early with such a as Piercie Shafton. Queen Elizabeth would give glove filled with gold crowns to know that med- coxcomb to be under the sod.—Would she not, ton?"

Ay, by my word, and esteem her glove a better than the crowns," replied Morton, "which few ler lads like this fellow will esteem just valua- "

But what shall we do with this young homicide?" Murray; "what will our preachers say?"

Tell them of Moses and of Benaiah," said Mor- "it is but the smiting of an Egyptian when all id out."

Let it be so," said Murray, laughing; "but we bury the tale, as the prophet did the body, in the l. I will take care of this swankie.—Be near to Glendinning, since that is thy name. We retain as a squire of our household. The master of our e will see thee fully equipped and armed."

uring the expedition which he was now engaged Murray found several opportunities of putting ndinning's courage and presence of mind to the and he began to rise so rapidly in his esteem, those who knew the Earl considered the youth's ne as certain. One step only was wanting to e him to a still higher degree of confidence and ur—it was the abjuration of the Popish religion. ministers who attended upon Murray, and formed chief support amongst the people, found an easy vert in Halbert Glendinning, who, from his iest days, had never felt much devotion towards Catholic faith, and who listened eagerly to more ionable views of religion. By thus adopting the h of his master, he rose higher in his favour, and constantly about his person during his prolonged in the west of Scotland, which the intractability hose whom the Earl had to deal with, protracted 1 day to day, and week to week.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

> Faint the din of battle bray'd
> Distant down the hollow wind;
> War and terror fled before,
> Wounds and death were left behind.—PENROSE.

HE autumn of the year was well advanced, when Earl of Morton, one morning, rather unexpect- , entered the ante-chamber of Murray, in which lbert Glendinning was in waiting.

Call your master, Halbert," said the Earl; "I e news for him from Teviotdale; and for you too, ndinning.—News! news! my Lord of Murray!" exclaimed at the door of the Earl's bed-room; me forth instantly." The Earl appeared, and eted his ally, demanding eagerly his tidings.

I have had a sure friend with me from the south," l Morton; "he has been at Saint Mary's Monas- , and brings important tidings."

Of what complexion?" said Murray, "and can 1 trust the bearer?"

He is faithful, on my life," said Morton; "I wish around your Lordship may prove equally so."

'At what, and whom, do you point?" demanded rray.

'Here is the Egyptian of trusty Halbert Glendin- g, our Southland Moses, come alive again, and irishing, gay and bright as ever, in that Teviot- e Goshen, the Halidome of Kennaquhair."

What mean you, my lord?" said Murray.

Only that your new henchman has put a false upon you. Piercie Shafton is alive and well; the same token that the gail is thought to be de- ed there by love to a miller's daughter, who med the country with him in disguise."

Glendinning," said Murray, bending his brow his darkest frown, "thou hast not, I trust, dared ring me a lie in thy mouth, in order to win my fidence?"

My lord," said Halbert, "I am incapable of a lie. ould choke on one were my life to require that I nounced it. I say, that this sword of my father through the body—the point came out behind his back—the hilt pressed upon his breast-bone. And I will plunge it as deep in the body of any one who shall dare to charge me with falsehood."

"How, fellow!" said Morton, "wouldst thou beard a nobleman?"

"Be silent, Halbert," said Murray, "and you, my Lord of Morton, forbear him. I see truth written on his brow."

"I wish the inside of the manuscript may corres- pond with the superscription," replied his more sus- picious ally. "Look to it, my lord, you will one day lose your life by too much confidence."

"And you will lose your friends by being too readily suspicious," answered Murray. "Enough of this—let me hear thy tidings."

"Sir John Foster," said Morton, "is about to send a party into Scotland to waste the Halidome."

"How! without waiting my presence and permis- sion?" said Murray—"he is mad—will he come as an enemy into the Queen's country?"

"He has Elizabeth's express orders," answered Morton, "and they are not to be trifled with. In- deed, his march has been more than once projected and laid aside during the time we have been here, and has caused much alarm at Kennaquhair. Boniface, the old Abbot, has resigned, and whom think you they have chosen in his place?"

"No one, surely," said Murray; "they would pre- sume to hold no election until the Queen's pleasure and mine were known?"

Morton shrugged his shoulders—"They have chosen the pupil of old Cardinal Beatoun, that wily deter- mined champion of Rome, the bosom-friend of our busy Primate of St Andrews. Eustace, late the Sub-Prior of Kennaquhair, is now its Abbot, and, like a second Pope Julius, is levying men and making musters to fight with Foster if he comes forward."

"We must prevent that meeting," said Murray, hastily; "whichever party wins the day, it were a fatal encounter for us. Who commands the troop of the Abbot?"

"Our faithful old friend, Julian Avenel, nothing less," answered Morton.

"Glendinning," said Murray, "sound trumpets to horse directly, and let all who love us get on horse- back without delay—Yes, my lord, this were indeed a fatal dilemma. If we take part with our English friends, the country will cry shame on us—the very old wives will attack us with their rocks and spin- dles—the very stones of the street will rise up against us—we cannot set our face to such a deed of infamy. And my sister, whose confidence I already have such difficulty in preserving, will altogether withdraw it from me. Then, were we to oppose the English Warden, Elizabeth would call it a protecting of her enemies and what not, and we should lose her."

"The she-dragon," said Morton, "is the best card in our pack; and yet I would not willingly stand still and see English blades carve Scots flesh—What say you to loitering by the way, marching fair and easy for fear of spoiling our horses? They might then fight dog fight bull, fight Abbot fight archer, and no one could blame us for what chanced when we were not present."

"All would blame us, James Douglas," replied Murray; "we should lose both sides—we had better advance with the utmost celerity, and do what we can to keep the peace betwixt them.—I would the nag that brought Piercie Shafton hither had broken his neck over the highest heuch in Northumberland! —He is a proper coxcomb to make all this bustle about, and to occasion perhaps a national war!"

"Had we known in time," said Douglas, "we might have had him privily waited upon as he entered the Borders; there are strapping lads enough would have rid us of him for the lucre of his spur-whang.* But to the saddle, James Stewart, since so the phrase goes. I hear your trumpets sound to horse and away—we shall soon see which nag is best breathed."

Followed by a train of about three hundred well- mounted men-at-arms, these two powerful barons directed their course to Dumfries, and from thence eastward to Teviotdale, marching at a rate, which,

* *Spur-whang*—Spur-leather

as Morton had foretold, soon disabled a good many of their horses, so that when they approached the scene of expected action, there were not above two hundred of their train remaining in a body, and of these most were mounted on steeds which had been sorely jaded.

They had hitherto been amused and agitated by various reports concerning the advance of the English soldiers, and the degree of resistance which the Abbot was able to oppose to them. But when they were six or seven miles from Saint Mary's of Kennaquhair, a gentleman of the country, whom Murray had summoned to attend him, and on whose intelligence he knew he could rely, arrived at the head of two or three servants, "bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste." According to his report, Sir John Foster, after several times announcing, and as often delaying, his intended incursion, had at last been so stung with the news that Piercie Shafton was openly residing within the Halidome, that he determined to execute the commands of his mistress, which directed him, at every risk, to make himself master of the Euphuist's person. The Abbot's unceasing exertions had collected a body of men almost equal in number to those of the English Warden, but less practised in arms. They were united under the command of Julian Avenel, and it was apprehended they would join battle upon the banks of a small stream which forms the verge of the Halidome.

"Who knows the place?" said Murray.

"I do, my lord," answered Glendinning.

"'Tis well," said the Earl; "take a score of the best-mounted horse—make what haste thou canst, and announce to them that I am coming up instantly with a strong power, and will cut to pieces, without mercy, whichever party strikes the first blow.—Davidson," said he to the gentleman who brought the intelligence, "thou shalt be my guide.—Hie thee on, Glendinning. Say to Foster, I conjure him, as he respects his Mistress's service, that he will leave the matter in my hands. Say to the Abbot, I will burn the Monastery over his head, if he strikes a stroke till I come. Tell the dog, Julian Avenel, that he hath already one deep score to settle with me—I will set his head on the top of the highest pinnacle of Saint Mary's, if he presume to open another. Make haste, and spare not the spur for fear of spoiling horse-flesh."

"Your bidding shall be obeyed, my lord," said Glendinning; and choosing those whose horses were in best plight to be his attendants, he went off as fast as the jaded state of their cavalry permitted. Hill and hollow vanished from under the feet of the chargers.

They had not ridden above half the way, when they met stragglers coming off from the field, whose appearance announced that the conflict was begun. Two supported in their arms a third, their elder brother, who was pierced with an arrow through the body. Halbert, who knew them to belong to the Halidome, called them by their names, and questioned them of the state of the affray; but just then, in spite of their efforts to retain him in the saddle, their brother dropped from the horse, and they dismounted in haste to receive his last breath. From men thus engaged, no information was to be obtained. Glendinning, therefore, pushed on with his little troop, the more anxiously as he perceived other stragglers, bearing St. Andrew's cross upon their caps and corslets, flying apparently from the field of battle. Most of these, when they were aware of a body of horsemen approaching on the road, held to the one hand or the other, at such a distance as precluded coming to speech of them. Others, whose fear was more intense, kept the onward road, galloping wildly as fast as their horses could carry them, and when questioned, only glared without reply on those who spoke to them, and rode on without drawing bridle. Several of these were also known to Halbert, who had therefore no doubt, from the circumstances in which he met them, that the men of the Halidome were defeated. He became now unspeakably anxious concerning the fate of his brother, who, he could not doubt, must have been engaged in the affray. He, therefore, increased the speed of his horse, so that not above five or six of his followers could keep up with him. At length he reached a little hill, at the descent of which, surrounded by a semicircular sweep of a small stream, lay the plain which had been the scene of the skirmish.

It was a melancholy spectacle. War and terror, to use the expression of the poet, had rushed on to the field, and left only wounds and death behind them. The battle had been stoutly contested, as was almost always the case with these Border skirmishes, where ancient hatred and mutual injuries made men stubborn in maintaining the cause of their conflict. Towards the middle of the plain, there lay the bodies of several men who had fallen in the very act of grappling with the enemy; and there were seen countenances which still bore the stern expression of unextinguished hate and defiance, hands which clasped the hilt of the broken falchion, or strove in vain to pluck the deadly arrow from the wound. Some were wounded, and, cowed of the courage they had lately shown, were begging aid, and craving water, in a tone of melancholy depression, while others tried to teach the faltering tongue to pronounce some half-forgotten prayer, which, even when first learned, they had but half understood. Halbert, uncertain what course he was next to pursue, rode through the plain to see if, among the dead or wounded, he could discover any traces of his brother Edward. He experienced no interruption from the English. A distant cloud of dust announced that they were still pursuing the scattered fugitives, and he guessed, that to approach them with his followers, until they were again under some command, would be to throw away his own life, and that of his men, whom the victors would instantly confound with the Scots, against whom they had been successful. He resolved, therefore, to pause until Murray came up with his forces, to which he was the more readily moved, as he heard the trumpets of the English Warden sounding the retreat, and recalling from the pursuit. He drew his men together, and made a stand in an advantageous spot of ground, which had been occupied by the Scots in the beginning of the action, and most fiercely disputed while the skirmish lasted.

While he stood here, Halbert's ear was assailed by the feeble moan of a woman, which he had not expected to hear amid that scene, until the retreat of the foes had permitted the relations of the slain to approach, for the purpose of paying them the last duties. He looked with anxiety, and at length observed, that by the body of a knight in bright armour, whose crest, though soiled and broken, still showed the marks of rank and birth, there sat a female, wrapt in a horseman's cloak, and holding something pressed against her bosom, which he soon discovered to be a child. He glanced towards the English. They advanced not, and the continued and prolonged sound of their trumpets, with the shouts of the leaders, announced that their powers would not be instantly re-assembled. He had, therefore, a moment to look after this unfortunate woman. He gave his horse to a spearman as he dismounted, and approaching the unhappy female, asked her, in the most soothing tone he could assume, whether he could assist her in her distress. The mourner made him no direct answer; but endeavouring, with a trembling and unskilful hand, to undo the springs of the visor and gorget, said, in a tone of impatient grief, "O, he would recover instantly—could I but give him air—land and living, life and honour, would I give for the power of undoing these cruel iron platings that suffocate him!" He that would soothe sorrow must not argue on the vanity of the most deceitful hopes. The body lay as that of one whose last draught of vital air had been drawn, and who must never more have concern with the nether sky. But Halbert Glendinning failed not to raise the visor and cast loose the gorget, when, to his great surprise, he recognised the pale face of Julian Avenel. His last fight was over; the fierce and turbid spirit had departed in the strife in which it had so long delighted.

"Alas! he is gone," said Halbert, speaking to the young woman, in whom he had now no difficulty of knowing the unhappy Catherine.

"O, no, no, no!" she reiterated, "do not say so—he is not dead—he is but in a swoon. I have lain as long in one myself—and then his voice would rouse me, when he spoke kindly, and said, Catherine, look up for my sake—And look up, Julian, for mine!" she said, addressing the senseless corpse; "I know you do but counterfeit to frighten me, but I am not frightened," she added, with an hysterical attempt to laugh; and then instantly changing her tone, entreated him to "speak, were it but to curse my folly. O, the rudest word you ever said to me would now sound like the dearest you wasted on me before I gave you all. Lift him up," she said, "lift him up, for God's sake!—have you no compassion? He promised to wed me if I bore him a boy, and this child is so like to its father! How shall he keep his word, if you do not help me to awaken him?—Christie of the Clinthill, Rowley, Hutcheon! ye were constant at his feast, but ye fled from him at the fray, false villains as ye are!"

"Not I, by Heaven!" said a dying man, who made some shift to raise himself on his elbow, and discovered to Halbert the well-known features of Christie; "I fled not a foot, and a man can but fight while his breath lasts—mine is going fast. So, youngster," said he, looking at Glendinning, and seeing his military dress, "thou hast ta'en the basnet at last? it is a better cap to live in than die in. I would chance had sent thy brother here instead—there was good in him—but thou art as wild, and wilt soon be as wicked as mysell."

"God forbid!" said Halbert, hastily.

"Marry, and amen, with all my heart," said the wounded man, "there will be company enow without thee where I am going. But God be praised I had no hand in that wickedness," said he, looking to poor Catherine; and with some exclamation in his mouth, that sounded betwixt a prayer and a curse, the soul of Christie of the Clinthill took wing to the last account.

Deeply wrapt in the painful interest which these shocking events had excited, Glendinning forgot for a moment his own situation and duties, and was first recalled to them by a trampling of horse, and the cry of Saint George for England, which the English soldiers still continued to use. His handful of men, for most of the stragglers had waited for Murray's coming up, remained on horseback, holding their lances upright, having no command either to submit or resist.

"There stands our Captain," said one of them, as a strong party of English came up, the vanguard of Foster's troop.

"Your Captain! with his sword sheathed, and on foot in the presence of his enemy? a raw soldier, I warrant him," said the English leader. "So! ho! young man, is your dream out, and will you now answer me if you will fight or fly?"

"Neither," answered Halbert Glendinning, with great tranquillity.

"Then throw down thy sword and yield thee," answered the Englishman.

"Not till I can help myself no otherwise," said Halbert, with the same moderation of tone and manner.

"Art thou for thine own hand, friend, or to whom dost thou owe service?" demanded the English Captain.

"To the noble Earl of Murray."

"Then thou servest," said the Southron, "the most disloyal nobleman who breathes—false both to England and Scotland."

"Thou liest!" said Glendinning, regardless of all consequences.

"Ha! art thou so hot now, and wert so cold but a minute since? I lie, do I? Wilt thou do battle with me on that quarrel?"

"With one to one—one to two—or two to five, as you list," said Halbert Glendinning; "grant me but a fair field."

"That thou shalt have.—Stand back, my mates," said the brave Englishman. "If I fall, give him fair play, and let him go off free with his people."

"Long life to the noble Captain!" cried the soldiers, as impatient to see the duel as if it had been a bull-baiting.

"He will have a short life of it, though," said the sergeant, "if he, an old man of sixty, is to fight for any reason, or for no reason, with every man he meets, and especially the young fellows he might be father to.—And here comes the Warden besides, to see the sword-play."

In fact, Sir John Foster came up with a considerable body of his horsemen, just as his Captain, whose age rendered him unequal to the combat with so strong and active a youth as Glendinning, was deprived of his sword.

"Take it up for shame, old Stawarth Bolton," said the English Warden; "and thou, young man, tell me who and what thou art?"

"A follower of the Earl of Murray, who bore his will to your honour," answered Glendinning,—"but here he comes to say it himself, I see the van of his horsemen come over the hills."

"Get into order, my masters," said Sir John Foster to his followers; "you that have broken your spears, draw your swords. We are something unprovided for a second field, but if yonder dark cloud on the hill-edge bring us foul weather, we must bear as bravely as our broken cloaks will bide it. Meanwhile, Stawarth, we have got the deer we have hunted for—here is Piercie Shafton hard and fast betwixt two troopers."

"Who, that lad?" said Bolton; "he is no more Piercie Shafton than I am. He hath his gay cloak indeed—but Piercie Shafton is a round dozen of years older than that slip of roguery. I have known him since he was thus high. Did you never see him in the tilt-yard or in the presence?"

"To the devil with such vanities!" said Sir John Foster; "when had I leisure for them or any thing else? During my whole life has she kept me to this hangman's office, chasing thieves one day and traitors another, in daily fear of my life: the lance never hung up in the hall, the foot never out of the stirrup, the saddles never off my nags' backs; and now, because I have been mistaken in the person of a man I never saw, I warrant me, the next letters from the Privy Council will rate me as I were a dog—a man were better dead than thus slaved and harassed."

A trumpet interrupted Foster's complaints, and a Scottish pursuivant who attended, declared, "that the noble Earl of Murray desired, in all honour and safety, a personal conference with Sir John Foster, midway betwixt their parties, with six of company in each, and ten free minutes to come and go."

"And now," said the Englishman, "comes another plague. I must go speak with yonder false Scot, and he knows how to frame his devices to cast dust in the eyes of a plain man, as well as ever a knave in the north. I am no match for him in words, and for hard blows we are but too ill provided.—Pursuivant, we grant the conference—and you, Sir Swordsman," (speaking to young Glendinning,) "draw off with your troopers to your own party—march—attend your Earl's trumpet.—Stawarth Bolton, put our troop in order, and be ready to move forward at the wagging of a finger.—Get you gone to your own friends, I tell you, Sir Squire, and loiter not here."

Notwithstanding this peremptory order, Halbert Glendinning could not help stopping to cast a look upon the unfortunate Catherine, who lay insensible of the danger and of the trampling of so many horses around her, insensible, as the second glance assured him, of all and for ever. Glendinning almost rejoiced when he saw that the last misery of life was over, and that the hoofs of the war-horses, amongst which he was compelled to leave her, could only injure and deface a senseless corpse. He caught the infant from her arms, half ashamed of the shout of laughter which rose on all sides, at seeing an armed man in such a situation assume such an unwonted and inconvenient burden.

"Shoulder your infant!" cried a harquebusier.

"Port your infant!" said a pikeman.

"Peace, ye brutes," said Stawarth Bolton, "and respect humanity in others, if you have none yourselves. I pardon the lad having done some discredit to my gray hairs, when I see him take care of that

helpless creature, which ye would have trampled upon as if ye had been littered of bitch wolves, not born of women."

While this passed, the leaders on either side met in the neutral space betwixt the forces of either, and the Earl accosted the English Warden: "Is this fair or honest usage, Sir John, or for whom do you hold the Earl of Morton and myself, that you ride in Scotland with arrayed banner, fight, slay, and make prisoners at your own pleasure? Is it well done, think you, to spoil our land and shed our blood, after the many proofs we have given to your mistress of our devotion due to her will, saving always the allegiance due to our own sovereign."

"My Lord of Murray," answered Foster, "all the world knows you to be a man of quick ingine and deep wisdom, and these several weeks have you held me in hand with promising to arrest my sovereign mistress's rebel, this Piercie Shafton of Wilverton, and you have never kept your word, alleging turmoils in the west, and I wot not what other causes of hinderance. Now, since he has had the insolence to return hither, and live openly within ten miles of England, I could no longer, in plain duty to my mistress and queen, tarry upon your successive delays, and therefore I have used her force to take her rebel, by the strong hand, wherever I can find him."

"And is Piercie Shafton in your hands, then?" said the Earl of Murray. "Be aware that I may not, without my own great shame, suffer you to remove him hence without doing battle."

"Will you, Lord Earl, after all the advantages you have received at the hands of the Queen of England, do battle in the cause of her rebel?" said Sir John Foster.

"Not so, Sir John," answered the Earl, "but I will fight to the death in defence of the liberties of our free kingdom of Scotland."

"By my faith," said Sir John Foster, "I am well content—my sword is not blunted with all it has done yet this day."

"By my honour, Sir John," said Sir George Heron of Chipchase, "there is but little reason we should fight these Scottish Lords e'en now, for I hold opinion with old Stawarth Bolton, and believe yonder prisoner to be no more Piercie Shafton than he is the Earl of Northumberland; and you were but ill advised to break the peace betwixt the countries for a prisoner of less consequence than that gay mischief-maker."

"Sir George," replied Foster, "I have often heard you herons are afraid of hawks—Nay, lay not hand on sword, man—I did but jest; and for this prisoner, let him be brought up hither, that we may see who or what he is—always under assurance, my Lords," he continued, addressing the Scots.

"Upon our word and honour," said Morton, "we will offer no violence."

The laugh turned against Sir John Foster considerably, when the prisoner, being brought up, proved not only a different person from Sir Piercie Shafton, but a female in man's attire.

"Pluck the mantle from the quean's face, and cast her to the horse-boys," said Foster; "she has kept such company ere now, I warrant."

Even Murray was moved to laughter, no common thing with him, at the disappointment of the English Warden; but he would not permit any violence to be offered to the fair Molinara, who had thus a second time rescued Sir Piercie Shafton at her own personal risk.

"You have already done more mischief than you can well answer," said the Earl to the English Warden, "and it were dishonour to me should I permit you to harm a hair of this young woman's head."

"My lord," said Morton, "if Sir John will ride apart with me but for one moment, I will show him such reasons as shall make him content to depart, and to refer this unhappy day's work to the judgment of the Commissioners nominated to try offences on the Border."

He then led Sir John Foster aside, and spoke to him in this manner:—"Sir John Foster, I much marvel that a man who knows your Queen Elizabeth as you do, should not know that, if you hope any thing from her, it must be for doing her useful service, not for involving her in quarrels with her neighbours without any advantage. Sir Knight, I will speak frankly what I know to be true. Had you seized the true Piercie Shafton by this ill-advised inroad; and had your deed threatened, as most likely it might, a breach betwixt the countries, your politic Princess and her politic council would rather have disgraced Sir John Foster than entered into war in his behalf. But now that you have stricken short of your aim, you may rely on it you will have little thanks for carrying the matter farther. I will work thus far on the Earl of Murray, that he will undertake to dismiss Sir Piercie Shafton from the realm of Scotland.—Be well advised, and let the matter now pass off—you will gain nothing by farther violence, for if we fight, you, as the fewer and the weaker through your former action, will needs have the worse."

Sir John Foster listened with his head declining on his breastplate.

"It is a cursed chance," he said, "and I shall have little thanks for my day's work."

He then rode up to Murray, and said, that in deference to his Lordship's presence and that of my Lord of Morton, he had come to the resolution of withdrawing himself, with his power, without farther proceedings.

"Stop there, Sir John Foster," said Murray, "I cannot permit you to retire in safety, unless you leave some one who may be surety to Scotland, that the injuries you have at present done us may be fully accounted for—you will reflect, that by permitting your retreat, I become accountable to my sovereign, who will demand a reckoning of me for the blood of her subjects, if I suffer those who shed it to depart so easily."

"It shall never be told in England," said the Warden, "that John Foster gave pledges like a subdued man, and that on the very field on which he stands victorious.—But," he added, after a moment's pause, "if Stawarth Bolton wills to abide with you on his own free choice, I will say nothing against it; and, as I bethink me, it were better he should stay to see the dismissal of this same Piercie Shafton."

"I receive him as your hostage, nevertheless, and shall treat him as such," said the Earl of Murray. But Foster, turning away as if to give directions to Bolton and his men, affected not to hear this observation.

"There rides a faithful servant of his most beautiful and Sovereign Lady," said Murray aside to Morton. "Happy man! he knows not whether the execution of her commands may not cost him his head; and yet he is most certain that to leave them unexecuted will bring disgrace and death without reprieve. Happy are they who are not only subjected to the caprices of Dame Fortune, but held bound to account and be responsible for them, and that to a sovereign as moody and fickle as her humorous ladyship herself!"

"We also have a female sovereign, my lord," said Morton.

"We have so, Douglas," said the Earl, with a suppressed sigh; "but it remains to be seen how long a female hand can hold the reins of power in a realm so wild as ours. We will now go on to Saint Mary's and see ourselves after the state of that House—Glendinning, look to that woman, and protect her.—What the fiend, man, hast thou got in thine arms?—an infant, as I live!—where couldst thou find such a charge, at such a place and moment?"

Halbert Glendinning briefly told the story. The Earl rode forward to the place where the body of Julian Avenel lay, with his unhappy companion's arms wrapt around him, like the trunk of an uprooted oak borne down by the tempest with all its ivy garlands. Both were cold dead. Murray was touched in an unwonted degree, remembering, perhaps, his own birth. "What have they to answer for, Douglas," he said, "who thus abuse the sweetest gifts of affection?"

The Earl of Morton, unhappy in his marriage, was a libertine in his amours.

"You must ask that question of Henry Wardlaw, my lord, or of John Knox—I am but a wild counsellor in women's matters."

ward to Saint Mary's," said the Earl; "pass d on Glendinning, give the infant to this male cavalier, and let it be taken charge of. lishonour be done to the dead bodies, and call ountry to bury or remove them.—Forward, I masters."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

be married ! Gone to swear a peace !—*King John.*

ews of the lost battle, so quickly carried by ives to the village and convent, had spread test alarm among the inhabitants. The Su- and other monks counselled flight; the Trea- commended that the church plate should be as a tribute to bribe the English officer; the one was unmoved and undaunted.

brethren," he said, "since God has not given le victory in the combat, it must be because res of us, his spiritual soldiers, to fight the nt of martyrdom, a conflict in which nothing own faint-hearted cowardice can make us fail y. Let us assume, then, the armour of faith, are, if it be necessary, to die under the ruin shrines, to the service of which we have de- rselves. Highly honoured are we all in this shed summons, from our dear brother Nicho- se gray hairs have been preserved until they e surrounded by the crown of martyrdom, my beloved son Edward, who, arriving at ard at the latest hour of the day, is yet per- share its toils with those who have laboured morning. Be of good courage, my children. ot, like my sainted predecessors, promise to you shall be preserved by miracle—I and you unworthy of that especial interposition, n earlier times, turned the sword of sacrilege he bosom of tyrants by whom it was wielded, the hardened hearts of heretics with prodi- called down hosts of angels to defend the God and of the Virgin. Yet, by Heavenly shall this day see that your Father and Ab- not disgrace the mitre which sits upon his io to your cells, my children, and exercise ate devotions. Array yourselves also in alb , as for our most solemn festivals, and be ien the tolling of the largest bell announces oach of the enemy, to march forth to meet solemn procession. Let the church be opened such refuge as may be to those of our vas- , from their exertion in this day's unhappy other cause, are particularly apprehensive ge of the enemy. Tell Sir Piercie Shafton, if caped the fight"——

here, most venerable Abbot," replied Sir "and if it so seemeth meet to you, I will assemble such of the men as have escaped rancountre, and will renew the resistance, the death. Certes, you will learn from all, I my part in this unhappy matter. Had it ul an Avenel to have attended to my counsel, in somewhat withdrawing of his main bat- as you may have marked the heron eschew of the falcon, receiving him rather upon than upon his wing, affairs, as I do conceive, ve had a different face, and we might then, e bellicose manner, have maintained that Nevertheless, I would not be understood to y thing in disregard of Julian Avenel, whom ll fighting manfully with his face to his which hath banished from my memory the term of 'meddling coxcomb' with which him something rashly to qualify my advice, which, had it pleased Heaven and the saints rolonged the life of that excellent person, I and upon my soul to have put him to death own hand."

ercie," said the Abbot, at length interrupt- "our time allows brief leisure to speak ht have been."

are right, most venerable Lord and Father," e incorrigible Euphuist; "the preterite, as ians have it, concerns frail mortality less than the future mood, and indeed our cogitations re- spect chiefly the present. In a word, I am willing to head all who will follow me, and offer such opposi- tion as manhood and mortality may permit, to the advance of the English, though they be my own countrymen; and be assured, Piercie Shafton will measure his length, being five feet ten inches, on the ground as he stands, rather than give two yards in retreat, according to the usual motion in which we retrograde."

"I thank you, Sir Knight," said the Abbot, "and I doubt not that you would make your words good; but it is not the will of Heaven that carnal weapon should rescue us. We are called to endure, not to resist, and may not waste the blood of our innocent commons in vain Fruitless opposition becomes not men of our profession; they have my commands to resign the sword and the spear—God and Our Lady have not blessed our banner."

"Bethink you, reverend lord," said Piercie Shaf- ton, very eagerly, "ere you resign the defence that is in your power—there are many posts near the entry of this village, where brave men might live or die to the advantage; and I have this additional motive to make defence,—the safety, namely, of a fair friend, who, I hope, hath escaped the hands of the heretics."

"I understand you, Sir Piercie," said the Abbot— "you mean the daughter of our Convent's miller?"

"Reverend my lord," said Sir Piercie, not without hesitation, "the fair Mysinda is, as may be in some sort alleged, the daughter of one who mechanically prepareth corn to be manipulated into bread, without which we could not exist, and which is therefore an employment in itself honourable, nay necessary. Ne- vertheless, if the purest sentiments of a generous mind, streaming forth like the rays of the sun reflect- ed by a diamond, may ennoble one, who is in some sort the daughter of a molendinary mechanic"——

"I have no time for all this, Sir Knight," said the Abbot; "be it enough to answer that with our will we war no longer with carnal weapons. We of the spirituality will teach you of the temporality how to die in cold blood, our hands not clenched for resist- ance, but folded for prayer—our minds not filled with jealous hatred, but with Christian meekness and for- giveness—our ears not deafened, nor our senses con- fused, by the sound of clamorous instruments of war; but, on the contrary, our voices composed to Halle- lujah, Kyrie-Eleison, and Salve Regina, and our blood temperate and cold, as those who think upon recon- ciling themselves with God, not of avenging them- selves of their fellow-mortals."

"Lord Abbot," said Sir Piercie, "this is nothing to the fate of my Molinara, whom, I beseech you to observe, I will not abandon, while golden hilt and steel blade bide together on my falchion. I com- manded her not to follow us to the field, and yet me- thought I saw her in her page's attire amongst the rear of the combatants."

"You must seek elsewhere for the person in whose fate you are so deeply interested," said the Abbot; "and at present I will pray of your knighthood to inquire concerning her at the church, in which all our more defenceless vassals have taken refuge. It is my advice to you, that you also abide by the horns of the altar; and, Sir Piercie Shafton," he added, "be of one thing secure, that if you come to harm, it will involve the whole of this brotherhood; for never, I trust, will the meanest of us buy safety at the expense of surrendering a friend or a guest. Leave us, my son, and may God be your aid!"

When Sir Piercie Shafton had departed, and the Abbot was about to betake himself to his own cell, he was surprised by an unknown person anxiously requiring a conference, who, being admitted, proved to be no other than Henry Warden. The Abbot started as he entered, and exclaimed angrily,—"Ha! are the few hours that fate allows him who may last wear the mitre of this house, not to be excused from the intrusion of heresy? Dost thou come," he said, "to enjoy the hopes which fate holds out to thy de- mented and accursed sect, to see the besom of destruc- tion sweep away the pride of old religion—to deface our shrines—to mutilate and lay waste the bodies of

our benefactors, as well as their sepulchres, to destroy the pinnacles and carved work of God's house, and our Lady's?"

"Peace, William Allan!" said the Protestant preacher, with dignified composure; "for none of these purposes do I come. I would have these stately shrines deprived of the idols which, no longer simply regarded as the effigies of the good and the wise, have become the objects of foul idolatry. I would otherwise have its ornaments subsist, unless as they are, or may be, a snare to the souls of men; and especially do I condemn those ravages which have been made by the heady fury of the people, stirred up into zeal against will-worship by bloody persecution. Against such wanton devastations I lift my testimony."

"Idle [illegible]!" said the Abbot Eustace, interrupting him; "what signifies the pretext under which thou dost despoil the house of God? and why at this present emergence wilt thou insult the master of it by thy presence?"

"Thou art unjust, William Allan," said Warden; "but I am not the less [illegible] in my resolution. Thou hast [illegible] at the hazard of thy rank, and what thou holdest still dearer, at the risk of thy [illegible] own sect. Our party is now [illegible] I have come down the valley, in which thou didst quarter me [illegible] wish to keep my [illegible] to thee."

"Ay," answered the Abbot, "and it may be that my listening to that worldly and infirm compassion which pleaded with me for thy life, is now visited upon me by this impending judgment. Heaven hath smitten, it may be, the erring shepherd, and scattered the flock."

"Think better of the Divine judgments," said Warden. "Not for thy sins, which are those of thy blinded education and circumstances; not for thine own sins, William Allan, art thou stricken, but for the accumulated [illegible] hath accumulated on her head and those of her votaries, by the errors and usurpation of ages."

"Now, by [illegible] in the Rock of Peter," said the Abbot, "thou dost rekindle the last spark of human indignation for which my bosom has room—I thought I might never again have felt the impulse of earthly passion, and it is thy voice which once more calls me to the expression of human anger! yes, it is thy voice that comes to fill me in my hour of sorrow, with these blasphemous accusations of that church which hath kept the light of Christianity alive from the times of the Apostles till now."

"From the times of the Apostles?" said the preacher, eagerly. "*Negatur, Gulielme Allan*—the primitive church differed as much from that of Rome, as did light from darkness, which, did time permit, I should speedily prove. And worse dost thou judge, in saying I come to insult thee in thy hour of affliction, being here, God wot, with the Christian wish of fulfilling an engagement I had made to my host, and of rendering myself to thy will while it had yet power to exercise aught upon me, and if it might so be, to mitigate in thy behalf the rage of the victors whom God hath sent as a scourge to thy obstinacy."

"I will none of thy intercession," said the Abbot, sternly; "the dignity to which the church has exalted me, never should have swelled my bosom more proudly in the time of the highest prosperity, than it doth at this crisis. I ask nothing of thee, but the assurance that my lenity to thee hath been the means of perverting no soul to Satan, that I have not given to the wolf any of the stray lambs whom the Great Shepherd of souls had intrusted to my charge."

"William Allan," answered the Protestant, "I will be sincere with thee. What I promised I have kept—I have withheld my voice from speaking even good things. But it has pleased Heaven to call the maiden Mary Avenel to a better sense of faith than thou and all the disciples of Rome can teach. Her I have aided with my humble power—I have extricated her from the machinations of evil spirits, to which she and her house were exposed during the blindness of their Romish superstition, and, praise be to my Master, I have not reason to fear she will again be caught in thy snares."

"Wretched man!" said the Abbot, unable to suppress his rising indignation, "is it to the Abbot of Saint Mary's that you boast having misled the soul of a dweller in Our Lady's Halidome into the paths of foul error and damning heresy?—Thou dost urge me, Wellwood, beyond what it becomes me to bear, and movest me to employ the few moments of power I may yet possess, in removing from the face of the earth one, whose qualities, given by God, have been so utterly perverted as thine to the service of Satan."

"Do thy pleasure," said the preacher; "thy vain wrath shall not prevent my doing my duty to advantage thee, where it may be done without neglecting my higher call. I go to the Earl of Murray."

Their conference, which was advancing fast into bitter disputation, was here interrupted by the deep and sullen toll of the largest and heaviest bell of the Convent, a sound famous in the chronicles of the Community, for dispelling of tempests, and putting to flight demons, but which now only announced danger, without affording any means of warding against it. Hastily repeating his orders, that all the brethren should attend in the choir, arrayed for [illegible] the Abbot ascended to the battlements of the lofty Monastery, by his own private staircase, and there met the Sacristan, who had been in the act of directing the tolling of the huge bell, wh[illegible] duty.

"It is the last time I shall discharge mine office, most venerable Father and Lord," said he to the Abbot, "for yonder come the Philistines; but I would not that the large bell of Saint Mary's should sound for the last time, otherwise than in true and full tone. I have been a sinful man for one of our holy profession," added he, looking upward; "yet may I presume to say, not a bell hath sounded out of tune from the tower of the house, while Father Philip had the superintendence of the chime and the belfry."

The Abbot, without reply, cast his eyes towards the path, which, winding around the mountain, descends upon Kennaquhair from the south-east. He beheld at a distance a cloud of dust, and heard the neighing of many horses, while the occasional sparkle of a long line of spears, as they came downwards into the valley, announced that the band came thither in arms.

"Shame on my weakness!" said Abbot Eustace, dashing the tears from his eyes; "my sight is too much dimmed to observe their motions—look my son Edward," for his favourite novice had again joined him, "and tell me what ensigns they bear."

"They are Scottish men, when all is done," exclaimed Edward. "I see the white crosses—it may be the Western Borderers, or Fernieherst and his clan."

"Look at the banner," said the Abbot; "tell me what are the blazonries?"

"The arms of Scotland," said Edward, "the lion and its tressure, quartered, as I think, with three cushions. Can it be the royal standard?"

"Alas! no," said the Abbot, "it is that of the Earl of Murray. He hath assumed with his new conquest the badge of the valiant Randolph, and hath dropped from his hereditary coat the bend which intimates his own base birth—would to God he may not have blotted it also from his memory, and aim as well at possessing the name, as the power, of a king!"

"At least, my father," said Edward, "he will secure us from the violence of the southron."

"Ay, my son, as the shepherd secures a silly lamb from the wolf, which he destines in due time to his own banquet. Oh, my son, evil days are on us! A breach has been made in the walls of our sanctuary—thy brother hath fallen from the faith. Such news brought my last secret intelligence—Murray hath already spoken of rewarding his services with the hand of Mary Avenel."

"Of Mary Avenel!" said the novice, tottering towards and grasping hold of one of the carved pinnacles which adorned the proud battlement.

"Ay, of Mary Avenel, my son, who has also abjured the faith of her fathers. Weep not, my Edward, weep not, my beloved son! or weep for their

not for their union --Bless God, who ...to himself, out of the tents of wick- ... the grace of Our Lady and Saint ... also hadst been a castaway."

... my father," said Edward, "I endea- ... what I would now blot from my ... in the thought of all my former life ... forward a match so unequal in birth."

... what suits his purpose-- The Castle ...ong, and needs a good castellan, de- ...ree; as for the difference of their birth, ... no more than he would mind defacing ...larity of the ground, were it necessary ... upon it military lines and intrench- ... not droop for that awaken thy soul ... y son. Think you part with a vain ...ream, nursed in solitude and inaction. ...t what am I now like to lose?--Look ... where saints dwelt, and where heroes ...d. Think that I, so briefly called to ... pious flock, which has dwelt here ...ght of Christianity, may be this day ... last father of this holy community-- ...scend, and meet our fate. I see them ... o the village."

...escended, the novice cast a glance ... t the sense of the danger impending ... structure, with which he was now ...ble to banish the recollection of Mary ... brother's bride!" he pulled the cowl ...nd followed his Superior.

...lls of the Abbey now added their peal ...ll of the largest which had so long ... monks wept and prayed as they got ... the order of their procession for the ...med but too probable.

...r Father Boniface hath retired to the ...ather Philip; "he could never have ...y, it would have broken his heart!"

... the soul of Abbot Ingelram!" said ...olas, "there were no such doings in ... say we are to be put forth of the ...ow I am to live any where else than ...ed for these seventy years, I wot not -- I have not long to live any where."

...nts after this the great gate of the ...n open, and the procession moved ... from beneath its huge and richly ...y. Cross and banner, pix and chalice, ...ing relics, and censers steaming with ...ed and were intermingled with the ...n array of the brotherhood, in their ...ns and cowls, with their white scapu- ...over them, the various officers of the ...isplaying his proper badge of office. ... the procession came the Abbot, sur- ...upported by his chief assistants. He ... his habit of high solemnity, and ...uch unconcerned as if he had been ...al part in some ordinary ceremony. ... the inferior persons of the convent; ...eir albs or white dresses, and the lay ...guished by their beards, which were ... the Fathers. Women and children, ...w men, came in the rear, bewailing ... desolation of their ancient sanctuary. ...owever, in order, and restrained the ...orrow to a low wailing sound, which ... with than interrupted the measured ...nks.

... the procession entered the market- ...age of Kennaquhair, which was then ...ished by an ancient cross of curious ... the gift of some former monarch of ...se by the cross, of much greater anti- ...ely less honoured, was an immensely ... which perhaps had witnessed the ... Druids, ere the stately Monastery to ...d had raised its spires in honour of ... faith. Like the Bentang-tree of the ..., or the Plaistow-oak mentioned in ...l History of Selborne, this tree was ... of the villagers, and regarded with ...tion; a feeling common to most na-tions, and which perhaps may be traced up to the remote period when the patriarch feasted the angels under the oak at Mamre.*

The monks formed themselves each in their due place around the cross, while under the ruins of the aged tree crowded the old and the feeble, with others who felt the common alarm. When they had thus arranged themselves, there was a deep and solemn pause. The monks stilled their chant, the lay populace hushed their lamentations, and all awaited in terror and silence the arrival of those heretical forces, whom they had been so long taught to regard with fear and trembling.

A distant trampling was at length heard, and the glance of spears was seen to shine through the trees above the village. The sounds increased, and became more thick, one close continuous rushing sound, in which the tread of hoofs, was mingled with the ringing of armour. The horsemen soon appeared at the principal entrance which leads into the irregular square or market-place which forms the centre of the village. They entered two by two, slowly, and in the greatest order. The van continued to move on, riding round the open space, until they had attained the utmost point, and then turning their horses' heads to the street, stood fast; their companions followed in the same order, until the whole market-place was closely surrounded with soldiers; and the files who followed, making the same manœuvre, formed an inner line within those who had first arrived, until the place was begirt with a quadruple file of horsemen closely drawn up. There was now a pause, of which the Abbot availed himself, by commanding the brotherhood to raise the solemn chant *De profundis clamavi*. He looked around the armed ranks, to see what impression the solemn sounds made on them. All were silent, but the brows of some had an expression of contempt, and almost all the rest bore a look of indifference; their course had been too long decided to permit past feelings of enthusiasm to be anew awakened by a procession or by a hymn.

"Their hearts are hardened," said the Abbot to himself in dejection, but not in despair; "it remains to see whether those of their leaders are equally obdurate."

The leaders, in the meanwhile, were advancing slowly, and Murray, with Morton, rode in deep conversation before a chosen band of their most distinguished followers, amongst whom came Halbert Glendinning. But the preacher Henry Warden, who, upon leaving the Monastery, had instantly joined them, was the only person admitted to their conference.

"You are determined, then," said Morton to Murray, "to give the heiress of Avenel, with all her pretensions, to this nameless and obscure young man?"

"Hath not Warden told you," said Murray, "that they have been bred together, and are lovers from their youth upward?"

"And that they are both," said Warden, "by means which may be almost termed miraculous, rescued from the delusions of Rome, and brought within the pale of the true church. My residence at Glendearg hath made me well acquainted with these things. Ill would it beseem my habit and my calling, to thrust myself into match-making and giving in marriage, but worse were it in me to see your lordships do needless wrong to the feelings which are proper to our nature, and which, being indulged honestly and under the restraints of religion, become a pledge of domestic quiet here, and future happiness in a better world. I say, that you will do ill to rend those ties asunder, and to give this maiden to the kinsman of Lord Morton, though Lord Morton's kinsman he be."

"These are fair reasons, my Lord of Murray," said Morton, "why you should refuse me so simple a boon as to bestow this silly damsel upon young Bennygask. Speak out plainly, my lord; say you would rather see the Castle of Avenel in the hands of one who owes his name and existence solely to your favour, than in the power of a Douglas, and of my kinsman."

"My Lord of Morton," said Murray, "I have done nothing in this matter which should aggrieve you. This

* It is scarcely necessary to say, that in Melrose, the prototype of Kennaquhair, no such oak ever existed.

young man Glendinning has done me good service, and may do me more. My promise was in some degree passed to him, and that while Julian Avenel was alive, when aught beside the maiden's lily hand would have been hard to come by; whereas you never thought of such an alliance for your kinsman, till you saw Julian lie dead yonder on the field, and knew his land to be a waif free to the first who could seize it. Come, come, my lord, you do less than justice to your gallant kinsman, in wishing him a bride bred up under the milk-pail; for this girl is a peasant wench in all but the accident of birth. I thought you had more deep respect for the honour of the Douglasses."

"The honour of the Douglasses is safe in my keeping," answered Morton, haughtily; "that of other ancient families may suffer as well as the name of Avenel, if rustics are to be matched with the blood of our ancient barons."

"This is but idle talking," answered Lord Murray; "in times like these we must look to men, and not to pedigrees. Hay was but a rustic before the battle of Loncarty—the bloody yoke actually dragged the plough ere it was blazoned on a crest by the herald. Times of action make princes into peasants, and boors into barons. All families have sprung from some one mean man; and it is well if they have never degenerated from his virtue who raised them first from obscurity."

"My Lord of Murray will please to except the House of Douglas," said Morton haughtily; "men have seen it in the tree, but never in the sapling—have seen it in the stream, but never in the fountain.* In the earliest of our Scottish annals, the Black Douglas was powerful and distinguished as now."

* The late excellent and laborious antiquary, Mr. George Chalmers, has rebuked the vaunt of the House of Douglas, or rather of Hume of Godscroft, their historian, but with less than his wonted accuracy. In the first volume of his Caledonia, he quotes the passage in Godscroft for the purpose of confuting it.

The historian (of the Douglasses) cries out, "We do not know them in the fountain, but in the stream; not in the root, but in the stem; for we know not which is the mean man that did rise above the vulgar." This assumption Mr. Chalmers conceives ill-timed, and alleges, that if the historian had attended more to research than to declamation, he might easily have seen the first mean man of this renowned family. This he alleges to have been one Theobaldus Flammaticus, or Theobald the Fleming, to whom Arnold, Abbot of Kelso, between the year 1147 and 1160, granted certain lands on Douglas water, by a deed which Mr. Chalmers conceives to be the first link of the chain of title deeds to Douglasdale. Hence, he says, the family must renounce their family domain, or acknowledge this obscure Fleming as their ancestor. Theobald the Fleming, it is acknowledged, did not himself assume the name of Douglas; "but," says the antiquary, "his son William, who inherited his estate, called himself, and was named by others, De Duglas;" and he refers to the deeds in which he is so designed. Mr. Chalmers's full argument may be found in the first volume of his Caledonia, p. 579.

This proposition is one which a Scotsman will admit unwillingly, and only upon undeniable testimony; and as it is liable to strong grounds of challenge, the present author, with all the respect to Mr. Chalmers which his zealous and effectual researches merit, is not unwilling to take this opportunity to state some plausible grounds for doubting that Theobaldus Flammaticus was either the father of the first William de Douglas, or in the slightest degree connected with the Douglas family.

It must first be observed, that there is no reason whatever for concluding Theobaldus Flammaticus to be the father of William de Douglas, except that they both held lands upon the small river of Douglas; and that there are two strong presumptions to the contrary. For, first, the father being named Fleming, there seems no good reason why the son should have assumed a different designation; secondly, there does not occur a single instance of the name of Theobald during the long line of the Douglas pedigree, an omission very unlikely to take place had the original father of the race been so called. These are secondary considerations indeed; but they are important, in so far as they exclude any support of Mr Chalmers's system, except from the point which he has rather assumed than proved, namely, that the lands granted to Theobald the Fleming were the same which were granted to William de Douglas, and which constituted the original domain of which we find this powerful family lords.

Now it happens singularly enough, that the lands granted by the Abbot of Kelso to Theobaldus Flammaticus are not the same of which William de Douglas was in possession. Nay, it would appear, from comparing the charter granted to Theobaldus Flammaticus, that though situated on the water of Douglas, they never made a part of the barony of that name, and therefore cannot be the same with those held by William de Douglas in the succeeding generation. But if William de Douglas did not succeed Theobaldus Flammaticus, there is no more reason for holding these two persons to be father and son, than if they had lived in *different provinces*; and we are still as far from having discovered *the first mean man of the Douglas family as Hume of Godscroft was in the 16th century.* We leave the question to antiquaries *and genealogists.*

"I bend to the honours of the house of Douglas," said Murray, somewhat ironically; "I am conscious we of the Royal House have little right to compete with them in dignity—What though we have worn crowns and carried sceptres for a few generations, if our genealogy moves no farther back than to the humble *Alanus Dapifer!*"†

Morton's cheek reddened as he was about to reply; but Henry Warden availed himself of the liberty which the Protestant clergy long possessed, and exerted it to interrupt a discussion which was becoming too eager and personal to be friendly.

"My lords," he said, "I must be bold in discharging the duty of my Master. It is a shame and scandal to hear two nobles, whose hands have been so forward in the work of reformation, fall into discord about such vain follies as now occupy your thoughts. Bethink you how long you have thought with one mind, seen with one eye, heard with one ear, confirmed by your union the congregation of the Church, appalled by your joint authority the congregation of Anti-Christ; and will you now fall into discord about an old decayed castle and a few barren hills, about the loves and likings of a humble spearsman and a damsel bred in the same obscurity, or about the still vainer questions of idle genealogy?"

"The good man hath spoken right, noble Douglas," said Murray, reaching him his hand, "our union is too essential to the good cause to be broken off upon such idle terms of dissensions. I am fixed to gratify Glendinning in this matter—my promise is passed. The wars, in which I have had my share, have made many a family miserable; I will at least try if I may not make one happy. There are maids and manors enow in Scotland—I promise you, my noble ally, that young Bennygask shall be richly wived."

"My lord," said Warden, "you speak nobly, and like a Christian. Alas! this is a land of hatred and bloodshed—let us not chase from thence the few traces that remain of gentle and domestic love.—And be not too eager for wealth to thy noble kinsman, my Lord of Morton, seeing contentment in the marriage state no way depends on it."

"If you allude to my family misfortune," said Morton, whose Countess, wedded by him for her estates and honours, was insane in her mind, "the habit you wear, and the liberty, or rather license, of your profession, protect you from my resentment."

"Alas! my lord," replied Warden, "how quick and sensitive is our self-love! When, pressing forward in our high calling, we point out the errors of the Sovereign, who praises our boldness more than the noble Morton? But touch we upon his own sore, which most needs lancing, and he shrinks from the faithful chirurgeon in fear and impatient anger!"

"Enough of this, good and reverend sir," said Murray; "you transgress the prudence yourself recommended even now.—We are now close upon the village, and the proud Abbot is come forth at the head of his hive. Thou hast pleaded well for him, Warden, otherwise I had taken this occasion to pull down the nest, and chase away the rooks."

"Nay, but do not so," said Warden; "this William Allan, whom they call the Abbot Eustatius, is a man whose misfortunes would more prejudice our cause than his prosperity. You cannot inflict more than he will endure; and the more that he is made to bear, the higher will be the influence of his talents and his courage. In his conventual throne, he will be but coldly looked on—disliked, it may be, and envied.

† To atone to the memory of the learned and indefatigable Chalmers for having ventured to impeach his genealogical proposition concerning the descent of the Douglasses, we are bound to render him our grateful thanks for the felicitous light which he has thrown on that of the House of Stewart, still more important to Scottish history.

The acute pen of Lord Hailes, which, like the spear of Ithuriel, conjured so many shadows from Scottish history, had dismissed among the rest those of Banquo and Fleance, the rejection of which fables left the illustrious family of Stewart without an ancestor beyond Walter the son of Allan, who is alluded to in the text. The researches of our late learned antiquary detected in this Walter, the descendant of Allan, the son of Flaald, who obtained from William the Conqueror the Castle of Oswestry in Shropshire, and was the father of an illustrious line of English nobles, by his first son, William, and by his second son, Walter, the progenitor of the royal family of Stewart.

x of gold into a crucifix of wood—
ough the land, an oppressed and
. and his patience, his eloquence,
. win more hearts from the good
mitred abbots of Scotland have
prey of during the last hundred

nan," said Morton, "the revenues
will bring more men, spears, and
ld in one day, than his preaching
. These are not the days of Peter
monks could march armies from
lem; but gold and good deeds will
more than ever. Had Julian Ave-
e or two more men this morning,
ad not missed a worse welcome.
the monk's revenues is drawing

lay him under contribution," said
oreover, if he desires to remain in
do well to produce Piercie Shaf-

.e, they entered the market-place,
their complete armour and their
ell as by the number of followers
rs and badges. Both these pow-
nore especially Murray, so nearly
1, had at that time a retinue and
ich inferior to that of Scottish
advanced into the market-place,
ing forward from their train, ad-
in these words:—"The Abbot of
commanded to appear before the

St. Mary's," said Eustace, "is, in
his convent, superior to every tem-
e Earl of Murray, if he seeks him,
s presence."
s answer, Murray smiled scorn-
ting from his lofty saddle, he ad-
ied by Morton, and followed by
of monks assembled around the
an appearance of shrinking among
ch of the heretic lord, so dreaded
But the Abbot, casting on them a
and encouragement, stepped forth
ke a courageous leader, when he
ial valour must be displayed to re-
courage of his followers. "Lord
e said, "or Earl of Murray, if that
atius, Abbot of Saint Mary's, de-
ht you have filled our peaceful vil-
ed our brethren, with these bands
f hospitality is sought, we have
o courteous asking—if violence
peaceful churchmen, let us know
and the object?"
d Murray, "your language would
another age, and a presence in-
come not here to reply to your in-
o demand of you why you have
ollecting your vassals in arms, and
ueen's lieges, whereby many men
d much trouble, perchance breach
gland, is likely to arise?"
olf," answered the Abbot, scorn-
accused the sheep of muddying
he drank in it above her—but it
t for devouring her. Convocate
? I did so to defend the Queen's
gners. I did but my duty; and I
e means to do it more effectually."
a part of your duty to receive and
1 of England's rebel and traitor,
war betwixt England and Scot-
ly.
days, my lord," answered the Ab-
intrepidity, "a war with England
aded matter; and not merely a
d by his rule to show hospitality
ry to all, *but the poorest Scottish*
ve been ashamed to have pleaded
the reason for shutting his door
l exile. But in those olden days,
the English seldom saw the face of a Scottish noble-
man, save through the bars of his visor."

"Monk!" said the Earl of Morton, sternly, "this insolence will little avail thee; the days are gone by when Rome's priests were permitted to brave noblemen with impunity. Give us up this Piercie Shafton, or by my father's crest I will set thy Abbey in a bright flame!"

"And if thou dost, Lord of Morton, its ruins will tumble above the tombs of thine own ancestors. Be the issue as God wills, the Abbot of Saint Mary's gives up no one whom he hath promised to protect."

"Abbot!" said Murray, "bethink thee ere we are driven to deal roughly—the hands of these men," he said, pointing to the soldiers, "will make wild work among shrines and cells, if we are compelled to undertake a search for this Englishman."

"Ye shall not need," said a voice from the crowd; and, advancing gracefully before the Earls, the Euphuist flung from him the mantle in which he was muffled. "Via the cloud that shadowed Shafton!" said he; "behold, my lords, the Knight of Wilverton, who spares you the guilt of violence and sacrilege."

"I protest before God and man against any infraction of the privileges of this house," said the Abbot, "by an attempt to impose violent hands upon the person of this noble knight. If there be yet spirit in a Scottish Parliament, we will make you hear of this elsewhere, my lords!"

"Spare your threats," said Murray; "it may be, my purpose with Sir Piercie Shafton is not such as thou dost suppose—Attach him, pursuivant, as our prisoner, rescue or no rescue.'

"I yield myself," said the Euphuist, "reserving my right to defy my Lord of Murray and my Lord of Morton to single duel, even as one gentleman may demand satisfaction of another."

"You shall not want those who will answer your challenge, Sir Knight," replied Morton, "without aspiring to men above thine own degree."

"And where am I to find these superlative champions," said the English knight, "whose blood runs more pure than that of Piercie Shafton?"

"Here is a flight for you, my lord!" said Murray.

"As ever was flown by a wild-goose," said Stawarth Bolton, who had now approached to the front of the party.

"Who dared to say that word?" said the Euphuist, his face crimson with rage.

"Tut! man," said Bolton, "make the best of it, thy mother's father was but a tailor, old Overstitch of Holderness—Why, what! because thou art a misproud bird, and despisest thine own natural lineage, and rufflest in unpaid silks and velvets, and keepest company with gallants and cutters, must we lose our memory for that? Thy mother, Moll Overstitch, was the prettiest wench in those parts—she was wedded by wild Shafton of Wilverton, who, men say, was akin to the Piercie on the wrong side of the blanket."

"Help the knight to some strong waters," said Morton; "he hath fallen from such a height, that he is stunned with the tumble."

In fact, Sir Piercie Shafton looked like a man stricken by a thunderbolt, while, notwithstanding the seriousness of the scene hitherto, no one of those present, not even the Abbot himself, could refrain from laughing at the rueful and mortified expression of his face.

"Laugh on," he said at length, "laugh on, my masters," shrugging his shoulders; it is not for me to be offended—yet would I know full fain from that squire who is laughing with the loudest, how he had discovered this unhappy blot in an otherwise spotless lineage, and for what purpose he hath made it known?"

"*I* make it known?" said Halbert Glendinning, in astonishment· for to him this pathetic appeal was made,—"I never heard the thing till this moment."*

* The contrivance of provoking the irritable vanity of Sir Piercie Shafton, by presenting him with a bodkin, indicative of his descent from a tailor, is borrowed from a German romance, by the celebrated Tieck, called Das Peter Manchen, i. e. The Dwarf Peter. The being who gives name to the tale, is the Burg-geist, or castle spectre, of a German family, whom he aids with his coun sel, as he defends their castle by his supernatural power. But the

"Why, did not that old rude soldier learn it from thee?" said the knight, in increasing amazement.

"Not I, by Heaven!" said Bolton; "I never saw the youth in my life."

"But you *have* seen him ere now, my worthy master," said Dame Glendinning, bursting in her turn from the crowd. "My son, this is Stawarth Bolton, he to whom we owe life, and the means of preserving it—if he be prisoner, as seems most likely, use thine interest with these noble lords to be kind to the widow's friend."

"What, my Dame of the Glen!" said Bolton, "thy brow is more withered, as well as mine, since we met last, but thy tongue holds the touch better than my arm. This boy of thine gave me the foil sorely this morning. The Brown Varlet has turned as stout a trooper as I prophesied; and where is White Head?"

"Alas!" said the mother, looking down, "Edward has taken orders, and become a monk of this Abbey."

"A monk and a soldier!—Evil trades both, my good dame. Better have made one a good master fashioner, like old Overstitch of Holderness. I sighed when I envied you the two bonny children, but I sigh not now to call either the monk or the soldier mine own. The soldier dies in the field, the monk scarce lives in the cloister."

"My dearest mother," said Halbert, "where is Edward—can I not speak with him?"

"He has just left us for the present," said Father Philip, "upon a message from the Lord Abbot."

"And Mary, my dearest mother?" said Halbert.—Mary Avenel was not far distant, and the three were soon withdrawn from the crowd, to hear and relate their various chances of fortune.

While the subordinate personages thus disposed of themselves, the Abbot held serious discussion with the two Earls, and, partly yielding to their demands, partly defending himself with skill and eloquence, was enabled to make a composition for his Convent, which left it provisionally in no worse situation than before. The Earls were the more reluctant to drive matters to extremity, since he protested, that if urged beyond what his conscience would comply with, he would throw the whole lands of the Monastery into the Queen of Scotland's hands, to be disposed of at her pleasure. This would not have answered the views of the Earls, who were contented, for the time, with a moderate sacrifice of money and lands. Matters being so far settled, the Abbot became anxious for the fate of Sir Piercie Shafton, and implored mercy in his behalf.

"He is a coxcomb," he said, "my lords, but he is a generous, though a vain fool; and it is my firm belief you have this day done him more pain than if you had run a poniard into him."

"Run a needle into him you mean, Abbot," said the Earl of Morton; "by mine honour, I thought this grandson of a fashioner of doublets was descended from a crowned head at last!"

"I hold with the Abbot," said Murray; "there were little honour in surrendering him to Elizabeth, but he shall be sent where he can do her no injury. Our pursuivant and Bolton shall escort him to Dunbar, and ship him off for Flanders.—But soft, here he comes, and leading a female, as I think."

"Lords and others," said the English knight, with great solemnity, "make way for the Lady of Piercie Shafton—a secret which I listed not to make known, till fate, which hath betrayed what I vainly strove to conceal, makes me less desirous to hide that which I now announce to you."

"It is Mysie Happer, the Miller's daughter, on my life!" said Tibb Tacket. "I thought the pride of these Piercies would have a fa'."

"It is indeed the lovely Mysinda," said the knight, "whose merits toward her devoted servant deserved higher rank than he had to bestow."

"I suspect, though," said Murray, "that we should not have heard of the Miller's daughter being made a lady, had not the knight proved to be the grandson of a tailor."

"My lord," said Sir Piercie Shafton, "it is poor valour to strike him that cannot smite again; and I hope you will consider what is due to a prisoner by the law of arms, and say nothing more on this odious subject. When I am once more mine own man, I will find a new road to dignity."

"*Shape* one, I presume," said the Earl of Morton.

"Nay, Douglas, you will drive him mad," said Murray; "besides, we have other matter in hand—I must see Warden wed Glendinning with Mary Avenel, and put him in possession of his wife's castle without delay. It will be best done ere our forces leave these parts."

"And I," said the Miller, "have the like grist to grind; for I hope some one of the good fathers will wed my wench with her gay bridegroom."

"It needs not," said Shafton, "the ceremonial hath been solemnly performed."

"It will not be the worse of another bolting," said the Miller; "it is always best to be sure, as I say when I chance to take multure twice from the same meal-sack."

"Stave the Miller off him," said Murray, "or he will worry him dead. The Abbot, my lord, offers us the hospitality of the Convent; I move we should repair thither, Sir Piercie and all of us. I must learn to know the Maid of Avenel—to-morrow I must act as her father—All Scotland shall see how Murray can reward a faithful servant."

Mary Avenel and her lover avoided meeting the Abbot, and took up their temporary abode in a house of the village, where next day their hands were united by the Protestant preacher in presence of the two Earls. On the same day Piercie Shafton and his bride departed, under an escort which was to conduct him to the sea-side, and see him embark for the Low Countries. Early on the following morning the bands of the Earls were under march to the Castle of Avenel, to invest the young bridegroom with the property of his wife, which was surrendered to them without opposition.

But not without those omens which seemed to mark every remarkable event which befell the fated family, did Mary take possession of the ancient castle of her forefathers. The same warlike form which had appeared more than once at Glendearg, was seen by Tibb Tacket and Martin, who returned with their young mistress to partake her altered fortunes. It glided before the cavalcade as they advanced upon the long causeway, paused at each drawbridge, and flourished its hand, as in triumph, as it disappeared under the gloomy archway, which was surmounted by the insignia of the house of Avenel. The two trusty servants made their vision only known to Dame Glendinning, who, with much pride of heart, had accompanied her son to see him take his rank among the barons of the land. "O, my dear bairn!" she exclaimed, when she heard the tale, "the castle is a grand place to be sure, but I wish ye dinna a' desire to be back in the quiet braes of Glendearg before the play be played out." But this natural reflection, springing from maternal anxiety, was soon forgotten amid the busy and pleasing task of examining and admiring the new habitation of her son.

While these affairs were passing, Edward had hidden himself and his sorrows in the paternal Tower of Glendearg, where every object was full of matter for bitter reflection. The Abbot's kindness had despatched him thither upon pretence of placing some

Dwarf Peter is so unfortunate an adviser, that all his counsels, though producing success in the immediate results, are in the issue attended with mishap and with guilt. The youthful baron, the owner of the haunted castle, falls in love with a maiden, the daughter of a neighbouring count, a man of great pride, who refuses him the hand of the young lady, on account of his own superiority of descent. The lover, repulsed and affronted, returns to take counsel with the Dwarf Peter how he may silence the count, and obtain the victory in the argument, the next time they enter on the topic of pedigree. The dwarf gives his patron and pupil a horse-shoe, instructing him to give it to the count when he is next giving himself superior airs on the subject of his family. It has the effect accordingly. The count, understanding it as an allusion to a misalliance of one of his ancestors with the daughter of a blacksmith, is thrown into a dreadful passion with the young lover, the consequences of which are the seduction of the young lady, and the slaughter of her father.

If we suppose the dwarf to represent the corrupt part of human nature,—that "law in our members which wars against the law of our minds,"—the work forms an ingenious allegory.

ters belonging to the Abbey in safety and secrecy; in reality to prevent his witnessing the triumph his brother. Through the deserted apartments, the ne of so many bitter reflections, the unhappy ith stalked like a discontented ghost, conjuring up und him at every step new subjects for sorrow l for self-torment. Impatient, at length, of the te of irritation and agonized recollection in which found himself, he rushed out, and walked hastily the glen, as if to shake off the load which hung n his mind. The sun was setting when he ched the entrance of Corri-nan-shian, and the re-lection of what he had seen when he last visited t haunted ravine, burst on his mind. He was in umour, however, rather to seek out danger than to id it.

I will face this mystic being," he said; "she fore-l the fate which has wrapped me in this dress,— ill know whether she has aught else to tell me of fe which cannot but be miserable."

le failed not to see the White Spirit seated by her ustomed haunt, and singing in her usual low and et tone. While she sung she seemed to look h sorrow on her golden zone, which was now di-ished to the fineness of a silken thread.

> "Fare thee well, thou Holly green!
> Thou shalt seldom now be seen,
> With all thy glittering garlands bending,
> As to greet my slow descending,
> Startling the bewilder'd hind,
> Who sees thee wave without a wind.
>
> "Farewell, fountain! now not long
> Shalt thou murmur to my song,
> While thy crystal bubbles glancing,
> Keep the time in mystic dancing,
> Rise and swell, are burst and lost,
> Like mortal schemes by fortune crost.
>
> "The knot of fate at length is tied,
> The Churl is Lord, the Maid is Bride.
> Vainly did my magic sleight
> Send the lover from her sight;
> Wither bush, and perish well,
> Fall'n is lofty Avenel!"

The Vision seemed to weep while she sung the words impressed on Edward a melancholy belief, that the alliance of Mary with his brother would be fatal to them both.

Here terminates the First Part of the Benedictine Manuscript. I have in vain endeavoured to ascertain the precise period of the story, as the dates cannot be exactly reconciled with those of the most accredited histories. But it is astonishing how careless writers of Utopia are upon these important subjects. I observed that the learned Mr. Laurence Templeton in his late publication, entitled IVANHOE, has not only blessed the bed of Edward the Confessor with an offspring unknown to history, with sundry other solecisms of the same kind, but has inverted the order of nature, and feasted his swine with acorns in the midst of summer. All that can be alleged by the warmest admirer of this author amounts to this,— that the circumstances objected to are just as true as the rest of the story; which appears to me (more especially in the matter of the acorns) to be a very imperfect defence, and that the author will do well to profit by Captain Absolute's advice to his servant, and never tell him more lies than are indispensably necessary.

END OF THE MONASTERY.

THE ABBOT;

BEING

THE SEQUEL TO THE MONASTERY.

INTRODUCTION TO THE ABBOT

[illegible] what is said in the introduction to the Monastery, it [illegible]cessarily be inferred, that the Author considered that [illegible]e as something very like a failure. It is true the book[illegible] did not complain of the sale, because, unless on very feli[illegible] occasions, or on those which are equally the reverse, [illegible] popularity is not gained or lost by a single publication [illegible] must be allowed for the tide both to flow and ebb. But [illegible]conscious that, in my situation, not to advance was to [illegible] to recede, and being naturally unwilling to think [illegible] principle of decay lay in myself, I was at least desirous [illegible] of a certainty, whether the degree of discountenance [illegible] I had incurred was now owing to an ill-managed story, [illegible]

[illegible] never been one of those who are willing to suppose [illegible] an author to be a fool of milk, which will not stand [illegible] a single creature, and who are eternally harping to [illegible] to [illegible] their efforts, and to be chary of their [illegible] [illegible] grow slack [illegible] in the eyes of men. Perhaps [illegible] I have always been, the more indifferent to the degree [illegible] in which I might be held as an author, because I [illegible] so high a value, as many others upon what is termed [illegible] in the abstract, or at least upon the species [illegible] which has fallen to my share; for though it were [illegible] than affectation to deny that my vanity was satisfied at [illegible] in the department in which chance had in some [illegible] enlisted me, I was, nevertheless, far from thinking that [illegible] or romance-writer stands high in the ranks of lite[illegible]

But I [illegible] the reader further [illegible] on this subject, as [illegible] expressed my opinion very fully in the Introductory Epistle [illegible] Fortunes of Nigel, [illegible]; and although it be [illegible] an imaginary character, it is as sincere and candid as if [illegible] been written "without my gown and band."

[illegible] word, when I considered myself as having been unsuccess[illegible] the Monastery, I was tempted to try whether I could not [illegible] even at the risk of totally losing my so-called reputation, [illegible] hazard—I looked round my library, and could not but [illegible] that, from the time of Chaucer to that of Byron, the [illegible] popular authors have been the most prolific. Even the [illegible] Johnson allowed that the quality of readiness and pro[illegible] had a merit in itself, [illegible] of the intrinsic value of [illegible] position. Talking of Churchill, I believe, who had little [illegible] in his [illegible] eyes, he allowed him that of fertility, [illegible] such qualification as this, "A crab-apple can bear but [illegible] fruit, but there is a great difference in favour of that [illegible] bears a large quantity of fruit, however indifferent, and [illegible] which produces only a few."

[illegible] more attentively at the patriarchs of literature, whose [illegible] was as long as it was brilliant, I thought I perceived that [illegible] busy and prolonged course of exertion, there were no [illegible] occasional failures, but that still those who were favour[illegible] their age triumphed over these miscarriages. By the new [illegible] which they made, their errors were obliterated, they be[illegible] identified with the literature of their country, and after [illegible] received law from the critics, came in some degree [illegible] it. And when such a writer was at length called from [illegible], his death first made the public sensible what a large [illegible] he had occupied in their attention. I recollected a pas[illegible] Grimm's Correspondence, that while unexhausted Vol[illegible] sent forth tract after tract, to the very close of a long life, [illegible] impression made by each as it appeared, was, that it [illegible] inferior to its predecessors; an opinion adopted from the [illegible] idea that the Patriarch of Ferney must at last find the [illegible] from which he was to decline. But the opinion of the public [illegible] ranked in succession the last of Voltaire's Essays on the [illegible] with those which had formerly charmed the French [illegible]

The inference from this and similar facts seemed to me [illegible] that new works were often judged of by the public, not so [illegible] from their own intrinsic merit, as from extrinsic ideas [illegible] readers had previously formed with regard to them, and [illegible] such a writer might hope to triumph by patience and by [illegible]. There is a risk in the attempt;

> "If he fail in, good night, or sink or swim"

[illegible] is a chance incident to every literary attempt, and by [illegible] men of a sanguine temper are little moved.

[illegible] illustrate what I mean, by the feelings of most men in [illegible]. If we have found any stage particularly tedious, or [illegible] special degree interesting, particularly short, or much [illegible] than we expected, our imaginations are so apt to exag[illegible] the original impression, that on repeating the journey, [illegible] ally find that we have considerably over-rated the pre[illegible] quality, and the road appears to be duller or more [illegible], shorter or more tedious, than what we expected, and, [illegible] uently, than what is the actual case. It requires a third [illegible] journey to enable us to form an accurate judgment of [illegible] its length, or its other attributes.

[illegible] same manner, the public, judging of a new work, which [illegible] perhaps with little expectation, if surprised into ap[illegible] becomes very often ecstatic, gives a great deal more [illegible] than is due, and elevates the child of its immediate [illegible] to a rank which, as it affects the author, it is equally [illegible] to keep, and painful to lose. If, on this occasion, the [illegible] trembles at the height to which he is raised, and becomes [illegible] of the shadow of his own renown, he may indeed retire from the lottery with the prize which he has drawn, but in future ages, his honour will be only in proportion to his labours. If, on the contrary, he rushes again into the lists, he is sure to be judged with severity proportioned to the former favour of the public. If he be daunted by a bad reception on this second occa[illegible]sion, he may again become a stranger to the arena. If, on the con[illegible]trary, he can keep his ground, and stand the shuttlecock's fate of being struck up and down, he will probably, at length, hold with some certainty the level in public opinion which he may be found to deserve; and he may perhaps boast of arresting the general attention, in the same manner as the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, of fixing the weathercock La Giralda of Seville for weeks, months, or years, that is, for as long as the wind shall uniformly blow from one quarter. To this degree of popularity the author had the hardihood to aspire, while, in order to attain it, he assumed the daring resolution to keep himself in the view of the public by frequent appearances before them.

It must be added, that the author's incognito gave him the greater courage to renew his attempts to please the public, and an advantage similar to that which Jack the Giant-killer re[illegible]ceived from his coat of darkness. In sending the Abbot forth so soon after the Monastery, he had used the well known prac[illegible]tice recommended by Bassanio:—

> "In my school days, when I had lost one shaft,
> I shot his fellow of the self-same flight,
> The self-same way, with more advised watch,
> To find the other forth."

And, to continue the simile, his shafts, like those of the lesser Ajax, were discharged more readily that the archer was as in[illegible]accessible to criticism, personally speaking, as the Grecian archer under his brother's sevenfold shield.

Should the reader desire to know upon what principles the Abbot was expected to amend the fortune of the Monastery, I have first to request his attention to the Introductory Epistle ad[illegible]dressed to the imaginary Captain Clutterbuck; a mode by which, like his predecessors in this walk of fiction, the real author makes one of his *dramatis personæ* the means of communicating his own sentiments to the public, somewhat more artificially than by a direct address to the readers. A pleasing French writer of fairy tales, Monsieur Pajon, author of the History of Prince Soly, has set a diverting example of the same machinery, where he introduces the presiding Genius of the land of Ro[illegible]mance conversing with one of the personages of the tale.

In this Introductory Epistle, the author communicates, in con[illegible]fidence, to Captain Clutterbuck, his sense that the White Lady had not met the taste of the times, and his reason for with[illegible]drawing her from the scene. The author did not deem it equally necessary to be candid respecting another alteration. The Mo[illegible]nastery was designed, at first, to have contained some superna[illegible]tural agency, arising out of the fact, that Melrose had been the place of deposit of the great Robert Bruce's heart. The writer shrunk, however, from filling up, in this particular, the sketch as it was originally traced; nor did he venture to resume, in the continuation, the subject which he had left unattempted in the original work. Thus, the incident of the discovery of the heart, which occupies the greater part of the Introduction to the Monastery, is a mystery unnecessarily introduced, and which re[illegible]mains at last very imperfectly explained. In this particular, I was happy to shroud myself by the example of the author of "Caleb Williams," who never condescends to inform us of the actual contents of that Iron Chest which makes such a figure in his interesting work, and gives the name to Mr. Colman's drama.

The public had some claim to inquire into this matter, but it seemed indifferent policy in the author to give the explanation. For, whatever praise may be due to the ingenuity which brings to a general combination all the loose threads of a narrative, like the knitter at the finishing of her stocking, I am greatly de[illegible]ceived if in many cases a superior advantage is not attained, by the air of reality which the deficiency of explanation attaches to a work written on a different system. In life itself, many things befall every mortal, of which the individual never knows the real cause or origin; and were we to point out the most marked distinction between a real and a fictitious narrative, we would say, that the former, in reference to the remote causes of the events it relates, is obscure, doubtful, and mysterious; whereas, in the latter case, it is a part of the author's duty to afford satisfactory details upon the causes of the separate events he has recorded, and, in a word, to account for every thing.— The reader, like Mungo in the Padlock, will not be satisfied with hearing what he is not made fully to comprehend.

I omitted, therefore, in the Introduction to the Abbot, any attempt to explain the previous story, or to apologize for unin[illegible]telligibility.

Neither would it have been prudent to have endeavoured to proclaim in the introduction to the Abbot, the real spring, by which I hoped it might attract a greater degree of interest than its immediate predecessor. A taking title, or the announcement of a popular subject, is a recipe for success much in favour with booksellers, but which authors will not always find efficacious. The cause is worth a moment's examination.

There occur in every country some peculiar historical charac[illegible]ters, which are, like a spell or charm, sovereign to excite curiosity and attract attention, since every one in the slightest degree in[illegible]terested in the land which they belong to, has heard much of

them, and longs to hear more. A tale turning on the fortunes of Alfred or Elizabeth in England, or of Wallace or Bruce in Scotland, is sure by the very announcement to excite public curiosity to a considerable degree, and ensure the publisher's being relieved of the greater part of an impression, even before the contents of the work are known. This is of the last importance to the bookseller, who is at once, to use the technical phrase, "brought home," all his outlay being repaid. But it is a different case with the author, since it cannot be denied that we are apt to feel least satisfied with the works of which we have been induced, by titles and laudatory advertisements, to entertain exaggerated expectations. The intention of the work has been anticipated, and misconceived or misrepresented, and although the difficulty of executing the work again reminds us of Hotspur's task of "o'erwalking a current roaring loud," yet the adventurer must look for more ridicule if he fails, than applause if he executes, his undertaking.

Notwithstanding a risk, which should make authors pause ere they adopt a theme which, exciting general interest and curiosity, is often the preparative for disappointment, yet it would be an injudicious regulation which should deter the poet or painter from attempting to introduce historical portraits, merely from the difficulty of executing the task in a satisfactory manner.—Something must be trusted to the generous impulse, which often thrusts an artist upon feats of which he knows the difficulty, while he trusts courage and exertion may afford the means of surmounting it.

It is especially when he is sensible of losing ground with the public, that an author may be justified in using with address, such selection of subject or title as is most likely to procure a rehearing. It was with these feelings of hope and apprehension that I ventured to awaken, in a work of fiction, the memory of Queen Mary, so interesting by her wit, her beauty, her misfortunes, and the mystery which still does, and probably always will, overhang her history. In doing so, I was aware that failure would be a conclusive disaster, so that my task was something like that of an enchanter who raises a spirit over whom he is uncertain of possessing an effectual control; and I naturally paid attention to such principles of composition, as I conceived were best suited to the historical novel.

Enough has been already said to explain the purpose of composing the Abbot. The historical references are, as usual, explained in the notes. That which relates to Queen Mary's escape from Lochleven Castle, is a more minute account of that romantic adventure, than is to be found in the histories of the period.

ABBOTSFORD, 1st *January*, 1831.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

FROM

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY," TO CAPTAIN CLUTTERBUCK,

OF HIS MAJESTY'S —— REGIMENT OF INFANTRY.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

I AM sorry to observe, by your last favour, that you disapprove of the numerous retrenchments and alterations which I have been under the necessity of making on the Manuscript of your friend the Benedictine, and I willingly make you the medium of apology to many, who have honoured me more than I deserve.

I admit that my retrenchments have been numerous, and leave gaps in the story, which in your original manuscript, would have run well nigh to a fourth volume, as my printer assures me. I am sensible, besides, that, in consequence of the liberty of curtailment you have allowed me, some parts of the story have been huddled up without the necessary details. But, after all, it is better that the travellers should have to step over a ditch than to wade through a morass—that the reader should have to suppose what may easily be inferred, than be obliged to creep through pages of dull explanation. I have struck out, for example, the whole machinery of the White Lady, and the poetry by which it is so ably supported, in the original manuscript. But you must allow that the public taste gives little encouragement to those legendary superstitions, which formed alternately the delight and the terror of our predecessors. In like manner, much is omitted illustrative of the impulse of enthusiasm in favour of the ancient religion in Mother Magdalen and the Abbot. But we do not feel deep sympathy at this period with what was once the most powerful and animating principle in Europe, with the exception of that of the Reformation, by which it was successfully opposed.

You rightly observe, that these retrenchments have rendered the title no longer applicable to the subject, and that some other would have been more suitable to the Work, in its present state, than that of THE ABBOT, who made so much greater figure in the original, and for whom your friend, the Benedictine, seems to have inspired you with a sympathetic respect.—I must plead guilty to this accusation, observing at the same time, in manner of extenuation, that though the objection might have been easily removed, by giving a new title to the Work, yet, in doing so, I should have destroyed the necessary cohesion between the present history, and its predecessor THE MONASTERY, which I was unwilling to do, as the period, and several of the personages, were the same.

After all, my good friend, it is of little consequence what the work is called, or on what interest it turns, provided it catches the public attention; for the quality of the wine (could we but ensure it) may, according to the old proverb, render the bush unnecessary, or of little consequence.

I congratulate you upon your having found it consistent with prudence to establish your tilbury, and approve of the colour, and of your boy's livery, (subdued green and pink.)—As you talk of completing your descriptive poem on the "Ruins of Kennaquhair, with notes by an Antiquary," I hope you have procured a steady horse.—I remain, with compliments to all friends, dear Captain, very much

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

THE ABBOT.

CHAPTER I.

Domum mansit—lanam fecit.
Ancient Roman Epitaph.

She keepit close the hous, and birlit at the quhele.
GAWAIN DOUGLAS.

THE time which passes over our heads so imperceptibly, makes the same gradual change in habits, manners, and character, as in personal appearance. At the revolution of every five years we find ourselves another, and yet the same—there is a change of views, and no less of the light in which we regard them; a change of motives as well as of actions. Nearly twice that space had glided away over the head of Halbert Glendinning and his lady, betwixt the period of our former narrative, in which they played a distinguished part, and the date at which our present tale commences.

Two circumstances only had embittered their union, which was otherwise as happy as mutual affection could render it. The first of these was indeed the common calamity of Scotland, being the distracted state of that unhappy country, where every man's sword was directed against his neighbour's bosom. Glendinning had proved what Murray expected of him, a steady friend, strong in battle, and wise in council, adhering to him, from motives of gratitude, in situations where by his own unbiassed will he would either have stood neuter, or have joined the opposite party. Hence, when danger was near—and it was seldom far distant—Sir Halbert Glendinning, for he now bore the rank of knighthood, was perpetually summoned to attend his patron on distant expeditions, or on perilous enterprises, or to assist him with his counsel in the doubtful intrigues of a half-barbarous court. He was thus frequently, and for a long space, absent from his castle and from his lady; and to this ground of regret we must add, that their union had not been blessed with children, to occupy the attention of the Lady of Avenel, while she was thus deprived of her husband's domestic society.

On such occasions she lived almost entirely secluded from the world, within the walls of her paternal mansion. Visiting amongst neighbours was a matter entirely out of the question, unless on occasions of solemn festival, and then it was chiefly confined to near kindred. Of these the Lady of Avenel had none who survived, and the dames of the neighbouring barons affected to regard her less as the heiress of the House of Avenel, than as the wife of a peasant, the son of a church-vassal, raised up to mushroom eminence by the capricious favour of Murray.

This pride of ancestry, which rankled in the bosom of the ancient gentry, was more openly expressed by their ladies, and was, moreover, embittered not a little by the political feuds of the time, for most of the Southern chiefs were friends to the authority of the Queen, and very jealous of the power of Murray. The Castle of Avenel, was, therefore, on all these accounts, as melancholy and solitary a residence for its lady as could well be imagined. Still it had the essential recommendation of great security. The reader is already aware that the fortress was built upon an islet in a small lake, and was only accessible by a causeway, intersected by a double ditch, defended by two drawbridges, so that, without artillery, it might in those days be considered as impregnable. It was *only necessary, therefore,* to secure against *surprise, and the service of six* able men within the castle *was sufficient for that purpose.* If more serious danger *threatened, an ample* garrison was supplied by the male inhabitants of a little hamlet, which, under the auspices of Halbert Glendinning, had arisen on a small piece of level ground, betwixt the lake and the hill, nearly adjoining to the spot where the causeway joined the mainland. The Lord of Avenel had found it an easy matter to procure inhabitants, as he was not only a kind and beneficent over-lord, but well qualified, both by his experience in arms, his high character for wisdom and integrity, and his favour with the powerful Earl of Murray, to protect and defend those who dwelt under his banner. In leaving his castle for any length of time, he had, therefore, the consolation to reflect, that this village afforded, on the slightest notice, a band of thirty stout men, which was more than sufficient for its defence; while the families of the villagers, as was usual on such occasions, fled to the recesses of the mountains, drove their cattle to the same places of shelter, and left the enemy to work their will on their miserable cottages.

One guest only resided generally, if not constantly, at the Castle of Avenel. This was Henry Warden, who now felt himself less able for the stormy task imposed on the reforming clergy; and having by his zeal given personal offence to many of the leading nobles and chiefs, did not consider himself as perfectly safe, unless when within the walls of the strong mansion of some assured friend. He ceased not, however, to serve his cause as eagerly with his pen, as he had formerly done with his tongue, and had engaged in a furious and acrimonious contest, concerning the sacrifice of the mass, as it was termed, with the Abbot Eustatius, formerly the Sub-Prior of Kennaquhair. Answers, replies, duplies, triplies, quadruplies, followed thick upon each other, and displayed, as is not unusual in controversy, fully as much zeal as Christian charity. The disputation very soon became as celebrated as that of John Knox and the Abbot of Crossraguel, raged nearly as fiercely, and, for aught I know, the publications to which it gave rise may be as precious in the eyes of bibliographers.* But the engrossing nature of his occupation rendered the theologian not the most interesting companion for a solitary female; and his grave, stern, and absorbed deportment, which seldom showed any interest except in that which concerned his religious profession, made his presence rather add to than diminish the gloom which hung over the Castle of Avenel. To superintend the tasks of numerous female domestics, was the principal part of the Lady's daily employment; her spindle and distaff, her Bible, and a solitary walk upon the battlements of the castle, or upon the causeway, or occasionally, but more seldom, upon the banks of the little lake, consumed the rest of the day. But so great was the insecurity of the period, that when she ventured to extend her walk beyond the hamlet, the warder on the watch-tower was directed to keep a sharp look-out in every direction, and four or five men held themselves in readiness to mount and sally forth from the castle on the slightest appearance of alarm.

Thus stood affairs at the castle, when, after an absence of several weeks, the Knight of Avenel, which was now the title most frequently given to Sir Halbert Glendinning, was daily expected to return home. Day after day, however, passed away, and he returned not. Letters in those days were rare

* The tracts which appeared in the disputation between the Scottish Reformer and Quentin Kennedy, Abbot of Crossraguel, are among the scarcest in Scottish Bibliography. See M'Crie's *Life of Knox*, p. 258.

ly written, and the Knight must have resorted to a secretary to express his intentions in that manner; besides, intercourse of all kinds was precarious and unsafe, and no man cared to give any public intimation of the time and direction of a journey, since, if his route were publicly known, it was always likely he might in that case meet with more enemies than friends upon the road. The precise day, therefore, of Sir Halbert's return was not fixed, but that which his lady's fond expectation had calculated upon in her own mind had long since passed, and hope delayed began to make the heart sick.

It was upon the evening of a sultry summer's day, when the sun was half sunk behind the distant western mountains of Liddesdale, that the Lady took her solitary walk on the battlements of a range of buildings which formed the front of the castle, where a flat roof of flag-stone presented a broad and convenient promenade. The level surface of the lake, undisturbed except by the occasional dipping of a teal-duck, or coot, was gilded with the beams of the setting luminary, and reflected, as if in a golden mirror, the hills amongst which it lay embosomed. The scene, otherwise so lonely, was occasionally enlivened by the voices of the children in the village, which, softened by distance, reached the ear of the Lady in her solitary walk, or by the distant call of the herdsman, as he guided his cattle from the glen in which they had pastured all day, to place them in greater security for the night, in the immediate vicinity of the village. The deep lowing of the cows seemed to demand the attendance of the milk-maidens, who, singing shrilly and merrily, strolled forth, each with her pail on her head, to attend to the duty of the evening. The Lady of Avenel looked and listened; the sounds which she heard reminded her of former days, when her most important employment, as well as her greatest delight, was to assist Dame Glendinning and Tibb Tacket in milking the cows at Glendearg. The thought was fraught with melancholy.

"Why was I not," she said, "the peasant girl which in all men's eyes I seemed to be! Halbert and I had then spent our life peacefully in its native glen, undisturbed by the phantoms either of fear or of ambition. His greatest pride had then been to show the fairest herd in the Halidome; his greatest danger to repel some pilfering snatcher from the Border; and the utmost distance which would have divided us, would have been the chase of some out-lying deer. But alas! what avails the blood which Halbert has shed, and the dangers which he encounters, to support a name and rank, dear to him because he has it from me, but which we shall never transmit to our posterity! with me the name of Avenel must expire."

She sighed as these reflections arose, and, looking towards the shore of the lake, her eye was attracted by a group of children of various ages, assembled to see a little ship, constructed by some village artist, perform its first voyage on the water. It was launched amid the shouts of tiny voices and the clapping of little hands, and shot bravely forth on its voyage with a favouring wind, which promised to carry it to the other side of the lake. Some of the bigger boys ran round to receive and secure it on the farther shore, trying their speed against each other as they sprang like young fawns along the shingly verge of the lake. The rest, for whom such a journey seemed too arduous, remained watching the motions of the fairy vessel from the spot where it had been launched. The sight of their sports pressed on the mind of the childless Lady of Avenel.

"Why are none of these prattlers mine?" she continued, pursuing the tenor of her melancholy reflections. "Their parents can scarce find them the coarsest food—and I, who could nurse them in plenty, I am doomed never to hear a child call me mother!"

The thought sunk on her heart with a bitterness which resembled envy, so deeply is the desire of offspring implanted in the female breast. She pressed her hands together as if she were wringing them in the extremity of her desolate feeling, as one whom Heaven had written childless. A large staghound of the greyhound species approached at this moment, and, attracted perhaps by the gesture, licked her hands and pressed his large head against them. He obtained the desired caress in return, but still the sad impression remained.

"Wolf," she said, as if the animal could have understood her complaints, "thou art a noble and beautiful animal; but alas! the love and affection that I long to bestow, is of a quality higher than can fall to thy share, though I love thee much."

And, as if she were apologizing to Wolf for withholding from him any part of her regard, she caressed his proud head and crest, while, looking in her eyes, he seemed to ask her what she wanted, or what he could do to show his attachment. At this moment a shriek of distress was heard on the shore, from the playful group which had been lately so jovial. The Lady looked, and saw the cause with great agony.

The little ship, the object of the children's delighted attention, had stuck among some tufts of the plant which bears the water-lily, that marked a shoal in the lake about an arrow-flight from the shore. A hardy little boy, who had taken the lead in the race round the margin of the lake, did not hesitate a moment to strip off his *wylie-coat*, plunge into the water, and swim towards the object of their common solicitude. The first movement of the Lady was to call for help; but she observed that the boy swam strongly and fearlessly, and as she saw that one or two villagers, who were distant spectators of the incident, seemed to give themselves no uneasiness on his account, she supposed that he was accustomed to the exercise, and that there was no danger. But whether, in swimming, the boy had struck his breast against a sunken rock, or whether he was suddenly taken with cramp, or whether he had over-calculated his own strength, it so happened, that when he had disembarrassed the little plaything from the flags in which it was entangled, and sent it forward on its course, he had scarce swam a few yards in his way to the shore, when he raised himself suddenly from the water and screamed aloud, clapping his hands at the same time with an expression of fear and pain.

The Lady of Avenel, instantly taking the alarm, called hastily to the attendants to get the boat ready. But this was an affair of some time. The only boat permitted to be used on the lake was moored within the second cut which intersected the canal, and it was several minutes ere it could be unmoored and got under way. Meantime, the Lady of Avenel, with agonizing anxiety, saw that the efforts which the poor boy made to keep himself afloat, were now exchanged for a faint struggling, which would soon have been over, but for aid equally prompt and unexpected. Wolf, who, like some of that large species of greyhound, was a practised water-dog, had marked the object of her anxiety, and, quitting his mistress's side, had sought the nearest point from which he could with safety plunge into the lake. With the wonderful instinct which these noble animals have so often displayed in the like circumstances, he swam straight to the spot where his assistance was so much wanted, and seizing the child's under-dress in his mouth, he not only kept him afloat, but towed him towards the causeway. The boat, having put off with a couple of men, met the dog half-way, and relieved him of his burden. They landed on the causeway, close by the gate of the castle, with their yet lifeless charge, and were there met by the Lady of Avenel, attended by one or two of her maidens, eagerly waiting to administer assistance to the sufferer.

He was borne into the castle, deposited upon a bed, and every mode of recovery resorted to, which the knowledge of the times, and the skill of Henry Warden, who professed some medical science, could dictate. For some time it was all in vain, and the Lady watched with unspeakable earnestness the pallid countenance of the beautiful child. He seemed about ten years old. His dress was of the meanest sort, but his long curled hair, and the noble cast of his features partook not of that poverty of appearance. The proudest noble in Scotland might have been yet prouder could he have called that child his heir. While, with breathless anxiety, the Lady of Avenel gazed on his well-formed and expressive features, a slight shade of colour returned gradually to the cheek;

ınimation became restored by degrees, the 'l deeply, opened his eyes, which to the ntenance produces the effect of light upon landscape, stretched his arms towards the nuttered the word "Mother," that epithet, s, which is dearest to the female ear.

adam," said the preacher, "has restored your wishes; it must be yours so to bring it he may not one day wish that he had his innocence."

be my charge," said the Lady; and again er arms around the boy, she overwhelmed isses and caresses, so much was she agi- terror arising from the danger in which ı just placed, and by joy at his unexpected .

ı are not my mother," said the boy, reco- recollection, and endeavouring, though escape from the caresses of the Lady of 'ou are not my mother—alas! I have no ıly I have dreamt that I had one."

ad the dream for you, my love," answered of Avenel; "and I will be myself your Surely God has heard my wishes, and in ırvellous manner, hath sent me an object my affections may expand themselves." l towards Warden as she spoke. The sitated what he should reply to a burst of feeling, which, perhaps, seemed to him ısiastic than the occasion demanded. In while, the large stag-hound, Wolf, which, et as he was, had followed his mistress artment, and had sate by the bedside, a quiet spectator of all the means used for n of the being whom he had preserved, e impatient of remaining any longer un- d began to whine and fawn upon the Lady eat rough paws.

she said, "good Wolf, and you shall be d also for your day's work; and I will ıore of you for having preserved the life of so beautiful."

was not quite satisfied with the share of vhich he thus attracted; he persisted in d pawing upon his mistress, his caresses till more troublesome by his long shaggy so much and thoroughly wetted, till she of the domestics, with whom he was call the animal out of the apartment. ed every invitation to this purpose, until s positively commanded him to be gone, tone; when, turning towards the bed on boy still lay, half awake to sensation, half ı the meanders of a fluctuating delirium, a deep and savage growl, curled up his ips, showing his full range of white and teeth, which might have matched those of volf, and then, turning round, sullenly fol- lomestic out of the apartment.

gular," said the Lady, addressing Warden; al is not only so good-natured to all, but so fond of children. What can ail him at llow whose life he has saved?"

replied the preacher, "are but too like the e in their foibles, though their instinct be than the reason of poor mortal man when n his own unassisted powers. Jealousy, ıdy, is a passion not unknown to them, ften evince it, not only with respect to the which they see given by their masters to of their own species, but even when their children. You have caressed that child eagerly, and the dog considers himself as l favourite."

strange instinct," said the Lady; "and avity with which you mention it, my reve- , I would almost say that you supposed ır jealousy of my favourite, Wolf, was not ounded, but justifiable. But perhaps you st?"

n jest," answered the preacher; "life was us to be expended in that idle mirth which *the crackling of thorns under the pot.* I *have you derive, if it so please you,* this lesson from what I have said, that the best of our feelings, when indulged to excess, may give pain to others. There is but one in which we may indulge to the utmost limit of vehemence of which our bosom is capable, secure that excess cannot exist in the great- est intensity to which it can be excited—I mean the love of our Maker."

"Surely," said the Lady of Avenel, "we are com- manded by the same authority to love our neighbour?"

"Ay, madam," said Warden, "but our love to God is to be unbounded—we are to love him with our whole heart, and our whole soul, and our whole strength. The love which the precept commands us to bear to our neighbour, has affixed to it a direct limit and qualification —we are to love our neighbour as ourself; as it is elsewhere explained by the great commandment, that we must do unto him as we would that he should do unto us. Here there is a limit, and a bound even to the most praiseworthy of our affections, so far as they are turned upon sublu- nary and terrestrial objects. We are to render to our neighbour, whatever be his rank or degree, that cor- responding portion of affection with which we could rationally expect we should ourselves be regarded by those standing in the same relation to us. Hence, neither husband nor wife, neither son nor daughter, neither friend nor relation, are lawfully to be made the objects of our idolatry. The Lord our God is a jealous God, and will not endure that we bestow on the creature that extremity of devotion which He who made us demands as his own share. I say to you, Lady, that even in the fairest and purest, and most honourable feelings of our nature, there is that original taint of sin which ought to make us pause and hesitate, ere we indulge them to excess."

"I understand not this, reverend sir," said the Lady; "nor do I guess what I can have now said or done, to draw down on me an admonition which has some- thing a taste of reproof."

"Lady," said Warden, "I crave your pardon, if I have urged aught beyond the limits of my duty. But consider, whether in the sacred promise to be not only a protectress, but a mother, to this poor child, your purpose may meet the wishes of the noble knight your husband. The fondness which you have lavished on the unfortunate, and, I own, most lovely child, has met something like a reproof in the bearing of your household dog.—Displease not your noble hus- band. Men as well as animals, are jealous of the affections of those they love."

"This is too much, reverend sir," said the Lady of Avenel, greatly offended. "You have been long our guest, and have received from the Knight of Avenel and myself that honour and regard which your cha- racter and profession so justly demand. But I am yet to learn that we have at any time authorized your interference in our family arrangements, or placed you as a judge of our conduct towards each other. I pray this may be forborne in future."

"Lady," replied the preacher, with the boldness peculiar to the clergy of his persuasion at that time, "when you weary of my admonitions—when I see that my services are no longer acceptable to you, and the noble knight your husband, I shall know that my Master wills me no longer to abide here; and, pray- ing for a continuance of his best blessings on your family, I will then, were the season the depth of win- ter, and the hour midnight, walk out on yonder waste, and travel forth through these wild mountains, as lonely and unaided, though far more helpless, than when I first met your husband in the valley of Glen- dearg. But while I remain here, I will not see you err from the true path, no, not a hair's breadth, with- out making the old man's voice and remonstrance heard."

"Nay, but," said the Lady, who both loved and respected the good man, though sometimes a little offended at what she conceived to be an exuberant degree of zeal, "we will not part this way, my good friend. Women are quick and hasty in their feelings; but, believe me, my wishes and my purposes towards this child are such as both my husband and you will approve of." The clergyman bowed, and retreated to his own apartment.

CHAPTER II.

How steadfastly he fixed his eyes on me—
His dark eyes shining through forgotten tears—
Then stretched his little arms, and called me mother!
What could I do? I took the bantling home—
I could not tell the imp he had no mother.

Count Basil.

WHEN Warden had left the apartment, the Lady of Avenel gave way to the feelings of tenderness which the sight of the boy, his sudden danger, and his recent escape, had inspired; and no longer awed by the sternness, as she deemed it, of the preacher, heaped with caresses the lovely and interesting child. He was now, in some measure, recovered from the consequences of his accident, and received passively, though not without wonder the tokens of kindness with which he was thus loaded. The face of the lady was strange to him, and her dress different and far more sumptuous than any he remembered. But the boy was naturally of an undaunted temper; and indeed children are generally acute physiognomists and not only pleased by that which is beautiful in itself, but peculiarly quick in distinguishing and replying to the attentions of those who really love them. If they see a person in company, though a perfect stranger, who is by nature fond of children, the little imps seem to discover it by a sort of freemasonry, while the awkward attempts of those who make advances to them for the purpose of recommending themselves to their parents, usually fail in attracting their reciprocal attention. The little boy, therefore, appeared in some degree sensible of the lady's caresses, and it was with difficulty she withdrew herself from his pillow, to afford him leisure for necessary repose.

"To whom belongs our little rescued varlet?" was the first question which the Lady of Avenel put to her handmaiden Lilias, when they had retired to the hall.

"To an old woman in the hamlet," said Lilias, "who is even now come so far as the porter's lodge to inquire concerning his safety. Is it your pleasure that she be admitted?"

"Is it my pleasure?" said the Lady of Avenel, echoing the question with a strong accent of displeasure and surprise; "can you make any doubt of it? What woman but must pity the agony of the mother, whose heart is throbbing for the safety of a child so lovely!"

"Nay, but, madam," said Lilias, "this woman is too old to be the mother of the child; I rather think she must be his grandmother, or some more distant relation."

"Be she who she will, Lilias," replied the Lady, "she must have an aching heart while the safety of a creature so lovely is uncertain. Go instantly and bring her hither. Besides, I would willingly learn something concerning his birth."

Lilias left the hall, and presently afterwards returned, ushering in a tall female very poorly dressed, yet with more pretension to decency and cleanliness than was usually combined with such coarse garments. The Lady of Avenel knew her figure the instant she presented herself. It was the fashion of the family, that upon every Sabbath, and on two evenings in the week besides, Henry Warden preached or lectured in the chapel at the castle. The extension of the Protestant faith was, upon principle, as well as in good policy, a primary object with the Knight of Avenel. The inhabitants of the village were therefore invited to attend upon the instructions of Henry Warden, and many of them were speedily won to the doctrine which their master and protector approved. These sermons, homilies, and lectures, had made a great impression on the mind of the Abbot Eustace, or Eustatius, and were a sufficient spur to the severity and sharpness of his controversy with his old fellow-collegiate; and ere Queen Mary was dethroned, and while the Catholics still had considerable authority in Border provinces, he more than once threatened to levy his vassals, and assail and level with the earth that stronghold of heresy the Castle of Avenel. But notwithstanding the Abbot's impotent resentment, and notwithstanding also the disinclination of the country to favour the new religion, Henry Warden proceeded without remission in his labours, and made weekly converts from the faith of Rome to that of the reformed church. Amongst those who gave most earnest and constant attendance on his ministry, was the aged woman whose form, tall, and otherwise too remarkable to be forgotten, the Lady had of late observed frequently as being conspicuous amongst the little audience. She had indeed more than once desired to know who that stately-looking woman was, whose appearance was so much above the poverty of her vestments. But the reply had always been, that she was an Englishwoman, who was tarrying for a season at the hamlet, and that no one knew more concerning her. She now asked her after her name and birth.

"Magdalen Græme is my name," said the woman; "I come of the Græmes of Heathergill, in Nicol-forest,* a people of ancient blood."

"And what make you," continued the Lady, "so far distant from your home?"

"I have no home," said Magdalen Græme, "it was burnt by your Border-riders—my husband and my son were slain—there is not a drop's blood left in the veins of any one which is of kin to mine."

"That is no uncommon fate in these wild times, and in this unsettled land," said the Lady; "the English hands have been as deeply dyed in our blood as ever those of Scotsmen have been in yours."

"You have right to say it, Lady," answered Magdalen Græme; "for men tell of a time when this castle was not strong enough to save your father's life, or to afford your mother and her infant a place of refuge. And why ask ye me, then, wherefore I dwell not in mine own home, and with mine own people?"

"It was indeed an idle question," answered the Lady, "where misery so often makes wanderers; but wherefore take refuge in a hostile country?"

"My neighbours were Popish and mass-mongers," said the old woman; "it has pleased Heaven to give me a clearer sight of the gospel, and I have tarried here to enjoy the ministry of that worthy man Henry Warden, who, to the praise and comfort of many, teacheth the Evangel in truth and in sincerity."

"Are you poor?" again demanded the Lady of Avenel.

"You hear me ask alms of no one," answered the Englishwoman.

Here there was a pause. The manner of the woman was, if not disrespectful, at least much less than gracious; and she appeared to give no encouragement to farther communication. The Lady of Avenel renewed the conversation on a different topic.

"You have heard of the danger in which your boy has been placed?"

"I have, Lady, and how by an especial providence he was rescued from death. May Heaven make him thankful, and me!"

"What relation do you bear to him?"

"I am his grandmother, Lady, if it so please you; the only relation he hath left upon earth to take charge of him."

"The burden of his maintenance must necessarily be grievous to you in your deserted situation?" pursued the Lady.

"I have complained of it to no one," said Magdalen Græme, with the same unmoved, dry, and unconcerned tone of voice, in which she had answered all the former questions.

"If," said the Lady of Avenel, "your grandchild could be received into a noble family, would it not advantage both him and you?"

"Received into a noble family!" said the old woman, drawing herself up, and bending her brows until her forehead was wrinkled into a frown of unusual severity; and for what purpose, I pray you?—to be my lady's page, or my lord's jackman, to eat broken victuals, and contend with other menials for the remnants of the master's meal? Would you have him to fan the flies from my lady's face while she sleeps, to carry her train while she walks, to hand her trencher when she feeds, to ride before her on horseback, to walk after her on foot, to sing when she lists, and to be silent when she bids?—a very weathercock, which, though furnished in appearance with wings and plu-

* A district of Cumberland, lying close to the Scottish Border

e, cannot soar into the air—cannot fly from the where it is perched, but receives all its impulses, performs all its revolutions obedient to the ngeful breath of a vain woman? When the eagle elvellyn perches on the tower of Lanercost, and s and changes his place to show how the wind Roland Græme shall be what you would make ."

e woman spoke with a rapidity and vehemence h seemed to have in it a touch of insanity; and lden sense of the danger to which the child must ssarily be exposed in the charge of such a keeper, eased the Lady's desire to keep him in the castle esible.

You mistake me, dame," she said, addressing the woman in a soothing manner; "I do not wish boy to be in attendance on myself, but upon the l knight, my husband. Were he himself the son belted earl, he could not better be trained to s, and all that befits a gentleman, than by the uctions and discipline of Sir Halbert Glendin-."

Ay," answered the old woman, in the same style tter irony, "I know the wages of that service;—rse when the corslet is not sufficiently brightened, blow when the girth is not tightly drawn,—to be en because the hounds are at fault,—to be reviled use the foray is unsuccessful,—to stain his hands he master's bidding in the blood alike of beast of man,—to be a butcher of harmless deer, a derer and defacer of God's own image, not at his pleasure, but at that of his lord; to live a brawl-ruffian, and a common stabber,—exposed to heat, old, to want of food, to all the privations of an horet, not for the love of God, but for the service Satan,—to die by the gibbet, or in some obscure mish,—to sleep out his brief life in carnal secu-and to awake in the eternal fire which is never ched."

Nay," said the Lady of Avenel, "but to such un-owed course of life your grandson will not be here osed. My husband is just and kind to those who under his banner; and you yourself well know, youth have here a strict as well as a good pre-tor in the person of our chaplain."

he old woman appeared to pause.

You have named," she said, "the only circum-nce which can move me. I must soon onward, vision has said it—I must not tarry in the same —I must on—I must on, it is my weird.—Swear, that you will protect the boy as if he were your , until I return hither and claim him, and I will sent for a space to part with him. But especially ar, he shall not lack the instruction of the godly who hath placed the gospel-truth high above e idolatrous shavelings, the monks and friars."

Be satisfied, dame," said the Lady of Avenel; e boy shall have as much care as if he were born ny own blood. Will you see him now?"

No," answered the old woman, sternly; "to part nough. I go forth on my own mission. I will not en my heart by useless tears and wailings, as one t is not called to a duty."

Will you not accept of something to aid you in r pilgrimage?" said the Lady of Avenel, putting her hand two crowns of the sun. The old wo-n flung them down on the table.

Am I of the race of Cain," she said, "proud Lady, t you offer me gold in exchange for my own flesh l blood?"

'I had no such meaning," said the Lady, gently; or am I the proud woman you term me. Alas! my n fortunes might have taught me humility, even l it not been born with me."

The old woman seemed somewhat to relax her e of severity.

'You are of gentle blood," said she, "else we had t parleyed thus long together.—You are of gen-blood, and to such," she added, drawing up her form as she spoke, "pride is as graceful as is the me upon the bonnet. But for these pieces of gold, ly, you must needs resume them. I need not ney. I am well provided; and I may not care for self, nor think how, or by whom, I shall be sus-tained. Farewell, and keep your word. C gates to be opened, and your bridges to be lo will set forward this very night. When I come again, I will demand from you a strict account, for I have left with you the jewel of my life! Sleep will visit me but in snatches, food will not refresh me, rest will not restore my strength until I see Roland Græme. Once more, farewell."

"Make your obeisance, dame," said Lilias to Magdalen Græme, as she retired, "make your obeisance to her ladyship, and thank her for her goodness, as is but fitting and right."

The old woman turned short round on the officious waiting-maid. "Let her make her obeisance to me then, and I will return it. Why should I bend to her?—is it because her kirtle is of silk, and mine of blue lockeram?—Go to, my lady's waiting-woman. Know that the rank of the man rates that of the wife, and that she who marries a churl's son, were she a king's daughter, is but a peasant's bride."

Lilias was about to reply in great indignation, but her mistress imposed silence on her, and commanded that the old woman should be safely conducted to the mainland.

"Conduct her safe!" exclaimed the incensed waiting-woman, while Magdalen Græme left the apartment; "I say, duck her in the loch, and then we will see whether she is witch or not, as every body in the village of Lochside will say and swear. I marvel your ladyship could bear so long with her insolence."

But the commands of the lady were obeyed, and the old dame, dismissed from the castle, was committed to her fortune. She kept her word, and did not long abide in that place, leaving the hamlet on the very night succeeding the interview, and wandering no one asked whither. The Lady of Avenel inquired under what circumstances she had appeared among them, but could only learn that she was believed to be the widow of some man of consequence among the Græmes who then inhabited the Debateable Land, a name given to a certain portion of territory which was the frequent subject of dispute betwixt Scotland and England—that she had suffered great wrong in some of the frequent forays by which that unfortunate district was wasted, and had been driven from her dwelling-place. She had arrived in the hamlet no one knew for what purpose, and was held by some to be a witch, by others a zealous Protestant, and by others again a Catholic devotee. Her language was mysterious, and her manners repulsive; and all that could be collected from her conversation seemed to imply that she was under the influence either of a spell or of a vow,—there was no saying which, since she talked as one who acted under a powerful and external agency.

Such were the particulars which the Lady's inquiries were able to collect concerning Magdalen Græme, being far too meager and contradictory to authorize any satisfactory deduction. In truth, the miseries of the time, and the various turns of fate incidental to a frontier country, were perpetually chasing from their habitations those who had not the means of defence or protection. These wanderers in the land were too often seen, to excite much attention or sympathy. They received the cold relief which was extorted by general feelings of humanity; a little excited in some breasts, and perhaps rather chilled in others, by the recollection that they who gave the charity to-day might themselves want it to-morrow. Magdalen Græme, therefore, came and departed like a shadow from the neighbourhood of Avenel Castle.

The boy whom Providence, as she thought, had thus strangely placed under her care, was at once established a favourite with the Lady of the castle. How could it be otherwise? He became the object of those affectionate feelings, which, finding formerly no object on which to expand themselves, had increased the gloom of the castle, and embittered the solitude of its mistress. To teach him reading and writing as far as her skill went, to attend to his childish comforts, to watch his boyish sports, became the Lady's favourite amusement. In her circumstances, where the ear only heard the lowing of the cattle from the distant hills, or the heavy step of the

warder as he walked upon his post, or the half-envied laugh of her maiden as she turned her wheel, the appearance of the blooming and beautiful boy gave an interest which can hardly be conceived by those who live amid gayer or busier scenes. Young Roland was to the Lady of Avenel what the flower, which occupies the window of some solitary captive, is to the poor wight by whom it is nursed and cultivated, —something which at once excited and repaid her care; and in giving the boy her affection, she felt, as it were, grateful to him for releasing her from the state of dull apathy in which she had usually found herself during the absence of Sir Halbert Glendinning.

But even the charms of this blooming favourite were unable to chase the recurring apprehensions which arose from her husband's procrastinated return. Soon after Roland Græme became a resident at the castle, a groom, despatched by Sir Halbert, brought tidings that business of importance still delayed the Knight at the Court of Holyrood. The more distant period which the messenger had assigned for his master's arrival at length glided away, summer melted into autumn, and autumn was about to give place to winter, and yet he came not.

CHAPTER III.

The waning harvest-moon shone broad and bright,
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night,
And while the folding portals wide were flung,
With tramping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.

LEYDEN.

"And you, too, would be a soldier, Roland?" said the Lady of Avenel to her young charge, while, seated on a stone chair at one end of the battlements, she saw the boy attempt, with a long stick, to mimic the motions of the warder, as he alternately shouldered, or ported, or sloped pike.

"Yes, Lady," said the boy,—for he was now familiar, and replied to her questions with readiness and alacrity,—"a soldier will I be; for there ne'er was gentleman but who belted him with the brand."

"Thou a gentleman!" said Lilias, who, as usual, was in attendance; "such a gentleman as I would make of a bean-cod with a rusty knife."

"Nay, chide him not, Lilias," said the Lady of Avenel, "for, beshrew me, but I think he comes of gentle blood—see how it musters in his face at your injurious reproof."

"Had I my will, madam," answered Lilias, "a good birchen wand should make his colour muster to better purpose still."

"On my word, Lilias," said the Lady, "one would think you had received harm from the poor boy—or is he so far on the frosty side of your favour because he enjoys the sunny side of mine?"

"Over heaven's forbode, my Lady!" answered Lilias; "I have lived too long with gentles, I praise my stars for it, to fight with either follies or fantasies, whether they relate to beast, bird, or boy."

Lilias was a favourite in her own class, a spoiled domestic, and often accustomed to take more license than her mistress was at all times willing to encourage. But what did not please the Lady of Avenel, she did not choose to hear, and thus it was on the present occasion. She resolved to look more close and sharply after the boy, who had hitherto been committed chiefly to the management of Lilias. He must, she thought, be born of gentle blood; it were shame to think otherwise of a form so noble, and features so fair;—the very wildness in which he occasionally indulged, his contempt of danger, and impatience of restraint, had in them something noble;—assuredly the child was born of high rank. Such was her conclusion, and she acted upon it accordingly. The domestics around her, less jealous, or less scrupulous than Lilias, acted as servants usually do, following the bias, and flattering, for their own purposes, the humour of the Lady; and the boy soon took on him those airs of superiority, which the sight of habitual deference seldom fails to inspire. It seemed, in truth, as if to command were his natural sphere, so easily did he use himself to exact and receive compliance with his humours. The chaplain, indeed, might have interposed to check the air of assumption which Roland Græme so readily indulged, and most probably would have willingly rendered him that favour; but the necessity of adjusting with his brethren some disputed points of church discipline had withdrawn him for some time from the castle, and detained him in a distant part of the kingdom.

Matters stood thus in the Castle of Avenel, when a winded bugle sent its shrill and prolonged notes from the shore of the lake, and was replied to cheerily by the signal of the warder. The Lady of Avenel knew the sounds of her husband, and rushed to the window of the apartment in which she was sitting. A band of about thirty spearmen, with a pennon displayed before them, winded along the indented shores of the lake, and approached the causeway. A single horseman rode at the head of the party, his bright arms catching a glance of the October sun as he moved steadily along. Even at that distance, the Lady recognised the lofty plume, bearing the mingled colours of her own liveries and those of Glendonwyne, blended with the holly-branch; and the firm seat and dignified demeanour of the rider, joined to the stately motion of the dark-brown steed, sufficiently announced Halbert Glendinning.

The Lady's first thought was that of rapturous joy at her husband's return—her second was connected with a fear which had sometimes intruded itself, that he might not altogether approve the peculiar distinction with which she had treated her orphan ward. In this fear there was implied a consciousness, that the favour she had shown him was excessive; for Halbert Glendinning was at least as gentle and indulgent, as he was firm and rational in the intercourse of his household; and to her in particular, his conduct had ever been most affectionately tender.

Yet she did fear, that, on the present occasion, her conduct might incur Sir Halbert's censure; and hastily resolving that she would not mention the anecdote of the boy until the next day, she ordered him to be withdrawn from the apartment by Lilias.

"I will not go with Lilias, madam," answered the spoiled child, who had more than once carried his point by perseverance, and who, like his betters, delighted in the exercise of such authority,—"I will not go to Lilias's gousty room—I will stay and see that brave warrior who comes riding so gallantly along the drawbridge."

"You must not stay, Roland," said the Lady, more positively than she usually spoke to her little favourite.

"I will," reiterated the boy, who had already felt his consequence, and the probable chance of success.

"You *will*, Roland!" answered the Lady, "what manner of word is that? I tell you, you must go."

"*Will*," answered the forward boy, "is a word for a man, and *must* is no word for a lady."

"You are saucy, sirrah," said the Lady—"Lilias, take him with you instantly."

"I always thought," said Lilias, smiling, as she seized the reluctant boy by the arm, "that my young master must give place to my old one."

"And you, too, are malapert, mistress?" said the Lady; "hath the moon changed, that ye all of you thus forget yourselves?"

Lilias made no reply, but led off the boy, who, too proud to offer unavailing resistance, darted at his benefactress a glance, which intimated plainly, how willingly he would have defied her authority, had he possessed the power to make good his point.

The Lady of Avenel was vexed to find how much this trifling circumstance had discomposed her, at the moment when she ought naturally to have been entirely engrossed by her husband's return. But we do not recover composure by the mere feeling that agitation is mistimed. The glow of displeasure had not left the Lady's cheek, her ruffled deportment was not yet entirely composed, when her husband, unhelmeted, but still wearing the rest of his arms, entered the apartment. His appearance banished the thoughts of every thing else; she rushed to him, clasped his iron-sheathed frame in her arms, and kissed his martial and manly face with an affection which was at once evident and sincere. The warrior

returned her embrace and her caress with the same fondness; for the time which had passed since their union had diminished its romantic ardour, perhaps, but it had rather increased its rational tenderness, and Sir Halbert Glendinning's long and frequent absences from his castle and prevented affection from degenerating by habit into indifference.

When the first eager greetings were paid and received, the lady gazed fondly on her husband's face as she remarked—"You are altered, Halbert—you have ridden hard and far to-day, or you have been ill?"

"I have been well, Mary," answered the Knight, "passing well have I been; and a long ride is to me, thou well knowest, but a thing of constant custom. Those who are born noble may slumber out their lives within the walls of their castles and manor-houses; but he who hath achieved nobility by his own deeds must ever be in the saddle, to show that he merits his advancement."

While he spoke thus, the Lady gazed fondly on him, as if endeavouring to read his inmost soul; for the tone in which he spoke was that of melancholy depression.

Sir Halbert Glendinning was the same, yet a different person from what he had appeared in his early years. The fiery freedom of the aspiring youth had given place to the steady and stern composure of the approved soldier and skilful politician. There were deep traces of care on those noble features, over which each emotion used formerly to pass, like light clouds across a summer sky. That sky was now, not perhaps clouded, but still and grave, like that of the sober autumn evening. The forehead was higher and more bare than in early youth, and the locks which still clustered thick and dark on the warrior's head, were worn away at the temples, not by age, but by the constant pressure of the steel cap, or helmet. His beard, according to the fashion of the times, grew short and thick, and was turned into mustaches on the upper lip, and peaked at the extremity. The cheek, weatherbeaten and embrowned, had lost the glow of youth, but showed the vigorous complexion of active and confirmed manhood. Halbert Glendinning was, in a word, a knight to ride at a king's right hand, to bear his banner in war, and to be his counsellor in time of peace; for his looks expressed the considerate firmness which can resolve wisely and dare boldly. Still, over these noble features, there now spread an air of dejection, of which, perhaps, the owner was not conscious, but which did not escape the observation of his anxious and affectionate partner.

"Something has happened, or is about to happen," said the Lady of Avenel; "this sadness sits not on your brow without cause—misfortune, national or particular, must needs be at hand."

"There is nothing new that I wot of," said Halbert Glendinning; "but there is little of evil which can befall a kingdom, that may not be apprehended in this unhappy and divided realm."

"Nay, then," said the Lady, "I see there hath really been some fatal work on foot. My Lord of Murray has not so long detained you at Holyrood, save that he wanted your help in some weighty purpose."

"I have not been at Holyrood, Mary," answered the Knight; "I have been several weeks abroad."

"Abroad! and send me no word?" replied the Lady

"What would the knowledge have availed, but to have rendered you unhappy, my love?" replied the Knight; "your thoughts would have converted the slightest breeze that curled your own lake, into a tempest raging in the German ocean."

"And have you then really crossed the sea?" said the Lady, to whom the very idea of an element which she had never seen conveyed notions of terror and of wonder,—"really left your own native land, and trodden distant shores, where the Scottish tongue is unheard and unknown?"

"Really, and really," said the Knight, taking her hand in affectionate playfulness, "I have done this marvellous deed—have rolled on the ocean for three days and three nights, with the deep green waves dashing by the side of my pillow, and but a thin plank to divide me from it."

"Indeed, my Halbert," said the Lady, "that was a tempting of Divine Providence. I never bade you unbuckle the sword from your side, or lay the lance from your hand—I never bade you sit still when your honour called you to rise and ride; but are not blade and spear dangers enough for one man's life, and why would you trust rough waves and raging seas?"

"We have in Germany, and in the Low Countries, as they are called," answered Glendinning, "men who are united with us in faith, and with whom it is fitting we should unite in alliance. To some of these I was despatched on business as important as it was secret. I went in safety, and I returned in security; there is more danger to a man's life betwixt this and Holyrood, than in all the seas that wash the lowlands of Holland."

"And the country, my Halbert, and the people," said the Lady, "are they like our kindly Scots? or what bearing have they to strangers?"

"They are a people, Mary, strong in their wealth, which renders all other nations weak, and weak in those arts of war by which other nations are strong."

"I do not understand you," said the Lady.

"The Hollander and the Fleming, Mary, pour forth their spirit in trade, and not in war; their wealth purchases them the arms of foreign soldiers, by whose aid they defend it. They erect dikes on the sea-shore to protect the land which they have won, and they levy regiments of the stubborn Switzers and hardy Germans to protect the treasures which they have amassed. And thus they are strong in their weakness; for the very wealth which tempts their masters to despoil them, arms strangers in their behalf."

"The slothful hinds!" exclaimed Mary, thinking and feeling like a Scotswoman of the period; "have they hands, and fight not for the land which bore them? They should be notched off at the elbow!"

"Nay, that were but hard justice," answered her husband; "for their hands serve their country, though not in battle, like ours. Look at these barren hills, Mary, and at that deep winding vale by which the cattle are even now returning from their scanty browse. The hand of the industrious Fleming would cover these mountains with wood, and raise corn where we now see a starved and scanty sward of heath and ling. It grieves me, Mary, when I look on that land, and think what benefit it might receive from such men as I have lately seen—men who seek not the idle fame derived from dead ancestors, or the bloody renown won in modern broils, but tread along the land as preservers and improvers, not as tyrants and destroyers."

"These amendments would here be but a vain fancy, my Halbert," answered the Lady of Avenel; "the trees would be burnt by the English foemen, ere they ceased to be shrubs, and the grain that you raised would be gathered in by the first neighbour that possessed more riders than follow your train. Why should you repine at this? The fate that made you Scotsman by birth, gave you head, and heart, and hand, to uphold the name as it must needs be upheld."

"It gave *me* no name to uphold"—said Halbert, pacing the floor slowly; my arm has been foremost in every strife—my voice has been heard in every council, nor have the wisest rebuked me. The crafty Lethington, the deep and dark Morton, have held secret council with me, and Grange and Lindsay have owned, that in the field I did the devoir of a gallant knight—but let the emergence be passed when they need my head and hand, and they only know me as son of the obscure portioner of Glendearg."

This was a theme which the Lady always dreaded; for the rank conferred on her husband, the favour in which he was held by the powerful Earl of Murray, and the high talents by which he vindicated his right to that rank and that favour, were qualities which rather increased than diminished the envy which was harboured against Sir Halbert Glendinning among a proud aristocracy, as a person originally of inferior and obscure birth, who had risen to his present eminence solely by his personal merit. The natural firm

ness of his mind did not enable him to despise the ideal advantages of a higher pedigree, which were held in such universal esteem by all with whom he conversed; and so open are the noblest minds to jealous inconsistencies, that there were moments in which he felt mortified that his lady should possess those advantages of birth and high descent which he himself did not enjoy, and regretted that his importance as the proprietor of Avenel was qualified by his possessing it only as the husband of the heiress. He was not so unjust as to permit any unworthy feelings to retain permanent possession of his mind, but yet they recurred from time to time, and did not escape his lady's anxious observation.

"Had we been blessed with children," she was wont on such occasions to say to herself, "had our blood been united in a son who might have joined my advantages of descent with my husband's personal worth, these painful and irksome reflections had not disturbed our union even for a moment. But the existence of such an heir, in whom our affections, as well as our pretensions, might have centered, has been denied to us."

With such mutual feelings, it cannot be wondered that it gave the lady pain to hear her husband verging towards this topic of mutual discontent. On the present, as on other similar occasions, she endeavoured to divert the Knight's thoughts from this painful channel.

"How can you," she said, "suffer yourself to dwell upon things which profit nothing? Have you indeed no name to uphold? You, the good and the brave, the wise in council and the strong in battle, have you not to support the reputation your own deeds have won, a reputation more honourable than mere ancestry can supply? Good men love and honour you, the wicked fear, and the turbulent obey you; and is it not necessary you should exert yourself to ensure the endurance of that love, that honour, that wholesome fear, and that necessary obedience?"

As she thus spoke, the eye of her husband caught from hers courage and comfort, and it lightened as he took her hand and replied, "It is most true, my Mary, and I deserve thy rebuke, who forget what I am, in repining because I am not what I cannot be. I am now what the most famed ancestors of those I envy were, the mean man raised into eminence by his own exertions; and sure it is a boast as honourable to have those capacities which are necessary to the foundation of a family, as to be descended from one who possessed them some centuries before. The Hay of Loncarty, who bequeathed his bloody yoke to his lineage,—the 'dark gray man,' who first founded the house of Douglas, had yet less of ancestry to boast than I have. For thou knowest, Mary, that my name derives itself from a line of ancient warriors, although my immediate forefathers preferred the humble station in which thou didst first find them; and war and counsel are not less proper to the house of Glendonwyne, even in its most remote descendants, than to the proudest of their baronage."*

He strode across the hall as he spoke; and the Lady smiled internally to observe how much his mind dwelt upon the prerogatives of birth, and endeavoured to establish his claims, however remote, to a share in them, at the very moment when he affected to hold them in contempt. It will easily be guessed however that she permitted no symptom to escape her that could show she was sensible of the weakness of her husband, a perspicacity which perhaps his proud spirit could not very easily have brooked.

As he returned from the extremity of the hall, to which he had stalked while in the act of vindicating the title of the House of Glendonwyne in its most remote branches to the full privileges of aristocracy, "Where," he said, "is Wolf? I have not seen him since my return, and he was usually the first to welcome my home-coming."

"Wolf," said the Lady, with a slight degree of embarrassment, for which, perhaps, she would have found it difficult to assign any reason even to herself—"Wolf is chained up for the present. He hath been surly to my page."

"Wolf chained up—and Wolf surly to your page!" answered Sir Halbert Glendinning; "Wolf never was surly to any one; and the chain will either break his spirit or render him savage—So ho, there—set Wolf free directly."

He was obeyed; and the huge dog rushed into the hall, disturbing, by his unwieldy and boisterous gambols, the whole economy of reels, rocks, and distaffs, with which the maidens of the household were employed when the arrival of their lord was a signal to them to withdraw, and extracting from Lilias, who was summoned to put them again in order, the natural observation, "That the laird's pet was as troublesome as the lady's page."

"And who is this page, Mary?" said the Knight, his attention again called to the subject by the observation of the waiting-woman,—"Who is this page, whom every one seems to weigh in the balance with my old friend and favourite, Wolf?—When did you aspire to the dignity of keeping a page, or who is the boy?"

"I trust, my Halbert," said the Lady, not without a blush, "you will not think your wife entitled to less attendance than other ladies of her quality?"

"Nay, Dame Mary," answered the Knight, "it is enough you desire such an attendant.—Yet I have never loved to nurse such useless menials—a lady's page—it may well suit the proud English dames to have a slender youth to bear their trains from bower to hall, fan them when they slumber, and touch the lute for them when they please to listen; but our Scottish matrons were wont to be above such vanities, and our Scottish youth ought to be bred to the spear and the stirrup."

"Nay, but, my husband," said the Lady, "I did but jest when I called this boy my page; he is in sooth a little orphan whom we saved from perishing in the lake, and whom I have since kept in the castle out of charity.—Lilias, bring little Roland hither."

Roland entered accordingly, and, flying to the Lady's side, took hold of the plaits of her gown, and then turned round, and gazed with an attention, not unmingled with fear, upon the stately form of the Knight—"Roland," said the Lady, "go kiss the hand of the noble Knight, and ask him to be thy protector."—But Roland obeyed not, and keeping his station, continued to gaze fixedly and timidly on Sir Halbert Glendinning.—"Go to the Knight, boy," said the Lady; "what dost thou fear, child? Go, kiss Sir Halbert's hand."

"I will kiss no hand save yours, lady," answered the boy.

"Nay, but do as you are commanded, child," replied the Lady.—"He is dashed by your presence," she said, apologizing to her husband; "but is he not a handsome boy?"

"And so is Wolf," said Sir Halbert, as he patted his huge four-footed favourite, "a handsome dog; but he has this double advantage over your new favourite, that he does what he is commanded, and hears not when he is praised."

"Nay, now you are displeased with me," replied the Lady; "and yet why should you be so? There is nothing wrong in relieving the distressed orphan, or in loving that which is in itself lovely and deserving of affection. But you have seen Mr. Warden at Edinburgh, and he has set you against the poor boy."

"My dear Mary," answered her husband, "Mr. Warden better knows his place than to presume to interfere either in your affairs or in mine. I neither

* This was a house of ancient descent and superior consequence, including persons who fought at Bannockburn and Otterburn, and closely connected by alliance and friendship with the great Earls of Douglas. The Knight in the story argues as most Scotsmen would do in his situation, for all of the same clan are popularly considered as descended from the same stock, and as having a right to the ancestral honour of the chief branch. This opinion, though sometimes ideal, is so strong, even at this day of innovation, that it may be observed as a national difference between my countrymen and the English. If you ask an Englishman of good birth, whether a person of the same name be connected with him, he answers, (if *in dubio*,) "No—he is a mere namesake." Ask a similar question of a Scot, (I mean a Scotsman,) he replies—"He is one of our clan; I dare say there is a relationship, though I do not know how *distant*." The Englishman thinks of discountenancing a *species of rivalry in society*; the Scotsman's answer is grounded on the ancient idea of strengthening the clan.

ame your relieving this boy, nor your kindness for m. But, I think, considering his birth and prosects, you ought not to treat him with injudicious fondss, which can only end in rendering him unfit for e humble situation to which heaven has designed m."

"Nay, but, my Halbert, do but look at the boy," id the Lady, "and see whether he has not the air being intended by Heaven for something nobler an a mere peasant. May he not be designed as hers have been, to rise out of a humble situation to honour and eminence?"

Thus far had she proceeded, when the consciouss that she was treading upon delicate ground at ice occurred to her, and induced her to take the ost natural, but the worst of all courses on such casions, whether in conversation or in an actual g, namely, that of stopping suddenly short in the ustration which she had commenced. Her brow imsoned, and that of Sir Halbert Glendinning was ghtly overcast. But it was only for an instant; r he was incapable of mistaking his lady's meaning, supposing that she meant intentional disrespect to m.

"Be it as you please, my love," he replied; "I owe u too much, to contradict you in aught which may nder your solitary mode of life more endurable. ake of this youth what you will, and you have my ll authority for doing so. But remember he is your arge, not mine—remember he hath limbs to do an service, a soul and a tongue to worship God; eed him, therefore, to be true to his country, and to eaven; and for the rest, dispose of him as you list it is, and shall rest, your own matter."

This conversation decided the fate of Roland ræme, who from thenceforward was little noticed the master of the mansion of Avenel, but indulged id favoured by its mistress.

This situation led to many important consequences, id, in truth, tended to bring forth the character of e youth in all its broad lights and deep shadows. s the Knight himself seemed tacitly to disclaim ike interest and control over the immediate favoure of his lady, young Roland was, by circumstances, tempted from the strict discipline to which, as the tainer of a Scottish man of rank, he would otheriise have been subjected, according to all the rigour the age. But the steward, or master of the houseold—such was the proud title assumed by the head mestic of each petty baron—deemed it not advisae to interfere with the favourite of the Lady, and pecially since she had brought the estate into the esent family. Master Jasper Wingate was a man perienced, as he often boasted, in the ways of great milies, and knew how to keep the steerage even, hen wind and tide chanced to be in contradiction.

This prudent personage winked at much, and voided giving opportunity for further offence, by reiesting little of Roland Græme beyond the degree of ttention which he was himself disposed to pay; ghtly conjecturing, that however lowly the place hich the youth might hold in the favour of the night of Avenel, still, to make an evil report of him ould make an enemy of the Lady, without securing ie favour of her husband. With these prudential onsiderations, and doubtless not without an eye to is own ease and convenience, he taught the boy as uch, and only as much, as he chose to learn, readily dmitting whatever apology it pleased his pupil to lege in excuse for idleness or negligence. As the her persons in the castle, to whom such tasks were elegated, readily imitated the prudential conduct of ie major-domo, there was little control used towards oland Græme, who, of course, learned no more than hat a very active mind, and a total impatience of bsolute idleness, led him to acquire upon his own count, and by dint of his own exertions. The latter ere especially earnest, when the Lady herself conescended to be his tutoress, or to examine his rogress.

It followed also from his quality as my Lady's ivourite, that Roland was viewed with no peculiar ood-will by the followers of the Knight, many of hom, of the same age, and apparently similar origin, with the fortunate page, were subjected to severe observance of the ancient and rigorous discipline of a feudal retainer. To these, Roland Græme was of course an object of envy, and, in consequence, of dislike and detraction; but the youth possessed qualities which it was impossible to depreciate. Pride, and a sense of early ambition, did for him what severity and constant instruction did for others. In truth, the youthful Roland displayed that early flexibility both of body and mind, which renders exercise, either mental or bodily, rather matter of sport than of study; and it seemed as if he acquired accidentally, and by starts, those accomplishments, which earnest and constant instruction enforced by frequent reproof and occasional chastisement, had taught to others. Such military exercises, such lessons of the period, as he found it agreeable or convenient to apply to, he learned so perfectly, as to confound those who were ignorant how often the want of constant application is compensated by vivacity of talent and ardent enthusiasm. The lads, therefore, who were more regularly trained to arms, to horsemanship, and to other necessary exercises of the period, while they envied Roland Græme the indulgence or negligence with which he seemed to be treated, had little reason to boast of their own superior acquirements; a few hours, with the powerful exertion of a most energetic will, seemed to do for him more than the regular instruction of weeks could accomplish for others.

Under these advantages, if, indeed, they were to be termed such, the character of young Roland began to develope itself. It was bold, peremptory, decisive, and overbearing; generous, if neither withstood nor contradicted; vehement and passionate, if censured or opposed. He seemed to consider himself as attached to no one, and responsible to no one, except his mistress; and even over her mind he had gradually acquired that species of ascendency which indulgence is so apt to occasion. And although the immediate followers and dependents of Sir Halbert Glendinning saw his ascendency with jealousy, and often took occasion to mortify his vanity, there wanted not those who were willing to acquire the favour of the Lady of Avenel by humouring and taking part with the youth whom she protected; for although a favourite, as the poet assures us, has no friend, he seldom fails to have both followers and flatterers.

The partisans of Roland Græme were chiefly to be found amongst the inhabitants of the little hamlet on the shore of the lake. These villagers, who were sometimes tempted to compare their own situation with that of the immediate and constant followers of the Knight, who attended him on his frequent journeys to Edinburgh and elsewhere, delighted in considering and representing themselves as more properly the subjects of the Lady of Avenel than of her husband. It is true, her wisdom and affection on all occasions discountenanced the distinction which was here implied; but the villagers persisted in thinking it must be agreeable to her to enjoy their peculiar and undivided homage, or at least in acting as if they thought so; and one chief mode by which they evinced their sentiments, was by the respect they paid to young Roland Græme, the favourite attendant of the descendant of their ancient lords. This was a mode of flattery too pleasing to encounter rebuke or censure; and the opportunity which it afforded the youth to form, as it were, a party of his own within the limits of the ancient barony of Avenel, added not a little to the audacity and decisive tone of a character, which was by nature bold, impetuous, and incontrollable.

Of the two members of the household who had manifested an early jealousy of Roland Græme, the prejudices of Wolf were easily overcome; and in process of time the noble dog slept with Bran, Luath, and the celebrated hounds of ancient days. But Mr. Warden, the chaplain, lived, and retained his dislike to the youth. That good man, single-minded and benevolent as he really was, entertained rather more than a reasonable idea of the respect due to him as a minister, and exacted from the inhabitants of the castle more deference than the haughty young page, proud of his mistress's favour, and petulant from youth and situation, was at all times willing to pay.

His bold and free demeanour, his attachment to rich dress and decoration, his inaptitude to receive instruction, and his hardening himself against rebuke, were circumstances which induced the good old man, with more haste than charity, to set the forward page down as a vessel of wrath, and to presage that the youth nursed that pride and haughtiness of spirit which goes before ruin and destruction. On the other hand Roland evinced at times a marked dislike, and even something like contempt, of the chaplain. Most of the attendants and followers of Sir Halbert Glendinning entertained the same charitable thoughts as the reverend Mr. Warden; but while Roland was favoured by their lady, and endured by their lord, they saw no policy in making their opinions public.

Roland Græme was sufficiently sensible of the unpleasant situation in which he stood; but in the haughtiness of his heart he retorted upon the other domestics the distant, cold, and sarcastic manner in which they treated him, assumed an air of superiority which compelled the most obstinate to obedience, and had the satisfaction at least to be dreaded, if he was heartily hated.

The chaplain's marked dislike had the effect of recommending him to the attention of Sir Halbert's brother, Edward, who now, under the conventual appellation of Father Ambrose, continued to be one of the few monks who, with the Abbot Eustasius, had, notwithstanding the nearly total downfall of their faith under the regency of Murray, been still permitted to linger in the cloisters at Kennaquhair. Respect to Sir Halbert had prevented their being altogether driven out of the Abbey, though their order was now in a great measure suppressed, and they were interdicted the public exercise of their ritual, and only allowed for their support a small pension out of their once splendid revenues. Father Ambrose, thus situated, was an occasional, though very rare visitant, at the Castle of Avenel, and was at such times observed to pay particular attention to Roland Græme, who seemed to return it with more depth of feeling than consisted with his usual habits.

Thus situated, years glided on, during which the Knight of Avenel continued to act a frequent and important part in the convulsions of his distracted country; while young Græme anticipated, both in wishes and personal accomplishments, the age which should enable him to emerge from the obscurity of his present situation.

CHAPTER IV.

> Amid their cups that freely flow'd,
>   Their revelry and mirth,
> A youthful lord tax'd Valentine
>   With base and doubtful birth.
>
> *Valentine and Orson.*

When Roland Græme was a youth about seventeen years of age, he chanced one summer morning to descend to the mew in which Sir Halbert Glendinning kept his hawks, in order to superintend the training of an eyas, or young hawk, which he himself, at the imminent risk of neck and limbs, had taken from a celebrated eyry in the neighbourhood, called Gledscraig. As he was by no means satisfied with the attention which had been bestowed on his favourite bird, he was not slack in testifying his displeasure to the falconer's lad, whose duty it was to have attended upon it.

"What, ho! sir knave," exclaimed Roland, "is it thus you feed the eyas with unwashed meat, as if you were gorging the foul brancher of a worthless hoodie-crow?—by the mass, and thou hast neglected its castings also for these two days! Think'st thou I ventured my neck to bring the bird down from the crag that thou shouldst spoil her by thy neglect?" And to add force to his remonstrances, he conferred a cuff or two on the negligent attendant of the hawks, who, shouting rather louder than was necessary under all the circumstances, brought the master falconer to his assistance.

Adam Woodcock, the falconer of Avenel, was an *Englishman* by birth, but so long in the service of *Glendinning*, that he had lost much of his national attachment in that which he had formed to his master. He was a favourite in his department, jealous and conceited of his skill, as masters of the game usually are; for the rest of his character, he was a jester and a parcel poet, (qualities which by no means abated his natural conceit,) a jolly fellow, who, though a sound Protestant, loved a flagon of ale better than a long sermon, a stout man of his hands when need required, true to his master, and a little presuming on his interest with him.

Adam Woodcock, such as we have described him, by no means relished the freedom used by young Græme, in chastising his assistant. "Hey, hey, my Lady's page," said he, stepping between his own boy and Roland, "fair and softly, an it like your gilt jacket—hands off is fair play—if my boy has done amiss, I can beat him myself, and then you may keep your hands soft."

"I will beat him and thee too," answered Roland, without hesitation, "an ye look not better after your business. See how the bird is cast away between you. I found the careless lurdane feeding her with unwashed flesh, and she an eyas."*

"Go to," said the falconer, "thou art but an eyas thyself, child Roland.—What knowest thou of feeding? I say that the eyas should have her meat unwashed, until she becomes a brancher—'twere the ready way to give her the frounce, to wash her meat sooner, and so knows every one who knows a gled from a falcon."

"It is thine own laziness, thou false English blood that dost nothing but drink and sleep," retorted the page, "and leaves that lither lad to do the work, which he minds as little as thou."

"And am I so idle then," said the falconer, "that have three cast of hawks to look after, at perch and mew, and to fly them in the field to boot?—and is my Lady's page so busy a man that he must take me up short?—and am I of false English blood?—I marvel what blood thou art—neither Englander nor Scot—fish nor flesh—a bastard from the Debateable Land, without either kith, kin, or ally!—Marry, out upon thee, foul kite, that would fain be a tercel gentle!"

The reply to this sarcasm was a box on the ear, so well applied, that it overthrew the falconer into the cistern in which water was kept for the benefit of the hawks. Up started Adam Woodcock, his wrath nowise appeased by the cold immersion, and seizing on a truncheon which stood by, would have soon requited the injury he had received, had not Roland laid his hand on his poniard, and sworn by all that was sacred, that if he offered a stroke towards him, he would sheathe the blade in his bowels. The noise was now so great, that more than one of the household came in, and amongst others the major-domo, a grave personage, already mentioned, whose gold chain and white wand intimated his authority. At the appearance of this dignitary, the strife was for the present appeased. He embraced, however, so favourable an opportunity, to read Roland Græme a shrewd lecture on the impropriety of his deportment to his fellow-menials, and to assure him, that should he communicate this fray to his master, (who, though now on one of his frequent expeditions, was speedily expected to return,) which but for respect to his Lady he would most certainly do, the residence of the culprit in the Castle of Avenel would be but of brief duration. "But, however," added the prudent master of the household, "I will report the matter first to my Lady."

"Very just, very right, Master Wingate," exclaimed several voices together; "my Lady will consider if daggers are to be drawn on us for every idle word, and whether we are to live in a well-ordered household, where there is the fear of God, or amongst drawn dirks and sharp knives."

The object of this general resentment darted an angry glance around him, and suppressing with difficulty the desire which urged him to reply in furious or in contemptuous language, returned his dagger into the scabbard, looked disdainfully around upon the assembled menials, turned short upon his heel, and

* There is a difference amongst authorities how long the nestling hawk should be fed with flesh which has previously been washed.

ng aside those who stood betwixt him and the left the apartment.
his will be no tree for my nest," said the fal-, "if this cock-sparrow is to crow over us as he i to do."
e s'ruck me with his switch yesterday," said : the grooms, "because the tail of his worship's g was not trimmed altogether so as suited his ur."
ıd I promise you," said the laundress, "my ; master will stick nothing to call an honest ın slut and quean, if there be but a speck of soot his band-collar."
Master Wingate do not his errand to my Lady," he general result, "there will be no tarrying in me house with Roland Græme."
· master of the household heard them all for time, and then, motioning for universal silence, dressed them with all the dignity of Malvolio lf.—"My masters,—not forgetting you, my mis-s,—do not think the worse of me that I proceed is much care as haste in this matter. Our mas-a gallant knight, and will have his sway at and abroad, in wood and field, in hall and , as the saying is. Our Lady, my benison upon also a noble person of long descent, and right-ir of this place and barony, and she also loves ill; as for that matter, show me the woman oth not. Now, she hath favoured, doth favour, 'ill favour this jackanapes,—for what good part him I know not, save that as one noble lady ›ve a messan dog, and another a screaming ıay, and a third a Barbary ape, so doth it please ›ble dame to set her affections upon this stray a page, for naught that I can think of, save that as the cause of his being saved (the more's the from drowning." And here Master Wingate a pause.
would have been his caution for a gray groat, it salt water or fresh," said Roland's adver-he falconer; "marry, if he crack not a rope for ng or for snatching, I will be content never to ıawk again."
ace, Adam Woodcock," said Wingate, waving ınd; "I prithee, peace, man—Now, my Lady, this springald, as aforesaid, differs therein my Lord, who loves never a bone in his skin. is it for me to stir up strife betwixt them, and ı 'twere my finger betwixt the bark and the n account of a pragmatical youngster, whom, heless, I would willingly see whipped forth of rony? Have patience, and this boil will break it our meddling. I have been in service since : a beard on my chin, till now that that beard is . gray, and I have seldom known any one bet-emselves, even by taking the lady's part against d's; but never one who did not dirk himself, if k the lord's against the lady's."
ıd so," said Lilias, "we are to be crowed over, one of us, men and women, cock and hen, by ttle upstart?—I will try titles with him first, I se you.—I fancy, Master Wingate, for as wise : look, you will be pleased to tell what you have o-day, if my Lady commands you?"
› speak the truth when my Lady commands answered the prudential major-domo, "is in measure my duty, Mistress Lilias; always pro-for and excepting those cases in which it can-spoken without breeding mischief and incon-ice to myself or my fellow-servants; for the : of a tale-bearer breaketh bones as well as a rt-staff."*
it this imp of Satan is none of your friends or -servants," said Lilias; "and I trust you mean › stand up for him against the whole family s?"
edit me, Mistress Lilias," replied the senior, ld I see the time fitting, I would with right will give him a lick with the rough side of my :."
ıough said, Master Wingate," answered Lilias;

"then trust me, his song shall soon be laid. If my mistress does not ask me what is the matter below stairs before she be ten minutes of time older, she is no born woman, and my name is not Lilias Bradbourne."

In pursuance of her plan, Mistress Lilias failed not to present herself before her Mistress with all the exterior of one who is possessed of an important secret, —that is, she had the corners of her mouth turned down, her eyes raised up, her lips pressed as fast together as if they had been sewed up, to prevent her blabbing, and an air of prim mystical importance diffused over her whole person and demeanour, which seemed to intimate, "I know something which I am resolved not to tell you!"

Lilias had rightly read her mistress's temper, who wise and good as she was, was yet a daughter of grandam Eve, and could not witness this mysterious bearing on the part of her waiting-woman without longing to ascertain the secret cause. For a space, Mrs. Lilias was obdurate to all inquiries, sighed, turned her eyes up higher yet to heaven, hoped for the best, but had nothing particular to communicate. All this, as was most natural and proper, only stimulated the Lady's curiosity; neither was her importunity to be parried with,—"Thank God, I am no makebate—no tale-bearer,—thank God, I never envied any one's favour, or was anxious to propale their misdemeanour,—only, thank God, there has been no bloodshed and murder in the house—that is all."

"Bloodshed and murder!" exclaimed the Lady, "what does the quean mean?—if you speak not plain out, you shall have something you will scarce be thankful for."

"Nay, my Lady," answered Lilias, eager to disburden her mind, or, in Chaucer's phrase, 'to unbuckle her mail,' "if you bid me speak out the truth, you must not be moved with what might displease you—Roland Græme has dirked Adam Woodcock—that is all."

"Good Heaven!" said the Lady, turning as pale as ashes, "is the man slain?"

"No, madam," replied Lilias, "but slain he would have been, if there had not been ready help; but may be, it is your Ladyship's pleasure that this young esquire shall poniard the servants as well as switch and batoon them."

"Go to, minion," said the Lady, "you are saucy—tell the master of the household to attend me instantly."

Lilias hastened to seek out Mr. Wingate, and hurry him to his lady's presence, speaking as a word in season to him on the way, "I have set the stone a-trowling, look that you do not let it stand still."

The steward, too prudential a person to commit himself otherwise, answered by a sly look and a nod of intelligence, and presently after stood in the presence of the Lady of Avenel, with a look of great respect for his lady, partly real, partly affected, and an air of great sagacity, which inferred no ordinary conceit of himself.

"How is this, Wingate," said the Lady, "and what rule do you keep in the castle, that the domestics of Sir Halbert Glendinning draw the dagger on each other as in a cavern of thieves and murderers?—is the wounded man much hurt? and what—what hath become of the unhappy boy?"

"There is no one wounded as yet, madam," replied he of the golden chain; "it passes my poor skill to say how many may be wounded before Pasche,* if some rule be not taken with this youth—not but the youth is a fair youth," he added, correcting himself, "and able at his exercise; but somewhat too ready with the ends of his fingers, the but of his riding-switch, and the point of his dagger."

"And whose fault is that," said the Lady, "but yours, who should have taught him better discipline, than to brawl or to draw his dagger?"

"If it please your Ladyship so to impose the blame on me," answered the steward, "it is my part doubtless, to bear it—only I submit to your consideration, that unless I nailed his weapon to the scabbard, I could no more keep it still than I could fix

pecies of battle-axe, so called as being in especial use in ient burgh, whose armorial bearings still represent an rsman brandishing such a weapon.

* Easter.

quicksilver, which defied even the skill of Raymond Lullius."

"Tell me not of Raymond Lullius," said the Lady, losing patience, "but send me the chaplain hither. You grow all of you too wise for me during your lord's long and repeated absences. I would to God his affairs would permit him to remain at home and rule his own household, for it passes my wit and skill!"

"God forbid, my Lady!" said the old domestic, "that you should sincerely think what you are now pleased to say: your old servants might well hope, that after so many years' duty, you would do their service more justice than to distrust their gray hairs, because they cannot rule the peevish humour of a green head, which the owner carries, it may be, a brace of inches higher than becomes him."

"Leave me," said the Lady; "Sir Halbert's return must now be expected daily, and he will look into these matters himself—leave me, I say, Wingate, without saying more of it. I know you are honest, and I believe the boy is petulant; and yet I think it is my favour which hath set all of you against him."

The steward bowed and retired, after having been silenced in a second attempt to explain the motives on which he acted.

The chaplain arrived; but neither from him did the Lady receive much comfort. On the contrary, she found him disposed, in plain terms, to lay to the door of her indulgence all the disturbances which the fiery temper of Roland Græme had already occasioned, or might hereafter occasion, in the family. "I would," he said, "honoured Lady, that you had deigned to be ruled by me in the outset of this matter, sith it is easy to stem evil in the fountain, but hard to struggle against it in the stream. You, honoured madam (a word which I do not use according to the vain forms of this world, but because I have ever loved and honoured you as an honourable and an elect lady,)—you, I say, madam, have been pleased, contrary to my poor but earnest counsel, to raise this boy from his station into one approaching to your own."

"What mean you, reverend sir?" said the Lady; "I have made this youth a page—is there aught in my doing so that does not become my character and quality?"

"I dispute not, madam," said the pertinacious preacher, "your benevolent purpose in taking charge of this youth, or your title to give him this idle character of page, if such was your pleasure; though what the education of a boy in the train of a female can tend to, save to ingraft foppery and effeminacy on conceit and arrogance, it passes my knowledge to discover. But I blame you more directly for having taken little care to guard him against the perils of his condition, or to tame and humble a spirit naturally haughty, overbearing, and impatient. You have brought into your bower a lion's cub; delighted with the beauty of his fur, and the grace of his gambols, you have bound him with no fetters befitting the fierceness of his disposition. You have let him grow up as unawed as if he had been still a tenant of the forest. and now you are surprised, and call out for assistance, when he begins to ramp, rend, and tear, according to his proper nature."

"Mr. Warden," said the Lady, considerably offended, "you are my husband's ancient friend, and I believe your love sincere to him and to his household. Yet let me say, that when I asked you for counsel, I expected not this asperity of rebuke. If I have done wrong in loving this poor orphan lad more than others of his class, I scarce think the error merited such severe censure; and if stricter discipline were required to keep his fiery temper in order, it ought, I think, to be considered, that I am a woman, and that if I have erred in this matter, it becomes a friend's part rather to aid than to rebuke me. I would these evils were taken order with before my lord's return. He loves not domestic discord or domestic brawls; and I would not willingly that he thought such could arise from one whom I have favoured—What do you counsel me to do?"

"Dismiss this youth from your service, madam," replied the preacher.

"You cannot bid me do so," said the Lady; "you cannot, as a Christian and a man of humanity, bid me turn away an unprotected creature, against whom my favour, my injudicious favour if you will, has reared up so many enemies."

"It is not necessary you should altogether abandon him, though you dismiss him to another service, or to a calling better suiting his station and character," said the preacher; "elsewhere he may be a useful and profitable member of the commonweal—here he is but a makebate, and a stumbling-block of offence. The youth has snatches of sense and of intelligence, though he lacks industry. I will myself give him letters commendatory to Olearius Schinderhausen, a learned professor at the famous university of Leyden, where they lack an under-janitor—where, besides gratis instruction, if God give him the grace to seek it, he will enjoy five marks by the year, and the professor's cast-off suit, which he disparts with biennially."

"This will never do, good Mr. Warden," said the Lady, scarce able to suppress a smile; "we will think more at large upon this matter. In the mean while I trust to your remonstrances with this wild boy and with the family, for restraining these violent and unseemly jealousies and bursts of passion; and I entreat you to press on him and them their duty in this respect towards God, and towards their master."

"You shall be obeyed, madam," said Warden. "On the next Thursday I exhort the family, and will, with God's blessing, so wrestle with the demon of wrath and violence, which hath entered into my little flock, that I trust to hound the wolf out of the fold, as if he were chased away with ban-dogs."

This was the part of the conference from which Mr. Warden derived the greatest pleasure. The pulpit was at that time the same powerful engine for affecting popular feeling which the press has since become, and he had been no unsuccessful preacher, as we have already seen. It followed as a natural consequence, that he rather over-estimated the powers of his own oratory, and, like some of his brethren about the period, was glad of an opportunity to handle any matters of importance, whether public or private, the discussion of which could be dragged into his discourse. In that rude age the delicacy was unknown which prescribed time and place to personal exhortations; and as the court-preacher often addressed the King individually, and dictated to him the conduct he ought to observe in matters of state, so the nobleman himself, or any of his retainers, were, in the chapel of the feudal castle, often incensed or appalled, as the case might be, by the discussion of their private faults in the evening exercise, and by spiritual censures directed against them, specifically, personally, and by name.

The sermon, by means of which Henry Warden proposed to restore concord and good order to the Castle of Avenel, bore for text the well-known words, "*He who striketh with the sword shall perish by the sword*," and was a singular mixture of good sense and powerful oratory with pedantry and bad taste. He enlarged a good deal on the word striketh, which he assured his hearers comprehended blows given with the point as well as with the edge, and more generally, shooting with hand-gun, cross-bow, or long-bow, thrusting with a lance, or doing anything whatever by which death might be occasioned to the adversary. In the same manner, he proved satisfactorily, that the word sword, comprehended all descriptions, whether back-sword or basket-hilt, cut-and-thrust or rapier, falchion or scimitar. "But if," he continued with still greater animation, "the text includeth in its anathema those who strike with any of those weapons which man hath devised for the exercise of his open hostility, still more doth it comprehend such as from their form and size are devised rather for the gratification of privy malice by treachery, than for the destruction of an enemy prepared and standing upon his defence. Such," he proceeded, looking sternly at the place where the page was seated on a cushion at the feet of his mistress, and wearing in his crimson belt a gay dagger with a gilded hilt,—"Such, more especially, I hold to be those implements of death, which, in our modern and fantastic times are worn not only by thieves and cut-throats, to whom they most properly belong, but even by those who at

tend upon women, and wait in the chambers of honourable ladies. Yes, my friends,—every species of this unhappy weapon, framed for all evil and for no good, is comprehended under this deadly denunciation, whether it be a stilet, which we have borrowed from the treacherous Italian, or a dirk, which is borne by the savage Highlandmen, or a whinger, which is carried by our own Border-thieves and cut-throats, or a dudgeon dagger, all are alike engines invented by the devil himself, for ready implements of deadly wrath, sudden to execute, and difficult to be parried. Even the common sword-and-buckler brawler despises the use of such a treacherous and malignant instrument, which is therefore fit to be used, not by men or soldiers, but by those who, trained under female discipline, become themselves effeminate hermaphrodites, having female spite and female cowardice added to the infirmities and evil passions of their masculine nature."

The effect which this oration produced upon the assembled congregation of Avenel cannot very easily be described. The Lady seemed at once embarrassed and offended; the menials could hardly contain, under an affectation of deep attention, the joy with which they heard the chaplain launch his thunders at the head of the unpopular favourite, and the weapon which they considered as a badge of affectation and finery. Mrs. Lilias crested and drew up her head with all the deep-felt pride of gratified resentment; while the steward, observing a strict neutrality of aspect, fixed his eyes upon an old scutcheon on the opposite side of the wall, which he seemed to examine with the utmost accuracy, more willing, perhaps, to incur the censure of being inattentive to the sermon, than that of seeming to listen with marked approbation to what appeared so distasteful to his mistress.

The unfortunate subject of the harangue, whom nature had endowed with passions which had hitherto found no effectual restraint, could not disguise the resentment which he felt at being thus directly held up to the scorn, as well as the censure, of the assembled inhabitants of the little world in which he lived. His brow grew red, his lip grew pale, he set his teeth, he clenched his hand, and then with mechanical readiness grasped the weapon of which the clergyman had given so hideous a character; and at length, as the preacher heightened the colouring of his invective, he felt his rage become so ungovernable, that, fearful of being hurried into some deed of desperate violence, he rose up, traversed the chapel with hasty steps, and left the congregation.

The preacher was surprised into a sudden pause, while the fiery youth shot across him like a flash of lightning, regarding him as he passed, as if he had wished to dart from his eyes the same power of blighting and of consuming. But no sooner had he crossed the chapel, and shut with violence behind him the door of the vaulted entrance by which it communicated with the castle, than the impropriety of his conduct supplied Warden with one of those happier subjects for eloquence, of which he knew how to take advantage for making a suitable impression on his hearers. He paused for an instant, and then pronounced, in a slow and solemn voice, the deep anathema: "He hath gone out from us because he was not of us—the sick man hath been offended at the wholesome bitter of the medicine—the wounded patient hath flinched from the friendly knife of the surgeon—the sheep hath fled from the sheepfold and delivered himself to the wolf, because he could not assume the quiet and humble conduct demanded of us by the great Shepherd.—Ah! my brethren, beware of wrath—beware of pride—beware of the deadly and destroying sin which so often shows itself to our frail eyes in the garments of light! What is our earthly honour? Pride, and pride only—What our earthly gifts and graces? Pride and vanity.—Voyagers speak of Indian men who deck themselves with shells, and anoint themselves with pigments, and boast of their attire as we do of our miserable carnal advantages—Pride could draw down the morning-star from Heaven even to the verge of the pit—Pride and self-opinion kindled the flaming sword which waves us off from Paradise—Pride made Adam mortal, and a weary wanderer on the face of the earth which he had else been at this day the immortal lord of—Pride brought amongst us sin, and doubles every sin it has brought. It is the outpost which the devil and the flesh most stubbornly maintain against the assaults of grace; and until it be subdued, and its barriers levelled with the very earth, there is more hope of a fool than of the sinner. Rend, then, from your bosoms this accursed shoot of the fatal apple; tear it up by the roots, though it be twisted with the cords of your life. Profit by the example of the miserable sinner that has passed from us, and embrace the means of grace while it is called to-day—ere your conscience is seared as with a firebrand, and your ears deafened like those of the adder, and your heart hardened like the nether mill-stone. Up, then, and be doing—wrestle and overcome; resist, and the enemy shall flee from you—Watch and pray, lest ye fall into temptation, and let the stumbling of others be your warning and your example. Above all, rely not on yourselves, for such self-confidence is even the worst symptom of the disorder itself. The Pharisee perhaps deemed himself humble while he stooped in the Temple, and thanked God that he was not as other men, and even as the publican. But while his knees touched the marble pavement, his head was as high as the topmost pinnacle of the Temple. Do not therefore deceive yourselves, and offer false coin, where the purest you can present is but as dross—think not that such will pass the assay of Omnipotent Wisdom. Yet shrink not from the task, because, as is my bounden duty, I do not disguise from you its difficulties. Self-searching can do much—Meditation can do much—Grace can do all."

And he concluded with a touching and animating exhortation to his hearers to seek divine grace, which is perfected in human weakness.

The audience did not listen to this address without being considerably affected; though it might be doubted whether the feelings of triumph, excited by the disgraceful retreat of the favourite page, did not greatly qualify in the minds of many the exhortations of the preacher to charity and to humility. And, in fact, the expression of their countenances much resembled the satisfied, triumphant air of a set of children, who, having just seen a companion punished for a fault in which they had no share, con their task with double glee, both because they themselves are out of the scrape, and because the culprit is in it.

With very different feelings did the Lady of Avenel seek her own apartment. She felt angry at Warden having made a domestic matter, in which she took a personal interest, the subject of such public discussion. But this she knew the good man claimed as a branch of his Christian liberty as a preacher, and also that it was vindicated by the universal custom of his brethren. But the self-willed conduct of her protegé afforded her yet deeper concern. That he had broken through, in so remarkable a degree, not only the respect due to her presence, but that which was paid to religious admonition in those days with such peculiar reverence, argued a spirit as untameable as his enemies had represented him to possess. And yet, so far as he had been under her own eye, she had seen no more of that fiery spirit than appeared to her to become his years and his vivacity. This opinion might be founded in some degree on partiality; in some degree, too, it might be owing to the kindness and indulgence which she had always extended to him; but still she thought it impossible that she could be totally mistaken in the estimate she had formed of his character. The extreme of violence is scarce consistent with a course of continued hypocrisy, (although Lilias charitably hinted, that in some instances they were happily united,) and therefore she could not exactly trust the report of others against her own experience and observation. The thoughts of this orphan boy clung to her heartstrings with a fondness for which she herself was unable to account. He had seemed to have been sent to her by Heaven, to fill up those intervals of languor and vacuity which deprived her of much enjoyment. Perhaps he was not less dear to her, because she well saw that he was a favourite with no

one else, and because she felt, that to give him up was to afford the judgment of her husband and others a triumph over her own; a circumstance not quite indifferent to the best of spouses of either sex.

In short, the Lady of Avenel formed the internal resolution, that she would not desert her page while her page could be rationally protected; and, with the view of ascertaining how far this might be done, she caused him to be summoned to her presence.

CHAPTER V.

——— In the wild storm,
The seaman hews his mast down, and the merchant
Heaves to the billows wares he once deem'd precious;
So prince and peer, 'mid popular contentions,
Cast off their favourites.

Old Play.

It was some time ere Roland Græme appeared. The messenger (his old friend Lilias) had at first attempted to open the door of his little apartment with the charitable purpose, doubtless, of enjoying the confusion, and marking the demeanour, of the culprit. But an oblong bit of iron yclept a bolt, was passed across the door on the inside, and prevented her benign intentions. Lilias knocked, and called at intervals, "Roland—Roland Græme—*Master* Roland Græme," (an emphasis on the word Master,) "will you be pleased to undo the door?—What ails you?—are you at your prayers in private, to complete the devotion which you left unfinished in public?—Surely we must have a screened seat for you in the chapel, that your gentility may be free from the eyes of common folks!" Still no whisper was heard in reply. "Well, Master Roland," said the waiting-maid, "I must tell my mistress, that if she would have an answer, she must either come herself, or send those on errand to you who can beat the door down."

"What says your Lady?" inquired the page from within.

"Marry, open the door, and you shall hear," answered the waiting-maid. "I trow it becomes my Lady's message to be listened to face to face; and I will not, for your idle pleasure, whistle it through a key-hole."

"Your mistress's name," said the page, opening the door, "is too fair a cover for your impertinence—What says my Lady?"

"That you will be pleased to come to her directly, in the withdrawing-room," answered Lilias. "I presume she has some directions for you concerning the forms to be observed in leaving chapel in future."

"Say to my Lady, that I will directly wait on her," said the page; and, returning into his own apartment, he once more locked the door in the face of the waiting-maid.

"Rare courtesy!" muttered Lilias; and, returning to her mistress, acquainted her that Roland Græme would wait on her when it suited his convenience.

"What! is that his phrase, or your own addition, Lilias?" said the Lady, coolly.

"Nay, madam," replied the attendant, not directly answering the question, "he looked as if he could have said much more impertinent things than that, if I had been willing to hear them.—But here he comes to answer for himself."

Roland Græme entered the apartment with a loftier mien, and somewhat a higher colour, than his wont; there was embarrassment in his manner, but it was neither that of fear nor of penitence.

"Young man," said the Lady, "what trow you am I to think of your conduct this day?"

'If it has offended you, madam, I am deeply grieved," said the youth."

"To have offended me alone," said the Lady, "were but little—You have been guilty of conduct which will highly offend your master—of violence to your fellow-servants, and of disrespect to God himself, in the person of his ambassador."

"Permit me again to reply," said the page, "that if I have offended my only mistress, friend, and benefactress, it includes the sum of my guilt, and deserves the sum of my penitence—Sir Halbert Glendinning calls me not servant, nor do I call him master—he is not entitled to blame me for chastising an insolent groom—nor do I fear the wrath of Heaven for treating with scorn the unauthorized interference of a meddling preacher."

The Lady of Avenel had before this seen symptoms in her favourite of boyish petulance, and of impatience of censure or reproof. But his present demeanour was of a graver and more determined character, and she was for a moment at a loss how she should treat the youth, who seemed to have at once assumed the character not only of a man, but of a bold and determined one. She paused an instant, and then assuming the dignity which was natural to her, she said. "Is it to me, Roland, that you hold this language? Is it for the purpose of making me repent the favour I have shown you, that you declare yourself independent, both of an earthly and a Heavenly master! Have you forgotten what you were, and to what the loss of my protection would speedily again reduce you?"

"Lady," said the page, "I have forgot nothing; I remember but too much. I know, that but for you, I should have perished in yon blue waves," pointing, as he spoke, to the lake, which was seen through the window, agitated by the western wind. "Your goodness has gone farther, madam—you have protected me against the malice of others, and against my own folly. You are free, if you are willing to abandon the orphan you have reared. You have left nothing undone by him, and he complains of nothing. And yet, Lady, do not think I have been ungrateful—I have endured something on my part, which I would have borne for the sake of no one but my benefactress."

"For my sake!" said the Lady; "and what is it that I can have subjected you to endure, which can be remembered with other feelings than those of thanks and gratitude?"

"You are too just, madam, to require me to be thankful for the cold neglect with which your husband has uniformly treated me—neglect not unmingled with fixed aversion. You are too just, madam, to require me to be grateful for the constant and unceasing marks of scorn and malevolence with which I have been treated by others, or for such a homily as that with which your reverend chaplain has, at my expense, this very day regaled the assembled household."

"Heard mortal ears the like of this!" said the waiting-maid, with her hands expanded, and her eyes turned up to heaven; "he speaks as if he were son of an earl, or of a belted knight the least penny!"

The page glanced on her a look of supreme contempt, but vouchsafed no other answer. His mistress, who began to feel herself seriously offended, and yet sorry for the youth's folly, took up the same tone.

"Indeed, Roland, you forget yourself so strangely," said she, "that you will tempt me to take serious measures to lower you in your own opinion, by reducing you to your proper station in society."

"And that," added Lilias, "would be best done by turning him out the same beggar's brat that your ladyship took him in."

"Lilias speaks too rudely," continued the Lady, "but she has spoken the truth, young man; nor do I think I ought to spare that pride which hath so completely turned your head. You have been tricked up with fine garments, and treated like the son of a gentleman, until you have forgot the fountain of your churlish blood."

"Craving your pardon, most honourable madam, Lilias hath *not* spoken truth, nor does your ladyship know aught of my descent, which should entitle you to treat it with such decided scorn. I am no beggar's brat—my grandmother begged from no one, here nor elsewhere—she would have perished sooner on the bare moor. We were harried out and driven from our home—a chance which happed elsewhere, and to others. Avenel Castle, with its lake and its towers, was not at all times able to protect its inhabitants from want and desolation."

"Hear but his assurance!" said Lilias, "he upbraids my Lady with the distresses of her family!"

"It had indeed been a theme more gratefully

aid the Lady, affected nevertheless with the

ı necessary, madam, for my vindication,"
ige, "or I had not even hinted at a word
it give you pain. But believe honoured
n of no churls' blood. My proper descent
it; but my only relation has said, and my
echoed it back and attested the truth, that I
ıg of gentle blood, and deserve gentle

)on an assurance so vague as this," said the
) you propose to expect all the regard, all
ges, befitting high rank and distinguished
become a contender for concessions which
ue to the noble? Go to, sir, know yourself,
ster of the household shall make you know
ble to the scourge as a malapert boy. You
d too little the discipline fit for your age and

ıaster of the household shall taste of my
e I taste of his discipline," said the page,
/ to his restrained passion. "Lady, I have
ong the vassal of a pantoufle, and the slave
whistle. You must henceforth find some
ıswer your call; and let him be of birth and
n enough to brook the scorn of your menials,
l a church vassal his master."
deserved this insult," said the Lady, colour-
, "for so long enduring and fostering your
Begone, sir. Leave this castle to-night—
l you the means of subsistence till you find
est mode of support, though I fear your
grandeur will be above all others, save
ıpine and violence. Begone, sir, and see my
ore."
ze threw himself at her feet in an agony of
My dear and honoured mistress"—he said,
nable to bring out another syllable.
sir," said the Lady, "and let go my man-
:risy is a poor cloak for ingratitude."
ncapable of either, madam," said the page,
up with the hasty start of passion which
o his rapid and impetuous temper. "Think
it to implore permission to reside here; it has
my determination to leave Avenel, and I
forgive myself for having permitted you to
ord *begone*, ere I said, 'I leave you.' I did
to ask your forgiveness for an ill-considered
in the height of displeasure, but which ill
y mouth, as addressed to you. Other grace
ıot—you have done much for me—but I
it you better know what you yourself have
ı what I have suffered."
l," said the Lady, somewhat appeased, and
:owards her favourite, "you had me to ap-
en you were aggrieved. You were neither
n to suffer wrong, nor entitled to resent it,
were under my protection."
'hat," said the youth, "if I sustained wrong
e you loved and favoured, was I to disturb
) with idle tale-bearings and eternal com-
No, madam; I have borne my own burden
and without disturbing you with murmurs;
espect which you accuse me of wanting,
the only reason why I have neither ap-
you, nor taken vengeance at my own hand
ıer far more effectual. It is well, however,
art. I was not born to be a stipendiary,
y his mistress, until ruined by the calum-
hers. May Heaven multiply its choicest
on your honoured head; and, for your sake,
ıat are dear to you!"
ı about to leave the apartment, when the
ed upon him to return. He stood still,
thus addressed him: "It was not my inten-
vould it be just, even in the height of my
e, to dismiss you without the means of sup-
ı this purse of gold."
'e me, Lady," said the boy, "and let me go
h the consciousness that I have not been
to the point of accepting alms. If my poor
ın be placed against the expense of my ap-
my maintenance, I only remain debtor to
' life, and that alone is a debt which I can
never repay; put up then that purse, and only say,
instead, that you do not part from me in anger."

"No, not in anger," said the Lady, "in sorrow rather for your wilfulness; but take the gold—you cannot but need it."

"May God evermore bless you for the kind tone and the kind word! but the gold I cannot take. I am able of body, and do not lack friends so wholly as you may think; for the time may come that I may yet show myself more thankful than by mere words." He threw himself on his knees, kissed the hand which she did not withdraw, and then hastily left the apartment.

Lilias, for a moment or two, kept her eye fixed on her mistress, who looked so unusually pale, that she seemed about to faint; but the Lady instantly recovered herself, and declining the assistance which her attendant offered her, walked to her own apartment.

CHAPTER VI.

> Thou hast each secret of the household, Francis.
> I dare be sworn thou hast been in the buttery
> Steeping thy curious humour in fat ale,
> And in the butler's tattle—ay, or chatting
> With the glib waiting-woman o'er her comfits—
> These bear the key to each domestic mystery.
>
> *Old Play.*

Upon the morrow succeeding the scene we have described, the disgraced favourite left the castle; and at breakfast-time the cautious old steward and Mrs. Lilias sat in the apartment of the latter personage, holding grave converse on the important event of the day, sweetened by a small treat of comfits, to which the providence of Mr. Wingate had added a flask of racy canary.

"He is gone at last," said the abigail, sipping her glass; "and here is to his good journey."

"Amen," answered the steward gravely; "I wish the poor deserted lad no ill."

"And he is gone like a wild-duck, as he came," continued Mrs. Lilias; "no lowering of drawbridges, or pacing along causeways, for him. My master has pushed off in the boat which they call the little Herod, (more shame to them for giving the name of a Christian to wood and iron,) and has rowed himself by himself to the further side of the loch, and off and away with himself, and left all his finery strewed about his room. I wonder who is to clean his trumpery out after him—though the things are worth lifting, too."

"Doubtless, Mrs. Lilias," answered the master of the household; "in the which case, I am free to think, they will not long cumber the floor."

"And now tell me, Mr. Wingate," continued the damsel, "do not the very cockles of your heart rejoice at the house being rid of this upstart whelp, that flung us all into shadow?"

"Why, Mrs. Lilias," replied Wingate, "as to rejoicing—those who have lived as long in great families as has been my lot, will be in no hurry to rejoice at any thing. And for Roland Græme, though he may be a good riddance in the main, yet what says the very sooth proverb, 'Seldom comes a better.'"

"Seldom comes a better, indeed!" echoed Mrs. Lilias. "I say, never can come a worse, or one half so bad. He might have been the ruin of our poor dear mistress," (here she used her kerchief,) "body and soul, and estate too; for she spent more coin on his apparel than on any four servants about the house."

"Mrs. Lilias," said the sage steward, "I do opine that our mistress requireth not this pity at our hands, being in all respects competent to take care of her own body, soul, and estate into the bargain."

"You would not mayhap have said so," answered the waiting-woman, "had you seen how like Lot's wife she looked when young master took his leave. My mistress is a good lady, and a virtuous, and a well-doing lady, and a well-spoken of—but I would not Sir Halbert had seen her last evening for two and a plack."

"Oh, foy! foy! foy!" reiterated the steward; "servants should hear and see, and say nothing. Besides

that, my Lady is utterly devoted to Sir Halbert, as well she may, being, as he is, the most renowned knight in these parts."

"Well, well," said the abigail, "I mean no more harm; but they that seek least renown abroad, are most apt to find quiet at home, that's all; and my Lady's lonesome situation is to be considered, that made her fain to take up with the first beggar's brat that a dog brought her out of the loch."

"And, therefore," said the steward, "I say, rejoice not too much, or too hastily, Mrs. Lilias; for if your Lady wished a favourite to pass away the time, depend upon it, the time will not pass lighter now that he is gone. So she will have another favourite to choose for herself, and be assured, if she wishes such a toy she will not lack one."

"And where should she choose one, but among her own tried and faithful servants," said Mrs. Lilias; "who have broken her bread, and drank her drink, for so many years? I have known many a lady as high as she, that never thought either of a friend or favourite beyond their own waiting-woman—always having a proper respect, at the same time, for their old and faithful master of the household, Mr. Wingate."

"Truly, Mrs. Lilias," replied the steward, "I do partly see the mark at which you shoot, but I doubt your bolt will fall short. Matters being with our Lady as it likes you to suppose, it will neither be your crimped pinners, Mrs. Lilias, (speaking of them with due respect,) nor my silver hair, or golden chain, that will fill up the void which Roland Græme must needs leave in our Lady's leisure. There will be a learned young divine with some new doctrine—a learned leech with some new drug—a bold cavalier, who will not be refused the favour of wearing her colours at a running at the ring—a cunning harper that could harp the heart out of woman's breast, as they say Signor David Rizzio did to our poor Queen;—these are the sort of folk who supply the loss of a well-favoured favourite, and not an old steward, or a middle-aged waiting-woman."

"Well," replied Lilias, "you have experience, Master Wingate, and truly I would my master would leave off his pricking hither and thither, and look better after the affairs of his household. There will be a papistrie among us next, for what should I see among master's clothes but a string of gold beads? I promise you, *aves* and *credos* both!—I seized on them like a falcon."

"I doubt it not, I doubt it not," said the steward, sagaciously nodding his head; "I have often noticed that the boy had strange observances which savoured of popery, and that he was very jealous to conceal them. But you will find the Catholic under the Presbyterian cloak as often as the knave under the friar's hood—what then? we are all mortal.—Right proper beads they are," he added, looking attentively at them, "and may weigh four ounces of fine gold."

"And I will have them melted down presently," she said, "before they be the misguiding of some poor blinded soul."

"Very cautious, indeed, Mrs. Lilias," said the steward, nodding his head in assent.

"I will have them made," said Mrs. Lilias, "into a pair of shoe-buckles; I would not wear the Pope's trinkets, or whatever has once borne the shape of them, one inch above my instep, were they diamonds instead of gold—But this is what has come of Father Ambrose coming about the castle, as demure as a cat that is about to steal cream."

"Father Ambrose is our master's brother," said the steward, gravely.

"Very true, Master Wingate," replied the dame; "but is that a good reason why he should pervert the King's liege subjects to papistrie?"

"Heaven forbid, Mrs. Lilias," answered the sententious major-domo; "but yet there are worse folk than the papists."

"I wonder where they are to be found," said the waiting-woman, with some asperity; "but I believe, Master Wingate, if one were to speak to you about the devil himself, you would say there were worse people than Satan."

"Assuredly I might say so," replied the steward, "supposing that I saw Satan standing at my elbow."

The waiting-woman started, and having exclaimed, "God bless us!" added, "I wonder, Mr. Wingate, you can take pleasure in frightening one thus."

"Nay, Mrs. Lilias, I had no such purpose," was the reply; "but look you here—the papists are put down for the present, but who knows how long this word *present* will last? There are two great popish earls in the north of England, that abominate the very word reformation; I mean the Northumberland and Westmoreland Earls, men of power enough to shake any throne in Christendom. Then, though our Scottish King be, God bless him, a true Protestant, yet he is but a boy; and here is his mother that was our Queen—I trust there is no harm to say God bless her too—and she is a Catholic; and many begin to think she has had but hard measure, such as the Hamiltons in the west, and some of our Border clans here, and the Gordons in the north, who are all wishing to see a new world; and if such a new world should chance to come up, it is like that the Queen will take back her own crown, and that the mass and the cross will come up, and then down go pulpits, Geneva gowns, and black silk skull-caps."

"And have you, Mr. Jasper Wingate, who have heard the word, and listened unto pure and precious Mr. Henry Warden, have you, I say the patience to speak, or but to think, of popery coming down on us like a storm, or of the woman Mary again making the royal seat of Scotland a throne of abomination? No marvel that you are so civil to the cowled monk, Father Ambrose, when he comes hither with his downcast eyes that he never raises to my Lady's face, and with his low sweet-toned voice, and his benedicites and his benisons; and who so ready to take them kindly as Mr. Wingate?"

"Mrs. Lilias," replied the butler, with an air which was intended to close the debate, "there are reasons for all things. If I received Father Ambrose debonairly, and suffered him to steal a word now and then with this same Roland Græme, it was not that I cared a brass bodle for his benison or malison either, but only because I respected my master's blood. And who can answer, if Mary come in again, whether he may not be as stout a tree to lean to as ever his brother hath proved to us? For down goes the Earl of Murray when the Queen comes by her own again; and good is his luck if he can keep the head on his own shoulders. And down goes our Knight with the Earl, his patron; and who so like to mount into his empty saddle as this same Father Ambrose? The Pope of Rome can soon dispense with his vows, and then we should have Sir Edward the soldier, instead of Ambrose the priest."

Anger and astonishment kept Mrs. Lilias silent, while her old friend, in his self-complacent manner, was making known to her his political speculations. At length her resentment found utterance in words of great ire and scorn. "What, Master Wingate! have you eaten my mistress's bread, to say nothing of my master's, so many years, that you could live to think of her being dispossessed of her own Castle of Avenel by a wretched monk, who is not a drop's blood to her in the way of relation? I, that am but a woman, would try first whether my rock or his cowl were the better metal. Shame on you, Master Wingate! If I had not held you as so old an acquaintance, this should have gone to my Lady's ears, though I had been called pickthank and tale-pyet for my pains, as when I told of Roland Græme shooting the wild swan."

Master Wingate was somewhat dismayed at perceiving that the detail which he had given of his far-sighted political views had produced on his hearer rather suspicion of his fidelity than admiration of his wisdom, and endeavoured, as hastily as possible, to apologize and to explain, although internally extremely offended at the unreasonable view, as he deemed it, which it had pleased Mistress Lilias Bradbourne to take of his expressions; and mentally convinced, that her disapprobation of his sentiments arose solely out of the consideration, that though Father Ambrose, supposing him to become the master of the castle, would certainly require the services

of a steward, yet those of a waiting-woman would, in the supposed circumstances, be altogether superfluous.

After his explanation had been received as explanations usually are, the two friends separated; Lilias to attend the silver whistle which called her to her mistress's chamber, and the sapient major-domo to the duties of his own department. They parted with less than their usual degree of reverence and regard; for the steward felt that his worldly wisdom was rebuked by the more disinterested attachment of the waiting-woman, and Mistress Lilias Bradbourne was compelled to consider her old friend as something little better than a time-server.

CHAPTER VII.

When I hae a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I get credit in ilka town;
But when I am poor, they bid me gae by—
O poverty parts good company!

Old Song.

While the departure of the page afforded subject for the conversation which we have detailed in our last chapter, the late favourite was far advanced on his solitary journey, without well knowing what was its object, or what was likely to be its end. He had rowed the skiff in which he left the castle, to the side of the lake most distant from the village, with the desire of escaping from the notice of the inhabitants. His pride whispered, that he would be, in his discarded state, only the subject of their wonder and compassion; and his generosity told him, that any mark of sympathy which his situation should excite, might be unfavourably reported at the castle. A trifling incident convinced him he had little to fear for his friends on the latter score. He was met by a young man some years older than himself, who had on former occasions been but too happy to be permitted to share in his sports in the subordinate character of his assistant. Ralph Fisher approached to greet him, with all the alacrity of an humble friend.

"What, Master Roland, abroad on this side, and without either hawk or hound?"

"Hawk or hound," said Roland, "I will never perhaps halloo to again. I have been dismissed—that is, I have left the castle."

Ralph was surprised. "What! you are to pass into the Knight's service, and take the black jack and the lance?"

"Indeed," replied Roland Græme, "I am not—I am now leaving the service of Avenel for ever."

"And whither are you going, then?" said the young peasant.

"Nay, that is a question which it craves time to answer—I have that matter to determine yet," replied the disgraced favourite.

"Nay, nay," said Ralph, "I warrant you it is the same to you which way you go—my Lady would not dismiss you till she had put some lining into the pouches of your doublet."

"Sordid slave!" said Roland Græme, "dost thou think I would have accepted a boon from one who was giving me over a prey to detraction and to ruin, at the instigation of a canting priest and a meddling serving-woman? The bread that I had bought with such an alms would have choked me at the first mouthful."

Ralph looked at his quondam friend with an air of wonder not unmixed with contempt. "Well," he said, at length, "no occasion for passion—each man knows his own stomach best—but, were I on a black moor at this time of day, not knowing whither I was going, I should be glad to have a broad piece or two in my pouch, come by them as I could.—But perhaps you will go with me to my father's—that is, for a night, for to-morrow we expect my uncle Menelaus and all his folk; but, as I said, for one night"——

The cold-blooded limitation of the offered shelter to one night only, and that tendered most unwillingly, offended the pride of the discarded favourite.

"I would rather sleep on the fresh heather, as I have done many a night on less occasion," said Roland Græme, "than in the smoky garret of your father, that smells of peat-smoke and usquebaugh like a Highlander's plaid."

"You may choose, my master, if you are so nice," replied Ralph Fisher; "you may be glad to smell a peat-fire, and usquebaugh too, if you journey long in the fashion you propose. You might have said God-a-mercy for your proffer, though—it is not every one will put themselves in the way of ill-will by harbouring a discarded serving-man."

"Ralph," said Roland Græme, "I would pray you to remember that I have switched you before now, and this is the same riding-wand which you have tasted."

Ralph, who was a thickset clownish figure, arrived at his full strength, and conscious of the most complete personal superiority, laughed contemptuously at the threats of the slight-made stripling.

"It may be the same wand," he said, "but not the same hand; and that is as good rhyme as if it were in a ballad. Look you, my Lady's page, that was, when your switch was up, it was no fear of you, but of your betters, that kept mine down—and I wot not what hinders me from clearing old scores with this hazel rung, and showing you it was your Lady's livery-coat which I spared, and not your flesh and blood, Master Roland."

In the midst of his rage, Roland Græme was just wise enough to see, that by continuing this altercation, he would subject himself to very rude treatment from the boor, who was so much older and stronger than himself; and while his antagonist, with a sort of jeering laugh of defiance, seemed to provoke the contest, he felt the full bitterness of his own degraded condition, and burst into a passion of tears, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal with both his hands.

Even the rough churl was moved with the distress of his quondam companion.

"Nay, Master Roland," he said, "I did but as 'twere jest with thee—I would not harm thee, man, were it but for old acquaintance sake. But ever look to a man's inches ere you talk of switching—why, thine arm, man, is but like a spindle compared to mine.—But hark, I hear old Adam Woodcock halloo-ing to his hawk—Come along, man, we will have a merry afternoon, and go jollily to my father's, in spite of the peat-smoke and usquebaugh to boot. Maybe we may put you into some honest way of winning your bread, though it's hard to come by in these broken times."

The unfortunate page made no answer, nor did he withdraw his hands from his face, and Fisher continued in what he imagined a suitable tone of comfort.

"Why, man, when you were my Lady's minion, men held you proud, and some thought you a papist, and I wot not what; and so, now that you have no one to bear you out, you must be companionable and hearty, and wait on the minister's examinations, and put these things out of folk's head; and if he says you are in fault, you must jouk your head to the stream; and if a gentleman, or a gentleman's gentleman, gives you a rough word, or a light blow, you must only say, thank you for dusting my doublet, or the like, as I have done by you.—But hark to Woodcock's whistle again. Come, and I will teach you all the trick on't as we go on."

"I thank you," said Roland Græme, endeavouring to assume an air of indifference and of superiority; "but I have another path before me, and were it otherwise, I could not tread in yours."

"Very true, Master Roland," replied the clown, "and every man knows his own matters best, and so I will not keep you from the path, as you say. Give us a grip of your hand, man, for auld lang syne.—What! not clap palms ere we part?—well, so be it—a wilful man will have his way, and so, farewell, and the blessing of the morning to you."

"Good-morrow—good-morrow," said Roland, hastily; and the clown walked lightly off, whistling as he went, and glad, apparently, to be rid of an acquaintance, whose claims might be troublesome, and who had no longer the means to be serviceable to him.

Roland Græme compelled himself to walk on while they were within sight of each other, that his former intimate might not augur any vacillation of purpose

or uncertainty of object, from his remaining on the same spot; but the effort was a painful one. He seemed stunned, as it were, and giddy; the earth on which he stood felt as if unsound, and quaking under his feet like the surface of a bog; and he had once or twice nearly fallen, though the path he trode was of firm greensward. He kept resolutely moving forward, in spite of the internal agitation to which these symptoms belonged, until the distant form of his acquaintance disappeared behind the slope of a hill, when his heart failed at once; and, sitting down on the turf, remote from human ken, he gave way to the natural expressions of wounded pride, grief, and fear, and wept with unrestrained profusion and unqualified bitterness.

When the first violent paroxysm of his feelings had subsided, the deserted and friendless youth felt that mental relief which usually follows such discharges of sorrow. The tears continued to chase each other down his cheeks, but they were no longer accompanied by the same sense of desolation; an afflicting yet milder sentiment was awakened in his mind, by the recollection of his benefactress, of the unwearied kindness which had attached her to him, in spite of many acts of provoking petulance, now recollected as offences of a deep dye, which had protected him against the machinations of others, as well as against the consequences of his own folly, and would have continued to do so, had not the excess of his presumption compelled her to withdraw her protection.

"Whatever indignity I have borne," he said, "has been the just reward of my own ingratitude. And have I done well to accept the hospitality, the more than maternal kindness, of my protectress, yet to detain from her the knowledge of my religion?—but she shall know that a Catholic has as much gratitude as a puritan—that I have been thoughtless, but not wicked—that in my wildest moments I have loved, respected, and honoured her—and that the orphan boy might indeed be heedless, but was never ungrateful!"

He turned, as these thoughts passed through his mind, and began hastily to retread his footsteps towards the castle. But he checked the first eagerness of his repentant haste, when he reflected on the scorn and contempt with which the family were likely to see the return of the fugitive, humbled, as they must necessarily suppose him, into a supplicant, who requested pardon for his fault, and permission to return to his service. He slackened his pace, but he stood not still.

"I care not," he resolutely determined; "let them wink, point, nod, sneer, speak of the conceit which is humbled, of the pride which has had a fall—I care not; it is a penance due to my folly, and I will endure it with patience. But if she also, my benefactress, if she also should think me sordid and weak-spirited enough to beg, not for her pardon alone, but for a renewal of the advantages which I derived from her favour—*her* suspicion of my meanness I cannot—I will not brook."

He stood still, and his pride, rallying with constitutional obstinacy against his more just feeling, urged that he would incur the scorn of the Lady of Avenel, rather than obtain her favour, by following the course which the first ardour of his repentant feelings had dictated to him.

"If I had but some plausible pretext," he thought, "some ostensible reason for my return, some excuse to allege which might show I came not as a degraded supplicant, or a discarded menial, I might go thither—but as I am, I cannot—my heart would leap from its place and burst."

As these thoughts swept through his mind, something passed in the air so near him as to dazzle his eyes, and almost to brush the plume in his cap. He looked up—it was the favourite falcon of Sir Halbert, which, flying around his head, seemed to claim his attention, as that of a well-known friend. Roland extended his arm, and gave the accustomed whoop, and the falcon instantly settled on his wrist, and began to prune itself, glancing at the youth from time to time an acute and brilliant beam of its hazel eye, which seemed to ask why he caressed it not with his usual fondness.

"Ah, Diamond!" he said, as if the bird understood him, "thou and I must be strangers henceforward. Many a gallant stoop have I seen thee make, and many a brave heron strike down; but that is all gone and over, and there is no hawking more for me!"

"And why not, Master Roland," said Adam Woodcock the falconer, who came at that instant from behind a few alder bushes which had concealed him from view, "why should there be no more hawking for you? Why, man, what were our life without our sports?—thou know'st the jolly old song—

'And rather would Allan in dungeon lie,
Than live at large where the falcon cannot fly;
And Allan would rather lie in Sexton's pound,
Than live where he follow'd not the merry hawk and
hound.'"

The voice of the falconer was hearty and friendly, and the tone in which he half-sung, half-recited his rude ballad, implied honest frankness and cordiality. But remembrance of their quarrel, and its consequences, embarrassed Roland, and prevented his reply. The falconer saw his hesitation, and guessed the cause.

"What now," said he, "Master Roland? Do you, who are half an Englishman, think that I, who am a whole one, would keep up anger against you, and you in distress? That were like some of the Scots (my master's reverence always excepted,) who can be fair and false, and wait their time, and keep their mind, as they say, to themselves, and touch pot and flagon with you, and hunt and hawk with you, and, after all, when time serves, pay off some old feud with the point of the dagger. Canny Yorkshire has no memory for such old sores. Why, man, an you had hit me a rough blow, maybe I would rather have taken it from you, than a rough word from another; for you have a good notion of falconry, though you stand up for washing the meat for the eyasses. So give us your hand, man, and bear no malice."

Roland, though he felt his proud blood rebel at the familiarity of honest Adam's address, could not resist its downright frankness. Covering his face with the one hand, he held out the other to the falconer, and returned with readiness his friendly grasp.

"Why, this is hearty now," said Woodcock; "I always said you had a kind heart, though you have a spice of the devil in your disposition, that is certain. I came this way with the falcon on purpose to find you, and yon half-bred lubbard told me which way you took flight. You ever thought too much of that kestril-kite, Master Roland, and he knows naught of sport, after all, but what he caught from you. I saw how it had been betwixt you, and I sent him out of my company with a wanion—I would rather have a rifler on my perch than a false knave at my elbow—and now, Master Roland, tell me what way wing ye?"

"That is as God pleases," replied the page, with a sigh which he could not suppress.

"Nay, man, never droop a feather for being cast off," said the falconer; "who knows but you may soar the better and fairer flight for all this yet? Look at Diamond there, 'tis a noble bird, and shows gallantly with his hood and bells and jesses; but there is many a wild falcon in Norway that would not change properties with him—And that is what I would say of you. You are no longer my Lady's page, and you will not clothe so fair, or feed so well, or sleep so soft, or show so gallant—What of all that? if you are not her page, you are your own man, and may go were you will, without minding whoop or whistle. The worst is the loss of the sport, but who knows what you may come to? They say that Sir Halbert himself, I speak with reverence, was once glad to be the Abbot's forester, and now he has hounds and hawks of his own and Adam Woodcock for a falconer to the boot."

"You are right, and say well, Adam," answered the youth, the blood mantling in his cheeks, "the falcon will soar higher without his bells than with them, though the bells be made of silver."

"That is cheerily spoken," replied the falconer; "and whither now?"

"I thought of going to the Abbey of Kennaquhair," answered Roland Græme, "to ask the counsel of Father Ambrose."

"And joy go with you," said the falconer, "though it is likely you may find the old monks in some sorrow; they say the commons are threatening to turn them out of their cells, and make a devil's mass of it in the old church, thinking they have forborne that sport too long; and troth I am clear of the same opinion."

"Then will Father Ambrose be the better of having a friend beside him!" said the page, manfully.

"Ay, but, my young fearnaught," replied the falconer, "the friend will scarce be the better of being beside Father Ambrose—he may come by the redder's lick, and that is ever the worst of the battle?"

"I care not for that," said the page; "the dread of a lick should not hold me back; but I fear I may bring trouble between the brothers by visiting Father Ambrose. I will tarry to-night at Saint Cuthbert's cell, where the old priest will give me a night's shelter; and I will send to Father Ambrose to ask his advice before I go down to the convent."

"By Our Lady," said the falconer, "and that is a likely plan!—And now," he continued, changing his frankness of manner for a sort of awkward embarassment, as if he had somewhat to say that he had no ready means to bring out—"and now, you wot well that I wear a pouch for my hawk's meat,* and so forth, but wot ye what it is lined with, Master Roland?"

"With leather, to be sure," replied Roland, somewhat surprised at the hesitation with which Adam Woodcock asked a question apparently so simple.

"With leather, lad?" said Woodcock; "ay, and with silver to the boot of that. See here," he said, showing a secret slit in the lining of his bag of office—here they are, thirty good Harry groats as ever were struck in bluff old Hal's time, and ten of them are right heartily at your service; and now the murder is out."

Roland's first idea was to refuse this assistance; but he recollected the vows of humility which he had just taken upon him, and it occurred that this was the opportunity to put his new-formed resolution to the test. Assuming a strong command of himself, he answered Adam Woodcock with as much frankness as his nature permitted him to wear, in doing what was so contrary to his inclinations, that he accepted thankfully of his kind offer, while, to soothe his own reviving pride, he could not help adding, "he hoped soon to requite the obligation."

"That as you list—that as you list, young man," said the falconer, with glee, counting out and delivering to his young friend the supply he had so generously offered, and then adding with great cheerfulness,—"Now you may go through the world; for he that can back a horse, wind a horn, halloo a greyhound, fly a hawk, and play at sword and buckler, with a whole pair of shoes, a green jacket, and ten lily-white groats in his pouch, may bid father Care hang himself in his own jesses. Farewell, and God be with you!"

So saying, and as if desirous to avoid the thanks of his companion, he turned hastily round, and left Roland Græme to pursue his journey alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

The sacred taper's lights are gone,
Gray moss has clad the altar stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,
The bell has ceased to toll.
The long-ribbed aisles are burst and shrunk,
The holy shrines to ruin sunk,
Departed is the pious monk,
God's blessing on his soul!

Rediviva.

The Cell of Saint Cuthbert, as it was called, marked, or was supposed to mark, one of those resting-places which that venerable saint was pleased to assign to his monks, when his convent, being driven from Lindisfern by the Danes, became a peripatetic society of religionists, and, bearing their patron's body on their shoulders, transported him from place to place through Scotland and the borders of England, until he was pleased at length to spare them the pain of carrying him farther, and to choose his ultimate place of rest in the lordly towers of Durham. The odour of his sanctity remained behind him at each place where he had granted the monks a transient respite from their labours; and proud were those who could assign, as his temporary resting-place, any spot within their vicinity. There were few cells more celebrated and honoured than that of Saint Cuthbert, to which Roland Græme now bent his way, situated considerably to the north-west of the great Abbey of Kennaquhair, on which it was dependent. In the neighbourhood were some of those recommendations which weighed with the experienced priesthood of Rome, in choosing their sites for places of religion.

There was a well, possessed of some medicinal qualities, which, of course, claimed the saint for its guardian and patron, and occasionally produced some advantage to the recluse who inhabited his cell, since none could reasonably expect to benefit by the fountain who did not extend their bounty to the saint's chaplain. A few roods of fertile land afforded the monk his plot of garden ground; an eminence well clothed with trees rose behind the cell, and sheltered it from the north and the east, while the front, opening to the south-west, looked up a wild but pleasant valley, down which wandered a lively brook, which battled with every stone that interrupted its passage.

The cell itself was rather plainly than rudely constructed—a low Gothic building with two small apartments, one of which served the priest for his dwelling-place, the other for his chapel. As there were few of the secular clergy who durst venture to reside so near the border, the assistance of this monk in spiritual affairs had not been useless to the community, while the Catholic religion retained the ascendency; as he could marry, christen, and administer the other sacraments of the Roman church. Of late, however, as the protestant doctrines gained ground, he had found it convenient to live in close retirement, and to avoid, as much as possible, drawing upon himself observation or animadversion. The appearance of his habitation, however, when Roland Græme came before it in the close of the evening, plainly showed that his caution had been finally ineffectual.

The page's first movement was to knock at the door, when he observed, to his surprise, that it was open, not from being left unlatched, but because, beat off its upper hinge, it was only fastened to the door-post by the lower, and could therefore no longer perform its functions. Somewhat alarmed at this, and receiving no answer when he knocked and called, Roland began to look more at leisure upon the exterior of the little dwelling, before he ventured to enter it. The flowers, which had been trained with care against the walls, seemed to have been recently torn down, and trailed their dishonoured garlands on the earth; the latticed window was broken and dashed in. The garden, which the monk had maintained by his constant labour in the highest order and beauty, bore marks of having been lately trod down and destroyed by the hoofs of animals and the feet of men.

The sainted spring had not escaped. It was wont to rise beneath a canopy of ribbed arches, with which the devotion of elder times had secured and protected its healing waters. These arches were now almost entirely demolished, and the stones of which they were built were tumbled into the well, as if for the purpose of choking up and destroying the fountain, which, as it had shared in other days the honour of the saint, was, in the present, doomed to partake his unpopularity. Part of the roof had been pulled down from the house itself, and an attempt had been made with crows and levers upon one of the angles, by which several large corner-stones had been forced out of their place; but the solidity of ancient mason-work had proved too great for the time or patience of the assailants, and they had relinquished their task of

* This same bag, like every thing belonging to falconry, was esteemed an honourable distinction, and worn often by the nobility and gentry. One of the Somervilles of Camnethan was called *Sir John with the red bag*, because it was his wont to wear a *hawking pouch covered with satin of that colour.*

destruction. Such dilapidated buildings, after the lapse of years, during which nature has gradually covered the effects of violence with creeping plants, and with weather-stains, exhibit, amid their decay, a melancholy beauty. But when the visible effects of violence appear raw and recent, there is no feeling to mitigate the sense of devastation with which they impress the spectators; and such was now the scene on which the youthful page gazed, with the painful feelings it was qualified to excite.

When his first momentary surprise was over, Roland Græme was at no loss to conjecture the cause of these ravages. The destruction of the Popish edifices did not take place at once throughout Scotland, but at different times, and according to the spirit which actuated the reformed clergy, some of whom instigated their hearers to these acts of demolition, and others, with better taste and feeling, endeavoured to protect the ancient shrines, while they desired to see them purified from the objects which had attracted idolatrous devotion. From time to time, therefore, the populace of the Scottish towns and villages, when instigated either by their own feelings of abhorrence for Popish superstition, or by the doctrines of the more zealous preachers, resumed the work of destruction, and exercised it upon some sequestered church, chapel, or cell, which had escaped the first burst of their indignation against the religion of Rome. In many places, the vices of the Catholic clergy, arising out of the wealth and the corruption of that tremendous hierarchy, furnished too good an apology for wreaking vengeance upon the splendid edifices which they inhabited; and of this an old Scottish historian gives a remarkable instance.

"Why mourn ye," said an aged matron, seeing the discontent of some of the citizens, while a stately convent was burnt by the multitude,—"why mourn ye for its destruction? If you knew half the flagitious wickedness which has been perpetrated within that house, you would rather bless the divine judgment, which permits not even the senseless walls that screened such profligacy, any longer to cumber Christian ground!"

But although, in many instances, the destruction of the Roman Catholic buildings might be, in the matron's way of judging, an act of justice, and in others an act of policy, there is no doubt that the humour of demolishing monuments of ancient piety and munificence, and that in a poor country like Scotland, where there was no chance of their being replaced, was both useless, mischievous, and barbarous.

In the present instance, the unpretending and quiet seclusion of the monk of St. Cuthbert's had hitherto saved him from the general wreck; but it would seem ruin had now at length reached him. Anxious to discover if he had at least escaped personal harm, Roland Græme entered the half-ruined cell.

The interior of the building was in a state which fully justified the opinion he had formed from its external injuries. The few rude utensils of the solitary's hut were broken down, and lay scattered on the floor, where it seemed as if a fire had been made with some of the fragments to destroy the rest of his property, and to consume, in particular, the rude old image of St. Cuthbert, in its episcopal habit, which lay on the hearth like Dagon of yore, shattered with the axe and scorched with the flames, but only partially destroyed. In the little apartment which served as a chapel, the altar was overthrown, and the four huge stones of which it had been once composed lay scattered around the floor. The large stone crucifix which occupied the niche behind the altar, and fronted the supplicant while he paid his devotion there, had been pulled down, and dashed by its own weight into three fragments. There were marks of sledge-hammers on each of these; yet the image had been saved from utter demolition by the size and strength of the remaining fragments, which, though much injured, retained enough of the original sculpture to show what it had been intended to represent.*

Roland Græme, secretly nursed in the tenets of Rome, saw with horror the profanation of the most sacred emblem, according to his creed, of our holy religion.

"It is the badge of our redemption," he said, "which the felons have dared to violate—would to God my weak strength were able to replace it—my humble reverence, to atone for the sacrilege!"

He stooped to the task he first meditated, and with a sudden, and to himself almost an incredible exertion of power, he lifted up the one extremity of the lower shaft of the cross, and rested it upon the edge of the large stone which served for its pedestal. Encouraged by this success, he applied his force to the other extremity, and, to his own astonishment, succeeded so far as to erect the lower end of the limb into the socket, out of which it had been forced, and to place this fragment of the image upright.

While he was employed in this labour, or rather at the very moment when he had accomplished the elevation of the fragment, a voice, in thrilling and well-known accents, spoke behind him these words:—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant! Thus would I again meet the child of my love—the hope of my aged eyes."

Roland turned round in astonishment, and the tall commanding form of Magdalen Græme stood beside him. She was arrayed in a sort of loose habit, in form like that worn by penitents in Catholic countries, but black in colour, and approaching as near to a pilgrim's cloak as it was safe to wear in a country where the suspicion of Catholic devotion in many places endangered the safety of those who were suspected of attachment to the ancient faith. Roland Græme threw himself at her feet. She raised and embraced him, with affection indeed, but not unmixed with gravity which amounted almost to sternness.

"Thou hast kept well," she said, "the bird in thy bosom.* As a boy, as a youth, thou hast held fast thy faith among heretics—thou hast kept thy secret and mine own amongst thine enemies. I wept when I parted from you—I, who seldom weep, then shed tears, less for thy death, than for thy spiritual danger—I dared not even see thee to bid thee a last farewel—my grief, my swelling grief, had betrayed me to these heretics. But thou hast been faithful—down, down on thy knees before the holy sign, which evil men injure and blaspheme; down, and praise saints and angels for the grace they have done thee, in preserving thee from the leprous plague which cleaves to the house in which thou wert nurtured!"

"If, my mother—so I must ever call you," replied Græme,—"if I am returned such as thou wouldst wish me, thou must thank the care of the pious father Ambrose, whose instructions confirmed your early precepts, and taught me at once to be faithful and to be silent."

"Be he blessed for it!" said she, "blessed in the cell and in the field, in the pulpit and at the altar—the saints rain blessings on him!—they are just, and employ his pious care to counteract the evils which his detested brother works against the realm and the church. But he knew not of thy lineage?"

"I could not myself tell him that," answered Roland. "I knew but darkly from your words, that Sir Halbert Glendinning holds mine inheritance, and that I am of blood as noble as runs in the veins of any Scottish Baron—these are things not to be for-

* I may here observe, that this is entirely an ideal scene. Saint Cuthbert, a person of established sanctity, had, no doubt, several places of worship on the Borders, where he flourished whilst living; but Tillmouth Chapel is the only one which bears some resemblance to the hermitage described in the text. It has, indeed a well, famous for gratifying three wishes for every worshipper who shall quaff the fountain with sufficient belief in its efficacy. At this spot the saint is said to have landed in his stone coffin, in which he sailed down the Tweed from Melrose, and here the stone coffin long lay, in evidence of the fact. The late Sir Francis Blake Delaval is said to have taken the exact measure of the coffin, and to have ascertained, by hydrostatic principles, that it might have actually swum. A profane farmer in the neighbourhood announced his intention of converting this last bed of the Saint into a trough for his swine; but the profanation was rendered impossible, either by the Saint, or by some pious votary in his behalf, for on the following morning the stone sarcophagus was found broken in two fragments.

Tillmouth Chapel, with these points of resemblance, lies, however, in exactly the opposite direction as regards Melrose, which the supposed cell of Saint Cuthbert is said to have borne towards Kennaquhair.

* An expression used by Sir Ralph Percy, slain in the battle of Hedgely-moor in 1464, when dying to express his having preserved unstained his fidelity to the House of Lancaster.

gotten, but for the explanation I must now look to you."

"And when time suits, thou shalt not ask for it in vain. But men say, my son, that thou art bold and sudden; and those who bear such tempers are not lightly o be trusted with what will strongly move them."

"Say rather, my mother," returned Roland Græme, 'that I am laggard and cold-blooded—what patience or endurance can you require of which *he* is not capable, who for years has heard his religion ridiculed and nsulted, yet failed to plunge his dagger into the blasphemer's bosom!"

"Be contented, my child," replied Magdalen Græme; the time, which then and even now demands patience, will soon ripen to that of effort and action—reat events are on the wing, and thou—thou shalt iave thy share in advancing them.—Thou hast relinquished the service of the Lady of Avenel?"

"I have been dismissed from it, my mother—I have ved to be dismissed, as if I were the meanest of the rain."

"It is the better, my child," replied she; "thy mind vill be the more hardened to undertake that which nust be performed."

"Let it be nothing, then, against the Lady of Avenel," said the page, "as thy look and words seem to nply. I have eaten her bread—I have experienced er favour—I will neither injure nor betray her."

"Of that, hereafter, my son," said she; "but learn nis, that it is not for thee to capitulate in thy duty, nd to say this will I do, and that will I leave undone -No, Roland! God and man will no longer abide the vickedness of this generation.—Seest thou these agments—knowest thou what they represent?—and anst thou think it is for thee to make distinctions mongst a race so accursed by Heaven, that they renounce, violate, blaspheme, and destroy, whatsoever re are commanded to believe in, whatsoever we are ommanded to reverence?"

As she spoke, she bent her head towards the broken nage, with a countenance in which strong resentment and zeal were mingled with an expression of estatic devotion; she raised her left hand aloft as in e act of making a vow, and thus proceeded: "Bear vitness for me, blessed symbol of our salvation, bear vitness, holy saint, within whose violated temple we and, that as it is not for vengeance of my own that y hate pursues these people, so neither, for any vour or earthly affection towards any amongst em, will I withdraw my hand from the plough, hen it shall pass through the devoted furrow! Bear itness, holy saint, once thyself a wanderer and fugire as we are now—bear witness, Mother of Mercy, ueen of Heaven—bear witness, saints and angels!"

In this high strain of enthusiasm she stood, raising r eyes through the fractured roof of the vault, to the ars which now began to twinkle through the pale vilight, while the long gray tresses which hung down er her shoulders waved in the night-breeze, which e chasm and fractured windows admitted freely.

Roland Græme was too much awed by early habits, well as by the mysterious import of her words, to k for further explanation of the purpose she obscurely hinted at. Nor did she farther press him on e subject; for, having concluded her prayer or obstation, by clasping her hands together with solemty, and then signing herself with the cross, she ain addressed her grandson, in a tone more adapted the ordinary business of life.

"Thou must hence," she said, "Roland, thou must nce, but not till morning.—And now, how wilt thou ift for thy night's quarters?—thou hast been more ftly bred than when we were companions in the isty hills of Cumberland and Liddesdale."

"I have at least preserved, my good mother, the bits which I then learned—can lie hard, feed aringly, and think it no hardship. Since I was a anderer with thee on the hills, I have been a hunter, id fisher, and fowler, and each of these is accusmed to sleep freely in a worse shelter than sacrige has left us here."

"Than sacrilege has left us here!" said the matron, peating his words, and pausing on them.—"Most ne, my son; and God's faithful chi[ldren are] worst sheltered, when they lodge in God's own house and the demesne of his blessed saints. We shall sleep cold here, under the night-wind, which whistles through the breaches that heresy has made. They shall lie warmer who made them—ay, and through a long hereafter!"

Notwithstanding the wild and singular expressions of this female, she appeared to retain towards Roland Græme, in a strong degree, that affectionate and sedulous love which women bear to their nurslings, and the children dependent on their care. It seemed as if she would not permit him to do aught for himself which in former days her attention had been used to do for him, and that she considered the tall stripling before her as being equally dependent on her careful attention as when he was the orphan child, who had owed all to her affectionate solicitude.

"What hast thou to eat now?" she said, as, leaving the chapel, they went into the deserted habitation of the priest; "or what means of kindling a fire, to defend thee from this raw and inclement air? Poor child! thou hast made slight provision for a long journey; nor hast thou skill to help thyself by wit, when means are scanty. But Our Lady has placed by thy side one to whom want, in all its forms, is as familiar as plenty and splendour have formerly been. And with want, Roland, come the arts of which she is the inventor."

With an active and officious diligence, which strangely contrasted with her late abstracted and high tone of Catholic devotion, she set about her domestic arrangements for the evening. A pouch, which was hidden under her garment, produced a flint and steel, and from the scattered fragments around (those pertaining to the image of Saint Cuthbert scrupulously excepted) she obtained splinters sufficient to raise a sparkling and cheerful fire on the hearth of the deserted cell.

"And now," she said, "for needful food."

"Think not of it, mother," said Roland, "unless you yourself feel hunger. It is a little thing for me to endure a night's abstinence, and a small atonement for the necessary transgression of the rules of the Church, upon which I was compelled during my stay in the castle."

"Hunger for myself!" answered the matron—"Know, youth, that a mother knows not hunger till that of her child is satisfied." And with affectionate inconsistency, totally different from her usual manner, she added, "Roland you must not fast; you have dispensation: you are young, and to youth, food and sleep are necessaries not to be dispensed with. Husband your strength, my child,—your sovereign, your religion, your country require it. Let age macerate by fast and vigil a body which can only suffer; let youth, in these active times, nourish the limbs and the strength which action requires."

While she thus spoke, the scrip, which had produced the means of striking fire, furnished provision for a meal: of which she herself scarce partook, but anxiously watched her charge, taking a pleasure, resembling that of an epicure, in each morsel which he swallowed, with a youthful appetite which abstinence had rendered unusually sharp. Roland readily obeyed her recommendations, and ate the food which she so affectionately and earnestly placed before him. But she shook her head when invited by him in return to partake of the refreshment her own cares had furnished; and when his solicitude became more pressing, she refused him in a loftier tone of rejection.

"Young man," she said, "you know not to whom, or of what you speak. They to whom Heaven declares its purpose, must merit its communication by mortifying the senses; they have that within which requires not the superfluity of earthly nutriment, which is necessary to those who are without the sphere of the Vision. To them the watch spent in prayer is a refreshing slumber, and the sense of doing the will of Heaven is a richer banquet than the tables of monarchs can spread before them!—But do thou sleep soft, my son," she said, relapsing from the tone of fanaticism into that of maternal affection and tenderness;—"do thou sleep sound, while life is b[illegible]

drowned in the slumbers of the evening. Different is thy duty and mine, and as different the means by which we must qualify and strengthen ourselves to perform it. From thee is demanded strength of body—from me, strength of soul."

When she thus spoke, she prepared with ready address a pallet-couch, composed partly of the dried leaves which had once furnished a bed to the solitary, and the guests who occasionally received his hospitality, and which, neglected by the destroyers of his humble cell, had remained little disturbed in the corner allotted for them. To these her care added some of the vestures which lay torn and scattered on the floor. With a zealous hand she selected all such as appeared to have made any part of the sacerdotal vestments, laying them aside as sacred from ordinary purposes, and with the rest she made, with dexterous promptness, such a bed as a weary man might willingly stretch himself on; and during the time she was preparing it, rejected, even with acrimony, any attempt which the youth made to assist her, or any entreaty which he urged that she should accept of the place of rest for her own use. "Sleep thou," said she, "Roland Græme, sleep thou—the persecuted, the disinherited orphan—the son of an ill-fated mother—sleep thou! I go to pray in the Chapel beside thee."

The manner was too enthusiastically earnest, too obstinately firm, to permit Roland Græme to dispute her will any farther. Yet he felt some shame in giving way to it. It seemed as if she had forgotten the years that had passed away since their parting; and expected to meet, in the tall, indulged, and wilful youth, whom she had recovered, the passive obedience of the child whom she had left in the Castle of Avenel. This did not fail to hurt her grandson's characteristic and constitutional pride. He obeyed, indeed, awed into submission by the sudden recurrence of former subordination, and by feelings of affection and gratitude. Still, however, he felt the yoke.

"Have I relinquished the hawk and the hound," he said, "to become the pupil of her pleasure, as if I were still a child? I, whom even my envious mates allowed to be superior in those exercises which they took most pains to acquire, and which came to me naturally, as if a knowledge of them had been my birthright? This may not, and must not be. I will be no reclaimed sparrow-hawk, who is carried hooded on a woman's wrist, and has his quarry only shown to him when his eyes are uncovered for his flight. I will know her purpose ere it is proposed to me to aid it."

These, and other thoughts, streamed through the mind of Roland Græme; and although wearied with the fatigues of the day, it was long ere he could compose himself to rest.

CHAPTER IX.

Kneel with me—swear it—'tis not in words I trust,
Save when they're fenced with an appeal to Heaven.
Old Play.

After passing the night in that sound sleep for which agitation and fatigue had prepared him, Roland was awakened by the fresh morning air, and by the beams of the rising sun. His first feeling was that of surprise; for, instead of looking forth from a turret window on the waters of the Lake of Avenel, which was the prospect his former apartment afforded, an unlatticed aperture gave him the view of the demolished garden of the banished anchorite. He sate up on his couch of leaves, and arranged in his memory, not without wonder, the singular events of the preceding day, which appeared the more surprising the more he considered them. He had lost the protectress of his youth, and, in the same day, he had recovered the guide and guardian of his childhood. The former deprivation he felt ought to be matter of unceasing regret, and it seemed as if the latter could hardly be the subject of unmixed self-congratulation. He remembered this person, who had stood to him in the relation of a mother, as equally affectionate in her attention, and absolute in her authority. A singular mixture of love and fear attended upon his early remembrances as they were connected with her; and the fear that she might desire to resume the same absolute control over his motions—a fear which her conduct of yesterday did not tend much to dissipate—weighed heavily against the joy of this second meeting.

"She cannot mean," said his rising pride, "to lead and direct me as a pupil, when I am at the age of judging of my own actions?—this she cannot mean, or meaning it, will feel herself strangely deceived."

A sense of gratitude towards the person against whom his heart thus rebelled, checked this course of feeling. He resisted the thoughts which involuntarily arose in his mind, as he would have resisted an actual instigation of the foul fiend; and, to aid him in his struggle, he felt for his beads. But, in his hasty departure from the Castle of Avenel, he had forgotten and left them behind him.

"This is yet worse," he said; "but two things I learned of her under the most deadly charge of secrecy—to tell my beads, and to conceal that I did so; and I have kept my word till now; and when she shall ask me for the rosary, I must say I have forgotten it. Do I deserve she should believe me when I say I have kept the secret of my faith, when I set so light by its symbol?"

He paced the floor in anxious agitation. In fact, his attachment to his faith was of a nature very different from that which animated the enthusiastic matron, but which, notwithstanding, it would have been his last thought to relinquish.

The early charges impressed on him by his grandmother, had been instilled into a mind and memory of a character peculiarly tenacious. Child as he was, he was proud of the confidence reposed in his discretion, and resolved to show that it had not been rashly intrusted to him. At the same time, his resolution was no more than that of a child, and must, necessarily, have gradually faded away under the operation both of precept and example, during his residence at the Castle of Avenel, but for the exhortations of Father Ambrose, who, in his lay estate, had been called Edward Glendinning. This zealous monk had been apprized, by an unsigned letter placed in his hand by a pilgrim, that a child educated in the Catholic faith was now in the Castle of Avenel, perilously situated (so was the scroll expressed) as ever the three children who were cast into the fiery furnace of persecution. The letter threw upon Father Ambrose the fault, should this solitary lamb, unwillingly left within the demesnes of the prowling wolf, become his final prey. There needed no farther exhortation to the monk than the idea that a soul might be endangered, and that a Catholic might become an apostate; and he made his visits more frequent than usual to the Castle of Avenel, lest, through want of the private encouragement and instruction which he always found some opportunity of dispensing, the church should lose a proselyte, and, according to the Romish creed, the devil acquire a soul.

Still these interviews were rare; and though they encouraged the solitary boy to keep his secret and hold fast his religion, they were neither frequent nor long enough to inspire him with any thing beyond a blind attachment to the observances which the priest recommended. He adhered to the forms of his religion, rather because he felt it would be dishonourable to change that of his fathers, than from any rational conviction or sincere belief of its mysterious doctrines. It was a principal part of the distinction which, in his own opinion, singled him out from those with whom he lived, and gave him an additional, though an internal and concealed reason, for contemning those of the household who showed an undisguised dislike of him, and for hardening himself against the instructions of the chaplain, Henry Warden.

"The fanatic preacher," he thought within himself, during some one of the chaplain's frequent discourses against the Church of Rome, "he little knows whose ears are receiving his profane doctrine, and with what contempt and abhorrence they hear his blasphemies against the holy religion, by which kings have been crowned, and for which martyrs have died!"

But in such proud feelings of defiance of heresy, as it was termed, and of its professors, which associated

the Catholic religion with a sense of generous independence, and that of the Protestants with the subjugation of his mind and temper to the direction of Mr. Warden, began and ended the faith of Roland Græme, who, independently of the pride of singularity, sought not to understand, and had no one to expound to him, the peculiarities of the tenets which he professed. His regret, therefore, at missing the rosary which had been conveyed to him through the hands of Father Ambrose, was rather the shame of a soldier who has dropped his cockade, or badge of service, than that of a zealous votary who had forgotten a visible symbol of his religion.

His thoughts on the subject, however, were mortifying, and the more so from apprehension that his negligence must reach the ears of his relative. He felt it could be no one but her who had secretly transmitted these beads to Father Ambrose for his use, and that his carelessness was but an indifferent requital of her kindness.

"Nor will she omit to ask me about them," said he to himself; "for hers is a zeal which age cannot quell; and if she has not quitted her wont, my answer will not fail to incense her."

While he thus communed with himself, Magdalen Græme entered the apartment. "The blessing of the morning on your youthful head my son," she said, with a solemnity of expression which thrilled the youth to the heart, so sad and earnest did the benediction flow from her lips, in a tone where devotion was blended with affection. "And thou hast started thus early from thy couch to catch the first breath of the dawn? But it is not well, my Roland. Enjoy slumber while thou canst; the time is not far behind when the waking eye must be thy portion, as well as mine."

She uttered these words with an affectionate and anxious tone, which showed, that devotional as were the habitual exercises of her mind, the thoughts of her nursling yet bound her to earth with the cords of human affection and passion.

But she abode not long in a mood which she probably regarded as a momentary dereliction of her imaginary high calling—"Come," she said, "youth, up and be doing—It is time that we leave this place."

"And whither do we go?" said the young man; "or what is the object of our journey?"

The matron stepped back, and gazed on him with surprise, not unmingled with displeasure.

"To what purpose such a question?" she said; "is it not enough that I lead the way? Hast thou lived with heretics till thou hast learned to instal the vanity of thine own private judgment in place of due honour and obedience?"

"The time," thought Roland Græme within himself, "is already come when I must establish my freedom, or be a willing thrall for ever—I feel that I must speedily look to it."

She instantly fulfilled his foreboding, by recurring to the theme by which her thoughts seemed most constantly engrossed, although, when she pleased, no one could so perfectly disguise her religion.

"Thy beads, my son—hast thou told thy beads?"

Roland Græme coloured high; he felt the storm was approaching, but scorned to avert it by a falsehood.

"I have forgotten my rosary," he said, "at the Castle of Avenel."

"Forgotten thy rosary!" she exclaimed; "false both to religion and to natural duty, hast thou lost what was sent so far, and at such risk, a token of the truest affection, that should have been, every bead of it, as dear to thee as thine eyeballs?"

"I am grieved it should have so chanced, mother," replied the youth, 'and much did I value the token, as coming from you. For what remains, I trust to win gold enough, when I push my way in the world; and till then, beads of black oak, or a rosary of nuts, must serve the turn."

"Hear him!" said his grandmother; "young as he is, he hath learned already the lessons of the devil's school! The rosary consecrated by the Holy Father himself, and *sanctified by his blessings*, is but a few *knobs of gold, whose value may be replaced by the wages of his profane labour*, and whose virtue may be supplied by a string of hazel nuts!—This is heresy—So Henry Warden, the wolf who ravages the flock of the Shepherd, hath taught thee to speak and to think."

"Mother," said Roland Græme, "I am no heretic; I believe and I pray according to the rules of our church—This misfortune I regret, but I cannot amend it."

"Thou canst repent it, though," replied his spiritual directress, "repent it in dust and ashes, atone for it by fasting, prayer, and penance, instead of looking on me with a countenance as light as if thou hadst lost but a button from thy cap."

"Mother," said Roland, "be appeased; I will remember my fault in the next confession which I have space and opportunity to make, and will do whatever the priest may require of me in atonement. For the heaviest fault I can do no more.—But, mother," he added, after a moment's pause, "let me not incur your farther displeasure, if I ask whither our journey is bound, and what is its object. I am no longer a child, but a man, and at my own disposal, with down upon my chin, and a sword by my side—I will go to the end of the world with you to do your pleasure: but I owe it to myself to inquire the purpose and direction of our travels."

"You owe it to yourself, ungrateful boy?" replied his relative, passion rapidly supplying the colour which age had long chased from her features,—"to yourself you owe nothing--you can owe nothing—to me you owe every thing—your life when an infant—your support when a child—the means of instruction and the hopes of honour—and, sooner than thou shouldst abandon the noble cause to which I have devoted thee, would I see thee lie a corpse at my feet!"

Roland was alarmed at the vehement agitation with which she spoke, and which threatened to overpower her aged frame; and he hastened to reply,—"I forget nothing of what I owe to you, my dearest mother—show me how my blood can testify my gratitude, and you shall judge if I spare it. But blindfold obedience has in it as little merit as reason."

"Saints and angels!" replied Magdalen, "and do I hear these words from the child of my hopes, the nursling by whose bed I have kneeled, and for whose weal I have wearied every saint in Heaven with prayers?" Roland, by obedience only canst thou show thy affection and thy gratitude. What avails it that you might perchance adopt the course I propose to thee, were it to be fully explained? Thou wouldst not then follow my command, but thine own judgment; thou wouldst not do the will of Heaven, communicated through thy best friend, to whom thou owest thine all; but thou wouldst observe the blinded dictates of thine own imperfect reason. Hear me, Roland! a lot calls thee—solicits thee—demands thee—the proudest to which man can be destined, and it uses the voice of thine earliest, thy best, thine only friend—Wilt thou resist it? Then go thy way—leave me here—my hopes on earth are gone and withered—I will kneel me down before yonder profaned altar, and when the raging heretics return, they shall dye it with the blood of a martyr!"

"But, my dearest mother," said Roland Græme, whose early recollections of her violence were formidably renewed by these wild expressions of reckless passion, "I will not forsake you—I will abide with you—worlds shall not force me from your side—I will protect—I will defend you—I will live with you, and die for you!"

"One word, my son, were worth all these—say only, 'I will obey you.'"

"Doubt it not, mother," replied the youth, "I will, and that with all my heart; only"——

"Nay, I receive no qualifications of thy promise," said Magdalen Græme, catching at the word, "the obedience which I require is absolute; and a blessing on thee, thou darling memory of my beloved child, that thou hast power to make a promise so hard to human pride! Trust me well, that in the design in which thou dost embark, thou hast for thy partners the mighty and the valiant, the power of the church, and the pride of the noble. Succeed or fail, live or die, thy name shall be among those with whom success or failure is alike glorious, death or life alike d

sirable. Forward, then, forward! life is short, and our plan is laborious—Angels, saints, and the whole blessed host of heaven, have their eyes even now on this barren and blighted land of Scotland—What say I? on Scotland?—their eye is on *us*, Roland—on the frail woman, on the inexperienced youth, who, amidst the ruins which sacrilege hath made in the holy place, devote themselves to God's cause, and that of their lawful Sovereign. Amen, so be it! The blessed eyes of saints and martyrs, which see our resolve, shall witness the execution; or their ears, which hear our vow, shall hear our death-groan drawn in the sacred cause!"

While thus speaking, she held Roland Græme firmly with one hand, while she pointed upward with the other, to leave him, as it were, no means of protest against the obtestation to which he was thus made a party. When she had finished her appeal to Heaven, she left him no leisure for farther hesitation, or for asking any explanation of her purpose; but passing with the same ready transition as formerly, to the solicitous attentions of an anxious parent, overwhelmed him with questions concerning his residence in the Castle of Avenel, and the qualities and accomplishments he had acquired.

"It is well," she said, when she had exhausted her inquiries, "my gay goss-hawk* hath been well trained, and will soar high; but those who bred him will have cause to fear as well as to wonder at his flight.—Let us now," she said, "to our morning meal, and care not though it be a scanty one. A few hours' walk will bring us to more friendly quarters."

They broke their fast accordingly, on such fragments as remained of their yesterday's provision, and immediately set out on their farther journey. Magdalen Græme led the way, with a firm and active step much beyond her years, and Roland Græme followed, pensive and anxious, and far from satisfied with the state of dependence to which he seemed again to be reduced.

"Am I for ever," he said to himself, "to be devoured with the desire of independence and free agency, and yet to be for ever led on, by circumstances, to follow the will of others?"

CHAPTER X.

She dwelt unnoticed and alone,
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maiden whom there was none to praise,
And very few to love.

WORDSWORTH.

In the course of their journey the travellers spoke little to each other. Magdalen Græme chanted, from time to time, in a low voice, a part of some one of those beautiful old Latin hymns which belong to the Catholic service, muttered an Ave or a Credo, and so passed on, lost in devotional contemplation. The meditations of her grandson were more bent on mundane matters; and many a time, as a moorfowl arose from the heath, and shot along the moor, uttering his bold crow of defiance, he thought of the jolly Adam Woodcock, and his trusty goss-hawk; or, as they passed a thicket where the low trees and bushes were intermingled with tall fern, furze, and broom, so as to form a thick and intricate cover, his dreams were of a roebuck and a brace of gaze-hounds. But frequently his mind returned to the benevolent and kind mistress whom he had left behind him, offended justly and unreconciled by any effort of his.

"My step would be lighter," he thought, "and so would my heart, could I but have returned to see her for one instant, and to say, Lady, the orphan boy was wild, but not ungrateful!"

Travelling in these divers moods, about the hour of noon they reached a small straggling village, in which, as usual, were seen one or two of those predominating towers, or peel-houses, which, for reasons of defence elsewhere detailed, were at that time to be found in every Border hamlet. A brook flowed beside the village, and watered the valley in which it stood. There was also a mansion at the end of the village, and a little way separated from it, much dilapidated, and in very bad order, but appearing to have been the abode of persons of some consideration. The situation was agreeable, being an angle formed by the stream, bearing three or four large sycamore-trees, which were in full leaf, and served to relieve the dark appearance of the mansion, which was built of a deep-red stone. The house itself was a large one, but was now obviously too big for the inmates; several windows were built up, especially those which opened from the lower story; others were blockaded in a less substantial manner. The court before the door, which had once been defended with a species of low outer-wall, now ruinous, was paved, but the stones were completely covered with long gray nettles, thistles, and other weeds, which, shooting up betwixt the flags, had displaced many of them from their level. Even matters demanding more peremptory attention had been left neglected, in a manner which argued sloth or poverty in the extreme. The stream, undermining a part of the bank near an angle of the ruinous wall, had brought it down, with a corner turret, the ruins of which lay in the bed of the river. The current, interrupted by the ruins which it had overthrown, and turned yet nearer to the site of the tower, had greatly enlarged the breach it had made, and was in the process of undermining the ground on which the house itself stood, unless it were speedily protected by sufficient bulwarks.

All this attracted Roland Græme's observation, as they approached the dwelling by a winding path, which gave them, at intervals, a view of it from different points.

"If we go to yonder house," he said to his mother, "I trust it is but for a short visit. It looks as if two rainy days from the north-west would send the whole into the brook."

"You see but with the eyes of the body," said the old woman; "God will defend his own, though it be forsaken and despised of men. Better to dwell on the sand, under his law, than fly to the rock of human trust."

As she thus spoke, they entered the court before the old mansion, and Roland could observe that the front of it had formerly been considerably ornamented with carved work, in the same dark-coloured freestone of which it was built. But all these ornaments had been broken down and destroyed, and only the shattered vestiges of niches and entablatures now strewed the place which they had once occupied. The larger entrance in front was walled up, but a little footpath, which, from its appearance, seemed to be rarely trodden, led to a small wicket, defended by a door well clenched with iron-headed nails, at which Magdalen Græme knocked three times, pausing betwixt each knock, until she heard an answering tap from within. At the last knock, the wicket was opened by a pale thin female, who said, "*Benedicti qui veniunt in nomine Domini.*" They entered, and the portress hastily shut behind them the wicket, and made fast the massive fastenings by which it was secured.

The female led the way through a narrow entrance, into a vestibule of some extent, paved with stone, and having benches of the same solid material ranged around. At the upper end was an oriel window, but some of the intervals formed by the stone shafts and mullions were blocked up, so that the apartment was very gloomy.

Here they stopped, and the mistress of the mansion, for such she was, embraced Magdalen Græme, and

* The comparison is taken from some beautiful verses in an old ballad, entitled Fause Foodrage, published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." A deposed queen, to preserve her infant son from the traitors who have slain his father, exchanges him with the female offspring of a faithful friend, and goes on to direct the education of the children, and the private signals by which the parents are to hear news each of her own offspring.

"And you shall learn my gay goss-hawk
Right well to breast a steed:
And so will I your turtle dow,
As well to write and read.

And ye shall learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield both bow and brand?
And so will I your turtle dow,
To lay gowd with her hand.

At kirk or market when we meet,
We'll dare make no avow,
But, 'Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?'
'Madame, how does my dow?'"

eeting her by the title of sister, kissed her, with uch solemnity, on either side of the face.

"The blessing of Our Lady be upon you, my sister," ere her next words; and they left no doubt upon oland's mind respecting the religion of their hostess, en if he could have suspected his venerable and alous guide of resting elsewhere than in the habition of an orthodox Catholic. They spoke together few words in private, during which he had leisure remark more particularly the appearance of his andmother's friend.

Her age might be betwixt fifty and sixty; her oks had a mixture of melancholy and unhappiness, at bordered on discontent, and obscured the reains of beauty which age had still left on her feares. Her dress was of the plainest and most dinary description, of a dark colour, and, like Magilen Græme's, something approaching to a religious ibit. Strict neatness, and cleanliness of person, emed to intimate, that if poor, she was not reduced squalid or heart-broken distress, and that she was ill sufficiently attached to life to retain a taste for decencies, if not its elegancies. Her manner, as ell as her features and appearance, argued an original ndition and education far above the meanness of r present appearance. In short, the whole figure as such as to excite the idea, "That female must ive had a history worth knowing." While Roland ræme was making this very reflection, the whispers the two females ceased, and the mistress of the ansion, approaching him, looked on his face and rson with much attention, and, as it seemed, some terest.

"This, then," she said, addressing his relative, "is e child of thine unhappy daughter, sister Magdalen; id him, the only shoot from your ancient tree, you e willing to devote to the Good Cause?"

"Yes, by the rood," answered Magdalen Græme, her usual tone of resolved determination, "to the od cause I devote him, flesh and fell, sinew and nb, body and soul!"

"Thou art a happy woman, sister Magdalen," iswered her companion, "that, lifted so high above uman affection and human feeling, thou canst bind ich a victim to the horns of the altar. Had I been lled to make such sacrifice—to plunge a youth so ung and fair into the plots and bloodthirsty dealgs of the time, not the patriarch Abraham, when he d Isaac up the mountain, would have rendered more elancholy obedience."

She then continued to look at Roland with a mournl aspect of compassion, until the intentness of her ize occasioned his colour to rise, and he was about move out of its influence, when he was stopped by s grandmother with one hand, while with the other e divided the hair upon his forehead, which was ow crimson with bashfulness, while she added, with mixture of proud affection and firm resolution,—Ay, look at him well, my sister, for on a fairer face ine eye never rested. I too, when first I saw him, fter a long separation, felt as the worldly feel, and as half shaken in my purpose. But no wind can ar a leaf from the withered tree which has long een stripped of its foliage, and no mere human asualty can awaken the mortal feelings which have ng slept in the calm of devotion."

While the old woman thus spoke, her manner gave e lie to her assertions, for the tears rose to her eyes hile she added, "But the fairer and the more spotss the victim, is it not, my sister, the more worthy f acceptance?" She seemed glad to escape from the ensations which agitated her, and instantly added, He will escape, my sister—there will be a ram caught n the thicket, and the hand of our revolted brethren hall not be on the youthful Joseph. Heaven can efend its own rights, even by means of babes and ucklings, of women and beardless boys."

"Heaven hath left us," said the other female; "for ur sins and our father's the succours of the blessed aints have abandoned this accursed land. We may vin the crown of martyrdom, but not that of earthly riumph. One, too, whose prudence was at this deep risis so indispensable, has been called to a better world. The Abbot Eustatius is no more."

"May his soul have mercy!" said Magdalen Græme, "and may Heaven, too, have mercy upon us who linger behind in this bloody land! His loss is indeed a perilous blow to our enterprise; for who remains behind possessing his far-fetched experience, his self-devoted zeal, his consummate wisdom, and his undaunted courage! He hath fallen with the church's standard in his hand, but God will raise up another to lift the blessed banner. Whom have the Chapter elected in his room?"

"It is rumoured no one of the few remaining brethren dare accept the office. The heretics have sworn that they will permit no future election, and will heavily punish any attempt to create a new Abbot of Saint Mary's. *Conjuraverunt inter se principes, dicentes, Projiciamus laqueos ejus.*"

"*Quousque, Domine!*"—ejaculated Magdalen; "this, my sister, were indeed a perilous and fatal breach in our band; but I am firm in my belief, that another will arise in the place of him so untimely removed.—Where is thy daughter Catherine?"

"In the parlour," answered the matron, "but"—— She looked at Roland Græme, and muttered something in the ear of her friend.

"Fear it not," answered Magdalen Græme, "it is both lawful and necessary—fear nothing from him—I would he were as well grounded in the faith by which alone comes safety, as he is free from thought, deed, or speech of villany. Therein is the heretics' discipline to be commended, my sister, that they train up their youth in strong morality, and choke up every inlet to youthful folly."

"It is but a cleansing of the outside of the cup," answered her friend, "a whitening of the sepulchre; but he shall see Catharine, since you, sister, judge it safe and meet.—Follow us, youth," she added, and led the way from the apartment with her friend. These were the only words which the matron had addressed to Roland Græme, who obeyed them in silence. As they paced through several winding passages and waste apartments with a very slow step, the young page had leisure to make some reflections on his situation,—reflections of a nature which his ardent temper considered as specially disagreeable. It seemed he had now got two mistresses, or tutoresses, instead of one, both elderly women, and both, it would seem, in league to direct his motions according to their own pleasure, and for the accomplishment of plans to which he was no party. This, he thought, was too much; arguing, reasonably enough, that whatever right his grandmother and benefactress had to guide his motions, she was neither entitled to transfer her authority, or to divide it with another, who seemed to assume, without ceremony, the same tone of absolute command over him.

"But it shall not long continue thus," thought Roland; "I will not be all my life the slave of a woman's whistle, to go when she bids, and come when she calls. No, by Saint Andrew! the hand that can hold the lance is above the control of the distaff. I will leave them the slipp'd collar in their hands on the first opportunity, and let them execute their own devices by their own proper force. It may save them both from peril, for I guess what they meditate is not likely to prove either safe or easy—the Earl of Murray and his heresy are too well rooted to be grubbed up by two old women."

As he thus resolved, they entered a low room, in which a third female was seated. This apartment was the first he had observed in the mansion which was furnished with moveable seats, and with a wooden table, over which was laid a piece of tapestry. A carpet was spread on the floor, there was a grate in the chimney, and, in brief, the apartment had the air of being habitable and inhabited.

But Roland's eyes found better employment than to make observations on the accommodations of the chamber; for this second female inhabitant of the mansion seemed something very different from any thing he had yet seen there. At his first entry, she had greeted with a silent and low obeisance the two aged matrons, then glancing her eyes towards Roland, she adjusted a veil which hung back over her shoulders, so as to bring it over her face; an operation

which she performed with much modesty, but without either affected haste or embarrassed timidity.

During this manœuvre, Roland had time to observe that the face was that of a girl apparently not much past sixteen, and that the eyes were at once soft and brilliant. To these very favourable observations was added the certainty, that the fair object to whom they referred possessed an excellent shape, bordering perhaps on *embonpoint*, and therefore rather that of a Hebe than of a Sylph, but beautifully formed, and shown to great advantage by the close jacket and petticoat which she wore after a foreign fashion, the last not quite long enough absolutely to conceal a very pretty foot, which rested on a bar of the table at which she sate; her round arms and taper fingers very busily employed in repairing the piece of tapestry which was spread on it, which exhibited several deplorable fissures, enough to demand the utmost skill of the most expert seamstress.

It is to be remarked, that it was by stolen glances that Roland Græme contrived to ascertain these interesting particulars; and he thought he could once or twice, notwithstanding the texture of the veil, detect the damsel in the act of taking similar cognizance of his own person. The matrons in the mean while continued their separate conversation, eyeing from time to time the young people, in a manner which left Roland in no doubt that they were the subject of their conversation. At length he distinctly heard Magdalen Græme say these words—"Nay, my sister, we must give them opportunity to speak together, and to become acquainted; they must be personally known to each other, or how shall they be able to execute what they are intrusted with?"

It seemed as if the matron, not fully satisfied with her friend's reasoning, continued to offer some objections; but they were borne down by her more dictatorial friend.

"It must be so," she said, "my dear sister; let us therefore go forth on the balcony, to finish our conversation.- And do you," she added, addressing Roland and the girl, "become acquainted with each other."

With this she stepped up to the young woman, and raising her veil, discovered features which, whatever might be their ordinary complexion, were now covered with a universal blush.

"*Licitum sit*," said Magdalen, looking at the other matron.

"*Vix licitum*," replied the other, with reluctant and hesitating acquiescence; and again adjusting the veil of the blushing girl, she dropped it so as to shade, though not to conceal, her countenance, and whispered to her, in a tone loud enough for the page to hear, "Remember, Catherine, who thou art, and for what destined."

The matron then retreated with Magdalen Græme through one of the casements of the apartment, that opened on a large broad balcony, which, with its ponderous balustrade, had once run along the whole south front of the building which faced the brook, and formed a pleasant and commodious walk in the open air. It was now in some places deprived of the balustrade, in others broken and narrowed; but, ruinous as it was, could still be used as a pleasant promenade. Here then walked the two ancient dames, busied in their private conversation; yet not so much so, but that Roland could observe the matrons, as their thin forms darkened the casement in passing or repassing before it, dart a glance into the apartment, to see how matters were going on there.

CHAPTER XI.

> Life hath its May, and it is mirthful then:
> The woods are vocal, and the flowers all odour;
> Its very blast has mirth in't—and the maidens,
> The while they don their cloaks to skreen their kirtles,
> Laugh at the rain that wets them.
>
> *Old Play.*

Catherine was at the happy age of innocence and buoyancy of spirit, when, after the first moment of embarrassment was over, a situation of awkwardness like that in which she was suddenly left to make acquaintance with a handsome youth, not even known to her by name, struck her, in spite of herself, in a ludicrous point of view. She bent her beautiful eyes upon the work with which she was busied, and with infinite gravity sate out the two first turns of the matrons upon the balcony; but then glancing her deep blue eye a little towards Roland, and observing the embarrassment under which he laboured, now shifting on his chair, and now dangling his cap, the whole man evincing that he was perfectly at a loss how to open the conversation, she could keep her composure no longer, but after a vain struggle broke out into a sincere, though a very involuntary fit of laughing, so richly accompanied by the laughter of her merry eyes, which actually glanced through the tears which the effort filled them with, and by the waving of her rich tresses, that the goddess of smiles herself never looked more lovely than Catherine at that moment. A court page would not have left her long alone in her mirth; but Roland was country-bred, and, besides, having some jealousy, as well as bashfulness, he took it into his head that he was himself the object of her inextinguishable laughter. His endeavours to sympathize with Catherine, therefore, could carry him no farther than a forced giggle, which had more of displeasure than of mirth in it, and which so much enhanced that of the girl, that it seemed to render it impossible for her ever to bring her laughter to an end, with whatever anxious pains she laboured to do so. For every one has felt that when a paroxysm of laughter has seized him, at a misbecoming time and place, the efforts which he makes to suppress it, nay, the very sense of the impropriety of giving way to it, tend only to augment and prolong the irresistible impulse.

It was undoubtedly lucky for Catherine, as well as for Roland, that the latter did not share in the excessive mirth of the former. For, seated as she was with her back to the casement, Catherine could easily escape the observation of the two matrons during the course of their promenade; whereas Græme was so placed, with his side to the window, that his mirth had he shared that of his companion, would have been instantly visible, and could not have failed to give offence to the personages in question. He sate, however, with some impatience, until Catherine had exhausted either her power or her desire of laughing, and was returning with good grace to the exercise of her needle, and then he observed with some dryness, that "there seemed no great occasion to recommend to them to improve their acquaintance, as it seemed that they were already tolerably familiar."

Catherine had an extreme desire to set off upon a fresh score, but she repressed it strongly, and fixing her eyes on her work, replied by asking his pardon, and promising to avoid future offence.

Roland had sense enough to feel, that an air of offended dignity was very much misplaced, and that it was with a very different bearing he ought to meet the deep blue eyes which had borne such a heavy burden in the laughing scene. He tried, therefore, to extricate himself as well as he could from his blunder, by assuming a tone of corresponding gayety, and requesting to know of the nymph, "how it was her pleasure that they should proceed in improving the acquaintance which had commenced so merrily."

"That," she said, "you must yourself discover; perhaps I have gone a step too far in opening our interview."

"Suppose," said Roland Græme, "we should begin as in a tale-book, by asking each other's names and histories."

"It is right well imagined," said Catherine, "and shows an argute judgment. Do you begin, and I will listen, and only put in a question or two at the dark parts of the story. Come, unfold then your name and history, my new acquaintance."

"I am called Roland Græme, and that tall old woman is my grandmother."

"And your tutoress?—Good. Who are your parents?"

"They are both dead," replied Roland.

"Ay, but who were they? You *had* parents, I presume?"

"I suppose so," said Roland, "but I have never

been able to learn much of their history. My father was a Scottish knight, who died gallantly in his stirrups—my mother was a Græme of Heathergill, in the Debateable Land—most of her family were killed when the Debateable country was burned by the Lord Maxwell and Herries of Caerlaverock."

"Is it long ago?" said the damsel.

"Before I was born," answered the page.

"That must be a great while since," said she, shaking her head gravely; "look you, I cannot weep for them."

"It needs not," said the youth, "they fell with honour."

"So much for your lineage, fair sir," replied his companion, "of whom I like the living specimen" (a glance at the casement) "far less than those that are dead. Your much honoured grandmother looks as if she could make one weep in sad earnest. And now, fair sir, for your own person—if you tell not the tale faster, it will be cut short in the middle; Mother Bridget pauses longer and longer every time she passes the window, and with her there is as little mirth as in the grave of your ancestors."

"My tale is soon told—I was introduced into the Castle of Avenel to be page to the lady of the mansion."

"She is a strict Huguenot, is she not?" said the maiden.

"As strict as Calvin himself. But my grandmother can play the puritan when it suits her purpose, and she had some plan of her own for quartering me in the castle—it would have failed, however, after we had remained several weeks at the hamlet, but for an unexpected master of ceremonies"——

"And who was that?" said the girl.

"A large black dog, Wolf by name, who brought me into the castle one day in his mouth, like a hurt wild-duck, and presented me to the lady."

"A most respectable introduction, truly," said Catherine; "and what might you learn at this same castle? I love dearly to know what my acquaintances can do at need."

"To fly a hawk, halloo to a hound, back a horse, and wield lance, bow, and brand."

"And to boast of all this when you have learned it," said Catherine, "which, in France at least, is the surest accomplishment of a page. But proceed, fair sir; how came your Huguenot lord and your no less Huguenot lady to receive and keep in the family so perilous a person as a Catholic page?"

"Because they knew not that part of my history, which from infancy I had been taught to keep secret—and because my grand-dame's former zealous attendance on their heretic chaplain, had laid all this suspicion to sleep, most fair Callipolis," said the page; and in so saying, he edged his chair towards the seat of the fair querist.

"Nay, but keep your distance, most gallant sir," answered the blue-eyed maiden, "for, unless I greatly mistake, these reverend ladies will soon interrupt our amicable conference, if the acquaintance they recommend shall seem to proceed beyond a certain point—so, fair sir, be pleased to abide by your station, and reply to my questions.—By what achievements did you prove the qualities of a page, which you had thus happily acquired?"

Roland, who began to enter into the tone and spirit of the damsel's conversation, replied to her with becoming spirit.

"In no feat, fair gentlewoman, was I found inexpert, wherein there was mischief implied. I shot swans, hunted cats, frightened serving-women, chased the deer, and robbed the orchard. I say nothing of tormenting the chaplain in various ways, for that was my duty as a good Catholic."

"Now, as I am a gentlewoman," said Catherine, "I think these heretics have done Catholic penance in entertaining so all-accomplished a serving-man! And what, fair sir, might have been the unhappy event which deprived them of an inmate altogether so estimable?"

"Truly, fair gentlewoman," answered the youth, "your real proverb says that the longest lane will have a turning, and mine was more—it was in fine a turning off."

"Good!" said the merry young maiden, "it is an apt play on the word.—And what occasion was taken for so important a catastrophe?—Nay, start not for my learning, I do know the schools—in plain phrase, why were you sent from service?"

The page shrugged his shoulders while he replied, —"A short tale is soon heard—and a short horse soon curried. I made the falconer's boy taste of my switch—the falconer threatened to make me brook his cudgel,—he is a kindly clown as well as a stout, and I would rather have been cudgelled by him than any man in Christendom to choose—but I knew not his qualities at that time—so I threatened to make him brook the stab, and my Lady made me brook the 'Begone;' so adieu to the page's office and the fair Castle of Avenel.—I had not travelled far before I met my venerable parent—And so tell your tale, fair gentlewoman, for mine is done."

"A happy grandmother," said the maiden, "who had the luck to find the stray page just when his mistress had slipped his leash, and a most lucky page that has jumped at once from a page to an old lady's gentleman-usher!"

"All this is nothing of your history," answered Roland Græme, who began to be much interested in the congenial vivacity of this facetious young gentlewoman,—"tale for tale is fellow-traveller's justice."

"Wait till we are fellow-travellers, then," replied Catharine.

"Nay, you escape me not so," said the page; "if you deal not justly by me, I will call out to Dame Bridget, or whatever your dame be called, and proclaim you for a cheat."

"You shall not need," answered the maiden—"my history is the counterpart of your own; the same words might almost serve, change but dress and name. I am called Catharine Seyton, and I also am an orphan."

"Have your parents been long dead?"

"That is the only question," said she, throwing down her fine eyes with a sudden expression of sorrow,—"that is the only question I cannot laugh at."

"And Dame Bridget is your grandmother?"

The sudden cloud passed away like that which crosses for an instant the summer sun, and she answered, with her usual lively expression, "Worse by twenty degrees—Dame Bridget is my maiden aunt."

"Over gods forebode!" said Roland—"Alas! that you have such a tale to tell! And what horror comes next?"

"Your own history, exactly. I was taken upon trial for service"——

"And turned off for pinching the duenna, or affronting my lady's waiting-woman?"

"Nay, our history varies there," said the damsel—"Our mistress broke up house, or had her house broke up, which is the same thing, and I am a free woman of the forest."

"And I am as glad of it as if any one had lined my doublet with cloth of gold," said the youth.

"I thank you for the mirth," said she, "but the matter is not likely to concern you."

"Nay, but go on," said the page, "for you will be presently interrupted; the two good dames have been soaring yonder on the balcony, like two old hooded crows, and their croak grows hoarser as night comes on; they will wing to roost presently.—This mistress of yours, fair gentlewoman, who was she, in God's name?"

"O, she has a fair name in the world," replied Catherine Seyton. "Few ladies kept a fairer house, or held more gentlewomen in her household; my aunt Bridget was one of her housekeepers. We never saw our mistress's blessed face, to be sure, but we heard enough of her; were up early and down late, and were kept to long prayers and light food."

"Out upon the penurious old beldam!" said the page.

"For Heaven's sake, blaspheme not!" said the girl, with an expression of fear,—"God pardon us both! I meant no harm. I speak of our blessed Saint Catherine of Sienna!—may God forgive me that I spoke so lightly, and made you do a great sin and a great blasphemy! This was her nunnery, in which there were

twelve nuns and an abbess. My aunt was the abbess, till the heretics turned all adrift."

"And where are your companions?" asked the youth.

"With the last year's snow," answered the maiden; "east, north, south, and west—some to France—some to Flanders, some, I fear, into the world and its pleasures. We have got permission to remain, or rather our remaining has been connived at, for my aunt has great relations among the Kerrs, and they have threatened a death-feud if any one touches us; and bow and spear are the best warrants in these times."

"Nay, then, you sit under a sure shadow," said the youth; "and I suppose you wept yourself blind when Saint Catherine broke up housekeeping before you had taken arles* in her service?"

"Hush! for Heaven's sake," said the damsel, crossing herself, "no more of that! But I have not quite cried my eyes out," said she, turning them upon him, and instantly again bending them upon her work. It was one of those glances which would require the threefold plate of brass around the heart, more than it is needed by the mariners, to whom Horace recommends it. Our youthful page had no defence whatever to offer."

"What say you, Catherine," he said, "if we two, thus strangely turned out of service at the same time, should give our two most venerable duennas the torch to hold, while we walk a merry measure with each other over the floor of this weary world?"

"A goodly proposal, truly," said Catherine, "and worthy the madcap brain of a discarded page!—And what shifts does your worship propose we should live by?—by singing ballads, cutting purses, or swaggering on the highway? for there, I think, you would find your most productive exchequer."

"Choose, you proud peat!" said the page, drawing off in huge disdain at the calm and unembarrassed ridicule with which his wild proposal was received. And as he spoke the words, the casement was again darkened by the forms of the matrons—it opened, and admitted Magdalen Græme and the Mother Abbess, so we must now style her, into the apartment.

* *Anglice*—Earnest-money.

CHAPTER XII.

> Nay, hear me, brother—I am elder, wiser,
> And holier than thou. And age, and wisdom,
> And holiness, have peremptory claims,
> And will be listen'd to.
>
> *Old Play.*

When the matrons re-entered, and put an end to the conversation which we have detailed in the last chapter, Dame Magdalen Græme thus addressed her grandson and his pretty companion: "Have you spoke together, my children?—Have you become known to each other as fellow-travellers on the same dark and dubious road, whom chance hath brought together, and who study to learn the tempers and dispositions of those by whom their perils are to be shared?"

It was seldom the light-hearted Catherine could suppress a jest, so that she often spoke when she would have acted more wisely in holding her peace.

"Your grandson admires the journey which you propose so very greatly, that he was even now preparing for setting out upon it instantly."

"This is to be too forward, Roland," said the dame, addressing him, "as yesterday you were over slack—the just mean lies in obedience, which both waits for the signal to start, and obeys it when given.—But once again, my children, have you so perused each other's countenances, that when you meet, in whatever disguise the times may impose upon you, you may recognise each in the other the secret agent of the mighty work in which you are to be leagued?—Look at each other, know each line and lineament of each other's countenance. Learn to distinguish by the step, by the sound of the voice, by the motion of the hand, by the glance of the eye, the partner whom Heaven hath sent to aid in working its will.—Wilt thou know that maiden, whensoever or wheresoever you shall again meet her, my Roland Græme?"

As readily as truly did Roland answer in the affirmative. "And thou, my daughter, wilt thou again remember the features of this youth?"

"Truly, mother," replied Catherine Seyton, "I have not seen so many men of late, that I should immediately forget your grandson, though I mark not much about him that is deserving of special remembrance."

"Join hands, then, my children," said Magdalen Græme; but, in saying so, was interrupted by her companion, whose conventual prejudices had been gradually giving her more and more uneasiness, and who could remain acquiescent no longer.

"Nay, my good sister, you forget," said she to Magdalen, "Catherine is the betrothed bride of Heaven—these intimacies cannot be."

"It is in the cause of Heaven that I command them to embrace," said Magdalen, with the full force of her powerful voice; "the end, sister, sanctifies the means we must use."

"They call me Lady Abbess, or Mother at the least, who address me," said Dame Bridget, drawing herself up, as if offended at her friend's authoritative manner—"the Lady of Heathergill forgets that she speaks to the Abbess of Saint Catherine."

"When I was what you call me," said Magdalen, "you indeed were the Abbess of Saint Catherine; but both names are now gone, with all the rank that the world and that the church gave to them; and we are now, to the eye of human judgment, two poor, despised, oppressed women, dragging our dishonoured old age to an humble grave. But what are we in the eye of Heaven?—Ministers, sent forth to work His will,—in whose weakness the strength of the church shall be manifested—before whom shall be humbled the wisdom of Murray, and the dark strength of Morton.—And to such wouldst thou apply the narrow rules of thy cloistered seclusion?—or, hast thou forgotten the order which I showed thee from thy Superior, subjecting thee to me in these matters?"

"On thy head, then, be the scandal and the sin," said the Abbess, sullenly.

"On mine be they both," said Magdalen. "I say, embrace each other, my children."

But Catherine, aware, perhaps, how the dispute was likely to terminate, had escaped from the apartment, and so disappointed the grandson, at least as much as the old matron.

"She is gone," said the Abbess, "to provide some little refreshment. But it will have little savour to those who dwell in the world; for I, at least, cannot dispense with the rules to which I am vowed, because it is the will of wicked men to break down the sanctuary in which they were wont to be observed."

"It is well, my sister," replied Magdalen, "to pay each even the smallest tithes of mint and cummin which the church demands, and I blame not thy scrupulous observance of the rules of thine order. But they were established by the church, and for the church's benefit; and reason it is that they should give way when the salvation of the church herself is at stake."

The Abbess made no reply.

One more acquainted with human nature than the inexperienced page, might have found amusement in comparing the different kinds of fanaticism which these two females exhibited. The Abbess—timid, narrow-minded, and discontented, clung to ancient usages and pretensions which were ended by the Reformation, and was in adversity, as she had been in prosperity, scrupulous, weak-spirited, and bigoted; while the fiery and more lofty spirit of her companion suggested a wider field of effort, and would not be limited by ordinary rules in the extraordinary schemes which were suggested by her bold and irregular imagination. But Roland Græme, instead of tracing these peculiarities of character in the two old dames, only waited with great anxiety for the return of Catherine, expecting probably that the proposal of the fraternal embrace would be renewed, as his grandmother seemed disposed to carry matters with a high hand.

His expectations, or hopes, if we may call them so

s, however, disappointed; for, when Catherine ntered on the summons of the Abbess, and placed the table an earthen pitcher of water, and four den platters, with cups of the same materials, the ne of Heathergill, satisfied with the arbitrary mode which she had borne down the opposition of the ess, pursued her victory no farther—a moderation which her grandson, in his heart, returned her but der thanks.

n the mean while, Catherine continued to place n the table the slender preparations for the meal recluse, which consisted almost entirely of colet, boiled, and served up in a wooden platter, having no better seasoning than a little salt, and no better accompaniment than some coarse barley-bread in moderate quantity. The water-pitcher, already tioned, furnished the only beverage. After a n grace, delivered by the Abbess, the guests sat n to their spare entertainment. The simplicity he fare appeared to produce no distaste in the ales, who ate of it moderately, but with the usual earance of appetite. But Roland Græme had been l to better cheer. Sir Halbert Glendinning, who cted even an unusual degree of nobleness in his sekeeping, maintained it in a style of genial hoslity, which rivalled that of the Northern Barons England. He might think, perhaps, that by doing he acted yet more completely the part for which was born—that of a great Baron and a leader. o bullocks, and six sheep, weekly, were the allowe when the Baron was at home, and the number not greatly diminished during his absence. A of malt was weekly brewed into ale, which was d by the household at discretion. Bread was ed in proportion for the consumption of his dotics and retainers; and in this scene of plenty Roland Græme now lived for several years. It ned a bad introduction to lukewarm greens and ng water; and probably his countenance indied some sense of the difference, for the Abbess erved, "It would seem, my son, that the tables of heretic Baron, whom you have so long followed, more daintily furnished than those of the suffer- daughters of the church; and yet, not upon the st solemn nights of festival, when the nuns were mitted to eat their portion at mine own table, did onsider the cates which were then served up as so delicious as these vegetables and this water, which I prefer to feed, rather than do aught which derogate from the strictness of my vow. It shall er be said that the mistress of this house made it ouse of feasting, when days of darkness and of ction were hanging over the Holy Church, of ch I am an unworthy member."

Well hast thou said, my sister," replied Magdalen eme; "but now it is not only time to suffer in the d cause, but to act in it. And since our pilgrim's l is finished, let us go apart to prepare for our ney of to-morrow, and to advise on the manner which these children shall be employed, and what asures we can adopt to supply their thoughtless- s and lack of discretion."

otwithstanding his indifferent cheer, the heart of and Græme bounded high at this proposal, which loubted not would lead to another tête-à-tête bext him and the pretty novice. But he was misen. Catherine, it would seem, had no mind so far ndulge him; for, moved either by delicacy or cae, or some of those indescribable shades betwixt one and the other, with which women love to e, and at the same time to captivate, the ruder she reminded the Abbess that it was necessary should retire for an hour before vespers; and, eiving the ready and approving nod of her Supe-, she arose to withdraw. But, before leaving the rtment, she made obeisance to the matrons, bendherself till her hands touched her knees, and then de a lesser reverence to Roland, which consisted slight bend of the body and gentle depression of head. This she performed very demurely; but party on whom the salutation was conferred, ught he could discern in her manner an arch and chievous exultation over his secret disappointnt.—"The devil take the saucy girl," he thought in his heart, though the presence of the Abbess should have repressed all such profane imaginations,—"she is as hard-hearted as the laughing hyæna that the story-books tell of—she has a mind that I shall not forget her this night at least."

The matrons now retired also, giving the page to understand that he was on no account to stir from the convent, or to show himself at the window, the Abbess assigning as a reason, the readiness with which the rude heretics caught at every occasion of scandalizing the religious orders.

"This is worse than the rigour of Mr. Henry Warden himself," said the page, when he was left alone; "for, to do him justice, however strict in requiring the most rigid attention during the time of his homilies, he left us to the freedom of our own wills afterwards—ay, and would take a share in our pastimes, too, if he thought them entirely innocent. But these old women are utterly wrapt up in gloom, mystery, and self-denial.—Well, then, if I must neither stir out of the gate nor look out at window, I will at least see what the inside of the house contains that may help to pass away one's time—peradventure, I may light on that blue-eyed laugher in some corner or other."

Going, therefore, out of the chamber by the entrance opposite to that through which the two matrons had departed, (for it may be readily supposed that he had no desire to intrude on *their* privacy,) he wandered from one chamber to another, through the deserted edifice, seeking, with boyish eagerness, some source of interest or amusement. Here he passed through a long gallery, opening on either hand into the little cells of the nuns, all deserted, and deprived of the few trifling articles of furniture which the rules of the order admitted.

"The birds are flown," thought the page; "but whether they will find themselves worse off in the open air than in these damp narrow cages, I leave my Lady Abbess and my venerable relative to settle betwixt them. I think the wild young lark whom they have left behind them, would like best to sing under God's free sky."

A winding stair, strait and narrow, as if to remind the nuns of their duties of fast and maceration, led down to a lower suite of apartments, which occupied the ground story of the house. These rooms were even more ruinous than those which he had left; for, having encountered the first fury of the assailants by whom the nunnery had been wasted, the windows had been dashed in, the doors broken down, and even the partitions betwixt the apartments, in some places, destroyed. As he thus stalked from desolation to desolation, and began to think of returning from so uninteresting a research to the chamber which he had left, he was surprised to hear the low of a cow very close to him. The sound was so unexpected at the time and place, that Roland Græme started as if it had been the voice of a lion, and laid his hand on his dagger, while at the same moment the light and lovely form of Catherine Seyton presented itself at the door of the apartment from which the sound had issued.

"Good even to you, valiant champion!" said she; "since the days of Guy of Warwick, never was one more worthy to encounter a dun cow."

"Cow?" said Roland Græme, "by my faith, I thought it had been the devil that roared so near me. Who ever heard of a convent containing a cow-house?"

"Cow and calf may come hither now," answered Catherine, "for we have no means to keep out either. But I advise you, kind sir, to return to the place from whence you came."

"Not till I see your charge, fair sister," answered Roland, and made his way into the apartment, in spite of the half serious half laughing remonstrances of the girl.

The poor solitary cow, now the only severe recluse within the nunnery, was quartered in a spacious chamber, which had once been the refectory of the convent. The roof was graced with groined arches, and the wall with niches, from which the images had been pulled down. These remnants of architectural ornaments were strangely contrasted with the rude

crib constructed for the cow in one corner of the apartment, and the stack of fodder which was piled beside it for her food.*

"By my faith," said the page, "Crombie is more lordly lodged than any one here!"

"You had best remain with her," said Catherine, "and supply by your filial attentions the offspring she has had the ill luck to lose."

"I will remain, at least, to help you to prepare her night's lair, pretty Catherine," said Roland, seizing upon a pitchfork.

"By no means," said Catherine; "for, besides that you know not in the least how to do her that service, you will bring a chiding my way, and I get enough of that in the regular course of things."

"What! for accepting my assistance?" said the page,—"for accepting *my* assistance, who am to be your confederate in some deep matter of import? That were altogether unreasonable—and, now I think on it, tell me if you can, what is this mighty emprise to which I am destined?"

"Robbing a bird's nest, I should suppose," said Catherine, "considering the champion whom they have selected."

"By my faith," said the youth, "and he that has taken a falcon's nest in the Scaurs of Polmoodie, has done something to brag of, my fair sister.—But that is all over now—a murrain on the nest, and the eyasses and their food, washed or unwashed, for it was all anop of cramming these worthless kites that I was sent upon my present travels. Save that I have met with you, pretty sister, I could eat my dagger-hilt for vexation at my own folly. But, as we are to be fellow-travellers"——

"Fellow-labourers! not fellow-travellers!" answered the girl; "for to your comfort be it known, that the Lady Abbess and I set out earlier than you and your respected relative to-morrow, and that I partly endure your company at present, because it may be long ere we meet again."

"By Saint Andrew, but it shall not, though," answered Roland; "I will not hunt at all unless we are to hunt in couples."

"I suspect, in that and in other points, we must do as we are bid," replied the young lady.—"But hark! I hear my aunt's voice."

The old lady entered in good earnest, and darted a severe glance at her niece, while Roland had the ready wit to busy himself about the halter of the cow.

"The young gentleman," said Catherine, gravely, "is helping me to tie the cow up faster to her stake, for I find that last night when she put her head out of window and lowed, she alarmed the whole village; and we shall be suspected of sorcery among the heretics, if they do not discover the cause of the apparition, or lose our cow if they do. "Relieve yourself of that fear," said the Abbess, somewhat ironically; "the person to whom she is now sold, comes for the animal presently."

"Good-night, then, my poor companion," said Catherine, patting the animal's shoulders; "I hope thou hast fallen into kind hands, for my happiest hours of late have been spent in tending thee—I would I had been born to no better task!"

"Now, out upon thee, mean-spirited wench!" said the Abbess; "is that a speech worthy of the name of Seyton, or of the mouth of a sister of this house, treading the path of election—and to be spoken bef a stranger youth, too!—Go to my oratory, minion there read your Hours till I come thither, when I w read you such a lecture as shall make you prize t blessings which you possess."

Catherine was about to withdraw in silence, ca ing a half sorrowful half comic glance at Rola Græme, which seemed to say—"You see to what yo untimely visit has exposed me," when, sudden changing her mind, she came forward to the pa and extended her hand as she bid him good-evenin Their palms had pressed each other ere the astonish matron could interfere, and Catherine had time to s —"forgive me, mother; it is long since we have se a face that looked with kindness on us. Since the disorders have broken up our peaceful retreat, all h been gloom and malignity. I bid this youth kindly far well, because he has come hither in kindness, and b cause the odds are great, that we may never aga meet in this world. I guess better than he, that th schemes on which you are rushing are too mighty f your management, and that you are now setting t stone a-rolling, which must surely crush you in i descent. I bid farewell," she added, "to my fellow victim!"

This was spoken with a tone of deep and seriou feeling, altogether different from the usual levity Catherine's manner, and plainly showed, that benea the giddiness of extreme youth and total inexperienc there lurked in her bosom a deeper power of sen and feeling, than her conduct had hitherto express

The Abbess remained a moment silent after she h left the room. The proposed rebuke died on her tongu and she appeared struck with the deep and forebodin tone in which her niece had spoken her good eve She led the way in silence to the apartment whic they had formerly occupied, and where there wa prepared a small refection, as the Abbess termed i consisting of milk and barley-bread. Magdale Græme, summoned to take share in this collation appeared from an adjoining apartment, but Catherine was seen no more. There was little said during the hasty meal, and after it was finished, Roland Græme was dismissed to the nearest cell, where some preparations had been made for his repose.

The strange circumstances in which he found himself, had their usual effect in preventing slumber from hastily descending on him, and he could distinctly hear, by a low but earnest murmuring in the apartment which he had left, that the matrons continued in deep consultation to a late hour. As they separated, he heard the Abbess distinctly express herself thus: "In a word, my sister, I venerate your character and the authority with which my Superiors have invested you; yet it seems to me, that, ere entering on this perilous course, we should consult some of the Fathers of the Church."

"And how and where are we to find a faithful Bishop or Abbot at whom to ask counsel? The faithful Eustatius is no more—he is withdrawn from a world of evil, and from the tyranny of heretics. May Heaven and Our Lady assoilzie him of his sins, and abridge the penance of his mortal infirmities!—Where shall we find another, with whom to take counsel?"

"Heaven will provide for the Church," said the Abbess; "and the faithful fathers who yet are suffered to remain in the house of Kennaquhair, will proceed to elect an Abbot. They will not suffer the staff to fall down, or the mitre to be unfilled, for the threats of heresy."

"That will I learn to-morrow," said Magdalen Græme; "yet who now takes the office of an Abbot, save to partake with the spoilers in their work of plunder?—to-morrow will tell us if one of the thousand saints who are sprung from the House of Saint Mary's continues to look down on it in its misery.—Farewell, my sister, we meet at Edinburgh."

"Benedicite!" answered the Abbess, and they parted.

"To Kennaquhair and to Edinburgh we bend our way," thought Roland Græme. "That information have I purchased by a sleepless hour—it suits well with my purpose. At Kennaquhair I shall see Father

* This, like the Cell of Saint Cuthbert, is an imaginary scene, but I took one or two ideas of the desolation of the interior from a story told me by my father. In his youth—it may be near eighty years since, as he was born in 1729—he had occasion to visit an old lady who resided in a Border castle of considerable renown. Only one very limited portion of the extensive ruins sufficed for the accommodation of the inmates, and my father amused himself by wandering through the part that was untenanted. In a dining apartment, having a roof richly adorned with arches and drops, there was deposited a large stack of hay, to which calves were helping themselves from opposite sides. As my father was scaling a dark ruinous turnpike staircase, his greyhound ran up before him, and probably was the means of saving his life, for the animal fell through a trap-door, or aperture in the stair, thus warning the owner of the danger of the ascent. As the dog continued howling from a great depth, my father got the old butler, who alone knew most of the localities about the castle, to unlock a sort of stable, in which Kill-buck was found safe and sound, the place being filled with the same commodity which littered the stalls of Augeas, and which had rendered the dog's fall an easy one.

-at Edinburgh I shall find the means of
/ own course through this bustling world,
rdening my affectionate relation—at Edin-
I shall see again the witching novice, with
ves and her provoking smile."—He fell
it was to dream of Catherine Seyton.

CHAPTER XIII

igon up again!—I thought we had hurl'd him
the threshold never more to rise.
dge and axe; and, neighbours, lend your hands,
the idol into winter faggots!

Athelstane, or the Converted Dane.

Græme slept long and sound, and the sun
ver the horizon, when the voice of his com-
mmoned him to resume their pilgrimage;
hastily arranging his dress, he went to at-
ll, the enthusiastic matron stood already
eshold, prepared for her journey. There
he deportment of this remarkable woman,
ide of execution, and a sternness of perse-
unded on the fanaticism which she nursed
nd which seemed to absorb all the ordi-
ses and feelings of mortality. One only
ection gleamed through her enthusiastic
se the broken glimpses of the sun through
clouds of a storm. It was her maternal
r her grandson—a fondness carried almost
se of dotage, in circumstances where the
ligion was not concerned, but which gave
ntly when it chanced either to thwart or
ntact with the more settled purpose of her
ie more devoted duty of her life. Her life
willingly have laid down to save the earthly
r affection; but that object itself she was
zard, and would have been willing to sa-
ld the restoration of the Church of Rome
purchased with his blood. Her discourse
, excepting on the few occasions in which
ie love of her grandson found opportunity
itself in anxiety for his health and accom-
turned entirely on the duty of raising up the
ours of the Church, and replacing a Catho-
gn on the throne. There were times at
hinted, though very obscurely and distantly,
erself was foredoomed by Heaven to per-
t in this important task; and that she had
mere human warranty for the zeal with
engaged in it. But on this subject she ex-
rself in such general language, that it was
decide whether she made any actual pre-
o a direct and supernatural call, like the
Elizabeth Barton, commonly called the
ent;* or whether she only dwelt upon the
ty which was incumbent on all Catholics
, and the pressure of which she felt in an
ary degree.

ugh Magdalen Græme gave no direct inti-
her pretensions to be considered as some-
ond the ordinary class of mortals, the de-
f one or two persons amongst the travellers
ey occasionally met, as they entered the
e and populous part of the valley, seemed
their belief in her superior attributes. It is
wo clowns, who drove before them a herd
one or two village wenches, who seemed
some merry-making—a strolling soldier,
d morion, and a wandering student, as his
black cloak and his satchel of books pro-
m—passed our travellers without observa-
th a look of contempt; and, moreover, that
ee children, attracted by the appearance of
nearly resembling that of a pilgrim, joined
and calling, "Out upon the old mass-mon-
t one or two, who nourished in their bo-
ect for the downfallen hierarchy—casting
orous glance around, to see that no one ob-
served them—hastily crossed themselves—bent their
knee to sister Magdalen, by which name they saluted
her—kissed her hand, or even the hem of her dalma-
tique—received with humility the Benedicite with
which she repaid their obeisance; and then starting
up, and again looking timidly round to see that they
had been unobserved, hastily resumed their journey.
Even while within sight of persons of the prevailing
faith, there were individuals bold enough, by folding
their arms and bending their head, to give distant
and silent intimation that they recognised Sister Mag-
dalen, and honoured alike her person and her purpose.

She failed not to notice to her grandson these
marks of honour and respect which from time to time
she received. "You see," she said, "my son, that
the enemies have been unable altogether to suppress
the good spirit, or to root out the true seed. Amid
heretics and schismatics, spoilers of the church's
lands, and scoffers at saints and sacraments, there is
left a remnant."

"It is true, my mother," said Roland Græme; "but
methinks they are of a quality which can help us but
little. See you not all those who wear steel at their
side, and bear marks of better quality, ruffle past us
as they would past the meanest beggars? for those
who give us any marks of sympathy, are the poorest
of the poor, and most outcast of the needy, who have
neither bread to share with us, nor swords to defend
us, nor skill to use them if they had. That poor
wretch that last kneeled to you with such deep devo-
tion, and who seemed emaciated by the touch of some
wasting disease within, and the grasp of poverty
without—that pale, shivering, miserable caitiff, how
can he aid the great schemes you meditate?"

"Much, my son," said the matron, with more mild-
ness than the page perhaps expected. "When that
pious son of the church returns from the shrine of
Saint Ringan, whither he now travels by my counsel,
and by the aid of good Catholics,—when he returns,
healed of his wasting malady, high in health, and
strong in limb, will not the glory of his faithfulness,
and its miraculous reward, speak louder in the ears of
this besotted people of Scotland, than the din which
is weekly made in a thousand heretical pulpits?"

"Ay, but, mother, I fear the Saint's hand is out. It
is long since we have heard of a miracle performed at
Saint Ringan's."

The matron made a dead pause, and, with a voice
tremulous with emotion, asked, "Art thou so unhappy
as to doubt the power of the blessed Saint?"

"Nay, mother," the youth hastened to reply, "I
believe as the Holy Church commands, and doubt
not Saint Ringan's power of healing; but, be it said
with reverence, he hath not of late showed the incli-
nation."

"And has this land deserved it?" said the Catho-
lic matron, advancing hastily while she spoke, until
she attained the summit of a rising ground, over
which the path led, and then standing again still.
"Here," she said, "stood the Cross, the limits of the
Halidome of Saint Mary's—here—on this eminence
—from which the eye of the holy pilgrim might fir
catch a view of that ancient Monastery, the light of t
land, the abode of saints, and the grave of monar
—Where is now that emblem of our faith? It lie
the earth—a shapeless block, from which the br
fragments have been carried off, for the meanest re
till now no semblance of its original form the su
Look towards the east, my son, where which
wont to glitter on stately spires—from the land h
and bells have now been hurled, as if the heathens—
invaded once more by barbarous heathens even at
yonder battlements, of which we can, and as
tance, descry the partial demolition; whose
land can expect from the blessed saints, a
and whose images have been profaned, How lo
miracles but those of vengeance? How long s
exclaimed, looking upward, "How long resumed
delayed?" She paused, and then resumed on ea
thusiastic rapidity, "Yes, my son, all and c
for a period—joy and grief, triumph sunsh
succeed each other like cloud and down
vineyard shall not be for ever trodden bran
shall be amended, and the fruitful
use

c nun, called the Holy Maid of Kent, who pretended
prophecy and power of miracles. Having denounced
speedy death against Henry VIII. for his marriage
Boleyn, the prophetess was attainted in Parliament,
d, with her accomplices. Her imposture was for a
ceessful, that even Sir Thomas More was disposed to
r.

more dressed and trimmed. Even this day—ay, even this hour, I trust to hear news of importance. Dally not—let us on—time is brief, and judgment is certain."

She resumed the path which led to the Abbey—a path which, in ancient times, was carefully marked out by posts and rails, to assist the pilgrim in his journey—these were now torn up and destroyed. A half hour's walk placed them in front of the once splendid Monastery, which, although the church was as yet entire, had not escaped the fury of the times. The long range of cells and of apartments for the use of the brethren, which occupied two sides of the great square, were almost entirely ruinous, the interior having been consumed by fire, which only the massive architecture of the outward walls had enabled them to resist. The Abbot's house, which formed the third side of the square, was, though injured, still inhabited, and afforded refuge to the few brethren, who yet, rather by connivance than by actual authority, were permitted to remain at Kennaquhair. Their stately offices—their pleasant gardens—the magnificent cloisters constructed for their recreation, were all dilapidated and ruinous; and some of the building materials had apparently been put into requisition by persons in the village and in the vicinity, who, formerly vassals of the Monastery, had not hesitated to appropriate to themselves a part of the spoils. Roland saw fragments of Gothic pillars richly carved, occupying the place of door-posts to the meanest huts; and here and there a mutilated statue, inverted or laid on its side, made the door-post, or threshold, of a wretched cow-house. The church itself was less injured than the other buildings of the Monastery. But the images which had been placed in the numerous niches of its columns and buttresses, having all fallen under the charge of idolatry, to which the superstitious devotion of the papists had justly exposed them, had been broken and thrown down, without much regard to the preservation of the rich and airy canopies and pedestals on which they were placed; nor, if the devastation had stopped short at this point, could we have considered the preservation of these monuments of antiquity as an object to be put in the balance with the introduction of the reformed worship.

Our pilgrims saw the demolition of these sacred and venerable representations of saints and angels—for as sacred and venerable they had been taught to consider them—with very different feelings. The antiquary may be permitted to regret the necessity of the action, but to Magdalen Græme it seemed a deed of impiety, deserving the instant vengeance of heaven—a sentiment in which her relative joined for the moment as cordially as herself. Neither, however, gave vent to their feelings in words, and uplifted hands and eyes formed their only mode of expressing them. The page was about to approach the great eastern gate of the church, but was prevented by his guide. "That gate," she said, "has long been blockaded, that the heretical rabble may not know there still exist among the brethren of Saint Mary's, men who dare worship where their predecessors prayed while alive, and were interred when dead—follow me this way, my son."

Roland Græme followed accordingly; and Magdalen, casting a hasty glance to see whether they were observed, (for she had learned caution from the danger of the times,) commanded her grandson to knock at a little wicket which she pointed out to him. "But knock gently," she added, with a motion expressive of caution. After a little space, during which no answer was returned, she signed to Roland to repeat his summons for admission; and the door at length partially opening, discovered a glimpse of the thin and timid porter, by whom the duty was performed, skulking from the observation of those who stood without; but endeavouring at the same time to gain a sight of them without being himself seen. How different from the proud consciousness of dignity with which the *porter of ancient days offered his important brow and his goodly person* to the pilgrims who repaired to *Kennaquhair!* His solemn "*Intrate, mei filii,*" was exchanged for a tremulous "You cannot enter now—*the brethren* are in their chambers." But, when Magdalen Græme asked, in an under tone of voice, "Hast thou forgotten me, my brother?" he changed his apologetic refusal to "Enter, my honoured sister, enter speedily, for evil eyes are upon us."

They entered accordingly, and having waited until the porter had, with jealous haste, barred and bolted the wicket, were conducted by him through several dark and winding passages. As they walked slowly on, he spoke to the matron in a subdued voice, as if he feared to trust the very walls with the avowal which he communicated.

"Our Fathers are assembled in the Chapter-house, worthy sister—yes, in the Chapter-house—for the election of an Abbot.—Ah, Benedicite! there must be no ringing of bells—no high mass—no opening of the great gates now, that the people might see and venerate their spiritual Father! Our Fathers must hide themselves rather like robbers who choose a leader, than godly priests who elect a mitred Abbot."

"Regard not that, my brother," answered Magdalen Græme; "the first successors of Saint Peter himself were elected, not in sunshine, but in tempests—not in the halls of the Vatican, but in the subterranean vaults and dungeons of heathen Rome—they were not gratulated with shouts and salvos of cannon-shot and of musketry, and the display of artificial fire—no, my brother—but by the hoarse summons of Lictors and Prætors, who came to drag the Fathers of the Church to martyrdom. From such adversity was the Church once raised, and by such will it now be purified.—And mark me, brother! not in the proudest days of the mitred Abbey, was a Superior ever chosen, whom his office shall so much honour, as *he* shall be honoured, who now takes it upon him in these days of tribulation. On whom, my brother, will the choice fall?"

"On whom can it fall—or, alas! who would dare to reply to the call, save the worthy pupil of the Sainted Eustatius—the good and valiant Father Ambrose?"

"I know it," said Magdalen; "my heart told me, long ere your lips had uttered his name. Stand forth, courageous champion, and man the fatal breach!—Rise, bold and experienced pilot, and seize the helm while the tempest rages!—Turn back the battle, brave raiser of the fallen standard!—Wield crook and sling, noble shepherd of a scattered flock."

"I pray you, hush, my sister!" said the porter, opening a door which led into the great church, "the brethren will be presently here to celebrate their election with a solemn mass—I must marshal them the way to the high altar—all the offices of this venerable house have now devolved on one poor decrepit old man."

He left the church, and Magdalen and Roland remained alone in that great vaulted space, whose style of rich, yet chaste architecture, referred its origin to the early part of the fourteenth century, the best period of Gothic building. But the niches were stripped of their images in the inside as well as the outside of the church; and in the pell-mell havoc, the tombs of warriors and of princes had been included in the demolition of the idolatrous shrines. Lances and swords of antique size, which had hung over the tombs of mighty warriors of former days, lay now strewed among relics, with which the devotion of pilgrims had graced those of their peculiar saints; and the fragments of the knights and dames which had once lain recumbent or kneeled in an attitude of devotion, where their mortal relics were reposed, were mingled with those of the saints and angels of the Gothic chisel, which the hand of violence had sent headlong from their stations.

The most fatal symptom of the whole appeared to be, that, though this violence had now been committed for many months, the Fathers had lost so totally all heart and resolution, that they had not so ventured even upon clearing away the rubbish, or restoring the church to some decent degree of order. This might have been done without much labour. But terror had overpowered the scanty remains of a body once so powerful, and, sensible they were only suffered to remain in this ancient seat by connivance and from compassion, they did not venture upon taking any step which might be construed into an assertion of their ancient rights, contenting themselves

with the secret and obscure exercise of their religious ceremonial, in as unostentatious a manner as was possible.

Two or three of the more aged brethren had sunk under the pressure of the times, and the ruins had been partly cleared away to permit their interment. One stone had been laid over Father Nicholas, which recorded of him in special, that he had taken the vows during the incumbency of Abbot Ingelram, the period to which his memory so frequently recurred. Another flag-stone, yet more recently deposited, covered the body of Philip the Sacristan, eminent for his aquatic excursion with the phantom of Avenel; and a third, the most recent of all, bore the outline of a mitre, and the words *Hic jacet Eustatius Abbas*; for no one dared to add a word of commendation in favour of his learning, and strenuous zeal for the Roman Catholic faith.

Magdalen Græme looked at and perused the brief records of these monuments successively, and paused over that of Father Eustace. "In a good hour for thyself," she said, "but oh! in an evil hour for the Church, wert thou called from us. Let thy spirit be with us, holy man—encourage thy successor to tread in thy footsteps—give him thy bold and inventive capacity, thy zeal and thy discretion—even *thy* piety exceeds not his." As she spoke, a side door, which closed a passage from the Abbot's house into the church, was thrown open, that the Fathers might enter the choir, and conduct to the high altar the Superior whom they had elected.

In former times, this was one of the most splendid of the many pageants which the hierarchy of Rome had devised to attract the veneration of the faithful. The period during which the Abbacy remained vacant, was a state of mourning, or, as their emblematical phrase expressed it, of widowhood; a melancholy term, which was changed into rejoicing and triumph when a new Superior was chosen. When the folding doors were on such solemn occasions thrown open, and the new Abbot appeared on the threshold in full-blown dignity, with ring and mitre, and dalmatique and crosier, his hoary standard-bearers and his juvenile dispensers of incense preceding him, and the venerable train of monks behind him, with all besides which could announce the supreme authority to which he was now raised, his appearance was a signal for the magnificent *Jubilate* to rise from the organ and music-loft, and to be joined by the corresponding burst of *Alleluiah* from the whole assembled congregation. Now all was changed. In the midst of rubbish and desolation, seven or eight old men, bent and shaken, as much by grief and fear as by age, shrouded hastily in the proscribed dress of their order, wandered like a procession of spectres, from the door which had been thrown open, up through the encumbered passage, to the high altar, there to instal their elected Superior a chief of ruins. It was like a band of bewildered travellers choosing a chief in the wilderness of Arabia; or a shipwrecked crew electing a captain upon the barren island on which fate has thrown them.

They who, in peaceful times, are most ambitious of authority among others, shrink from the competition at such eventful periods, when neither ease nor parade attend the possession of it, and when it gives only a painful pre-eminence both in danger and in labour, and exposes the ill-fated chieftain to the murmurs of his discontented associates, as well as to the first assault of the common enemy. But he on whom the office of the Abbot of Saint Mary's was now conferred, had a mind fitted for the situation to which he was called. Bold and enthusiastic, yet generous and forgiving—wise and skilful, yet zealous and prompt—he wanted but a better cause than the support of a decaying superstition, to have raised him to the rank of a truly great man. But as the end crowns the work, it also forms the rule by which it must be ultimately judged; and those who, with sincerity and generosity, fight and fall in an evil cause, posterity can only compassionate as victims of a generous but fatal error. Amongst these, we must rank Ambrosius, the *last Abbot of Kennaquhair*, whose designs *must be condemned*, as *their success* would have riveted on Scotland the chains of antiquated superstition and spiritual tyranny; but whose talents commanded respect, and whose virtues, even from the enemies of his faith, extorted esteem.

The bearing of the new Abbot served of itself to dignify a ceremonial which was deprived of all other attributes of grandeur. Conscious of the peril in which they stood, and recalling, doubtless, the better days they had seen, there hung over his brethren an appearance of mingled terror, and grief, and shame, which induced them to hurry over the office in which they were engaged, as something at once degrading and dangerous.

But not so Father Ambrose. His features, indeed, expressed a deep melancholy, as he walked up the centre aisle, amid the ruin of things which he considered as holy, but his brow was undejected, and his step firm and solemn. He seemed to think that the dominion which he was about to receive, depended in no sort upon the external circumstances under which it was conferred; and if a mind so firm was accessible to sorrow or fear, it was not on his own account, but on that of the Church to which he had devoted himself.

At length he stood on the broken steps of the high altar, barefooted, as was the rule, and holding in his hand his pastoral staff, for the gemmed ring and jewelled mitre had become secular spoils. No obedient vassals came, man after man, to make their homage and to offer the tribute which should provide their spiritual Superior with palfrey and trappings. No Bishop assisted at the solemnity, to receive into the higher ranks of the Church nobility a dignitary, whose voice in the legislature was as potential as his own. With hasty and maimed rites, the few remaining brethren stepped forward alternately to give their new Abbot the kiss of peace, in token of fraternal affection and spiritual homage. Mass was then hastily performed, but in such precipitation as if it had been hurried over rather to satisfy the scruples of a few youths, who were impatient to set out on a hunting party, than as if it made the most solemn part of a solemn ordination. The officiating priest faltered as he spoke the service, and often looked around, as if he expected to be interrupted in the midst of his office; and the brethren listened as to that which, short as it was, they wished yet more abridged.*

These symptoms of alarm increased as the ceremony proceeded, and, as it seemed, were not caused by mere apprehension alone; for, amid the pauses of the hymn, there were heard without sounds of a very different sort, beginning faintly and at a distance, but at length approaching close to the exterior of the church, and stunning with dissonant clamour those engaged in the service. The winding of horns, blown with no regard to harmony or concert; the jangling of bells, the thumping of drums, the squeaking of bagpipes, and the clash of cymbals—the shouts of a multitude, now as in laughter, now as in anger—the shrill tones of female voices, and those of children, mingling with the deeper clamours of men, formed a Babel of sounds, which first drowned, and then awed into utter silence, the official hymns of the Convent. The cause and result of this extraordinary interruption will be explained in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Not the wild billow, when it breaks its barrier—
Not the wild wind, escaping from its cavern—
Not the wild fiend, that mingles both together,
And pours their rage upon the ripening harvest,
Can match the wild freaks of this mirthful meeting—
Comic, yet fearful—droll, and yet destructive.

The Conspiracy.

THE monks ceased their song, which, like that of the choristers in the legend of the Witch of Berkley, died away in a quaver of consternation; and, like a flock of chickens disturbed by the presence of the kite, they at first made a movement to disperse and fly in different directions, and then, with despair rather than

* In Catholic countries, in order to reconcile the pleasures of the great with the observances of religion, it was common, when a party was bent for the chase, to celebrate mass, abridged and maimed of its rites, called a hunting-mass, the brevity of which was designed to correspond with the impatience of the audience.

hope, huddled themselves around their new Abbot: who, retaining the lofty and undismayed look which had dignified him through the whole ceremony, stood on the higher step of the altar, as if desirous to be the most conspicuous mark on which danger might discharge itself, and to save his companions by his self-devotion, since he could afford them no other protection.

Involuntarily, as it were, Magdalen Græme and the page stepped from the station which hitherto they had occupied unnoticed, and approached to the altar, as desirous of sharing the fate which approached the monks, whatever that might be. Both bowed reverently low to the Abbot; and while Magdalen seemed about to speak, the youth, looking towards the main entrance, at which the noise now roared most loudly, and which was at the same time assailed with much knocking, laid his hand upon his dagger.

The Abbot motioned to both to forbear; "Peace, my sister," he said, in a low tone, but which, being in a different key from the tumultuary sounds without, could be distinctly heard even amidst the tumult; —"Peace," he said, "my sister; let the new Superior of Saint Mary's himself receive and reply to the grateful acclamations of the vassals, who come to celebrate his installation.—And thou my son, forbear I charge thee, to touch thy earthly weapon;—if it is the pleasure of our protectress that her shrine be this day desecrated by deeds of violence, and polluted by bloodshedding, let it not I charge thee, happen through the deed of a Catholic son of the church."

The noise and knocking at the outer gate became now every moment louder; and voices were heard impatiently demanding admittance. The Abbot, with dignity, and with a step which even the emergency of danger rendered neither faltering nor precipitate, moved toward the portal, and demanded to know, in a tone of authority, who it was that disturbed their worship, and what they desired?

There was a moment's silence, and then a loud laugh from without. At length a voice replied, "We desire entrance into the church; and when the door is opened, you will soon see who we are."

"By whose authority do you require entrance?" said the Father.

"By authority of the right reverend Lord Abbot of Unreason,"* replied the voice from without: and, from the laugh which followed, it seemed as if there was something highly ludicrous couched under this reply.

"I know not, and seek not to know, your meaning," replied the Abbot, "since it is probably a rude one. But begone, in the name of God, and leave his servants in peace. I speak this, as having lawful authority to command here."

"Open the door," said another rude voice, "and we will try titles with you, Sir Monk, and show you a Superior we must all obey."

"Break open the doors if he dallies any longer," said a third, "and down with the carrion monks who would bar us of our privilege!" A general shout followed. "Ay, ay, our privilege! our privilege! down with the doors, and with the lurdane monks, if they make opposition!"

The knocking was now exchanged for blows with great hammers, to which the doors, strong as they were, must soon have given way. But the Abbot, who saw resistance would be vain, and who did not wish to incense the assailants by an attempt at offering it, besought silence earnestly, and with difficulty obtained a hearing. "My children," said he, "I will save you from committing a great sin. The porter will presently undo the gate—he is gone to fetch the keys—mean time, I pray you to consider with yourselves if you are in a state of mind to cross the holy threshold."

"Tillyvalley for your papistry!" was answered from without; "we are in the mood of the monks when they are merriest, and that is when they sup beef-brewis for lenten-kail. So, if your porter hath not the gout, let him come speedily, or we heave away readily.—Said I well, comrades?"

"Bravely said, and it shall be as bravely done," said the multitude; and had not the keys arrived at that moment, and the porter, in hasty terror, performed his office, throwing open the great door, the populace would have saved him the trouble. The instant he had done so, the affrighted janitor fled, like one who has drawn the bolts of a floodgate, and expects to be overwhelmed by the rushing inundation. The monks with one consent, had withdrawn themselves behind the Abbot, who alone kept his station, about three yards from the entrance, showing no signs of fear or perturbation. His brethren—partly encouraged by his devotion, partly ashamed to desert him, and partly

* We learn from no less authority than that of Napoleon Bonaparte, that there is but a single step between the sublime and ridiculous; and it is a transition from one extreme to another, so very easy, that the vulgar of every degree are peculiarly captivated with it. Thus the inclination to laugh becomes uncontrollable, when the solemnity and gravity of time, place, and circumstances, render it peculiarly improper. Some species of general license, like that which inspired the ancient Saturnalia, or the modern Carnival, has been commonly indulged to the people at all times, and in almost all countries. But it was, I think, peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church, that while they studied how to render their church rites imposing and magnificent, by all that pomp, music, architecture, and external display could add to them, they nevertheless connived, upon special occasions, at the frolics of the rude vulgar, who, in almost all Catholic countries, enjoyed, or at least assumed, the privilege of making some Lord of the revels, who, under the name of the Abbot of Unreason, the Boy Bishop, or the President of Fools, occupied the churches, profaned the holy places by a mock imitation of the sacred rites, and sung indecent parodies on hymns of the church. The indifference of the clergy, even when their power was greatest, to the indecent exhibitions which they always tolerated, and sometimes encouraged, forms a strong contrast to the sensitiveness with which they regarded any serious attempt, by preaching or writing, to impeach any of the doctrines of the church. It could only be compared to the singular apathy with which they endured, and often admired, the gross novels which Chaucer, Dunbar, Boccaccio, Bandello, and others, composed upon the bad morals of the clergy. It seems as if the churchmen in both instances had endeavoured to compromise with the laity, and allowed them occasionally to gratify their coarse humour by indecent satire, provided they would abstain from any grave question concerning the foundation of the doctrines on which was erected such an immense fabric of ecclesiastical power.

But the sports thus licensed assumed a very different appearance, so soon as the Protestant doctrines began to prevail; and the license which their forefathers had exercised in mere *gayety of heart*, and without the least intention of dishonouring *religion by their frolics*, were now persevered in by the common *people as a mode of* testifying their utter disregard for the *Roman priesthood* and its ceremonies.

I may observe, for example, the case of an apparitor sent to *Borthwick from* the Primate of Saint Andrews, to cite the lord *of that castle*, who was opposed by an Abbot of Unreason, at whose command the officer of the spiritual court was appointed to be ducked in a mill dam, and obliged to eat up his parchment citation.

The reader may be amused with the following whimsical details of this incident, which took place in the castle of Borthwick, in the year 1517. It appears, that in consequence of a process betwixt Master George Hay de Minzeano and the Lord Borthwick, letters of excommunication had passed against the latter, on account of the contumacy of certain witnesses. William Langlands, an apparitor or macer (*bacularius*) of the See of St. Andrews, presented these letters to the curate of the church of Borthwick, requiring him to publish the same at the service of high mass. It seems that the inhabitants of the castle were at this time engaged in the favourite sport of enacting the Abbot of Unreason, a species of high jinks, in which a mimic prelate was elected, who, like the Lord of Misrule in England, turned all sort of lawful authority, and particularly the church ritual, into ridicule. This frolicsome person with his retinue, notwithstanding of the apparitor's character, entered the church, seized upon the primate's officer without hesitation, and, dragging him to the mill-dam on the south side of the castle, compelled him to leap into the water. Not contented with this partial immersion, the Abbot of Unreason pronounced, that Mr. William Langlands was not yet sufficiently bathed, and therefore caused his assistants to lay him on his back in the stream, and duck him in the most satisfactory and perfect manner. The unfortunate apparitor was then conducted back to the church, where, for his refreshment after his bath, the letters of excommunication were torn to pieces, and steeped in a bowl of wine; the mock abbot being probably of opinion that a tough parchment was but dry eating, Langlands was compelled to eat the letters, and swallow the wine, and dismissed by the Abbot of Unreason, with the comfortable assurance, that if any more such letters should arrive during the continuance of his office, "they should a' gang the same gate," *i.e.* go the same road.

A similar scene occurs betwixt a sumner of the Bishop of Rochester, and Harpool, the servant of Lord Cobham, in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle, when the former compels the church-officer to eat his citation. The dialogue, which may be found in the note, contains most of the jests which may be supposed appropriate to such an extraordinary occasion.*

* Harpool. Marry, sir, is this process parchment?
Sumner. Yea, marry is it.
Harpool. And this seal wax?
Sumner. It is so.
Harpool. If this be parchment, and this be wax, eat you this

animated by a sense of duty—remained huddled close together, at the back of their Superior. There was a loud laugh and huzza when the doors were opened; but, contrary to what might have been expected, no crowd of enraged assailants rushed into the church. On the contrary, there was a cry of "A halt!—a halt—to order, my masters! and let the two reverend fathers greet each other, as beseems them."

The appearance of the crowd who were thus called to order, was grotesque in the extreme. It was composed of men, women, and children, ludicrously disguised in various habits, and presenting groups equally diversified and grotesque. Here one fellow with a horse's head painted before him, and a tail behind, and the whole covered with a long foot-cloth, which was supposed to hide the body of the animal, ambled, caracoled, pranced, and plunged, as he performed the celebrated part of the hobby-horse,* so often alluded to in our ancient drama; and which still flourishes on the stage in the battle that concludes Baye's tragedy. To rival the address and agility displayed by this character, another personage advanced, in the more formidable character of a huge dragon, with gilded wings, open jaws, and a scarlet tongue, cloven at the end, which made various efforts to overtake and devour a lad, dressed as the lovely Sabæa, daughter of the King of Egypt, who fled before him; while a martial Saint George, grotesquely armed with a goblet for a helmet, and a spit for a lance, ever and anon interfered, and compelled the monster to relinquish his prey. A bear, a wolf, and one or two other wild animals, played their parts with the discretion

of Snug the joiner; for the decided prefe
they gave to the use of their hind legs, wa
without any formal annunciation, to assu
timorous spectators that they had to do w
bipeds. There was a group of outlaws,
Hood and Little John at their head†—the
sentation exhibited at the time; and no
der, since most of the actors were, by pro
banished men and thieves whom they
Other masqueraders there were, of a less
cription. Men were disguised as women,
as men—children wore the dress of aged
tottered with crutch-sticks in their ha
gowns on their little backs, and caps on
heads—while grandsires assumed the in
as well as the dress of children. Besides
had their faces painted, and wore their sh
the rest of their dress; while coloured pas
ribands furnished out decorations for oth
who wanted all these properties, blacked
and turned their jackets inside out; a
transmutation of the whole assembly into
grotesque mummers, was at once comple

The pause which the masqueraders m
apparently for some person of the highe
amongst them, gave those within the Ab
full time to observe all these absurdities..
at no loss to comprehend their purpose a

Few readers can be ignorant, that at
riod, and during the plenitude of her power
of Rome not only connived at, but even
such saturnalian licenses as the inhabitant

* This exhibition, the play-mare of Scotland, stood high among holyday gambols. It must be carefully separated from the wooden chargers which furnish out our nurseries. It gives rise to Hamlet's ejaculation,—

But oh, but oh, the hobby-horse is forgot!

There is a very comic scene in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of "Women Pleased," where Hope-on-high Bombye, a puritan cobbler, refuses to dance with the hobby-horse. There was much difficulty and great variety in the motions which the hobby-horse was expected to exhibit.

The learned Mr. Douce, who has contributed so much to the illustration of our theatrical antiquities, has given us a full account of this pageant, and the burlesque horsemanship which it practised.

"The hobby-horse," says Mr. Douce, "was represented by a man equipped with as much pasteboard as was sufficient to form the head and hinder parts of a horse, the quadrupedal defects being concealed by a long mantle or footcloth that nearly touched the ground. The former, on this occasion, exerted all his skill in burlesque horsemanship. In Sympson's play of the Lawbreakers, 1636, a miller personates the hobby-horse, and being angry that the mayor of the city is put in competition with him, exclaims, 'Let the mayor play the hobby-horse among his brethren, an he will; I hope our town-lads cannot want a hobby-horse. Have I practised my reins, my careers, my pranckers, my ambles, my false trots, my smooth ambles, and Canterbury paces, and shall master mayor put me besides the hobby-horse? Have I borrowed the forehorse bells, his plumes, his braveries; nay, had his mane new shorn and frizzled, and shall the mayor put me besides the hobby-horse?'"—DOUCE's *Illustrations*, vol. II., p. 468.

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parchment and wax, or I will make parchment of your skin; and beat your brains into wax. Sirrah Sumner, despatch—devour, sirrah, devour.

Sumner. I am my Lord of Rochester's sumner; I came to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.

Harpool. Sirrah, no railing, but betake thyself to thy teeth. Thou shalt eat no worse than thou bringest with thee. Thou bringest it for my lord; and wilt thou bring my lord worse than thou wilt eat thyself?

Sumner. Sir, I brought it not my lord to eat.

Harpool. O, do you *Sir* me now? All's one for that; I'll make you eat it for bringing it.

Sumner. I cannot eat it.

Harpool. Can you not? 'Sblood, I'll beat you till you have a stomach! (*Beats him.*)

Sumner. Oh, hold, hold, good Mr. Servingman; I will eat it.

Harpool. Be champing, be chewing, sir, or I will chew you, you rogue. Tough wax is the purest of the honey.

Sumner. The purest of the honey!—O Lord, sir! oh! oh!

Harpool. Feed, feed; 'tis wholesome, rouge, wholesome. Cannot you, like an honest sumner, walk with the devil your brother, to fetch in your bailiff's rents, but you must come to a nobleman's house with process? If the seal were broad as the lead which covers Rochester Church, thou shouldst eat it.

Sumner. Oh, I am almost choked—I am almost choked!

Harpool. Who's within there? will you shame my lord? is there no beer in the house? Butler, I say.

ENTER BUTLER.

Butler. Here, here.

Harpool. Give him beer. Tough old sheep-skin 's but dry meat.

First Part of Sir John Oldcastle, Act II. Scene I.

† The representation of Robin Hood was the darl
both in England and Scotland, and doubtless the
sonification was often revived, when the Abbot o
other pretences of frolic, gave an unusual degree

The Protestant clergy, who had formerly rea
from the opportunities which these sports aff
directing their own satire and the ridicule of the
against the Catholic church, began to find that, w
poses were served, their favourite pastimes depriv
wish to attend divine worship, and disturbed the
in which it can be attended to advantage. T
Bishop Latimer gives a very *naïve* account of
which, bishop as he was, he found himself com
place to Robin Hood and his followers.

"I came once myselfe riding on a journey h
London, and I sent word over night into the town
preach there in the morning, because it was h
thought it was a holidayes worke. The churc
way, and I tooke my horse and my company, and
(I thought I should have found a great company i
and when I came there the church doore was
tarryed there halfe an houre and more. At las
found, and one of the parish comes to me, and s
is a busie day with us, we cannot hear you; it is
day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for
I pray you let them not.' I was faine there to give
Hood. I thought my rochet should have been re
I were not: but it would not serve, it was fain
to Robin Hood's men. It is no laughing matter,
is a weeping matter, a heavie matter, a heavie m
the pretence for gathering for Robin Hood, a t
thief, to put out a preacher; to have his office l
to preferre Robin Hood before the ministration o
and all this hath come of unpreaching prelates.
hath been ill provided for, that it hath had such
ments in it, to prefer Robin Hood to God's
Latimer's sixth Sermon before King Edward.

While the English Protestants thus preferre
pageant to the preaching of their excellent Bisho
calvinistic clergy, with the celebrated John Kno
and backed by the authority of the magistrates
who had of late been chosen exclusively from th
it impossible to control the rage of the popula
attempted to deprive them of the privilege of
pageant of Robin Hood.

(1561.) "Vpon the xxi day of Junij, Archibal
Kilspindie, Provest of Edr., David Symmer and
toun, baillies of the samyne, causit ane cordinar
James Gillon, takin of befoir, for playing in Ed
Hude, to wnderly the law, and put him to the k
assyize qlk yaij haid electit of yair favoraris, q
deliberatioun condemnit him to be hangit for
And the deacons of ye craftismen fearing vpr
solistatnis at ye handis of ye said provost and
requirit John Knox, minister, for eschewing of
ceid ye executioun of him, vnto ye tyme yai s
Lord Duke yairof. And yan, if it wes his m
he should be disponit vpoun, ye said deacon
should convey him yaire; quha answerit, yat
stope ye executioun of justice. Quhan ye
pouer mans hanging aprochit, and yat ye h
to ye jibbat with ye ledder, vpoune ye qlk y
should have bene hangit, ane certaine and
childer, quha wes put to ye horne with ye sai
said Robene Hude's playis, and [illegible]

quhair and the neighbourhood had now in hand, and that the vulgar, on such occasions, were not only permitted but encouraged, by a number of gambols, sometimes puerile and ludicrous, sometimes immoral and profane, to indemnify themselves for the privations and penances imposed on them at other seasons. But, of all other topics for burlesque and ridicule, the rites and ceremonial of the church itself were most frequently resorted to; and, strange to say, with the approbation of the clergy themselves.

While the hierarchy flourished in full glory, they do not appear to have dreaded the consequences of suffering the people to become so irreverently familiar with things sacred; they then imagined the laity to be much in the condition of a labourer's horse, which does not submit to the bridle and the whip with greater reluctance, because, at rare intervals, he is allowed to frolic at large in his pasture, and fling out his heels in clumsy gambols at the master who usually drives him. But, when times changed—when doubt of the Roman Catholic doctrine, and hatred of their priesthood, had possessed the reformed party, the clergy discovered, too late, that no small inconvenience arose from the established practice of games and merry-makings, in which they themselves, and all they held most sacred, were made the subject of ridicule. It then became obvious to duller politicians than the Romish churchmen, that the same actions have a very different tendency when done in the spirit of sarcastic insolence and hatred, than when acted merely in exuberance of rude and uncontrollable spirits. They, therefore, though of the latest, endeavoured, where they had any remaining influence, to discourage the renewal of these indecorous festivities. In this particular, the Catholic clergy were joined by most of the reformed preachers, who were more shocked at the profanity and immorality of many of these exhibitions, than disposed to profit by the ridiculous light in which they placed the Church of Rome, and her observances. But it was long ere these scandalous and immoral sports could be abrogated;—the rude multitude continued attached to their favourite pastimes; and, both in England and Scotland, the mitre of the Catholic—the rochet of the reformed bishop—and the cloak and band of the Calvinistic divine—were, in turn, compelled to give place to those jocular personages, the Pope of Fools, the Boy Bishop, and the Abbot of Unreason.*

It was the latter personage who now, in full costume, made his approach to the great door of the Church of St. Mary's, accoutred in such a manner as to form a caricature, or practical parody, on the costume and attendants of the real Superior, whom he came to beard on the very day of his installation, in the presence of his clergy, and in the chancel of his church. The mock dignitary was a stout-made under-sized fellow, whose thick squab form had been rendered grotesque by a supplemental paunch, well stuffed. He wore a mitre of leather, with the front like a grenadier's cap, adorned with mock embroidery, and trinkets of tin. This surmounted a visage, the nose of which was the most prominent feature, being of unusual size, and at least as richly gemmed as his head-gear. His robe was of buckram, and his cope of canvass, curiously painted, and cut into open work. On one shoulder was fixed the painted figure of an owl; and he bore in the right hand his pastoral staff, and in the left a small mirror having a a handle to it, thus resembling a celebrated jester, whose adventures, translated into English, were whilom extremely popular, and which may still be procured in black letter, for about one sterling pound per leaf.

The attendants of this mock dignitary had their proper dresses and equipage, bearing the same burlesque resemblance to the officers of the Convent which their leader did to the Superior. They followed their leader in regular procession, and the motley characters, which had waited his arrival, now crowded into the church in his train, shouting as they came,—"A hall, a hall! for the venerable Father Howleglas, the learned Monk of Misrule, and the Right Reverend Abbot of Unreason!"

The discordant minstrelsy of every kind renewed its din; the boys shrieked and howled, and the men laughed and hallooed, and the women giggled and screamed, and the beasts roared, and the dragon walloped and hissed, and the hobby-horse neighed, pranced, and capered, and the rest frisked and frolicked, clashing their hobnailed shoes against the pavement, till it sparkled with the marks of their energetic caprioles.

It was, in fine, a scene of ridiculous confusion that deafened the ear, made the eyes giddy, and must have altogether stunned any indifferent spectator; the monks, whom personal apprehension and a consciousness that much of the popular enjoyment arose from the ridicule being directed against them, were, moreover, little comforted by the reflection, that, bold in their disguise, the mummers who whooped and capered around them, might, on slight provocation, turn their jest into earnest, or at least proceed to those practical pleasantries, which at all times arise so naturally out of the frolicsome and mischievous disposition of the populace. They looked to their Abbot amid the tumult, with such looks as landsmen cast upon the pilot, when the storm is at the highest—looks which express that they are devoid of all hope arising from their own exertions, and not very confident in any success likely to attend those of their Palinurus.

The Abbot himself seemed at a stand; he felt no fear, but he was sensible of the danger of expressing his rising indignation, which he was scarcely able to suppress. He made a gesture with his hand as if commanding silence, which was at first only replied to by redoubled shouts, and peals of wild laughter. When, however, the same motion, and as nearly in the same manner, had been made by Howleglas, it was immediately obeyed by his riotous companions, who expected fresh food for mirth in the conversation betwixt the real and mock Abbot, having no small confidence in the vulgar wit and impudence of their leader. Accordingly, they began to shout, "To it, fathers—to it!"—"Fight monk, fight madcap—Abbot against Abbot is fair play, and so is reason against unreason, and malice against monkery!"

"Silence, my mates!" said Howleglas, "cannot

...ns, past to wappinis, and yai brak down ye said jibbat, and yan chacit ye said provest, baillies, and Alexr. Guthrie, in ye said Alexander's writing buith, and held yame yairin; and yairefter past to ye tolbuyt, and becaus the samyne was steiket, and onnawayes culd get the keyes thairof, thai brake the said tolbuith dore with foure harberis, per force, (the said provest and baillies luckand thairon,) and not onlie put thar the said Gillione to fredome and libertie, and brocht him furth of the said tolbuit, bot alsua the remanent personaris being thairintill; and this done, the said craftismen's servands, with the said condempnit cordonar, past doun to the Netherbow, to have past furth thairat; bot becaus the samyne on their coming thairto wes closet, thai past vp agane the Hie streit of the said bourghe to the Castellhill, and in this menetyme the saidis provest and baillies and thair assistaris being in the writting buith of the said Alexr. Guthrie, past and enterit in the said tolbuyt, and in the said servandes passage vp the Hie streit, then schote furth thairof at thame ane dog, and hurt ane servand of the said childer. This being done, thair wes nathing vthir but the one partie schuteand out and castand stanes furth of the said tolbuyt, and the vther pairtie schuteand hagbuttis in the same agane. And sua the craftismen's servandis, aboue written, held and inclosit the said provest and baillies continewallie in the said tolbuyth, frae three houris efternone, quhill aught houris at even, and na man of the said town prensit to relieve thair said provest and baillies. And than thai send to the maisters of the Castell, to caus tham if thai mycht stay the said servandis, quha maid ane maner to do the same, bot thai could not bring the same to ane finall end, ffor the said servands wold on nowayes stay fra, quhill thai had revengit the hurting of ane of them; and thairefter the constable of the castell come down thairfra, and he with the said maisters treatet betwix the said pties in this manner:—That the said provost and baillies sall remit to the said craftischilder, all actioun, cryme, and offens that thai had committit aganes thame in any tyme bygane; and band and oblast thame never to pursew them thairfor; and als commandit their maisters to resaue them againe in thair services, as thai did befoir. And this being proclamit at the mercat cross, thai scalit, and the said provest and baillies come furth of the same tolbouyth," &c. &c. &c.

John Knox, who writes at large upon this tumult, informs us it was inflamed by the deacons of crafts, who, resenting the *superiority assumed over them by the magistrates, would yield no assurance to put down the tumult.* "They will be magistrates alone," said the recusant deacons, "e'en let them rule the *populace alone*;" and accordingly they passed quietly to take *their four-hours penny*, and left the magistrates to help themselves as they could. Many persons were excommunicated for this outrage, and not admitted to church ordinances till they had made satisfaction.

* From the interesting novel entitled Anastasius, it seems the same burlesque ceremonies were practised in the Greek Church.

two learned Fathers of the Church hold communion together, but you must come here with your bear-garden whoop and halloo, as if you were hounding forth a mastiff upon a mad bull? I say, silence! and let this learned Father and I confer, touching matters affecting our mutual state and authority."

"My children"—said Father Ambrose.

"*My* children too,—and happy children they are!" said his burlesque counterpart; "many a wise child knows not its own father, and it is well they have two to choose betwixt."

"If thou hast aught in thee, save scoffing and ribaldry," said the real Abbot, "permit me, for thine own soul's sake, to speak a few words to these misguided men."

"Aught in me but scoffing, say'st thou?" retorted the Abbot of Unreason; "why, reverend brother, I have all that becomes mine office at this time a-day—I have beef, ale, and brandy-wine, with other condiments not worth mentioning; and for speaking, man—why, speak away, and we will have turn about, like honest fellows."

During this discussion the wrath of Magdalen Græme had risen to the uttermost; she approached the Abbot, and placing herself by his side, said in a low and yet distinct tone—"Wake and arouse thee, Father—the sword of Saint Peter is in thy hand—strike and avenge Saint Peter's patrimony! Bind them in the chains, which, being riveted by the church on earth, are riveted in Heaven"——

"Peace, sister!" said the Abbot; "let not their madness destroy our discretion—I pray thee, peace, and let me do mine office. It is the first, peradventure it may be the last time, I shall be called on to discharge it."

"Nay, my holy brother!" said Howleglas, "I rede you, take the holy sister's advice—never throve convent without woman's counsel."

"Peace, vain man!" said the Abbot; "and you, my brethren"——

"Nay, nay!" said the Abbot of Unreason, "no speaking to the lay people, until you have conferred with your brother of the cowl. I swear by bell, book, and candle, that not one of my congregation shall listen to one word you have to say; so you had as well address yourself to me who will."

To escape a conference so ludicrous, the Abbot again attempted to appeal to what respectful feelings might yet remain amongst the inhabitants of the Halidome, once so devoted to their spiritual Superiors. Alas! the Abbot of Unreason had only to flourish his mock crosier, and the whooping, the hallooing, and the dancing, were renewed with a vehemence which would have defied the lungs of Stentor.

"And now, my mates," said the Abbot of Unreason, "once again dight your gabs and be hushed—let us see if the Cock of Kennaquhair will fight or flee the pit."

There was again a dead silence of expectation, of which Father Ambrose availed himself to address his antagonist, seeing plainly that he could gain an audience on no other terms. "Wretched man!" said he, "hast thou no better employment for thy carnal wit, than to employ it in leading these blind and helpless creatures into the pit of utter darkness?"

"Truly, my brother," replied Howleglas, "I can see little difference betwixt your employment and mine, save that you make a sermon of a jest, and I make a jest of a sermon."

"Unhappy being," said the Abbot, "who has no better subject of pleasantry than that which should make thee tremble—no sounder jest than thine own sins, and no better objects for laughter than those who can absolve thee from the guilt of them!"

"Verily, my reverend brother," said the mock Abbot, "what you say might be true, if, in laughing at hypocrites, I meant to laugh at religion.—O, it is a precious thing to wear a long dress, with a girdle and a cowl—we become a holy pillar of Mother Church, and a boy must not play at ball against the walls for fear of breaking a painted window!"

"And will you, my friends," said the Abbot, looking round and speaking with a vehemence which secured him a tranquil audience for some time,—"will you suffer a profane buffoon, within the very church of God, to insult his ministers? Many of you—all of you, perhaps—have lived under my holy predecessors, who were called upon to rule in this church where I am called upon to suffer. If you have worldly goods, they are their gift; and, when you scorned not to accept better gifts—the mercy and forgiveness of the Church—were they not ever at your command?—did we not pray while you were jovial—wake while you slept?"

"Some of the good wives of the Halidome were wont to say so," said the Abbot of Unreason; but his jest met in this instance but slight applause, and Father Ambrose, having gained a moment's attention, hastened to improve it.

"What!" said he; "and is this grateful—is it seemly—is it honest—to assail with scorn a few old men, from whose predecessors you hold all, and whose only wish is to die in peace among these fragments of what was once the light of the land, and whose daily prayer is, that they may be removed ere that hour comes when the last spark shall be extinguished, and the land left in the darkness which it has chosen rather than light? We have not turned against you the edge of the spiritual sword, to revenge our temporal persecution; the tempest of your wrath hath despoiled us of land, and deprived us almost of our daily food, but we have not repaid it with the thunders of excommunication,—we only pray your leave to live and die within the church which is our own, invoking God, Our Lady, and the Holy Saints, to pardon your sins, and our own, undisturbed by scurril buffoonery and blasphemy."

This speech, so different in tone and termination from that which the crowd had expected, produced an effect upon their feelings unfavourable to the prosecution of their frolic. The morrice-dancers stood still—the hobby-horse surceased his capering—pipe and tabor were mute, and "silence, like a heavy cloud," seemed to descend on the late noisy rabble. Several of the beasts were obviously moved to compunction; the bear could not restrain his sobs, and a huge fox was observed to wipe his eyes with his tail. But in especial the dragon, lately so formidably rampant, now relaxed the terror of his claws, uncoiled his tremendous rings, and grumbled out of his fiery throat in a repentant tone, "By the mass, I thought no harm in exercising our old pastime, but an I had thought the good Father would have taken it so to heart, I would as soon have played your devil as your dragon."

In this momentary pause, the Abbot stood amongst the miscellaneous and grotesque forms by which he was surrounded, triumphant as Saint Anthony, in Callot's Temptations; but Howleglas would not so resign his purpose.

"And how now, my masters!" said he; "is this fair play or no? Have you not chosen me Abbot of Unreason, and is it lawful for any of you to listen to common sense to-day? Was I not formally elected by you in solemn chapter, held in Luckie Martin's change-house, and will you now desert me, and give up your old pastime and privilege?—Play out the play—and he that speaks the next word of sense or reason, or bids us think or consider, or the like of that, which befits not the day, I will have him solemnly ducked in the mill-dam!"

The rabble, mutable as usual, huzzaed, the pipe and tabor struck up, the hobby-horse pranced, the beasts roared, and even the repentant dragon began again to coil up his spires and prepare himself for fresh gambols. But the Abbot might have still overcome, by his eloquence and his entreaties, the malicious designs of the revellers, had not Dame Magdalen Græme given loose to the indignation which she had long suppressed.

"Scoffers," she said, "and men of Belial—Blasphemous heretics, and truculent tyrants"—

"Your patience, my sister, I entreat and I command you!" said the Abbot; "let me do my duty—disturb me not in mine office!"

But Dame Magdalen continued to thunder forth her threats in the name of Popes and Councils, and in the name of every Saint, from Saint Michael downward.

"My comrades!" said the Abbot of Unreason, "this good dame hath not spoke a single word of reason, and therein may esteem herself free from the law. But what she spoke was meant for reason, and, therefore, unless she confesses and avouches all which she has said to be nonsense, it shall pass for such, so far as to incur the penalty of our statutes.—Wherefore, holy dame, pilgrim, or abbess, or whatever thou art, be mute with thy mummery or beware the mill-dam. We will have neither spiritual nor temporal scolds in our Diocese of Unreason!"

As he spoke thus, he extended his hand towards the old woman, while his followers shouted, "A doom—a doom!" and prepared to second his purpose, when lo! it was suddenly frustrated. Roland Græme had witnessed with indignation the insults offered to his old spiritual preceptor, but yet had wit enough to reflect he could render him no assistance, but might well, by ineffective interference, make matters worse. But when he saw his aged relative in danger of personal violence, he gave way to the natural impetuosity of his temper, and, stepping forward, struck his poniard into the body of the Abbot of Unreason, whom the blow instantly prostrated on the pavement.

CHAPTER XV.

> As when in tumults rise the ignoble crowd,
> Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud,
> And stones and brands in rattling fury fly,
> And all the rustic arms which fury can supply—
> Then if some grave and pious man appear,
> They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear.
>
> DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

A DREADFUL shout of vengeance was raised by the revellers, whose sport was thus so fearfully interrupted; but, for an instant, the want of weapons amongst the multitude, as well as the inflamed features and brandished poniard of Roland Græme, kept them at bay, while the Abbot, horror-struck at the violence, implored, with uplifted hands, pardon for bloodshed committed within the sanctuary. Magdalen Græme alone expressed triumph in the blow her descendant had dealt to the scoffer, mixed, however, with a wild and anxious expression of terror for her grandson's safety. "Let him perish," she said, "in his blasphemy—let him die on the holy pavement which he has insulted!"

But the rage of the multitude, the grief of the Abbot, the exultation of the enthusiastic Magdalen, were all mistimed and unnecessary. Howleglas, mortally wounded as he was supposed to be, sprung alertly up from the floor, calling aloud, "A miracle, a miracle, my masters! as brave a miracle as ever was wrought in the Kirk of Kennaquhair.—And I charge you, my masters, as your lawfully chosen Abbot, that you touch no one without my command—You, wolf and bear, will guard this pragmatic youth, but without hurting him—And you, reverend brother, will, with your comrades, withdraw to your cells; for our conference has ended like all conferences, leaving each of his own mind, as before; and if we fight, both you, and your brethren, and the Kirk, will have the worst on't—Wherefore, pack up your pipes and begone."

The hubbub was beginning again to awaken, but still Father Ambrose hesitated, as uncertain to what path his duty called him, whether to face out the present storm, or to reserve himself for a better moment. His brother of Unreason observed his difficulty, and said, in a tone more natural and less affected than that with which he had hitherto sustained his character, "We came hither, my good sir, more in mirth than in mischief—our bark is worse than our bite—and, especially, we mean you no personal harm—wherefore, draw off while the play is good; for it is ill whistling for a hawk when she is once on the soar, and worse to snatch the quarry from the ban-dog—Let these fellows once begin their brawl, and it will be too much for madness itself, let alone the Abbot of Unreason, to bring them back to the lure."

The brethren crowded around Father Ambrosius, and joined in urging him to give place to the torrent. The present revel was, they said, an ancient custom which his predecessors had permitted, and old Father Nicholas himself had played the dragon in the days of the Abbot Ingelram.

"And we now reap the fruit of the seed which they have so unadvisedly sown," said Ambrosius; "they taught men to make a mock of what is holy, what wonder that the descendants of scoffers become robbers and plunderers? But be it as you list, my brethren—move towards the dortour—And you, dame, I command you, by the authority which I have over you, and by your respect for that youth's safety, that you go with us without farther speech—Yet, stay—what are your intentions towards that youth whom you detain prisoner?—Wot ye," he continued, addressing Howleglass in a stern tone of voice, "that he bears the livery of the house of Avenel? They who fear not the anger of Heaven, may at least dread the wrath of man."

"Cumber not yourself concerning him," answered Howleglass, "we know right well who and what he is."

"Let me pray," said the Abbot, in a tone of entreaty, "that you do him no wrong for the rash deed which he attempted in his imprudent zeal."

"I say, trouble not yourself about it, father," answered Howleglas, "but move off with your train, male and female, or I will not undertake to save yonder she-saint from the ducking-stool—And as for bearing of malice, my stomach has no room for it; it is," he added, clapping his hand on his portly belly. "too well bumbasted out with straw and buckram—gramercy to them both—they kept out that madcap's dagger as well as a Milan corslet could have done."

In fact, the home-driven poniard of Roland Græme had lighted upon the stuffing of the fictitious paunch, which the Abbot of Unreason wore as a part of his characteristic dress, and it was only the force of the blow which had prostrated that reverend person on the ground for a moment.

Satisfied in some degree by this man's assurances and compelled to give way to superior force, the Abbot Ambrosius retired from the Church at the head of the monks, and left the court free for the revellers to work their will. But wild and wilful as these rioters were, they accompanied the retreat of the religionists with none of those shouts of contempt and derision with which they had at first hailed them. The Abbot's discourse had affected some of them with remorse, others with shame, and all with a transient degree of respect. They remained silent until the last monk had disappeared through the side-door which communicated with their dwelling-place, and even then it cost some exhortations on the part of Howleglas, some caprioles of the hobby-horse, and some wallops of the dragon, to rouse once more the rebuked spirit of revelry.

"And how now, my masters?" said the Abbot of Unreason; "and wherefore look on me with such blank Jack-a-Lent visages? Will you lose your old pastime for an old wife's tale of saints and purgatory? Why, I thought you would have made all split long since—Come, strike up, tabor and harp, strike up, fiddle and rebeck—dance and be merry to-day, and let care come to-morrow! Bear and wolf, look to your prisoner—prance, hobby—hiss, dragon, and halloo, boys!—we grow older every moment we stand idle, and life is too short to be spent in playing mumchance."

This pithy exhortation was attended with the effect desired. They fumigated the Church with burnt wool and feathers instead of incense, put foul water into the holy-water basins, and celebrated a parody on the Church-service, the mock Abbot officiating at the altar; they sung ludicrous and indecent parodies, to the tunes of church hymns; they violated whatever vestments or vessels belonging to the Abbey they could lay their hands upon; and, playing every freak which the whim of the moment could suggest to their wild caprice, at length they fell to more lasting deeds of demolition, pulled down and destroyed some carved wood-work, dashed out the painted windows which had escaped former violence, and in their rigorous search after sculpture, dedicated to idolatry, began to destroy what ornaments yet remained entire upon the tombs, and around the cornices of the pillars.

The spirit of demolition, like other tastes, increases by indulgence; from these lighter attempts at mischief, the more tumultuous part of the meeting began to meditate destruction on a more extensive scale—"Let us heave it down altogether, the old crow's nest," became a general cry among them, "it has served the Pope and his rooks too long;" and up they struck a ballad which was then popular among the lower classes.

"The Paip, that pagan full of pride,
Hath blinded us ower lang,
For where the blind the blind doth lead,
No marvel baith gae wrang.
Like prince and king,
He led the ring
Of all iniquity.
Sing hay trix, trim-go-trix,
Under the greenwood tree.

"The bishop rich, he could not preach
For sporting with the lasses;
The silly friar behoved to fleech
For awmous as he passes;
The curate his creed
He could not read,—
Shame fa' the company!
Sing hay trix, trim-go-trix,
Under the greenwood tree."*

Thundering out this chorus of a notable hunting song, which had been pressed into the service of some polemical poet, the followers of the Abbot of Unreason were turning every moment more tumultuous, and getting beyond the management even of that reverend prelate himself, when a knight in full armour, followed by two or three men-at-arms, entered the church, and in a stern voice commanded them to forbear their riotous mummery.

His visor was up, but if it had been lowered, the cognizance of the holy-branch sufficiently distinguished Sir Halbert Glendinning, who, on his homeward road, was passing through the village of Kennaquhair; and moved, perhaps, by anxiety for his brother's safety, had come directly to the church on hearing of the uproar.

"What is the meaning of this," he said, "my masters? are ye Christian men, and the king's subjects, and yet waste and destroy church and chancel like so many heathens?"

All stood silent, though doubtless there were several disappointed and surprised at receiving chiding instead of thanks from so zealous a protestant.

The dragon, indeed, did at length take upon him to be spokesman, and growled from the depth of his painted maw, that they did but sweep Popery out of the church with the besom of destruction.

"What! my friends," replied Sir Halbert Glendinning, "think you this mumming and masquing has not more of Popery in it than have these stone walls? Take the leprosy out of your flesh, before you speak of purifying stone walls—abate your insolent license, which leads but to idle vanity and sinful excess; and know, that what you now practise, is one of the profane and unseemly sports introduced by the priests of Rome themselves, to mislead and to brutify the souls which fell into their net."

"Marry come up—are you there with your bears?" muttered the dragon, with a draconic sullenness, which was in good keeping with his character, "we had as good have been Romans still, if we are to have no freedom in our pastimes!"

"Dost thou reply to me so?" said Sir Halbert Glendinning; "or is there any pastime in grovelling on the ground there like a gigantic kail-worm?—Get out of thy painted case, or, by my knighthood, I will treat you like the beast and reptile you have made yourself."

"Beast and reptile?" retorted the offended dragon; "setting aside your knighthood, I hold myself as well a born man as thyself."

The Knight made no answer in words, but bestowed two such blows with the but of his lance on the petulant dragon, that had not the hoops which constituted the ribs of the machine been pretty strong, they would hardly have saved those of the actor from being broken. In all haste the masquer crept out of his disguise, unwilling to abide a third buffet from the lance of the enraged Knight. And when the ex-dragon stood on the floor of the church, he presented to Halbert Glendinning the well-known countenance of Dan of the Howlet-hirst, an ancient comrade of his own, ere fate had raised him so high above the rank to which he was born. The clown looked sulkily upon the Knight, as if to upbraid him for his violence towards an old acquaintance, and Glendinning's own good-nature reproached him for the violence he had acted upon him.

"I did wrong to strike thee, Dan," he said; "but in truth, I knew thee not—thou wert ever a mad fellow—come to Avenel Castle, and we shall see how my hawks fly."

"And if we show him not falcons that will mount as merrily as rockets," said the Abbot of Unreason, "I would your honour laid as hard on my bones as you did on his even now."

"How now, Sir Knave," said the Knight, "and what has brought you hither?"

The Abbot, hastily ridding himself of the false nose which mystified his physiognomy, and the supplementary belly which made up his disguise, stood before his master in his real character, of Adam Woodcock, the falconer of Avenel.

"How, varlet!" said the Knight; "hast thou dared to come here, and disturb the very house my brother was dwelling in?"

"And it was even for that reason, craving your honour's pardon, that I came hither—for I heard the country was to be up to choose an Abbot of Unreason, and sure, thought I, I that can sing, dance, leap backwards over a broadsword, and am as good a fool as ever sought promotion, have all chance of carrying the office; and if I gain my election, I may stand his honour's brother in some stead, supposing things fall roughly out at the Kirk of Saint Mary's."

"Thou art but a cogging knave," said Sir Halbert, "and well I wot, that love of ale and brandy, besides the humour of riot and frolic, would draw thee a mile, when love of my house would not bring thee a yard. But, go to—carry thy roisterers elsewhere—to the alehouse if they list, and there are crowns to pay your charges—make out the day's madness without doing more mischief, and be wise men to-morrow—and hereafter learn to serve a good cause better than by acting like buffoons or ruffians."

Obedient to his master's mandate, the falconer was collecting his discouraged followers, and whispering into their ears—"Away, away—*tace* is Latin for a candle—never mind the good Knight's puritanism—we will play the frolic out over a stand of double ale in Dame Martin the Brewster's barnyard—draw off, harp and tabor—bagpipe and drum—mum till you are out of the churchyard, then let the welkin ring again—move on, wolf and bear—keep the hind legs till you cross the kirk-stile, and then show yourselves beasts of mettle—what devil sent him here to spoil our holiday!—but anger him not, my hearts; his lance is no goose-feather, as Dan's ribs can tell."

"By my soul," said Dan, "had it been another than my ancient comrade, I would have made my father's old fox* fly about his ears!"

"Hush! hush! man," replied Adam Woodcock, "not a word that way, as you value the safety of your bones—what, man! we must take a clink as it passes, so it is not bestowed in downright ill-will."

"But I will take no such thing," said Dan of the Howlet-hirst, suddenly resisting the efforts of Woodcock, who was dragging him out of the church; when, the quick military eye of Sir Halbert Glendinning detecting Roland Græme betwixt his two guards, the Knight exclaimed, "So ho! falconer,—Woodcock,—knave, hast thou brought my Lady's page in mine own livery, to assist at this hopeful revel of thine, with your wolves and bears? since you were at such mummings, you might, if you would, have at

* These rude rhymes are taken, with trifling alterations, from a ballad called Trim-go-trix. It occurs in a singular collection, entitled, "A Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collected out of sundrie parts of the Scripture, with sundry of other ballatis changed out of profane sanges, for avoyding of sin and harlotrie, with Augmentation of sundrie Gude and Godly Ballates. *Edinburgh, printed by Andrew Hart.*" This *curious collection has been reprinted in Mr. John Grahame Dalzell's Scottish Poems of the 16th Century.* Edin. 1801, 2 vols.

* Fox, an old-fashioned broadsword was often so called.

least saved the credit of my household, by dressing him up as a jackanapes—bring him hither, fellows!"

Adam Woodcock was too honest and downright to permit blame to light upon the youth, when it was undeserved. "I swear," he said, "by Saint Martin of Bullions"*——

"And what hast thou to do with Saint Martin?"

"Nay, little enough, sir, unless when he sends such rainy days that we cannot fly a hawk—but I say to your worshipful knighthood, that as I am a true man"——

"As you are a false varlet, had been the better obtestation."

"Nay, if your knighthood allows me not to speak," said Adam, "I can hold my tongue—but the boy came not hither by my bidding, for all that."

"But to gratify his own malapert pleasure, I warrant me," said Sir Halbert Glendinning—"Come hither, young springald, and tell me whether you have your mistress's license to be so far absent from the castle, or to dishonour my livery by mingling in such a May-game?"

"Sir Halbert Glendinning," answered Roland Græme, with steadiness, "I have obtained the permission, or rather the commands, of your lady, to dispose of my time hereafter according to my own pleasure. I have been a most unwilling spectator of this May-game, since it is your pleasure so to call it; and I only wear your livery until I can obtain clothes which bear no such badge of servitude."

"How am I to understand this, young man?" said Sir Halbert Glendinning; "speak plainly, for I am no reader of riddles.—That my lady favoured thee, I know. What hast thou done to disoblige her, and occasion thy dismissal?"

"Nothing to speak of," said Adam Woodcock, answering for the boy—"a foolish quarrel with me, which was more foolishly told over again to my honoured lady, cost the poor boy his place. For my part, I will say freely, that I was wrong from beginning to end, except about the washing of the eyas's meat. There I stand to it that I was right."

With that, the good-natured falconer repeated to his master the whole history of the squabble which had brought Roland Græme into disgrace with his mistress, but in a manner so favourable for the page, that Sir Halbert could not but suspect his generous motive.

"Thou art a good-natured fellow," he said, "Adam Woodcock."

"As ever had falcon upon fist," said Adam; "and, for that matter, so is Master Roland; but, being half a gentleman by his office, his blood is soon up, and so is mine."

"Well," said Sir Halbert, "be it as it will, my lady has acted hastily, for this was no great matter of offence to discard the lad whom she had trained up for years; but he, I doubt not, made it worse by his prating—it jumps well with a purpose, however, which I had in my mind. Draw off these people, Woodcock,—and you, Roland Græme, attend me."

The page followed him in silence into the Abbot's house, where, stepping into the first apartment which he found open, he commanded one of his attendants to let his brother, Master Edward Glendinning, know that he desired to speak with him. The men-at-arms went gladly off to join their comrade, Adam Woodcock, and the jolly crew whom he had assembled at Dame Martin's, the hostler's wife, and the page and knight were left alone in the apartment. Sir Halbert Glendinning paced the floor for a moment in silence, and then thus addressed his attendant—

"Thou mayst have remarked, stripling, that I have but seldom distinguished thee by much notice;—I see thy colour rises, but do not speak till thou hearest me out. I say, I have never much distinguished thee, not because I did not see that in thee which I might well have praised, but because I saw something blameable, which such praises might have made worse. Thy mistress, dealing according to her pleasure in her own household, as no one hath better reason or title, had picked thee from the rest, and treated thee more like a relation than a domestic; and if thou didst show some vanity and petulance under such distinction, it were injustice not to say that thou hast profited both in thy exercises and in thy breeding, and hast shown many sparkles of a gentle and manly spirit. Moreover, it were ungenerous, having bred thee up freakish and fiery, to dismiss thee to want or wandering, for showing that very peevishness and impatience of discipline which arose from thy too delicate nurture. Therefore, and for the credit of my own household, I am determined to retain thee in my train, until I can honourably dispose of thee elsewhere, with a fair prospect of thy going through the world with credit to the house that brought thee up."

If there was something in Sir Halbert Glendinning's speech which flattered Roland's pride, there was also much that, according to his mode of thinking, was an alloy to the compliment. And yet his conscience instantly told him that he ought to accept, with grateful deference, the offer which was made him by the husband of his kind protectress; and his prudence, however slender, could not but admit he should enter the world under very different auspices as a retainer of Sir Halbert Glendinning, so famed for wisdom, courage, and influence, from those under which he might partake the wanderings, and become an agent in the visionary schemes, for such they appeared to him, of Magdalen, his relative. Still, a strong reluctance to re-enter a service from which he had been dismissed with contempt, almost counterbalanced these considerations.

Sir Halbert looked on the youth with surprise and resumed—"You seem to hesitate, young man.—Are your own prospects so inviting, that you should pause ere you accept those which I offer to you? or, must I remind you that, although you have offended your benefactress, even to the point of her dismissing you, yet I am convinced, the knowledge that you have gone unguided on your own wild way, into a world so disturbed as ours of Scotland, cannot, in the upshot, but give her sorrow and pain; from which it is, in gratitude, your duty to preserve her, no less than it is in common wisdom your duty to accept my offered protection, for your own sake, where body and soul are alike endangered, should you refuse it."

Roland Græme replied in a respectful tone, but at the same time with some spirit, "I am not ungrateful for such countenance as has been afforded me by the Lord of Avenel, and I am glad to learn, for the first time, that I have not had the misfortune to be utterly beneath his observation, as I had thought—And it is only needful to show me how I can testify my duty and my gratitude towards my early and constant benefactress with my life's hazard, and I will gladly peril it." He stopped.

"These are but words, young man," answered Glendinning; "large protestations are often used to supply the place of effectual service. I know nothing in which the peril of your life can serve the Lady of Avenel; I can only say, she will be pleased to learn you have adopted some course which may ensure the safety of your person, and the weal of your soul—What ails you, that you accept not that safety when it is offered you?"

"My only relative who is alive," answered Roland, "at least the only relative whom I have ever seen, has rejoined me since I was dismissed from the Castle of Avenel, and I must consult with her whether I can adopt the line to which you now call me, or whether her increasing infirmities, or the authority which she is entitled to exercise over me, may not require me to abide with her."

"Where is this relation?" said Sir Halbert Glendinning.

"In this house," answered the page.

"Go, then, and seek her out," said the Knight of Avenel; "more than meet it is that thou shouldst have her approbation, yet worse than foolish would she show herself in denying it."

Roland left the apartment to seek for his grandmother; and, as he retreated, the Abbot entered.

The two brothers met as brothers who love each other fondly, yet meet rarely together. Such indeed was the case. Their mutual affection attached them

* The Saint Swithin, or weeping Saint of Scotland. If his festival (fourth July) prove wet, forty days of rain are expected.

to each other; but in every pursuit, habit, or sentiment, connected with the discords of the times, the friend and counsellor of Murray stood opposed to the Roman Catholic priest; nor, indeed, could they have held very much society together, without giving cause of offence and suspicion to their confederates on each side. After a close embrace on the part of both, and a welcome on that of the Abbot, Sir Halbert Glendinning expressed his satisfaction that he had come in time to appease the riot raised by Howleglas and his tumultuous followers.

"And yet," he said, "when I look on your garments, brother Edward, I cannot help thinking there still remains an Abbot of Unreason within the bounds of the Monastery."

"And wherefore carp at my garments, brother Halbert?" said the Abbot; "it is the spiritual armour of my calling, and, as such, beseems me as well as breastplate and baldric become your own bosom."

"Ay, but there were small wisdom, methinks, in putting on armour where we have no power to fight; it is but a dangerous temerity to defy the foe whom we cannot resist."

"For that, my brother, no one can answer," said the Abbot, "until the battle be fought; and, were it even as you say, methinks a brave man, though desperate of victory, would rather desire to fight and fall, than to resign sword and shield on some mean and dishonourable composition with his insulting antagonist. But let us not, dear Halbert, make discord of a theme on which we cannot agree, but rather stay and partake, though a heretic, of my admission feast. You need not fear, my brother, that your zeal for restoring the primitive discipline of the church will, on this occasion, be offended with the rich profusion of a conventual banquet. The days of our old friend Abbot Boniface are over; and the Superior of Saint Mary's has neither forests nor fishings, woods nor pastures, nor cornfields;—neither flocks nor herds, bucks nor wild-fowl—granaries of wheat, nor storehouses of oil and wine, of ale and of mead. The refectioner's office is ended; and such a meal as a hermit in romance can offer to a wandering knight, is all we have to set before you. But if you will share it with us, we shall eat it with a cheerful heart, and thank you, my brother, for your timely protection against these rude scoffers."

"My dearest Edward," said the Knight, "it grieves me deeply I cannot abide with you; but it would sound ill for us both were one of the reformed congregation to sit down at your admission feast; and, if I can ever have the satisfaction of affording you effectual protection, it will be much owing to my remaining unsuspected of countenancing or approving your religious rites and ceremonies. It will demand whatever consideration I can acquire among my own friends, to shelter the bold man, who, contrary to law and the edicts of parliament, has dared to take up the office of Abbot of Saint Mary's."

"Trouble not yourself with the task, my brother," replied Father Ambrosius. "I would lay down my dearest blood to know that you defended the church for the church's sake; but, while you remain unhappily her enemy, I would not that you endangered your own safety, or diminished your own comforts, for the sake of my individual protection.—But who comes hither to disturb the few minutes of fraternal communication which our evil fate allows us?"

The door of the apartment opened as the Abbot spoke, and Dame Magdalen entered.

"Who is this woman?" said Sir Halbert Glendinning, somewhat sternly, "and what does she want?"

"That you know me not," said the matron, "signifies little; I come by your own order, to give my free consent that the stripling, Roland Græme, return to your service; and, having said so, I cumber you no longer with my presence. Peace be with you!" She turned to go away, but was stopped by the inquiries of Sir Halbert Glendinning.

"Who are you?—what are you?—and why do you not wait to make me answer?"

"I was," she replied, "while yet I belonged to the world, a matron of no vulgar name; now, I am Magdalen, a poor pilgrimer for the sake of Holy Kirk."

"Yea," said Sir Halbert, "art thou a Catholic? I thought my dame said that Roland Græme came of reformed kin."

"His father," said the matron, "was a heretic, or rather one who regarded neither orthodoxy nor heresy—neither the temple of the church or of antichrist. I, too—for the sins of the times make sinners—have seemed to conform to your unhallowed rites—but I had my dispensation and my absolution."

"You see, brother," said Sir Halbert, with a smile of meaning towards the Abbot, "that we accuse you not altogether without grounds, of mental equivocation."

"My brother, you do us injustice," replied the Abbot; "this woman, as her bearing may of itself warrant you, is not in her perfect mind. Thanks, I must needs say, to the persecution of your marauding barons, and of your latitudinarian clergy."

"I will not dispute the point," said Sir Halbert; "the evils of the time are unhappily so numerous, that both churches may divide them, and have enow to spare." So saying, he leaned from the window of the apartment, and winded his bugle.

"Why do you sound your horn, my brother?" said the Abbot; "we have spent but few minutes together."

"Alas!" said the elder brother, "and even these few have been sullied by disagreement. I sound to horse, my brother—the rather that, to avert the consequences of this day's rashness on your part, requires hasty efforts on mine.—Dame, you will oblige me by letting your young relative know that we mount instantly. I intend not that he shall return to Avenel with me—it would lead to new quarrels betwixt him and my household; at least, to taunts which his proud heart could ill brook, and my wish is to do him kindness. He shall, therefore, go forward to Edinburgh with one of my retinue, whom I shall send back to say what has chanced here.—You seem rejoiced at this?" he added, fixing his eyes keenly on Magdalen Græme, who returned his gaze with calm indifference.

"I would rather," she said, "that Roland, a poor and friendless orphan, were the jest of the world at large, than of the menials at Avenel."

"Fear not, dame—he shall be scorned by neither," answered the Knight.

"It may be," she replied—"It may well be—but I will trust more to his own bearing than to your countenance." She left the room as she spoke.

The Knight looked after her as she departed, but turned instantly to his brother, and expressing, in the most affectionate terms, his wishes for his welfare and happiness, craved his leave to depart. "My knaves," he said, "are too busy at the ale-stand, to leave their revelry for the empty breath of a bugle horn."

"You have freed them from higher restraint, Halbert," answered the Abbot, "and therein taught them to rebel against your own."

"Fear not that, Edward," exclaimed Halbert, who never gave his brother his monastic name of Ambrosius; "none obey the command of real duty so well as those who are free from the observance of slavish bondage."

He was turning to depart, when the Abbot said,—"Let us not yet part, my brother—here comes some light refreshment. Leave not the house which I must now call mine, till force expel me from it, until you have at least broken bread with me."

The poor lay brother, the same who acted as porter, now entered the apartment, bearing some simple refreshment, and a flask of wine. "He had found it," he said with officious humility, "by rummaging through every nook of the cellar."

The Knight filled a small silver cup, and quaffing it off, asked his brother to pledge him, observing, the wine was Bacharac, of the first vintage and great age.

"Ay," said the poor lay brother "it came out of the nook which old Brother Nicholas, (may his soul be happy!) was wont to call Abbot Ingelram's corner; and Abbot Ingelram was bred at the Convent of Wurtzburg, which I understand to be near where that choice wine grows."

"True, my reverend sir," said Sir Halbert; "and

therefore I entreat my brother and you to pledge me in a cup of this orthodox vintage."

The thin old porter looked with a wishful glance towards the Abbot. "*Do veniam*," said his Superior; and the old man seized, with a trembling hand, a beverage to which he had been long unaccustomed, drained the cup with protracted delight, as if dwelling on the flavour and perfume, and set it down with a melancholy smile and shake of the head, as if bidding adieu in future to such delicious potations. The brothers smiled. But when Sir Halbert motioned to the Abbot to take up his cup and do him reason, the Abbot, in turn, shook his head, and replied—"This is no day for the Abbot of St. Mary's to eat the fat and drink the sweet. In water from Our Lady's well," he added filling a cup with the liquid element, "I wish you, my brother, all happiness, and, above all, a true sight of your spiritual errors."

"And to you, my beloved Edward," replied Glendinning, "I wish the free exercise of your own free reason and the discharge of more important duties than are connected with the idle name which you have so rashly assumed."

The brothers parted with deep regret; and yet each, confident in his opinion, felt somewhat relieved by the absence of one whom he respected so much, and with whom he could agree so little.

Soon afterwards the sound of the Knight of Avenel's trumpets was heard, and the Abbot went to the top of a tower, from whose dismantled battlements he could soon see the horsemen ascending the rising ground in the direction of the drawbridge. As he gazed, Magdalen Græme came to his side.

"Thou art come," he said, "to catch the last glimpse of thy grandson, my sister. Yonder he wends, under the charge of the best knight in Scotland, his faith ever excepted."

"Thou canst bear witness, my father, that it was no wish either of mine or of Roland's," replied the matron, "which induced the Knight of Avenel, as he is called, again to entertain my grandson in his household—Heaven, which confounds the wise with their own wisdom, and the wicked with their own policy, hath placed him where, for the service of the church, I would most wish him to be."

"I know not what you mean, my sister," said the Abbot.

"Reverend father," replied Magdalen, "hast thou never heard that there are spirits powerful to rend the walls of a castle asunder when once admitted, which yet cannot enter the house unless they are invited, nay, dragged over the threshold?* Twice hath Roland Græme been thus drawn into the household of Avenel by those who now hold the title. Let them look to the issue."

So saying, she left the turret; and the Abbot, after pausing a moment on her words, which he imputed to the unsettled state of her mind, followed down the winding stair to celebrate his admission to his high office by fast and prayer, instead of revelling and thanksgiving.

CHAPTER XVI.

Youth! thou wear'st to manhood now.
Darker lip and darker brow,
Statelier step, more pensive mien,
In thy face and gait are seen:
Thou must now brook midnight watches,
Take thy food and sport by snatches!
For the gambol and the jest,
Thou wert wont to love the best,
Graver follies must thou follow,
But as senseless, false, and hollow. *Life, a Poem.*

YOUNG ROLAND GRÆME now trotted gayly forward in the train of Sir Halbert Glendinning. He was relieved from his most galling apprehension,—the encounter of the scorn and taunt which might possibly hail his immediate return to the Castle of Avenel. "There will be a change ere they see me again," he thought to himself; "I shall wear the coat of plate, instead of the green jerkin, and the steel morion for the bonnet and feather. They will be bold that may venture to break a gibe on the man-at-arms for the follies of the page; and I trust, that ere we return I shall have done something more worthy of note than hallooing a hound after a deer, or scrambling a crag for a kite's nest." He could not, indeed, help marvelling that his grandmother, with all her religious prejudices, leaning, it would seem, to the other side, had consented so readily to his re-entering the service of the House of Avenel; and yet more at the mysterious joy with which she took leave of him at the Abbey.

"Heaven," said the dame, as she kissed her young relation, and bade him farewell, "works its own work, even by the hands of those of our enemies who think themselves the strongest and the wisest. Thou, my child, be ready to act upon the call of thy religion and country; and remember, each earthly bond which thou canst form is, compared to the ties which bind thee to them, like the loose flax to the twisted cable. —Thou hast not forgot the face or form of the damsel Catherine Seyton?"

Roland would have replied in the negative, but the word seemed to stick in his throat, and Magdalen continued her exhortations.

"Thou must not forget her, my son; and here I intrust thee with a token, which I trust thou wilt speedily find an opportunity of delivering with care and secrecy into her own hand."

She put here into Roland's hand a very small packet, of which she again enjoined him to take the strictest care, and to suffer it to be seen by no one save Catherine Seyton, who, she again (very unnecessarily) reminded him, was the young maiden he had met on the preceding day. She then bestowed on him her solemn benediction, and bade God speed him.

There was something in her manner and her conduct which implied mystery; but Roland Græme was not of an age or temper to waste much time in endeavouring to decipher her meaning. All that was obvious to his perception in the present journey, promised pleasure and novelty. He rejoiced that he was

* There is a popular belief respecting evil spirits, that they cannot enter an inhabited house unless invited, nay, dragged over the threshold. There is an instance of the same superstition in the Tales of the Genii, where an enchanter is supposed to have intruded himself into the Divan of the Sultan.

"'Thus,' said the illustrious Misnar, 'let the enemies of Mahomet be dismayed! but inform me, O ye sages! under the semblance of which of your brethren did that foul enchanter gain admittance here?'—'May the lord of my heart,' answered Balihu, the hermit of the faithful from Queda, 'triumph over all his foes! As I travelled on the mountains from Queda, and saw neither the footsteps of beasts, nor the flight of birds, behold, I chanced to pass through a cavern, in whose hollow sides I found this accursed sage, to whom I unfolded the invitation of the Sultan of India, and we, joining, journeyed towards the Divan; but ere we entered, he said unto me, 'Put thy hand forth, and pull me towards thee unto the Divan, calling on the name of Mahomet, for the evil spirits are on me and vex me.'"

I have understood that many parts of these fine tales, and in particular that of the Sultan Misnar, were taken from genuine Oriental sources by the editor, Mr. James Ridley.

But the most picturesque use of this popular belief occurs in Coleridge's beautiful and tantalizing fragment of Christabel. Has not our own imaginative poet cause to fear that future ages will desire to summon him from his place of rest, as Milton longed

"*To call him up, who left half told*
The story of Cambuscan bold?"

The verses I refer to are when Christabel conducts into her father's castle a mysterious and malevolent being, under the guise of a distressed female stranger.

"They cross'd the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well;
A little door she open'd straight,
All in the middle of the gate;
The gate that was iron'd within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.

"The lady sank, belike thro' pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate
Then the lady rose again,
And moved as she were not in pain.

"So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court:—right glad they were,
And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side:
'Praise we the Virgin, all divine,
Who hath rescued thee from this distress.
'Alas, alas!' said Geraldine,
'I cannot speak from weariness.'
So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court:—right glad they were."

travelling towards Edinburgh, in order to assume the character of a man, and lay aside that of a boy. He was delighted to think that he would have an opportunity of rejoining Catherine Seyton, whose bright eyes and lively manners had made so favourable an impression on his imagination; and, as an inexperienced, yet high-spirited youth, entering for the first time upon active life, his heart bounded at the thought, that he was about to see all those scenes of courtly splendour and warlike adventures, of which the followers of Sir Halbert used to boast on their occasional visits to Avenel, to the wonderment and envy of those who, like Roland, knew courts and camps only by hearsay, and were condemned to the solitary sports and almost monastic seclusion of Avenel, surrounded by its lonely lake, and embosomed among its pathless mountains. "They shall mention my name," he said to himself, "if the risk of my life can purchase me opportunities of distinction, and Catherine Seyton's saucy eye shall rest with more respect on the distinguished soldier, than that with which she laughed to scorn the raw and inexperienced page."—There was wanting but one accessary to complete the sense of rapturous excitation, and he possessed it by being once more mounted on the back of a fiery and active horse, instead of plodding along on foot, as had been the case during the preceding days.

Impelled by the liveliness of his own spirits, which so many circumstances tended naturally to exalt, Roland Græme's voice and his laughter were soon distinguished amid the trampling of the horses of the retinue, and more than once attracted the attention of their leader, who remarked with satisfaction, that the youth replied with good-humoured raillery to such of the train as jested with him on his dismissal and return to the service of the House of Avenel.

"I thought the holly-branch in your bonnet had been blighted, Master Roland?" said one of the men-at-arms.

"Only pinched with half an hour's frost; you see it flourishes as green as ever."

"It is too grave a plant to flourish on so hot a soil as that head-piece of thine, Master Roland Græme," retorted the other, who was an old equerry of Sir Halbert Glendinning.

"If it will not flourish alone," said Roland, "I will mix it with the laurel and the myrtle—and I will carry them so near the sky, that it shall make amends for their stinted growth."

Thus speaking, he dashed his spurs into his horse's sides, and, checking him at the same time, compelled him to execute a lofty caracole. Sir Halbert Glendinning looked at the demeanour of his new attendant with that sort of melancholy pleasure with which those who have long followed the pursuits of life, and are sensible of their vanity, regard the gay, young, and buoyant spirits to whom existence, as yet, is only hope and promise.

In the mean while, Adam Woodcock, the falconer, stripped of his masquing habit, and attired, according to his rank and calling, in a green jerkin, with a hawking-bag on the one side, and a short hanger on the other, a glove on his left hand which reached half way up his arm, and bonnet and a feather upon his head, came after the party as fast as his active little galloway-nag could trot, and immediately entered into parley with Roland Græme.

"So, my youngster, you are once more under shadow of the holly-branch?"

"And in case to repay you, my good friend," answered Roland, "your ten groats of silver."

"Which, but an hour since," said the falconer, "you had nearly paid me with ten inches of steel. On my faith, it is written in the book of our destiny, that I must brook your dagger, after all."

"Nay, speak not of that, my good friend," said the youth, "I would rather have broached my own bosom than yours; but who could have known you in the mumming dress you wore?"

"Yes," the falconer resumed,—for both as a poet and actor he had his own professional share of self-conceit,—"I think I was as good a Howleglas as ever played part at a Shrovetide revelry, and not a much worse Abbot of Unreason. I defy the Old Enemy to unmask me when I choose to keep my vizard on. What the devil brought the Knight on us before we had the game out? You would have heard me holla my own new ballad with a voice should have reached to Berwick. But I pray you, Master Roland, be less free of cold steel on slight occasions; since, for the stuffing of my reverend doublet, I had only left the kirk to take my place in the kirkyard."

"Nay, spare me that feud," said Roland Græme, "we shall have no time to fight it out; for, by our lord's command, I am bound for Edinburgh."

"I know it," said Adam Woodcock, "and even therefore we shall have time to solder up this rent by the way, for Sir Halbert has appointed me your companion and guide."

"Ay? and with what purpose?" said the page.

"That," said the falconer, "is a question I cannot answer; but I know, that be the food of the eyasses washed or unwashed, and, indeed, whatever becomes of perch and mew, I am to go with you to Edinburgh; and see you safely delivered to the Regent at Holyrood."

"How, to the Regent?" said Roland, in surprise.

"Ay, by my faith, to the Regent," replied Woodcock; "I promise you, that if you are not to enter his service, at least you are to wait upon him in the character of a retainer of our Knight of Avenel."

"I know no right," said the youth, "which the Knight of Avenel hath to transfer my service, supposing that I owe it to himself."

"Hush, hush!" said the falconer; "that is a question I advise no one to stir in until he has the mountain or the lake, or the march of another kingdom, which is better than either, betwixt him and his feudal superior."

"But Sir Halbert Glendinning," said the youth, "is not my feudal superior; nor has he aught of authority"——

"I pray you, my son, to rein your tongue," answered Adam Woodcock; "my lord's displeasure, if you provoke it, will be worse to appease than my lady's. The touch of his least finger were heavier than her hardest blow. And, by my faith, he is a man of steel, as true and as pure, but as hard and as pitiless. You remember the Cock of Capperlaw, whom he hanged over his gate for a mere mistake—a poor yoke of oxen taken in Scotland, when he thought he was taking them in English land? I loved the Cock of Capperlaw; the Kerrs had not an honester man in their clan, and they have had men that might have been a pattern to the Border—men that would not have lifted under twenty cows at once, and would have held themselves dishonoured if they had taken a drift of sheep or the like, but always managed their raids in full credit and honour.—But see, his worship halts, and we are close by the bridge. Ride up—ride up—we must have his last instructions."

It was as Adam Woodcock said. In the hollow way descending towards the bridge, which was still in the guardianship of Peter Bridgeward, as he was called, though he was now very old, Sir Halbert Glendinning halted his retinue, and beckoned to Woodcock and Græme to advance to the head of the train.

"Woodcock," said he, "thou knowest to whom thou art to conduct this youth. And thou, young man, obey discreetly and with diligence the orders that shall be given thee. Curb thy vain and peevish temper. Be just, true, and faithful; and there is in thee that which may raise thee many a degree above thy present station. Neither shalt thou—always supposing thine efforts to be fair and honest—want the protection and countenance of Avenel."

Leaving them in front of the bridge, the centre tower of which now began to cast a prolonged shade upon the river, the Knight of Avenel turned to the left, without crossing the river, and pursued his way towards the chain of hills within whose recesses are situated the Lake and Castle of Avenel. There remained behind, the falconer, Roland Græme, and a domestic of the Knight, of inferior rank who was left with them to look after their horses while on the road, to carry their baggage, and to attend to their convenience.

So soon as the more numerous body of riders had turned off to pursue their journey westward, those whose route lay across the river, and was directed towards the north, summoned the Bridgeward, and demanded a free passage.

"I will not lower the bridge," answered Peter, in a voice querulous with age and ill-humour.—"Come Papist, come Protestant, ye are all the same. The Papists threatened us with Purgatory, and fleeched us with pardons;—the Protestant mints at us with the sword, and cuittles us with the liberty of conscience; but never a one of either says, 'Peter, there is your penny.' I am well tired of all this, and for no man shall the bridge fall that pays me not ready money; and I would have you know I care as little for Geneva as for Rome—as little for homilies as for pardons; and the silver pennies are the only passports I will hear of."

"Here is a proper old chuff!" said Woodcock to his companion; then raising his voice, he exclaimed, "Hark thee, dog—Bridgeward, villain, dost thou think we have refused thy namesake Peter's pence to Rome, to pay thine at the Bridge of Kennaquhair? Let thy bridge down instantly to the followers of the house of Avenel, or by the hand of my father, and that handled many a bridle rein, for he was a bluff Yorkshireman—I say, by my father's hand, our Knight will blow thee out of thy solan-goose's nest there in the middle of the water, with the light falconet which we are bringing southward from Edinburgh to-morrow."

The Bridgeward heard, and muttered, "A plague on falcon and falconet, on cannon and demi-cannon, and all the barking bull-dogs whom they halloo against stone and lime in these our days! It was a merry time when there was little besides handy blows, and it may be a flight of arrows that harmed an ashler wall as little as so many hailstones. But we must jouk, and let the jaw gang by." Comforting himself in his state of diminished consequence with this pithy old proverb, Peter Bridgeward lowered the drawbridge, and permitted them to pass over. At the sight of his white hair, albeit it discovered a visage equally peevish through age and misfortune, Roland was inclined to give him an alms, but Adam Woodcock prevented him. "E'en let him pay the penalty of his former churlishness and greed," he said; "the wolf, when he has lost his teeth, should be treated no better than a cur."

Leaving the Bridgeward to lament the alteration of times, which sent domineering soldiers, and feudal retainers, to his place of passage, instead of peaceful pilgrims, and reduced him to become the oppressed, instead of playing the extortioner, the travellers turned them northward; and Adam Woodcock, well acquainted with that part of the country, proposed to cut short a considerable portion of the road, by traversing the little vale of Glendearg, so famous for the adventures which befell therein during the earlier part of the Benedictine's manuscript. With these, and with the thousand commentaries, representations, and misrepresentations, to which they had given rise, Roland Græme was, of course, well acquainted; for in the Castle of Avenel, as well as in other great establishments, the inmates talked of nothing so often, or with such pleasure, as of the private affairs of their lord and lady. But while Roland was viewing with interest these haunted scenes, in which things were said to have passed beyond the ordinary laws of nature, Adam Woodcock was still regretting in his secret soul the unfinished revel and the unsung ballad, and kept every now and then breaking out with some such verses as these:—

"The Friars of Fail drank berry-brown ale,
The best that e'er was tasted;
The Monks of Melrose made gude kale
On Fridays, when they fasted.
Saint Monance' sister,
The gray priest kist her—
Fiend save the company!
Sing hay trix, trim-go-trix,
Under the greenwood tree!"

"By my hand, friend Woodcock," said the page, "though I know you for a hardy gospeller, that fear neither saint nor devil, yet, if I were you, I would not sing your profane songs in this valley of Glendearg, considering what has happened here before our time."

"A straw for your wandering spirits!" said Adam Woodcock; "I mind them no more than an earn cares for a string of wild-geese—they have all fled since the pulpits were filled with honest men, and the people's ears with sound doctrine. Nay, I have a touch at them in my ballad, an I had but had the good luck to have sung it to end;" and again he set off in the same key:

"From haunted spring and grassy ring,
Troop goblin, elf, and fairy;
And the kelpie must flit from the black bog-pit,
And the brownie must not tarry;
To Limbo-lake
Their way they take,
With scarce the pith to flee.
Sing hay trix, trim-go-trix,
Under the greenwood tree!

I think," he added, "that could Sir Halbert's patience have stretched till we came that length, he would have had a hearty laugh, and that is what he seldom enjoys."

"If it be all true that men tell of his early life," said Roland, "he has less right to laugh at goblins than most men."

"Ah, *if* it be all true," answered Adam Woodcock; "but who can ensure us of that? Moreover, these were but tales the monks used to gull us simple laymen withal; they knew that fairies and hobgoblins brought aves and paternosters into repute; but now we have given up worship of images in wood and stone, methinks it were no time to be afraid of bubbles in the water, or shadows in the air."

"However," said Roland Græme, "as the Catholics say they do not worship wood or stone, but only as emblems of the holy saints, and not as things holy in themselves"——

"Pshaw! pshaw!" answered the falconer; "a rush for their prating. They told us another story when these baptized idols of theirs brought pikestaves and sandalled shoon from all the four winds, and whillied the old women out of their corn and their candle-ends, and their butter, bacon, wool, and cheese, and when not so much as a gray groat escaped tithing."

Roland Græme had been long taught, by necessity, to consider his form of religion as a profound secret, and to say nothing whatever in its defence when assailed, lest he should draw on himself the suspicion of belonging to the unpopular and exploded church. He therefore suffered Adam Woodcock to triumph without farther opposition, marvelling in his own mind whether any of the goblins, formerly such active agents, would avenge his rude raillery before they left the valley of Glendearg. But no such consequences followed. They passed the night quietly in a cottage in the glen, and the next day resumed their route to Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XVII.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once, beneath a monarch's feet,
Sate legislation's sovereign powers!

Burns.

"This, then, is Edinburgh?" said the youth, as the fellow-travellers arrived at one of the heights to the southward, which commanded a view of the great northern capital—"This is that Edinburgh of which we have heard so much?"

"Even so," said the falconer; "yonder stands Auld Reekie—you may see the smoke hover over her at twenty miles' distance, as the goss-hawk hangs over a plump of young wild-ducks—ay, yonder is the heart of Scotland, and each throb that she gives is felt from the edge of Solway to Duncan's-bay head. See, yonder is the old Castle; and see to the right, on yon rising ground, that is the Castle of Craigmillar, which I have known a merry place in my time."

"Was it not there," said the page in a low voice, "that the Queen held her court?"

"Ay, ay," replied the falconer, "Queen she wa

en. though you must not call her so now.—Well, ey may say what they will—many a true heart will : sad for Mary Stewart, e'en if all be true men say ' her; for look you, Master Roland—she was the veliest creature to look upon that I ever saw with 'e, and no lady in the land liked better the fair flight ' a falcon. I was at the great match on Roslin-moor etwixt Bothwell—he was a black sight to her that otnow ll—and the Baron of Roslin, who could judge hawk's flight as well as any man in Scotland—a itt of Rhenish and a ring of gold was the wager, id it was flown as fairly for as ever was red gold od bright wine. And to see her there on her white alfrey, that flew as if it scorned to touch more than ie heather blossom; and to hear her voice, as clear nd sweet as the mavis's whistle, mix among our olly whooping and whistling; and to mark all the obles dashing round her; happiest he who got a word or a look—tearing through moss and hagg, and enturing neck and limb to gain the praise of a bold der, and the blink of a bonny Queen's bright eye!—he will see little hawking where she lies now—ay, y, pomp and pleasure pass away as speedily as the rap of a falcon's wing."

"And where is this poor Queen now confined?" aid Roland Græme, interested in the fate of a woman, whose beauty and grace had made so strong an impression even on the blunt and careless character of adam Woodcock.

"Where is she now imprisoned?" said honest adam; "why, in some castle in the north, they say -I know not where, for my part, nor is it worth while to vex one's self anent what cannot be mended -An she had guided her power well whilst she had t, she had not come to so evil a pass. Men say she nust resign her crown to this little baby of a prince, or that they will trust her with it no longer. Our naster has been as busy as his neighbours in all this work. If the Queen should come to her own again, Avenel Castle is like to smoke for it, unless he nakes his bargain all the better."

"In a castle in the north Queen Mary is confined?" aid the page.

"Why, ay—they say so, at least—In a castle beond that great river which comes down yonder, and ooks like a river, but it is a branch of the sea, and as itter as brine."

"And amongst all her subjects," said the page, with some emotion, "is there none that will advenure any thing for her relief?"

"That is a kittle question," said the falconer; "and you ask it often, Master Roland, I am fain to tell you hat you will be mewed up yourself in some of those astles, if they do not prefer twisting your head off, to ave farther trouble with you—Adventure any thing? Lord, why, Murray has the wind in his poop now, man, and flies so high and strong, that the devil a wing f them can match him—No, no; there she is, and there he must lie, till Heaven send her deliverance, or till er son has the management of all—But Murray will ever let her loose again, he knows her too well.—And hark thee, we are now bound for Holyrood, where thou will find plenty of news and of courtiers o tell it—But, take my counsel. and keep a calm ough, as the Scots say—hear every man's counsel, nd keep your own. And if you hap to learn any news you like, leap not up as if you were to put on armour direct in the cause—Our old Mr. Wingate says -and he knows court-cattle well—that if you are old old King Coul is come alive again, you should urn it off with, 'And is he, in truth?—I heard not of t,' and should seem no more moved, than if one old you, by way of novelty, that old King Coul was lead and buried. Wherefore, look well to your bearng, Master Roland, for I promise you, you come among a generation that are keen as a hungry hawk —And never be dagger out of sheath at every wry word you hear spoken; for you will find as hot blades as yourself, and then will be letting of blood without advice either of leech or almanack."

"You shall see how staid I will be, and how cautious my good friend," said Græme; "but, blessed Lady, what *goodly house is that* which is lying all in *ruins so close to the city? Have they been playing at* the Abbot of Unreason here, and ended the gambol by burning the church?"

"There again now," replied his companion, "you go down the wind like a wild haggard, that minds neither lure nor beck—that is a question you should have asked in as low a tone as I shall answer it."

"If I stay here long," said Roland Græme, "it is like I shall lose the natural use of my voice—but what are the ruins then?"

"The Kirk of Field," said the falconer, in a low and impressive whisper, laying at the same time his finger on his lip; "ask no more about it—somebody got foul play, and somebody got the blame of it; and the game began there which perhaps may not be played out in our time.—Poor Henry Darnley! to be an ass, he understood somewhat of a hawk! but they sent him on the wing through the air himself one bright moonlight night."

The memory of this catastrophe was so recent, that the page averted his eyes with horror from the scathed ruins in which it had taken place; and the accusations against the Queen, to which it had given rise, came over his mind with such strength as to balance the compassion he had begun to entertain for her present forlorn situation.

It was, indeed, with that agitating state of mind which arises partly from horror, but more from anxious interest and curiosity, that young Græme found himself actually traversing the scene of those tremendous events, the report of which had disturbed the most distant solitudes in Scotland, like the echoes of distant thunder rolling among the mountains.

"Now," he thought, "now or never shall I become a man, and bear my part in those deeds which the simple inhabitants of our hamlets repeat to each other as if they were wrought by beings of a superior order to their own! I will know now, wherefore the Knight of Avenel carries his crest so much above those of the neighbouring baronage, and how it is that men, by valour and wisdom, work their way from the hoddin-gray coat to the cloak of scarlet and gold. Men say I have not much wisdom to recommend me; and if that be true, courage must do it; for I will be a man amongst living men, or a dead corpse amongst the dead."

From these dreams of ambition he turned his thoughts to those of pleasure, and began to form many conjectures, when and where he should see Catherine Seyton, and in what manner their acquaintance was to be renewed. With such conjectures he was amusing himself, when he found that they had entered the city, and all other feelings were suspended in the sensation of giddy astonishment with which an inhabitant of the country is affected, when, for the first time, he finds himself in the streets of a large and populous city, a unit in the midst of thousands.

The principal street of Edinburgh was then, as now, one of the most spacious in Europe. The extreme height of the houses, and the variety of Gothic gables, and battlements, and balconies, by which the sky-line on each side was crowned and terminated, together with the width of the street itself, might have struck with surprise a more practised eye than that of young Græme. The population, close packed within the walls of the city, and at this time increased by the number of the lords of the King's party who had thronged to Edinburgh to wait upon the Regent Murray, absolutely swarmed like bees on the wide and stately street. Instead of the shop-windows, which are now calculated for the display of goods, the traders had their open booths projecting on the street, in which, as in the fashion of the modern bazars, all was exposed which they had upon sale. And though the commodities were not of the richest kinds, yet Græme thought he beheld the wealth of the whole world in the various bales of Flanders cloths, and the specimens of tapestry; and, at other places, the display of domestic utensils, and pieces of plate, struck him with wonder. The sight of cutlers' booths, furnished with swords and poniards, which were manufactured in Scotland, and with pieces of defensive armour, imported from Flanders, added to his

verse on the religious subject he was about to treat of. Nor did there lack passengers of a different class and appearance.

At every turn, Roland Græme might see a gallant ruffle along in the newer or French mode, his doublet slashed, and his points of the same colours with the lining, his long sword on one side, and his poniard on the other, behind him a body of stout serving-men, proportioned to his estate and quality, all of whom walked with the air of military retainers, and were armed with sword and buckler, the latter being a small round shield, not unlike the Highland target, having a steel spike in the centre. Two of these parties, each headed by a person of importance, chanced to meet in the very centre of the street, or, as it was called, "the crown of the causeway," a post of honour as tenaciously asserted in Scotland, as that of giving or taking the wall used to be in the more southern part of the island. The two leaders being of equal rank, and, most probably, either animated by political dislike, or by recollection of some feudal enmity, marched close up to each other, without yielding an inch to the right or the left; and neither showing the least purpose of giving way, they stopped for an instant, and then drew their swords. Their followers imitated their example; about a score of weapons at once flashed in the sun, and there was an immediate clatter of swords and bucklers, while the followers on either side cried their master's name; the one shouting "Help, a Leslie! a Leslie!" while the others answered with shouts of "Seyton! Seyton!" with the additional punning slogan, "Set on, set on —bear the knaves to the ground!"

If the falconer found difficulty in getting the page to go forward before, it was now perfectly impossible. He reined up his horse, clapped his hands, and delighted with the fray, cried and shouted as fast as any of those who were actually engaged in it.

The noise and cries thus arising on the High-gate, as it was called, drew into the quarrel two or three other parties of gentlemen and their servants, besides some single passengers, who, hearing a fray betwixt these two distinguished names, took part in it, either for love or hatred.

The combat became now very sharp, and although the sword-and-buckler-men made more clatter and noise than they did real damage, yet several good cuts

work ?"

The page, who had begun his retreat along Seytons, just as if he had been one of the allies, was by this unceremonious applicati sensible that he was acting a foolish part; a ing Adam Woodcock, with some sense of sprung actively on horseback, and upsetting shoulder of the animal a city-officer, who wa towards him, he began to ride smartly down along with his companion, and was quickly reach of the hue and cry. In fact, rencount kind were so common in Edinburgh at th that the disturbance seldom excited much after the affray was over, unless some perso sequence chanced to have fallen, an incide imposed on his friends the duty of avenging on the first convenient opportunity. So deed, was the arm of the police, that it was sual for such skirmishes to last for hours, parties were numerous and well matched. time the Regent, a man of great strength o ter, aware of the mischief which usually a such acts of violence, had prevailed with th trates to keep a constant guard on foot, fo ing or separating such affrays as had happe present case.

The falconer and his young companion riding down the Canongate, and had slack pace to avoid attracting attention, the rather seemed to be no appearance of pursuit. Rol his head as one who was conscious his co been none of the wisest, while his compa addressed him.

"Will you be pleased to tell me one thin Roland Græme, and that is, whether there incarnate in you or no ?"

"Truly, Master Adam Woodcock," ans page, "I would fain hope there is not."

"Then," said Adam, "I would fain know other influence or instigation you are per one end or the other of some bloody brawl I pray, had you to do with these Seytons an that you never heard the names of in you fore ?"

"You are out there, my friend," sai Græme, "I have my own reasons for bein to the Seytons."

I were sworn apprentice to you, to the trade and mystery of bearing myself with all wisdom and safety through the new paths of life that I am about to be engaged in."

"And therein you will do well," said the falconer, "and I do not quarrel with you, Master Roland, for having a grain over much spirit, because I know one may bring to the hand a wild hawk, which one never can a dunghill hen—and so betwixt two faults you have the best side on't. But besides your peculiar genius for quarrelling and lugging out your side companion, my dear Master Roland, you have also the gift of peering under every woman's muffler and screen, as if you expected to find an old acquaintance. Though were you to spy one, I should be as much surprised at it, well wotting how few you have seen of these same wild-fowl, as I was at your taking so deep an interest even now in the Seyton."

"Tush, man! nonsense and folly," answered Roland Græme. "I but sought to see what eyes these gentle hawks have got under their hood."

"Ay, but it's a dangerous subject of inquiry," said the falconer; "you had better hold out your bare wrist for an eagle to perch upon.—Look you, Master Roland, these pretty wild-geese cannot be hawked at without risk—they have as many divings, boltings, and volleyings, as the most gamesome quarry that falcon ever flew at—And besides, every woman of them is manned with her husband, or her kind friend, or her brother, or her cousin, or her sworn servant at the least—But you heed me not, Master Roland, though I know the game so well—your eye is all on that pretty damsel who trips down the gate before us—by my certes, I will warrant her a blithe dancer either in reel or revel—a pair of silver morisco bells would become these pretty ankles as well as the jesses would suit the fairest Norway hawk."

"Thou art a fool, Adam," said the page, "and I care not a button about the girl or her ankles—But, what the foul fiend, one must look at something!"

"Very true, Master Roland Græme," said his guide, "but let me pray you to choose your objects better. Look you, there is scarce a woman walks this High-gate with a silk screen or a pearlin muffler, but, as I said before, she has either gentleman-usher before her, or kinsman, or lover, or husband, at her elbow, or it may be a brace of stout fellows with sword and buckler, not so far behind but what they can follow close—But you heed me no more than a goss-hawk minds a yellow yoldring."

"O yes, I do—I do mind you indeed," said Roland Græme; "but hold my nag a bit—I will be with you in the exchange of a whistle." So saying, and ere Adam Woodcock could finish the sermon which was dying on his tongue, Roland Græme, to the falconer's utter astonishment, threw him the bridle of his jennet, jumped off horseback, and pursued down one of the closes or narrow lanes, which, opening under a vault, terminated upon the main-street, the very maiden to whom his friend had accused him of showing so much attention, and who had turned down the pass in question.

"Saint Mary, Saint Magdalen, Saint Benedict, Saint Barnabas!" cried the poor falconer, when he found himself thus suddenly brought to a pause in the midst of the Canongate, and saw his young charge start off like a madman in quest of a damsel whom he had never, as Adam supposed, seen in his life before,—"Saint Satan and Saint Beelzebub—for this would make one swear Saint and devil—what can have come over the lad, with a wanion! And what shall I do the whilst?—he will have his throat cut, the poor lad, as sure as I was born at the foot of Roseberry-Topping. Could I find some one to hold the horses! but they are as sharp here north-away as in canny Yorkshire herself, and quit bridle, quit titt, as we say. An I could but see one of our folks now, a holly-sprig were worth a gold tassel; or could I but see one of the Regent's men—but to leave the horses to a stranger, that I cannot—and to leave the place while the lad is in jeopardy, that I wonot."

We must leave the falconer, however, in the midst of his distress, and follow the hot-headed youth who was the cause of his perplexity.

The latter part of Adam Woodcock's sage remonstrance had been in a great measure lost upon Roland, for whose benefit it was intended; because, in one of the female forms which tripped along the street, muffled in a veil of striped silk, like the women of Brussels at this day, his eye had discerned something which closely resembled the exquisite shape and spirited bearing of Catherine Seyton.—During all the grave advice which the falconer was dinning into his ear, his eye continued intent upon so interesting an object of observation; and, at length, as the damsel, just about to dive under one of the arched passages which afforded an outlet to the Canongate from the houses beneath, (a passage, graced by a projecting shield of arms, supported by two huge foxes of stone,) had lifted her veil for the purpose perhaps of descrying who the horseman was who for some time had eyed her so closely, young Roland saw, under the shade of the silken plaid, enough of the bright azure eyes, fair locks, and blithe features, to induce him, like an inexperienced and rash madcap, whose wilful ways had never been traversed by contradiction, nor much subjected to consideration, to throw the bridle of his horse into Adam Woodcock's hand, and leave him to play the waiting gentleman, while he dashed down the paved court after Catherine Seyton—all as aforesaid.

Women's wits are proverbially quick, but apparently those of Catherine suggested no better expedient than fairly to betake herself to speed of foot, in hopes of baffling the page's vivacity, by getting safely lodged before he could discover where. But a youth of eighteen, in pursuit of a mistress, is not so easily outstripped. Catherine fled across a paved court decorated with large formal vases of stone, in which yews, cypresses, and other evergreens, vegetated in sombre sullenness, and gave a correspondent degree of solemnity to the high and heavy building in front of which they were placed as ornaments, aspiring towards a square portion of the blue hemisphere, corresponding exactly in extent to the quadrangle in which they were stationed, and all around which rose huge black walls, exhibiting windows in rows of five stories, with heavy architraves over each, bearing armorial and religious devices.

Through this court Catherine Seyton flashed like a hunted doe, making the best use of those pretty legs which had attracted the commendation even of the reflective and cautious Adam Woodcock. She hastened towards a large door in the centre of the lower front of the court, pulled the bobbin till the latch flew up, and ensconced herself in the ancient mansion. But, if she fled like a doe, Roland Græme followed with the speed and ardour of a youthful stag-hound, loosed for the first time on his prey. He kept her in view in spite of her efforts; for it is remarkable, what an advantage in such a race the gallant who desires to see, possesses over the maiden who wishes not to be seen—an advantage which I have known counterbalance a great start in point of distance. In short, he saw the waving of her screen, or veil, at one corner, heard the tap of her foot, light as that was, as it crossed the court, and caught a glimpse of her figure just as she entered the door of the mansion.

Roland Græme, inconsiderate and headlong as we have described him, having no knowledge of real life but from the romances which he had read, and not an idea of checking himself in the midst of any eager impulse; possessed, besides, of much courage and readiness, never hesitated for a moment to approach the door through which the object of his search had disappeared. He, too, pulled the bobbin, and the latch, though heavy and massive, answered to the summons, and arose. The page entered with the same precipitation which had marked his whole proceeding, and found himself in a large gloomy hall, or vestibule, dimly enlightened by latticed casements of painted glass, and rendered yet dimmer through the exclusion of the sunbeams, owing to the height of the walls of those buildings by which the court-yard was enclosed. The walls of the hall were surrounded with suits of ancient and rusted armour, interchanged with huge and massive stone scutcheons, bearing double tressures, fleured and counter-fleured, wheat

sheaves, coronets, and so forth, things to which Roland Græme gave not a moment's attention.

In fact, he only deigned to observe the figure of Catherine Seyton, who, deeming herself safe in the hall, had stopped to take breath after her course, and was reposing herself for a moment on a large oaken settle which stood at the upper end of the hall. The noise of Roland's entrance at once disturbed her; she started up with a faint scream of surprise, and escaped through one of the several folding-doors which opened into this apartment as a common centre. This door, which Roland Græme instantly approached, opened on a large and well-lighted gallery, at the upper end of which he could hear several voices, and the noise of hasty steps approaching towards the hall, or vestibule. A little recalled to sober thought by an appearance of serious danger, he was deliberating whether he should stand fast or retire, when Catherine Seyton re-entered from a side door, running towards him with as much speed as a few minutes since she had fled from him.

"O, what mischief brought you hither?" she said; "fly—fly, or you are a dead man,—or stay—they come—flight is impossible—say you came to ask for Lord Seyton."

She sprung from him and disappeared through the door by which she had made her second appearance; and, at the same instant, a pair of large folding-doors at the upper end of the gallery flew open with vehemence, and six or seven young gentlemen, richly dressed, pressed forward into the apartment, having, for the greater part, their swords drawn.

"Who is it," said one, "dare intrude on us in our own mansion?"

"Cut him to pieces," said another; "let him pay for this day's insolence and violence—he is some follower of the Rothes."

"No, by Saint Mary," said another; "he is a follower of the arch-fiend and ennobled clown Halbert Glendinning, who takes the style of Avenel—once a church-vassal, now a pillager of the church."

"It is so," said a fourth; "I know him by the holly-sprig, which is their cognisance. Secure the door, he must answer for this insolence."

Two of the gallants, hastily drawing their weapons, passed on to the door by which Roland had entered the hall, and stationed themselves there as if to prevent his escape. The others advanced on Græme, who had just sense enough to perceive that any attempt at resistance would be alike fruitless and imprudent. At once, and by various voices, none of which sounded amicably, the page was required to say who he was, whence he came, his name, his errand, and who sent him hither. The number of the questions demanded of him at once, afforded a momentary apology for his remaining silent, and ere that brief truce had elapsed, a personage entered the hall, at whose appearance those who had gathered fiercely around Roland, fell back with respect.

This was a tall man, whose dark hair was already grizzled, though his eye and haughty features retained all the animation of youth. The upper part of his person was undressed to his Holland shirt, whose ample folds were stained with blood. But he wore a mantle of crimson, lined with rich fur, cast around him, which supplied the deficiency of his dress. On his head he had a crimson velvet bonnet, looped up on one side with a small golden chain of many links, which, going thrice round the hat, was fastened by a medal, agreeable to the fashion amongst the grandees of the time.

"Whom have you here, sons and kinsmen," said he, "around whom you crowd thus roughly?—Know you not that the shelter of this roof should secure every one fair treatment, who shall come hither either in fair peace, or in open and manly hostility?"

"But here, my, lord," answered one of the youths, "is a knave who comes on treacherous espial!"

"I deny the charge," said Roland Græme, boldly, "I came to inquire after my Lord Seyton."

"A likely tale," answered his accusers, "in the mouth of a follower of Glendinning."

"Stay, young men," said the Lord Seyton, for it was that nobleman himself, "let me look at this youth—By Heaven, it is the very same who came so boldly to my side not very many minutes since, when some of my own knaves bore themselves with more respect to their own worshipful safety than to mine! Stand back from him, for he well deserves honour and a friendly welcome at your hands, instead of this rough treatment."

They fell back on all sides, obedient to Lord Seyton's commands, who, taking Roland Græme by the hand, thanked him for his prompt and gallant assistance, adding, that he nothing doubted, "the same interest which he had taken in his cause in the affray, brought him hither to inquire after his hurt."

Roland bowed low in acquiescence.

"Or is there any thing in which I can serve you, to show my sense of your ready gallantry?"

But the page, thinking it best to abide by the apology for his visit which the Lord Seyton had so aptly himself suggested, replied, "that to be assured of his lordship's safety, had been the only cause of his intrusion. He judged," he added, "he had seen him receive some hurt in the affray."

"A trifle," said Lord Seyton, "I had but stripped my doublet, that the chirurgeon might put some dressing on the paltry scratch, when these rash boys interrupted us with their clamour."

Roland Græme, making a low obeisance, was now about to depart, for, relieved from the danger of being treated as a spy, he began next to fear, that his companion, Adam Woodcock, whom he had so unceremoniously quitted, would either bring him into some farther dilemma, by venturing into the hotel in quest of him, or ride off and leave him behind altogether. But Lord Seyton did not permit him to escape so easily.—"Tarry," he said, "young man, and let me know thy rank and name. The Seyton has of late been more wont to see friends and followers shrink from his side, than to receive aid from strangers—but a new world may come round, in which he may have the chance of rewarding his well wishers."

"My name is Roland Græme, my lord," answered the youth, "a page, who, for the present, is in the service of Sir Halbert Glendinning."

"I said so from the first," said one of the young men; "my life I will wager, that this is a shaft out of the heretic's quiver—a stratagem from first to last, to injeer into your confidence some espial of his own. They know how to teach both boys and women to play the intelligencers."

"That is false, if it be spoken of me," said Roland; "no man in Scotland should teach me such a foul part!"

"I believe thee, boy," said Lord Seyton, "for thy strokes were too fair to be dealt upon an understanding with those that were to receive them. Credit me, however, I little expected to have help at need from one of your master's household; and I would know what moved thee in my quarrel, to thine own endangering?"

"So please you, my lord," said Roland, "I think my master himself would not have stood by, and seen an honourable man borne to earth by odds, if his single arm could help him. Such, at least, is the lesson we were taught in chivalry, at the Castle of Avenel."

"The good seed hath fallen into good ground, young man," said Seyton; "but, alas! if thou practise such honourable war in these dishonourable days, when right is every where borne down by mastery, thy life, my poor boy, will be but a short one."

"Let it be short, so it be honourable," said Roland Græme; "and permit me now, my lord, to commend me to your grace, and to take my leave. A comrade waits with my horse in the street."

"Take this, however, young man," said Lord Seyton,* undoing from his bonnet the golden chain and medal, "and wear it for my sake."

* George, fifth Lord Seyton, was immovably faithful to Queen Mary during all the mutabilities of her fortune. He was grand master of the household, in which capacity he had a picture painted of himself with his official batoon, and the following motto:—

In adversitate, patiens;
In prosperitate, benevolus.
Hazard, yet forward.

no little pride Roland Græme accepted the ıich he hastily fastened around his bonnet, as seen gallants wear such an ornament, and, ıg his obeisance to the Baron, left the hall, ɔd the court, and appeared in the street, just m Woodcock, vexed and anxious at his delay, termined to leave the horses to their fate, and uest of his youthful comrade. "Whose barn ıou broken next?" he exclaimed, greatly re- ɔy his appearance, although his countenance ·d that he had passed through an agitating

: me no questions," said Roland, leaping gayly ıorse; "but see how short time it takes to win of gold," pointing to that which he now wore. v, God forbid that thou hast either stolen it, or y violence," said the falconer; "for, otherwise, ot how the devil thou couldst compass it. I ɔen often here, ay, for months at an end, and gave me either chain or medal."

ɔu seest I have got one on shorter acquaint- ith the city," answered the page, "but set thine heart at rest; that which is fairly won and iven, is neither reft nor stolen."

rry, hang thee, with thy fanfarona* about thy said the falconer; "I think water will not nor hemp strangle thee. Thou hast been dis- as my lady's page, to come in again as my quire; and for following a noble young damsel me great household, thou getst a chain and where another would have had the batoon his shoulders, if he missed having the dirk in y.—But here we come in front of the old Ab- lear thy good luck with you when you cross aved stones, and, by Our Lady, you may brag ıd."

e spoke, they checked their horses, where the ld vaulted entrance to the Abbey or Palace of od, crossed the termination of the street down they had proceeded. The court-yard of the opened within this gloomy porch, showing the f an irregular pile of monastic buildings, one f which is still extant, forming a part of the ı palace, erected in the days of Charles I.

ıe gate of the porch the falconer and page re- their horses to the serving-man in attendance; oner commanding him, with an air of authority, / them safely to the stables.—"We follow," he :he Knight of Avenel.—We must bear ourselves ıt we are here," said he, in a whisper to Roland, very one here is looked on as they demean lves; and he that is too modest must to the wall, as the proverb says; therefore cock thy bonnet, man, and let us brook the causeway bravely."

Assuming, therefore, an air of consequence, cor- responding to what he supposed to be his master's importance and quality, Adam Woodcock led the way into the court-yard of the Palace of Holyrood.

CHAPTER XVIII.

> ———The sky is clouded, Gaspard,
> And the vex'd ocean sleeps a troubled sleep,
> Beneath a lurid gleam of parting sunshine.
> Such slumber hangs o'er discontented lands,
> While factions doubt, as yet, if they have strength
> To front the open battle. *Albion—A Poem.*

The youthful page paused on the entrance of the court-yard, and implored his guide to give him a moment's breathing space. "Let me but look around me, man," said he; "you consider not I have never seen such a scene as this before.—And this is Holyrood —the resort of the gallant and gay, and the fair, and the wise, and the powerful!"

"Ay, marry, is it!" said Woodcock; "but I wish I could hood thee as they do the hawks, for thou starest as wildly as if you sought another fray or another fanfarona. I would I had thee safely housed, for thou lookest wild as a goss-hawk."

It was indeed no common sight to Roland, the vestibule of a palace, traversed by its various groups—some radiant with gayety—some pensive, and apparently weighed down by affairs concerning the state, or concerning themselves. Here the hoary statesman, with his cautious yet commanding look, his furred cloak and sable pantoufles; there the soldier in buff and steel, his long sword jarring against the pavement, and his whiskered upper lip and frowning brow, looking a habitual defiance of danger which perhaps was not always made good; there again passed my lord's serving-man, high of heart, and bloody of hand, humble to his master and his master's equals, insolent to all others. To these might be added, the poor suitor, with his anxious look and depressed mien —the officer, full of his brief authority, elbowing his betters, and possibly his benefactors, out of the road —the proud priest, who sought a better benefice—the proud baron, who sought a grant of church lands— the robber chief, who came to solicit a pardon for the injuries he had inflicted on his neighbours—the plundered franklin, who came to seek vengeance for that which he had himself received. Besides, there was the mustering and disposition of guards and soldiers —the despatching of messengers, and the receiving them—the trampling and neighing of horses without the gate—the flashing of arms, and rustling of plumes, and jingling of spurs, within it. In short, it was that gay and splendid confusion, in which the eye of youth sees all that is brave and brilliant, and that of experience much that is doubtful, deceitful, false, and hollow—hopes that will never be gratified—promises which will never be fulfilled—pride in the disguise of humility—and insolence in that of frank and generous bounty.

As, tired of the eager and enraptured attention which the page gave to a scene so new to him, Adam Woodcock endeavoured to get him to move forward, before his exuberance of astonishment should attract the observation of the sharp-witted denizens of the court, the falconer himself became an object of attention to a gay menial in a dark green bonnet and feather, with a cloak of a corresponding colour, laid down, as the phrase then went, by six broad bars of silver lace, and welted with violet and silver. The words of recognition burst from both at once. "What! Adam Woodcock at court!" and "What! Michael Wing-the-wind——and how runs the hackit greyhound bitch now?"

"The waur for the wear, like ourselves, Adam,— eight years this grass—no four legs will carry a dog for ever; but we keep her for the breed, and so she 'scapes Border doom.—But why stand you gazing there? I promise you my lord has wished for you, and asked for you."

"My Lord of Murray asked for me, and he Regent of the kingdom too!" said Adam. "I hunger and thirst to pay my duty to my good lord;—but I fancy

ious parts of his castle he inscribed, as expressing his and political creed, the legend,

Un Dieu, un foy, un Roy, un Loy.

lined to be promoted to an earldom, which Queen Mary ıim at the same time when she advanced her natural o be Earl of Mar, and afterwards of Murray.

ı refusing this honour, Mary wrote, or caused to be the following lines in Latin and French:—

> ınt comites, ducesque alii; sunt denique reges;
> Sethoni dominum sit satis esse mihi.

> y a des comptes, des roys, des ducs; ainst
> C'est assez pour moy d'estre Seigneur de Seton,

ı may be thus rendered:—

> Earl, duke, or king, be thou that list to be,
> Seton, thy lordship is enough for me.

istich reminds us of the "pride which aped humility," otto of the house of Couci:

> Je suis ni roy, ni prince aussi;
> Je suis le Seigneur de Coucy.

:he battle of Langside, Lord Seton was obliged to retire or safety, and was an exile for two years, during which educed to the necessity of driving a wagon in Flanders ıbsistence. He rose to favour in James VI.'s reign, and g his paternal property, had himself painted in his wag- ress, and in the act of driving a wain with four horses, orth end of a stately gallery at Seton Castle. He appears been fond of the arts: for there exists a beautiful family- him in the centre of his family. Mr. Pinkerton, in his Iconographia, published an engraving of this curious The original is the property of Lord Somerville, nearly ed with the Seton family, and is at present at his lord- ıhing villa of the Pavilion, near Melrose.

ıme given to the gold chains worn by the military men eriod. It is of Spanish origin; for the fashion of wear- e costly ornaments was much followed amongst the con- of the New World.

his good lordship remembers the day's sport on Carnwath-moor; and my Drummelzier falcon, that beat the hawks from the Isle of Man, and won his lordship a hundred crowns from the Southern baron whom they called Stanley."

"Nay, not to flatter thee, Adam," said his court-friend, "he remembers naught of thee or of thy falcon either. He hath flown many a higher flight since that, and struck his quarry too. But come, come hither away; I trust we are to be good comrades on the old score."

"What!" said Adam, "you would have me crush a pot with you? but I must first dispose of my eyas, where he will neither have girl to chase, nor lad to draw sword upon."

"Is the youngster such a one?" said Michael.

"Ay, by my hood, he flies at all game," replied Woodcock.

"Then had he better come with us," said Michael Wing-the-wind; "for we cannot have a proper carouse just now, only I would wet my lips, and so must you. I want to hear the news from Saint Mary's before you see my lord, and I will let you know how the wind sits up yonder."

While he thus spoke, he led the way to a side door which opened into the court; and threading several dark passages with the air of one who knew the most secret recesses of the palace, conducted them to a small matted chamber, where he placed bread and cheese and a foaming flagon of ale before the falconer and his young companion, who immediately did justice to the latter in a hearty draught, which nearly emptied the measure. Having drawn his breath, and dashed the froth from his whiskers, he observed that his anxiety for the boy had made him deadly dry.

"Mend your draught," said his hospitable friend, again supplying the flagon from a pitcher which stood beside. "I know the way to the buttery-bar. And now, mind what I say—this morning the Earl of Morton came to my lord in a mighty chafe."

"What! they keep the old friendship, then?" said Woodcock.

"Ay, ay, man, what else?" said Michael; "one hand must scratch the other. But in a mighty chafe was my Lord of Morton, who to say truth, looketh on such occasions altogether uncanny, and, as it were fiendish; and he says to my lord—for I was in the chamber taking orders about a cast of hawks that are to be fetched from Darnoway—they match your long-winged falcons, said Adam."

"I will believe that when I see them fly as high a pitch," replied Woodcock, this professional observation forming a sort of parenthesis.

"However," said Michael, pursuing his tale, "my Lord of Morton, in a mighty chafe, asked my Lord Regent whether he was well dealt with—'for my brother,' said he, 'should have had a gift to be Commendator of Kennaquhair, and to have all the temporalities erected into a lordship of regality for his benefit; and here,' said he, 'the false monks have had the insolence to choose a new Abbot to put his claim in my brother's way; and, moreover, the rascality of the neighbourhood have burnt and plundered all that was left in the Abbey, so that my brother will not have a house to dwell in, when he hath ousted the lazy hounds of priests.' And my lord, seeing him chafed, said mildly to him, 'These are shrewd tidings, Douglas, but I trust they be not true; for Halbert Glendinning went southward yesterday, with a band of spears, and assuredly, had either of these chances happened, that the monks had presumed to choose an Abbot, or that the Abbey had been burnt, as you say, he had taken order on the spot for the punishment of such insolence, and had despatched us a messenger.' And the Earl of Morton replied—Now I pray you, Adam, to notice, that I say this out of love to you and your lord, and also for old comradeship, and also because Sir Halbert hath done me good, and may again—and also because I love not the Earl of Morton, as indeed more fear than like him—so then it were a foul deed in you to betray me,—'But,' said the Earl to the Regent, 'Take heed, my lord, you trust not this Glendinning too far—*he comes of churl's blood, which was never true to the nobles*'—by Saint Andrew, these were his very words.—'And besides,' he said, 'he hath a brother a monk in Saint Mary's, and walks all by his guidance, and is making friends on the Border with Buccleuch and with Ferniehirst,* and will join hand with them, were there likelihood of a new world.' And my lord answered, like a free noble lord as he is: 'Tush! my Lord of Morton, I will be warrant for Glendinning's faith; and for his brother, he is a dreamer, that thinks of naught but book and breviary—and if such hap have chanced as you tell of, I look to receive from Glendinning the cowl of a hanged monk, and the head of a riotous churl, by way of sharp and sudden justice.'—And my Lord of Morton left the place, and, as it seemed to me, somewhat malecontent. But since that time, my lord has asked me more than once whether there has arrived no messenger from the Knight of Avenel. And all this I have told you, that you may frame your discourse to the best purpose, for it seems to me that my lord will not be well pleased, if aught has happened like what my Lord of Morton said, and if your lord hath not ta'en strict orders with it."

There was something in this communication which fairly blanked the bold visage of Adam Woodcock in spite of the reinforcement which his natural hardihood had received from the berry-brown ale of Holyrood.

"What was it he said about a churl's head, that grim Lord of Morton?" said the disconcerted falconer to his friend.

"Nay, it was my Lord Regent, who said that he expected, if the Abbey was injured, your Knight would send him the head of the ringleader among the rioters."

"Nay, but is this done like a good Protestant," said Adam Woodcock, "or a true Lord of the Congregation? We used to be their white-boys and darlings when we pulled down the convents in Fife and Perthshire."

"Ay, but that," said Michael, "was when old mother Rome held her own, and her great folks were determined she should have no shelter for her head in Scotland. But, now that the priests are fled in all quarters, and their houses and lands are given to our grandees, they cannot see that we are working the work of reformation in destroying the palaces of zealous Protestants."

"But I tell you Saint Mary's is not destroyed!" said Woodcock, in increasing agitation; "some trash of painted windows there were broken—things that no nobleman could have brooked in his house—some stone saints were brought on their marrow-bones, like old Widdrington at Chevy-Chase; but as for fire-raising, there was not so much as a lighted lunt amongst us, save the match which the dragon had to light the burning tow withal, which he was to cast against Saint George; nay, I had caution of that."

"How! Adam Woodcock," said his comrade, "I trust thou hadst no hand in such a fair work? Look you, Adam, I were loth to terrify you, and you just come from a journey; but I promise you, Earl Morton hath brought you down a Maiden from Halifax, you never saw the like of her—and she'll clasp you round the neck, and your head will remain in her arms."

"Pshaw!" answered Adam, "I am too old to have my head turned by any maiden of them all. I know my Lord of Morton will go as far for a buxom lass as any one but what the devil took him to Halifax all the way? and if he has got a gamester there, what hath she to do with my head?"

"Much, much!" answered Michael. "Herod's daughter, who did such execution with her foot and ankle, danced not men's heads off more cleanly than this maiden of Morton.† 'Tis an axe, man,—an axe which falls of itself like a sash window, and never gives the headsman the trouble to wield it."

"By my faith, a shrewd device," said Woodcock "Heaven keep us free on't!"

The page, seeing no end to the conversation between these two old comrades, and anxious, from what he

* Both these Border chieftains were great friends of Queen Mary.

† *Maiden of Morton*—a species of guillotine which the Regent Morton brought down from Halifax, certainly at a period considerably later than intimated in the tale. He was himself the first that suffered by the engine.

had heard, concerning the fate of the Abbot, now interrupted their conference.

"Methinks," he said, "Adam Woodcock, thou hadst better deliver thy master's letter to the Regent; questionless he hath therein stated what has chanced at Kennaquhair, in the way most advantageous for all concerned."

"The boy is right," said Michael Wing-the-wind, "my lord will be very impatient."

"The child hath wit enough to keep himself warm," said Adam Woodcock, producing from his hawking-bag his lord's letter, addressed to the Earl of Murray, "and for that matter so have I. So, Master Roland, you will e'en please to present this yourself to the Lord Regent; his presence will be better graced by a young page than by an old falconer."

"Well said, canny Yorkshire!" replied his friend; "and but now you were so earnest to see our good Lord!—Why, wouldst thou put the lad into the noose that thou mayst slip tether thyself?—or dost thou think the Maiden will clasp his fair young neck more willingly than thy old sunburnt weasand?"

"Go to," answered the falconer; "thy wit towers high an it could strike the quarry. I tell thee the youth has naught to fear—he had nothing to do with the gambol—a rare gambol it was, Michael, as madcaps ever played; and I had made as rare a ballad, if we had the luck to get it sung to an end. But mum for that—*tace*, as I said before, is Latin for a candle. Carry the youth to the presence, and I will remain here, with bridle in hand, ready to strike the spurs up to the rowel-heads, in case the hawk flies my way.—I will soon put Soltra-edge, I trow, betwixt the Regent and me, if he means me less than fair play."

"Come on then, my lad," said Michael, "since thou must needs take the spring before canny Yorkshire." So saying, he led the way through winding passages, closely followed by Roland Græme, until they arrived at a large winding stone stair, the steps of which were so long and broad, and at the same time so low, as to render the ascent uncommonly easy. When they had ascended about the height of one story, the guide stepped aside, and pushed open the door of a dark and gloomy ante-chamber; so dark indeed, that his youthful companion stumbled, and nearly fell down upon a low step, which was awkwardly placed on the very threshold.

"Take heed," said Michael Wing-the-wind, in a very low tone of voice, and first glancing cautiously round to see if any one listened—"Take heed, my young friend, for those who fall on these boards seldom rise again.—Seest thou that," he added, in a still lower voice, pointing to some dark crimson stains on the floor, on which a ray of light, shot through a small aperture, and traversing the general gloom of the apartment, fell with mottled radiance—"Seest thou that, youth?—walk warily, for men have fallen here before you."

"What mean you?" said the page, his flesh creeping, though he scarce knew why; "Is it blood?"

"Ay, ay," said the domestic, in the same whispering tone, and dragging the youth on by the arm—"Blood it is,—but this is no time to question, or even to look at it. Blood it is, foully and fearfully shed, as foully and fearfully avenged. The blood," he added, in a still more cautious tone, "of Seignior David."

Roland Græme's heart throbbed when he found himself so unexpectedly in the scene of Rizzio's slaughter, a catastrophe which had chilled with horror all even in that rude age, which had been the theme of wonder and pity through every cottage and castle in Scotland, and had not escaped that of Avenel. But his guide hurried him forward, permitting no further question, and with the manner of one who has already tampered too much with a dangerous subject. A tap which he made at a low door at one end of the vestibule, was answered by a huissier, or usher, who, opening it cautiously, received Michael's intimation that a page waited the Regent's leisure, who brought letters from the Knight of Avenel.

"The Council is breaking up," said the usher; "but give me the packet; his grace the Regent will presently see the messenger."

"The packet," replied the page, "must be delivered into the Regent's own hands; such were the orders of my master."

The usher looked at him from head to foot, as if surprised at his boldness, and then replied, with some asperity, "Say you so, my young master? Thou crowest loudly to be but a chicken, and from a country barn-yard too."

"Were it a time or place," said Roland, "thou shouldst see I can do more than crow; but do your duty, and let the Regent know I wait his pleasure."

"Thou art but a pert knave to tell me of my duty," said the courtier in office; "but I will find a time to show you you are out of yours; mean while, wait there till you are wanted." So saying, he shut the door in Roland's face.

Michael Wing-the-wind, who had shrunk from his youthful companion during this altercation, according to the established maxim of courtiers of all ranks, and in all ages, now transgressed their prudential line of conduct so far as to come up to him once more. "Thou art a hopeful young springald," said he, "and I see right well old Yorkshire had reason in his caution. Thou hast been five minutes in the court, and hast employed thy time so well, as to make a powerful and mortal enemy of the usher of the council-chamber. Why, man, you might almost as well have offended the deputy-butler!"

"I care not what he is," said Roland Græme; "I will teach whomever I speak with, to speak civilly to me in return. I did not come from Avenel to be browbeaten in Holyrood."

"Bravo, my lad!" said Michael; "it is a fine spirit if you can hold it—but see, the door opens."

The usher appeared, and, in a more civil tone of voice and manner, said, that his Grace the Regent would receive the Knight of Avenel's message; and accordingly marshalled Roland Græme the way into the apartment, from which the Council had been just dismissed, after finishing their consultations. There was in the room a long oaken table, surrounded by stools of the same wood, with a large elbow-chair, covered with crimson velvet, at the head. Writing materials and papers were lying there in apparent disorder; and one or two of the privy councillors who had lingered behind, assuming their cloaks, bonnets, and swords, and bidding farewell to the Regent, were departing slowly by a large door, on the opposite side to that through which the page entered. Apparently the Earl of Murray had made some jest, for the smiling countenances of the statesmen expressed that sort of cordial reception which is paid by courtiers to the condescending pleasantries of a prince.

The Regent himself was laughing heartily as he said, "Farewell, my lords, and hold me remembered to the Cock of the North."

He then turned slowly round towards Roland Græme, and the marks of gayety, real or assumed, disappeared from his countenance, as completely as the passing bubbles leave the dark mirror of a still profound lake into which a traveller has cast a stone; in the course of a minute his noble features had assumed their natural expression of deep and even melancholy gravity.

This distinguished statesman, for as such his worst enemies acknowledged him, possessed all the external dignity, as well as almost all the noble qualities, which could grace the power that he enjoyed; and had he succeeded to the throne as his legitimate inheritance, it is probable he would have been recorded as one of Scotland's wisest and greatest kings. But that he held his authority by the deposition and imprisonment of his sister and benefactress, was a crime which those only can excuse who think ambition an apology for ingratitude. He was dressed plainly in black velvet, after the Flemish fashion, and wore in his high crowned hat a jewelled clasp, which looped it up on one side, and formed the only ornament of his apparel. He had his poniard by his side, and his sword lay on the council table.

Such was the personage before whom Roland Græme now presented himself, with a feeling of breathless awe, very different from the usual boldness and vivacity of his temper. In fact, he was, from education and nature, forward but not impudent, and

was much more easily controlled by the moral superiority, arising from the elevated talents and renown of those with whom he conversed, than by pretensions founded only on rank or external show. He might have braved with indifference the presence of an earl, merely distinguished by his belt and coronet; but he felt overawed in that of the eminent soldier and statesman, the wielder of a nation's power, and the leader of her armies.—The greatest and wisest are flattered by the deference of youth—so graceful and becoming in itself; and Murray took, with much courtesy, the letter from the hands of the abashed and blushing page, and answered with complaisance to the imperfect and half-muttered greeting which he endeavoured to deliver to him on the part of Sir Halbert of Avenel. He even paused a moment ere he broke the silk with which the letter was secured, to ask the page his name—so much he was struck with his very handsome features and form.

"Roland Graham," he said, repeating the words after the hesitating page, "what, of the Grahams of the Lennox?"

"No, my lord," replied Roland; "my parents dwelt in the Debateable Land."

Murray made no farther inquiry, but proceeded to read his despatches; during the perusal of which, his brow began to assume a stern expression of displeasure, as that of one who found something which at once surprised and disturbed him. He sate down on the nearest seat, frowned till his eyebrows almost met together, read the letter twice over, and was then silent for several minutes. At length, raising his head, his eye encountered that of the usher, who in vain endeavoured to exchange the look of eager and curious observation with which he had been perusing the Regent's features, for that open and unnoticing expression of countenance, which, in looking at all, seems as if it saw and marked nothing—a cast of look which may be practised with advantage by all those, of whatever degree, who are admitted to witness the familiar and unguarded hours of their superiors. Great men are as jealous of their thoughts as the wife of King Candaules was of her charms, and will as readily punish those who have, however, involuntarily, beheld them in mental deshabille and exposure.

"Leave the apartment, Hyndman," said the Regent, sternly, "and carry your observation elsewhere. You are too knowing, sir, for your post, which, by special order, is destined for men of blunter capacity. So! now you look more like a fool than you did"—(for Hyndman, as may easily be supposed, was not a little disconcerted by this rebuke)—"keep that confused stare, and it may keep your office. Begone, sir!"

The usher departed in dismay, not forgetting to register, amongst his other causes of dislike to Roland Græme, that he had been the witness of this disgraceful chiding. When he had left the apartment, the Regent again addressed the page.

"Your name you say is Armstrong?"

"No," replied Roland, "my name is Græme, so please you—Roland Græme, whose forbears were designated of Heathergill, in the Debateable Land?"

"Ay, I knew it was a name from the Debateable Land. Hast thou any acquaintances here in Edinburgh?"

"My lord," replied Roland, willing rather to evade this question than to answer it directly, for the prudence of being silent with respect to Lord Seyton's adventure immediately struck him, "I have been in Edinburgh scarce an hour, and that for the first time in my life."

"What! and thou Sir Halbert Glendinning's page?" said the Regent.

"I was brought up as my Lady's page," said the youth, "and left Avenel Castle for the first time in my life—at least since my childhood—only three days since."

"My Lady's page!" repeated the Earl of Murray, as if speaking to himself; "it was strange to send his Lady's page on a matter of such deep concernment—Morton will say it is of a piece with the nomination of his brother to be Abbot; and yet in some sort an inexperienced youth will best serve the turn.—What hast thou been taught, young man, in thy doughty apprenticeship?"

"To hunt, my lord, and to hawk," said Roland Græme.

"To hunt coneys, and to hawk at ouzels?" said the Regent, smiling; "for such are the sports of ladies and their followers."

Græme's cheek reddened deeply as he replied, not without some emphasis, "To hunt red-deer of the first head, and to strike down herons of the highest soar, my lord, which, in Lothian speech, may be termed, for aught I know, coneys and ouzels;—also, I can wield a brand and couch a lance, according to our Border meaning; in inland speech these may be termed water-flags and bulrushes."

"Thy speech rings like metal," said the Regent, "and I pardon the sharpness of it for the truth.—Thou knowest, then, what belongs to the duty of a man-at-arms?"

"So far as exercise can teach it, without real service in the field," answered Roland Græme; "but our Knight permitted none of his household to make raids, and I never had the good fortune to see a stricken field."

"The good fortune!" repeated the Regent, smiling somewhat sorrowfully, "take my word, young man, war is the only game from which both parties rise losers."

"Not always, my lord," answered the page, with his characteristic audacity, "if fame speaks truth."

"How, sir?" said the Regent, colouring in his turn, and perhaps suspecting an indiscreet allusion to the height which he himself had attained by the hap of civil war.

"Because, my lord," said Roland Græme, without change of tone, "he who fights well, must have fame in life, or honour in death; and so war is a game from which no one can rise a loser."

The Regent smiled and shook his head, when at that moment the door opened, and the Earl of Morton presented himself.

"I come somewhat hastily," he said, "and I enter unannounced, because my news are of weight—It is as I said; Edward Glendinning is named Abbot, and"——

"Hush, my lord!" said the Regent, "I know it, but"——

"And perhaps you knew it before I did, my Lord of Murray," answered Morton, his dark red brow growing darker and redder as he spoke.

"Morton," said Murray, "suspect me not—touch not mine honour—I have to suffer enough from the calumnies of foes, let me not have to contend with the unjust suspicions of my friends.—We are not alone," said he, recollecting himself, "or I could tell thee more."

He led Morton into one of the deep embrasures which the windows formed in the massive wall, and which afforded a retiring place for their conversing apart. In this recess, Roland observed them speak together with much earnestness, Murray appearing to be grave and earnest, and Morton having a jealous and offended air, which seemed gradually to give way to the assurances of the Regent.

As their conversation grew more earnest, they became gradually louder in speech, having perhaps forgotten the presence of the page, the more readily as his position in the apartment placed him out of sight, so that he found himself unwillingly privy to more of their discourse than he cared to hear. For, page though he was, a mean curiosity after the secrets of others had never been numbered amongst Roland's failings; and moreover, with all his natural rashness, he could not but doubt the safety of becoming privy to the secret discourse of these powerful and dreaded men. Still he could neither stop his ears, nor with propriety leave the apartment; and while he thought of some means of signifying his presence, he had already heard so much, that, to have produced himself suddenly would have been as awkward, and perhaps as dangerous, as in quiet to abide the end of their conference. What he overheard, however, was but an imperfect part of their communication; and although a more expert politician, acquainted with

the circumstances of the times, would have had little difficulty in tracing the meaning, yet Roland Græme could only form very general and vague conjectures as to the import of their discourse.

"All is prepared," said Murray, "and Lindesay is setting forward—She must hesitate no longer—thou seest I act by thy counsel, and harden myself against softer considerations."

"True, my lord," replied Morton, "in what is necessary to gain power, you do not hesitate, but go boldly to the mark. But are you as careful to defend and preserve what you have won?—Why this establishment of domestics around her?—has not your sister men and maidens enough to tend her, but you must consent to this superfluous and dangerous retinue?"

"For shame, Morton!—a Princess, and my sister, could I do less than allow her due tendance?"

"Ay," replied Morton, "even thus fly all your shafts—smartly enough loosened from the bow, and not unskilfully aimed—but a breath of foolish affection ever crosses in the mid volley, and sways the arrow from the mark."

"Say not so, Morton!" replied Murray, "I have both dared and done"——

"Yes, enough to gain, but not enough to keep—reckon not that she will think and act thus—you have wounded her deeply both in pride and in power—it signifies naught, that you would tent now the wound with unavailing salves—as matters stand with you, you must forfeit the title of an affectionate brother, to hold that of a bold and determined statesman."

"Morton!" said Murray, with some impatience, "I brook not these taunts—what I have done I have done—what I must farther do, I must and will—but I am not made of iron like thee, and I cannot but remember—Enough of this—my purpose holds."

"And I warrant me," said Morton, "the choice of these domestic consolations will rest with"——

Here he whispered names which escaped Roland Græme's ear. Murray replied in a similar tone, but so much raised towards the conclusion of the sentence, that the page heard these words—"And of him I hold myself secure by Glendinning's recommendation."

"Ay, which may be as much trustworthy as his late conduct at the abbey of Saint Mary's—you have heard that his brother's election has taken place. Your favourite Sir Halbert, my Lord of Murray, has as much fraternal affection as yourself."

"By Heaven, Morton, that taunt demanded an unfriendly answer, but I pardon it, for your brother also is concerned; but this election shall be annulled. I tell you, Earl of Morton, while I hold the sword of state in my royal nephew's name, neither Lord nor Knight in Scotland shall dispute my authority; and if I bear with insults from my friends, it is only while I know them to be such, and forgive their follies for their faithfulness."

Morton muttered what seemed to be some excuse, and the Regent answered him in a milder tone, and then subjoined, "Besides, I have another pledge than Glendinning's recommendation for this youth's fidelity—his nearest relative has placed herself in my hands as his security, to be dealt withal as his doings shall deserve."

"That is something," replied Morton; "but yet, in fair love and good-will, I must still pray you to keep on your guard. The foes are stirring again, as horseflies and hornets become busy so soon as the stormblast is over. George of Seyton was crossing the causeway this morning with a score of men at his back, and had a ruffle with my friends of the house of Leslie—they met at the Tron, and were fighting hard, when the provost with his guard of partisans, came in thirdsman, and staved them asunder with their halberds, as men part dog and bear."

"He hath my order for such interference," said the Regent—"Has any one been hurt?"

"George of Seyton himself, by black Ralph Leslie—the devil take the rapier that ran not through from side to side! Ralph has a bloody coxcomb, by a blow from a messan-page whom nobody knew—Dick Seyton of Windygowl is run through the arm, and two gallants of the Leslies have suffered phlebotomy. This is all the gentle blood which has been spilled in the revel; but a yeoman or two on both sides have had bones broken and ears cropped. The ostlere-wives, who are like to be the only losers by their miscarriage, have dragged the knaves off the street, and are crying a drunken coronach over them."

"You take it lightly, Douglas," said the Regent; "these broils and feuds would shame the capital of the Great Turk, let alone that of a Christian and reformed state. But, if I live, this gear shall be amended; and men shall say, when they read my story, that if it were my cruel hap to rise to power by the dethronement of a sister, I employed it, when gained, for the benefit of the commonweal."

"And of your friends," replied Morton; "wherefore I trust for your instant order annulling the election of this lurdane Abbot, Edward Glendinning."

"You shall be presently satisfied," said the Regent. and, stepping forward, he began to call "So ho, Hyndman!" when suddenly his eye lighted on Roland Græme—"By my faith, Douglas," said he, turning to his friend, "here have been three at counsel!"

"Ay, but only two can keep counsel," said Morton; "the galliard must be disposed of."

"For shame, Morton—an orphan boy!—Hearken thee, my child—thou hast told me some of thy accomplishments—canst thou speak truth?"

"Ay, my lord, when it serves my turn," replied Græme.

"It shall serve thy turn now," said the Regent; "and falsehood shall be thy destruction. How much hast thou heard or understood of what we two have spoken together?"

"But little, my lord," replied Roland Græme boldly, "which met my apprehension, saving that it seemed to me as if in something you doubted the faith of the Knight of Avenel, under whose roof I was nurtured."

"And what hast thou to say on that point, young man?" continued the Regent, bending his eyes upon him with a keen and strong expression of observation.

"That," said the page, "depends on the quality of those who speak against his honour whose bread I have long eaten. If they be my inferiors, I say they lie, and will maintain what I say with my batoon; if my equals, still I say they lie, and will do battle in the quarrel, if they list, with my sword; if my superiors"—he paused.

"Proceed boldly," said the Regent—"What if thy superiors said aught that nearly touched your master's honour?"

"I would say," replied Græme, "that he did ill to slander the absent, and that my master was a man who could render an account of his actions to any one who should manfully demand it of him to his face."

"And it were manfully said," replied the Regent—"what thinkest thou, my Lord of Morton?"

"I think," replied Morton, "that if the young galliard resemble a certain ancient friend of ours, as much in the craft of his disposition as he does in eye and in brow, there may be a wide difference betwixt what he means and what he speaks."

"And whom meanest thou that he resembles so closely?" said Murray.

"Even the true and trusty Julian Avenel," replied Morton.

"But this youth belongs to the Debateable Land," said Murray.

"It may be so; but Julian was an outlying striker of venison, and made many a fair cast when he had a fair doe in chase."

"Pshaw!" said the Regent, "this is but idle talk—Here, thou Hyndman—thou curiosity," calling to the usher, who now entered, "conduct this youth to his companion.—You will both," he said to Græme, "keep yourselves in readiness to travel on short notice."—And then motioning to him courteously to withdraw, he broke up the interview.

CHAPTER XIX.

It is and is not—'tis the thing I sought for,
Have kneel'd for, pray'd for, risk'd my fame and life for,
And yet it is not—no more than the shadow
Upon the hard, cold, flat, and polish'd mirror,
Is the warm, graceful, rounded, living substance
Which it presents in form and lineament.

Old Play.

THE usher, with gravity which ill concealed a jealous scowl, conducted Roland Græme to a lower apartment, where he found his comrade the falconer. The man of office then briefly acquainted them that this would be their residence till his Grace's further orders; that they were to go to the pantry, to the buttery, to the cellar, and to the kitchen, at the usual hours, to receive the allowances becoming their station,—instructions which Adam Woodcock's old familiarity with the court made him perfectly understand—"For your beds," he said, "you must go to the hotelrie of Saint Michael's, in respect the palace is now full of the domestics of the greater nobles."

No sooner was the usher's back turned than Adam exclaimed, with all the glee of eager curiosity, "And now, Master Roland, the news—the news—come, unbutton thy pouch, and give us thy tidings—What says the Regent? asks he for Adam Woodcock?—and is all soldered up, or must the Abbot of Unreason strap for it?"

"All is well in that quarter," said the page; "and for the rest—But, hey-day, what! have you taken the chain and medal off from my bonnet?"

"And meet time it was, when yon usher, vinegar-faced rogue that he is, began to inquire what popish trangam you were wearing—By the mass, the metal would have been confiscated for conscience-sake, like your other rattle-trap yonder at Avenel, which Mrs. Lilias bears about on her shoes in the guise of a pair of shoe-buckles—This comes of carrying popish nicknackets about you."

"The jade!" exclaimed Roland Græme, "has she melted down my rosary into buckles for her clumsy hoofs, which will set off such a garnish nearly as well as a cow's might?—But, hang her, let her keep them—many a dog's trick have I played old Lilias, for want of having something better to do, and the buckles will serve for a remembrance. Do you remember the verjuice I put into the comfits, when old Wingate and she were to breakfast together on Easter morning?"

"In troth do I, Master Roland—the major-domo's mouth was as crooked as a hawk's beak for the whole morning afterwards, and any other page in your room would have tasted the discipline of the porter's lodge for it.—But my Lady's favour stood between your skin and many a jerking—Lord send you may be the better for her protection in such matters!"

"I am at least grateful for it, Adam; and I am glad you put me in mind of it."

"Well, but the news, my young master," said Woodcock, "spell me the tidings—what are we to fly at next?—what did the Regent say to you?"

"Nothing that I am to repeat again," said Roland Græme, shaking his head.

"Why, hey-day," said Adam, "how prudent we are become all of a sudden! You have advanced rarely in brief space, Master Roland. You have well nigh had your head broken, and you have gained your gold chain, and you have made an enemy, Master Usher to wit, with his two legs like hawks' perches, and you have had audience of the first man in the realm, and bear as much mystery in your brow, as if you had flown in the court-sky ever since you were hatched.—I believe, in my soul, you would run with a piece of the egg-shell on your head like the curlews, which (I would we were after them again) we used to call whaps in the Halidome and its neighbourhood.—But sit thee down, boy; Adam Woodcock was never the lad to seek to enter into forbidden secrets—sit thee down, and I will go fetch the vivers—I know the butler and the pantler of old."

The good-natured falconer set forth upon his errand, busying himself about procuring their refreshment; and, during his absence, Roland Græme abandoned himself to the strange, complicated, and yet heart-stirring reflections, to which the events of the morning had given rise. Yesterday he was of neither mark nor likelihood, a vagrant boy, the attendant on a relative, of whose sane judgment he himself had not the highest opinion; but now he had become, he knew not why, or wherefore, or to what extent, the custodier, as the Scottish phrase went, of some important state secret, in the safe keeping of which the Regent himself was concerned. It did not diminish from, but rather added to, the interest of a situation so unexpected, that Roland himself did not perfectly understand wherein he stood committed by the state secrets, in which he had unwittingly become participater. On the contrary, he felt like one who looks on a romantic landscape, of which he sees the features for the first time, and then obscured with mist and driving tempest. The imperfect glimpse which the eye catches of rocks, trees, and other objects around him, adds double dignity to these shrouded mountains and darkened abysses, of which the height, depth, and extent, are left to imagination.

But mortals, especially at the well-appetized age which precedes twenty years, are seldom so much engaged either by real or conjectural subjects of speculation, but that their earthly wants claim their hour of attention. And with many a smile did our hero, so the reader may term him if he will, hail the re-appearance of his friend Adam Woodcock, bearing on one wooden platter a tremendous portion of boiled beef, and on another a plentiful allowance of greens, or rather what the Scotch call lang-kale. A groom followed with bread, salt, and the other means of setting forth a meal; and when they had both placed on the oaken table what they bore in their hands, the falconer observed, that since he knew the court it had got harder and harder every day to the poor gentlemen and yeomen retainers, but that now it was an absolute flaying of a flee for the hide and tallow. Such thronging to the wicket, and such churlish answers, and such bare beef-bones, such a shouldering at the buttery-hatch and cellarage, and naught to be gained beyond small insufficient single ale, or at best with a single straike of malt to counterbalance a double allowance of water—"By the mass, though, my young friend," said he, while he saw the food disappearing fast under Roland's active exertions, "it is not so well to lament for former times as to take the advantage of the present, else we are like to lose on both sides."

So saying, Adam Woodcock drew his chair towards the table, unsheathed his knife, (for every one carried that minister of festive distribution for himself,) and imitating his young companion's example, who for the moment had lost his anxiety for the future in the eager satisfaction of an appetite sharpened by youth and abstinence.

In truth they made, though the materials were sufficiently simple, a very respectable meal, at the expense of the royal allowance; and Adam Woodcock, notwithstanding the deliberate censure which he had passed on the household beer of the palace, had taken the fourth deep draught of the black-jack ere he remembered him that he had spoken in its dispraise. Then, flinging himself jollily and luxuriously back in an old danske elbow-chair, and looking with careless glee towards the page, extending at the same time his right leg, and stretching the other easily over it, he reminded his companion that he had not yet heard the ballad which he had made for the Abbot of Unreason's revel. And accordingly he struck merrily up with

"The Pope, that pagan full of pride,
Has blinded us full lang"——

Roland Græme, who felt no great delight, as may be supposed, in the falconer's satire, considering its subject, began to snatch up his mantle, and fling it around his shoulders, an action which instantly interrupted the ditty of Adam Woodcock.

"Where the vengeance are you going now," he said, "thou restless boy?—Thou hast quicksilver in the veins of thee to a certainty, and canst no more abide any douce and sensible communing, than a hoodless hawk would keep perched on my wrist!"

"Why Adam," replied the page, "if you must needs know, I am about to take a walk and look at this fair city. One may as well be still mewed up in the old castle of the lake, if one is to sit the live-long night between four walls, and hearken to old ballads."

"It is a new ballad—the Lord help thee!" replied Adam, "and that one of the best that ever was matched with a rousing chorus."

"Be it so," said the page, "I will hear it another day, when the rain is dashing against the windows, and there is neither steed stamping, nor spur jingling, nor feather waving in the neighbourhood, to mar my marking it well. But, even now, I want to be in the world, and to look about me."

"But the never a stride shall you go without me," said the falconer, "until the Regent shall take you whole and sound off my hand; and so, if you will, we may go to the hostelry of Saint Michael's, and there you will see company enough, but through the casement, mark you me; for as to rambling through the streets to seek Seytons and Leslies, and having a dozen holes drilled in your new jacket with rapier and poniard, I will yield no way to it."

"To the hostelry of Saint Michael's, then with all my heart," said the page; and they left the palace accordingly, rendered to the sentinels at the gate, who had now taken their posts for the evening, a strict account of their names and business, were dismissed through a small wicket of the close-barred portal, and soon reached the inn or hostelry of Saint Michael, which stood in a large court-yard, off the main street, close under the descent of the Calton-hill. The place, wide, waste and uncomfortable, resembled rather an Eastern caravansary, where men found shelter indeed, but were obliged to supply themselves with every thing else, than one of our modern inns;

> "Where not one comfort shall to those be lost,
> Who never ask, or never feel, the cost."

But still, to the inexperienced eye of Roland Græme, the bustle and confusion of this place of public resort furnished excitement and amusement. In the large room, into which they had rather found their own way than been ushered by mine host, travellers and natives of the city entered and departed, met and greeted, gamed or drank together, forming the strongest contrast to the stern and monotonous order and silence with which matters were conducted in the well-ordered household of the Knight of Avenel. Altercation of every kind, from brawling to jesting, was going on among the groups around them, and yet the noise and mingled voices seemed to disturb no one, and indeed to be noticed by no others than by those who composed the group to which the speaker belonged.

The falconer passed through the apartment to a projecting latticed window, which formed a sort of recess from the room itself; and having here ensconced himself and his companion, he called for some refreshments; and a tapster, after he had shouted for the twentieth time, accommodated him with the remains of a cold capon and a neat's tongue, together with a pewter stoup of weak French vin-de-pays. "Fetch a stoup of brandy-wine, thou knave. —We will be jolly to-night, Master Roland," said he, when he saw himself thus accommodated, "and let care come to-morrow."

But Roland had eaten too lately to enjoy the good cheer; and feeling his curiosity much sharper than his appetite, he made it his choice to look out of the lattice, which overhung a large yard surrounded by the stables of the hostelry, and fed his eyes on the busy sight beneath, while Adam Woodcock, after he had compared his companion to the "Laird of Macfarlane's geese, who liked their play better than their meat," disposed of his time with the aid of cup and trencher, occasionally humming the burden of his birth-strangled ballad, and beating time to it with his fingers on the little round table. In this exercise he was frequently interrupted by the exclamations of his companion, as he saw something new in the yard beneath, to attract and interest him.

It was a busy scene, for the number of gentlemen and nobles who were now crowded into the city, had filled all spare stables and places of public reception with their horses and military attendants. There were some score of yeomen dressing their own or their masters' horses in the yard, whistling, singing, laughing, and upbraiding each other, in a style of wit which the good order of Avenel Castle rendered strange to Roland Græme's ears. Others were busy repairing their own arms, or cleaning those of their masters. One fellow, having just bought a bundle of twenty spears, was sitting in a corner, employed in painting the white staves of the weapons with yellow and vermilion. Other lackeys led large stag-hounds, or wolf-dogs, of noble race, carefully muzzled to prevent accidents to passengers. All came and went, mixed together and separated, under the delighted eye of the page, whose imagination had not even conceived a scene so gayly diversified with the objects he had most pleasure in beholding; so that he was perpetually breaking the quiet reverie of honest Woodcock, and the mental progress which he was making in his ditty, by exclaiming, "Look here, Adam—look at the bonny bay horse—Saint Anthony, what a gallant forehand he hath got!—and see the goodly gray, which yonder fellow in the frieze-jacket is dressing as awkwardly as if he had never touched aught but a cow—I would I were nigh him to teach him his trade! —And lo you, Adam, the gay Milan armour that the yeomen is scouring, all steel and silver, like our Knight's prime suit, of which old Wingate makes such account—And see to yonder pretty wench, Adam, who comes tripping through them all with her milk-pail—I warrant she has had a long walk from the loaning; she has a stammel waistcoat, like your favourite Cicely Sunderland, Master Adam!"

"By my hood, lad," answered the falconer, "it is well for thee thou wert brought up where grace grew. Even in the Castle of Avenel thou wert a wild-blood enough, but hadst thou been nurtured here, within a flight-shot of the Court, thou hadst been the veriest crack-hemp of a page that ever wore feather in thy bonnet or steel by thy side: truly, I wish it may end well with thee."

"Nay, but leave thy senseless humming and drumming, old Adam, and come to the window ere thou hast drenched thy senses in the pint-pot there. See here comes a merry minstrel with his crowd, and a wench with him, that dances with bells at her ancles; and see, the yeomen and pages leave their horses and the armour they were cleaning, and gather round, as is very natural, to hear the music. Come, old Adam, we will thither too."

"You shall call me cutt if I do go down," said Adam; "you are near as good minstrelsy as the stroller can make, if you had but the grace to listen to it."

"But the wench in the stammel waistcoat is stopping too, Adam—by Heaven, they are going to dance! Frieze-jacket wants to dance with stammel-waistcoat, but she is coy and recusant."

Then suddenly changing his tone of levity into one of deep interest and surprise, he exclaimed, "Queen of Heaven! what is it that I see!" and then remained silent.

The sage Adam Woodcock, who was in a sort of languid degree amused with the page's exclamations, even while professed to despise them, became at length rather desirous to set his tongue once more a-going, that he might enjoy the superiority afforded by his own intimate familiarity with all the circumstances which excited in his young companion's mind so much wonderment.

"Well, then," he said at last, "what is it you do see, Master Roland, that you have become mute all of a sudden?"

Roland returned no answer.

"I say, Master Roland Græme," said the falconer, "it is manners in my country for a man to speak when he is spoken to."

Roland Græme remained silent.

"The murrain is in the boy," said Adam Woodcock, "he has stared out his eyes and talked his tongue to pieces, I think!"

The falconer hastily drank off his can of wine, and

came to Roland, who stood like a statue, with his eyes eagerly bent on the court-yard, though Adam Woodcock was unable to detect amongst the joyous scene which it exhibited aught that could deserve such devoted attention.

"The lad is mazed!" said the falconer to himself.

But Roland Græme had good reasons for his surprise, though they were not such as he could communicate to his companion.

The touch of the old minstrel's instrument, for he had already begun to play, had drawn in several auditors from the street, when one entered the gate of the yard, whose appearance exclusively arrested the attention of Roland Græme. He was of his own age, or a good deal younger, and from his dress and bearing might be of the same rank and calling, having all the air of coxcombry and pretension, which accorded with a handsome, though slight and low figure, and an elegant dress, in part hid by a large purple cloak. As he entered, he cast a glance up towards the windows, and, to his extreme astonishment, under the purple velvet bonnet and white feather, Roland recognised the features so deeply impressed on his memory, the bright and clustered tresses, the laughing full blue eyes, the well-formed eyebrows, the nose, with the slightest possible inclination to be aquiline, the ruby lip, of which an arch and half-suppressed smile seemed the habitual expression—in short, the form and face of Catherine Seyton; in man's attire, however, and mimicking, as it seemed not unsuccessfully, the bearing of a youthful but forward page.

"Saint George and Saint Andrew!" exclaimed the mazed Roland Græme to himself, "was there ever such an audacious quean!—she seems a little ashamed of her mummery, too, for she holds the lap of her cloak to her face, and her colour is heightened—but Santa Maria, how she threads the throng, with as firm and bold a step as if she had never tied petticoat round her waist!—Holy saints! she holds up her riding-rod as if she would lay it about some of their ears, that stand most in her way—by the hand of my father! she bears herself like the very model of pagehood.—Hey! what! sure she will not strike frieze-jacket in earnest?" But he was not long left in doubt; for the lout whom he had before repeatedly noticed, standing in the way of the bustling page, and maintaining his place with clownish obstinacy or stupidity, the advanced riding-rod was, without a moment's hesitation, sharply applied to his shoulders, in a manner which made him spring aside, rubbing the part of the body which had received so unceremonious a hint that it was in the way of his betters. The party injured growled forth an oath or two of indignation, and Roland Græme began to think of flying down stairs to the assistance of the translated Catherine; but the laugh of the yard was against frieze-jacket, which indeed had, in those days, small chance of fair play in a quarrel with velvet and embroidery; so that the fellow, who was a menial in the inn, slunk back to finish his task of dressing the bonny gray, laughed at by all, but most by the wench in the stammel waistcoat, his fellow-servant, who, to crown his disgrace, had the cruelty to cast an applauding smile upon the author of the injury, while, with a freedom more like the milkmaid of the town than she of the plains, she accosted him with—"Is there any one you want here, my pretty gentleman, that you seem in such haste?"

"I seek a slip of a lad," said the seeming gallant, "with a sprig of holly in his cap, black hair, and black eyes, green jacket, and the air of a country coxcomb—I have sought him through every close and alley in the Canongate, the fiend gore him!"

"Why, God-a-mercy, Nun!" muttered Roland Græme, much bewildered.

"I will inquire him presently out for your fair young worship," said the wench of the inn.

"Do," said the gallant squire, "and if you bring me to him, you shall have a groat to-night, and a kiss on Sunday when you have on a cleaner kirtle."

"Why, God-a-mercy, Nun!" again muttered Roland, "*this is* a note above E La."

In a moment after, the servant entered the room, *and ushered* in the object of his surprise.

While the disguised vestal looked with unabashed brow, and bold and rapid glance of her eye, through the various parties in the large old room, Roland Græme, who felt an internal awkward sense of bashful confusion, which he deemed altogether unworthy of the bold and dashing character to which he aspired, determined not to be browbeaten and put down by this singular female, but to meet her with a glance of recognition so sly, so penetrating, so expressively humorous, as should show her at once he was in possession of her secret and master of her fate, and should compel her to humble herself towards him, at least into the look and manner of respectful and deprecating observance.

This was extremely well planned; but just as Roland had called up the knowing glance, the suppressed smile, the shrewd intelligent look, which was to ensure his triumph, he encountered the bold, firm, and steady gaze of his brother or sister page, who casting on him a falcon glance, and recognising him at once as the object of his search, walked up with the most unconcerned look, the most free and undaunted composure, and hailed him with "You, Sir Holly-top, I would speak with you."

The steady coolness and assurance with which these words were uttered, although the voice was the very voice he had heard at the old convent, and although the features more nearly resembled those of Catherine when seen close than when viewed from a distance, produced, nevertheless, such a confusion in Roland's mind, that he became uncertain whether he was not still under a mistake from the beginning; the knowing shrewdness which should have animated his visage faded into a sheepish bashfulness, and the half-suppressed but most intelligible smile, became the senseless giggle of one who laughs to cover his own disorder of ideas.

"Do they understand a Scotch tongue in thy country, Holly-top?" said this marvellous specimen of metamorphosis. "I said I would speak with thee."

"What is your business with my comrade, my young chick of the game?" said Adam Woodcock, willing to step in to his companion's assistance though totally at a loss to account for the sudden disappearance of all Roland's usual smartness and presence of mind.

"Nothing to you, my old cock of the perch," replied the gallant; "go mind your hawks' castings. I guess by your bag and your gauntlet that you are squire of the body to a sort of kites."

He laughed as he spoke, and the laugh reminded Roland so irresistibly of the hearty fit of risibility in which Catherine had indulged at his expense when they first met in the old nunnery, that he could scarce help exclaiming, "Catharine Seyton, by Heavens!" —He checked the exclamation, however, and only said, "I think, sir, we two are not totally strangers to each other."

"We must have met in our dreams then," said the youth; "and my days are too busy to remember what I think on at nights."

"Or apparently to remember upon one day those whom you may have seen on the preceding eve," said Roland Græme.

The youth in his turn cast on him a look of some surprise, as he replied, "I know no more of what you mean than does the horse I ride on—if there be offence in your words, you shall find me as ready to take it as any lad in Lothian."

"You know well," said Roland, "though it pleases you to use the language of a stranger, that with you I can have no purpose to quarrel."

"Let me do mine errand then, and be rid of you," said the page. "Step hither this way, out of that old leathern fist's hearing."

They walked into the recess of the window, which Roland had left upon the youth's entrance into the apartment. The messenger then turned his back on the company, after casting a hasty and sharp glance around to see if they were observed. Roland did the same, and the page in the purple mantle thus addressed him, taking at the same time from under his cloak a short but beautifully-wrought sword, with the hilt and ornaments upon the sheath of silver

massively chased and over-gilded—"I bring you this weapon from a friend, who gives it you under the solemn condition, that you will not unsheathe it until you are commanded by your rightful Sovereign. For your warmth of temper is known, and the presumption with which you intrude yourself into the quarrels of others; and, therefore, this is laid upon you as a penance by those who wish you well, and whose hand will influence your destiny for good or for evil. This is what I was charged to tell you. So if you will give a fair word for a fair sword, and pledge your promise with hand and glove, good and well; and if not, I will carry back Caliburn to those who sent it."

"And may I not ask who these are?" said Roland Græme, admiring at the same time the beauty of the weapon thus offered him.

"My commission in no way leads me to answer such a question," said he of the purple mantle.

"But if I am offended," said Roland, "may I not draw to defend myself?"

"Not *this* weapon," answered the sword-bearer; "but you have your own at command, and, besides, for what do you wear your poniard?"

"For no good," said Adam Woodcock, who had now approached close to them, "and that I can witness as well as any one."

"Stand back, fellow," said the messenger; "thou hast an intrusive curious face, that will come by a buffet if it is found where it has no concern."

"A buffet, my young Master Malapert?" said Adam, drawing back, however; "best keep down fist, or, by Our Lady, buffet will beget buffet!"

"Be patient, Adam Woodcock," said Roland Græme;—"and let me pray you, fair sir, since by such addition you choose for the present to be addressed, may I not barely unsheathe this weapon, in pure simplicity of desire to know whether so fair a hilt and scabbard are matched with a befitting blade?"

"By no manner of means," said the messenger; "at a word, you must take it under the promise that you never draw it until you receive the commands of your lawful Sovereign, or you must leave it alone."

"Under that condition, and coming from your friendly hand, I accept of the sword," said Roland, taking it from his hand; "but credit me, that if we are to work together in any weighty emprise, as I am induced to believe, some confidence and openness on your part will be necessary to give the right impulse to my zeal—I press for no more at present, it is enough that you understand me."

"I understand you!" said the page, exhibiting the appearance of unfeigned surprise in his turn,—"Renounce me if I do!—here you stand jiggeting, and sniggling, and looking cunning, as if there were some mighty matter of intrigue and common understanding betwixt you and me, whom you never set your eyes on before!"

"What!" said Roland Græme, "will you deny that we have met before?"

"Marry that I will, in any Christian court," said the other page.

"And will you also deny," said Roland, "that it was recommended to us to study each other's features well, that in whatever disguise the time might impose upon us, each should recognise in the other the secret agent of a mighty work? Do not you remember, that Sister Magdalen and Dame Bridget"——

The messenger here interrupted him, shrugging up his shoulders with a look of compassion, "Bridget and Magdalen! why, this is madness and dreaming! Hark ye, Master Holly-top, your wits are gone on wool-gathering; comfort yourself with a caudle, thatch your brain-sick noddle with a woollen night-cap, and so God be with you!"

As he concluded this polite parting address, Adam Woodcock, who was again seated by the table on which stood the now empty can, said to him, "Will you drink a cup, young man, in the way of courtesy, now you have done your errand, and listen to a good song?" and without waiting for an answer, he commenced his ditty,—

"The Pope, that pagan full of pride,
Hath blinded us full long"——

It is probable that the good wine had made some innovation in the falconer's brain, otherwise he would have recollected the danger of introducing any thing like political or polemical pleasantry into a public assemblage, at a time when men's minds were in a state of great irritability. To do him justice he perceived his error, and stopped short so soon as he saw that the word Pope had at once interrupted the separate conversations of the various parties which were assembled in the apartment; and that many began to draw themselves up, bridle, look big, and prepare to take part in the impending brawl; while others, more decent and cautious persons, hastily paid down their lawing, and prepared to leave the place ere bad should come to worse.

And to worse it was soon likely to come; for no sooner did Woodcock's ditty reach the ear of the stranger page, than, uplifting his riding-rod, he exclaimed, "He who speaks irreverently of the Holy Father of the Church in my presence, is the cub of a heretic wolf-bitch, and I will switch him as I would a mongrel cur!"

"And I will break thy young pate," said Adam, "if thou darest to lift a finger to me." And then, in defiance of the young Drawcansir's threats, with a stout heart and dauntless accent, he again uplifted the stave,

"The Pope, that pagan full of pride,
Hath blinded"——

But Adam was able to proceed no farther, being himself unfortunately blinded by a stroke of the impatient youth's switch across his eyes. Enraged at once by the smart and the indignity, the falconer started up, and darkling as he was,—for his eyes watered too fast to permit his seeing any thing,—he would soon have been at close grips with his insolent adversary, had not Roland Græme, contrary to his nature, played for once the prudent man and the peacemaker, and thrown himself betwixt them, imploring Woodcock's patience. "You know not," he said, "with whom you have to do.—And thou," addressing the messenger, who stood scornfully laughing at Adam's rage, "get thee gone, whoever thou art; if thou be'st what I guess thee, thou well knowest there are earnest reasons why thou shouldst."

"Thou hast hit it right for once, Holly-top," said the gallant, "though I guess you drew your bow at a venture.—Here, host, let this yeoman have a pottle of wine to wash the smart out of his eyes—and there is a French crown for him." So saying, he threw the piece of money on the table, and left the apartment, with a quick yet steady pace, looking firmly at right and left, as if to defy interruption: and, snapping his fingers at two or three respectable burghers, who, declaring it was a shame that any one should be suffered to rant and ruffle in defence of the Pope, were labouring to find the hilts of their swords, which had got for the present unhappily entangled in the folds of their cloaks. But, as the adversary was gone ere any of them had reached his weapon, they did not think it necessary to unsheathe cold iron, but merely observed to each other, "This is more than masterful violence, to see a poor man stricken in the face just for singing a ballad against the Whore of Babylon! If the Pope's champions are to be bangsters in our very change-houses, we shall soon have the old shavelings back again."

"The Provost should look to it," said another, "and have some five or six armed with partisans, to come in upon the first whistle, to teach these gallants their lesson. For, look you, neighbour Lugleather, it is not for decent householders like ourselves to be brawling with the godless grooms and pert pages of the nobles, that are bred up to little else save bloodshed and blasphemy."

"For all that, neighbour," said Lugleather, "I would have curried that youngster as properly as ever I curried a lamb's hide, had not the hilt of my bilbo been for the instant beyond my grasp; and before I could turn my girdle, gone was my master!"

"Ay," said the others, "the devil go with him, and peace abide with us—I give my rede, neighbours, that we pay the lawing, and be stepping homeward, like brother and brother; for old Saint Giles's is tolling curfew, and the street grows dangerous at night."

With that the good burghers adjusted their cloaks, and prepared for their departure, while he that seemed the briskest of the three, laying his hand on his Andrea Ferrara, observed, "that they that spoke in praise of the Pope on the High-gate of Edinburgh, had best bring the sword of Saint Peter to defend them."

While the ill-humour excited by the insolence of the young aristocrat was thus evaporating in empty menace, Roland Græme had to control the far more serious indignation of Adam Woodcock. "Why, man, it was but a switch across the mazzard—blow your nose, dry your eyes, and you will see all the better for it."

"By this light, which I cannot see," said Adam Woodcock, "thou hast been a false friend to me, young man—neither taking up my rightful quarrel, nor letting me fight it out myself."

"Fy for shame, Adam Woodcock," replied the youth determined to turn the tables on him, and become in turn the counsellor of good order and peaceable demeanour—"I say, fy for shame!—Alas, that you will speak thus! Here are you sent with me, to prevent my innocent youth getting into snares"——

"I wish your innocent youth were cut short with a halter, with all my heart!" said Adam, who began to see which way the admonition tended.

—"And instead of setting before me," continued Roland, "an example of patience and sobriety becoming the falconer of Sir Halbert Glendinning, you quaff me off I know not how many flagons of ale, besides a gallon of wine, and a full measure of strong waters!"

"It was but one small pottle," said poor Adam, whom consciousness of his own indiscretion now reduced to a merely defensive warfare.

"It was enough to pottle you handsomely, however," said the page—"And then, instead of going to bed to sleep off your liquor, must you sit singing your roistering songs about popes and pagans, till you have got your eyes almost switched out of your head; and but for my interference, whom your drunken ingratitude accuses of deserting you, yon galliard would have cut your throat, for he was whipping out a whinger as broad as my hand, and as sharp as a razor—And these are lessons for an inexperienced youth!—Oh, Adam! out upon you! out upon you!"

"Marry, amen, and with all my heart," said Adam; "out upon my folly for expecting any thing but impertinent raillery from a page like thee, that if he saw his father in a scrape, would laugh at him, instead of lending him aid!"

"Nay, but I will lend you aid," said the page, still laughing, "that is, I will lend thee aid to thy chamber, good Adam, where thou shalt sleep off wine and ale, ire and indignation, and awake the next morning with as much fair wit as nature has blessed thee withal. Only one thing I will warn thee, good Adam, that henceforth and for ever, when thou railest at me for being somewhat hot at hand, and rather too prompt to out with poniard or so, thy admonition shall serve as a prologue to the memorable adventure of the switching of Saint Michael's."

With such condoling expressions he got the crest-fallen falconer to his bed, and then retired to his own pallet, where it was some time ere he could fall asleep. If the messenger whom he had seen were really Catherine Seyton, what a masculine virago and termagant must she be! and stored with what an inimitable command of insolence and assurance!—The brass on her brow would furbish the front of twenty pages; "and I should know," thought Roland, "what that amounts to—And yet, her features, her look, her light gait, her laughing eye, the art with which she disposed the mantle to show no more of her limbs than needs must be seen—I am glad she had at least that grace left—the voice, the smile—it must have been Catherine Seyton, or the devil in her likeness! One thing is good, I have silenced the eternal predications of that ass Adam Woodcock, who has set up for being a preacher and a governor over me, so soon as he has left the hawks' mew behind him."

And with this comfortable reflection, joined to the happy indifference which youth hath for the events of the morrow, Roland Græme fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XX.

> Now have you reft me from my staff, my guide,
> Who taught my youth, as men teach untamed falcons,
> To use my strength discreetly—I am reft
> Of comrade and of counsel!
>
> *Old Play.*

In the gray of the next morning's dawn, there was a loud knocking at the gate of the hostelry; and those without, proclaiming that they came in the name of the Regent, were instantly admitted. A moment or two afterwards, Michael Wing-the-wind stood by the bedside of our travellers.

"Up! up!" he said, "there is no slumber where Murray hath work ado."

Both sleepers sprung up, and began to dress themselves.

"You, old friend," said Wing-the-wind to Adam Woodcock, "must to horse instantly, with this packet to the Monks of Kennaquhair; and with this," delivering them as he spoke, "to the Knight of Avenel."

"As much as commanding the monks to annul their election, I'll warrant me, of an Abbot," quoth Adam Woodcock, as he put the packets into his bag, "and charging my master to see it done—To hawk at one brother with another, is less than fair play, methinks."

"Fash not thy beard about it, old boy," said Michael, "but betake thee to the saddle presently; for if these orders are not obeyed, there will be bare walls at the Kirk of St. Mary's, and it may be at the Castle of Avenel to boot; for I heard my Lord of Morton loud with the Regent, and we are at a pass that we cannot stand with him anent trifles."

"But," said Adam, "touching the Abbot of Unreason—what say they to that outbreak?—An they be shrewishly disposed, I were better pitch the packets to Satan, and take the other side of the Border for my bield."

"O, that was passed over as a jest, since there was little harm done.—But, hark thee, Adam," continued his comrade, "if there were a dozen vacant abbacies in your road, whether of jest or earnest, reason or unreason, draw thou never one of their mitres over thy brows—The time is not fitting, man!—besides our Maiden longs to clip the neck of a fat churchman."

"She shall never sheer mine in that capacity," said the falconer, while he knotted the kerchief in two or three double folds around his sunburnt bull-neck, calling out at the same time, "Master Roland, Master Roland, make haste! we must back to perch and mew, and, thank heaven more than our own wit, with our bones whole, and without a stab in the stomach."

"Nay, but," said Wing-the-wind, "the page goes not back with you, the Regent has other employment for him."

"Saints and sorrows!" exclaimed the falconer—"Master Roland Græme to remain here, and I to return to Avenel!—Why, it cannot be—the child cannot manage himself in this wide world without me, and I question if he will stoop to any other whistle than mine own; there are times I myself can hardly bring him to my lure."

It was at Roland's tongue's end to say something concerning the occasion they had for using mutually each other's prudence, but the real anxiety which Adam evinced at parting with him, took away his disposition to such ungracious raillery. The falconer did not altogether escape, however, for, in turning his face towards the lattice, his friend Michael caught a glimpse of it, and exclaimed, "I prithee, Adam Woodcock, what hast thou been doing with these eyes of thine? They are swelled to the starting from the socket!"

"Naught in the world," said he, after casting a deprecating glance at Roland Græme, "but the effect of sleeping in this d—d truckle without a pillow."

"Why, Adam Woodcock, thou must be grown strangely dainty," said his old companion; "I have

known thee sleep all night with no better pillow than a bush of ling, and start up with the sun, as gleg as a falcon; and now thine eyes resemble"——

"Tush, man, what signifies how mine eyes look now?" said Adam—"let us but roast a crab-apple, pour a pottle of ale on it, and bathe our throats withal, thou shalt see a change in me."

"And thou wilt be in heart to sing the jolly ballad about the Pope," said his comrade.

"Ay, that I will," replied the falconer, "that is, when we have left this quiet town five miles behind us, if you will take your hobby and ride so far on my way."

"Nay, that I may not," said Michael—"I can but stop to partake your morning's draught, and see you fairly to horse—I will see that they saddle them, and toast the crab for thee, without loss of time."

During his absence the falconer took the page by the hand—"May I never hood hawk again," said the good-natured fellow, "if I am not as sorry to part with you as if you were a child of mine own, craving pardon for the freedom—I cannot tell what makes me love you so much, unless it be for the reason that I loved the vicious devil of a brown galloway nag, whom my master the Knight called Satan, till Master Warden changed his name to Seyton; for he said it was over boldness to call a beast after the King of Darkness"——

"And," said the page, "it was over boldness in him, I trow, to call a vicious brute after a noble family."

"Well," proceeded Adam, "Seyton or Satan, I loved that nag over every other horse in the stable—There was no sleeping on his back—he was for ever fidgeting, bolting, rearing, biting, kicking, and giving you work to do, and may be the measure of your back on the heather to the boot of it all. And I think I love you better than any lad in the castle, for the self-same qualities."

"Thanks, thanks, kind Adam. I regard myself bound to you for the good estimation in which you hold me."

"Nay, interrupt me not," said the falconer—"Satan was a good nag—But, I say, I think I shall call the two eyasses after you, the one Roland, and the other Græme; and, while Adam Woodcock lives, be sure you have a friend—Here is to thee, my dear son."

Roland most heartily returned the grasp of the hand, and Woodcock, having taken a deep draught, continued his farewell speech.

"There are three things I warn you against, Roland, now that you are to tread this weary world without my experience to assist you. In the first place, never draw dagger on slight occasion—every man's doublet is not so well stuffed as a certain abbot's that you wot of. Secondly, fly not at every pretty girl, like a merlin at a thrush—you will not always win a gold chain for your labour—and, by the way, here I return to you your fanfarona—keep it close, it is weighty, and may benefit you at a pinch more ways than one. Thirdly, and to conclude, as our worthy preacher says, beware of the pottle-pot—it has drenched the judgment of wiser men than you. I could bring some instances of it, but I dare say it needeth not; for if you should forget your own mishaps, you will scarce fail to remember mine—And so farewell, my dear son."

Roland returned his good wishes, and failed not to send his humble duty to his kind Lady, charging the falconer, at the same time, to express his regret that he should have offended her, and his determination so to bear him in the world that she would not be ashamed of the generous protection she had afforded him.

The falconer embraced his young friend, mounted his stout, round-made trotting nag, which the serving-man, who had attended him, held ready at the door, and took the road to the southward. A sullen and heavy sound echoed from the horse's feet, as if indicating the sorrow of the good-natured rider. Every hoof-tread seemed to tap upon Roland's heart as he heard his comrade withdraw with so little of his usual alert activity, and felt that he was once more alone in the world.

He was roused from his reverie by Michael Wing-the-wind, who reminded him that it was necessary they should instantly return to the palace, as my Lord Regent went to the Sessions early in the morning. They went thither accordingly, and Wing-the-wind, a favourite old domestic, who was admitted nearer to the Regent's person and privacy, than many whose posts were more ostensible, soon introduced Græme into a small matted chamber, where he had an audience of the present head of the troubled State of Scotland. The Earl of Murray was clad in a sad-coloured morning-gown, with a cap and slippers of the same cloth, but, even in this easy déshabillé, held his sheathed rapier in his hand, a precaution which he adopted when receiving strangers, rather in compliance with the earnest remonstrances of his friends and partisans, than from any personal apprehensions of his own. He answered with a silent nod the respectful obeisance of the page, and took one or two turns through the small apartment in silence, fixing his keen eye on Roland, as if he wished to penetrate into his very soul. At length he broke silence.

"Your name is, I think, Julian Græme?"

"Roland Græme, my lord, not Julian," replied the page.

"Right—I was misled by some trick of my memory—Roland Græme, from the Debateable Land.—Roland, thou knowest the duties which belong to a lady's service?"

"I should know them, my lord," replied Roland, "having been bred so near the person of my Lady of Avenel; but I trust never more to practise them, as the Knight hath promised"——

"Be silent, young man," said the Regent; "I am to speak, and you to hear and obey. It is necessary that, for some space at least, you shall again enter into the service of a lady, who, in rank, hath no equal in Scotland; and this service accomplished, I give thee my word as Knight and Prince, that it shall open to you a course of ambition, such as may well gratify the aspiring wishes of one whom circumstances entitle to entertain much higher views than thou. I will take thee into my household and near to my person, or, at your own choice, I will give you the command of a foot-company—either is a preferment which the proudest laird in the land might be glad to ensure for a second son."

"May I presume to ask, my lord," said Roland, observing the Earl paused for a reply, "to whom my poor services are in the first place destined?"

"You will be told hereafter," said the Regent; and then, as if overcoming some internal reluctance to speak further himself, he added, "or why should I not myself tell you, that you are about to enter into the service of a most illustrious—most unhappy lady—into the service of Mary of Scotland."

"Of the Queen, my lord!" said the page, unable to repress his surprise.

"Of her who was the Queen!" said Murray, with a singular mixture of displeasure and embarrassment in his tone of voice. "You must be aware, young man, that her son reigns in her stead."

He sighed from an emotion, partly natural perhaps, and partly assumed.

"And am I to attend upon her Grace in her place of imprisonment, my lord?" again demanded the page, with a straightforward and hardy simplicity, which somewhat disconcerted the sage and powerful statesman.

"She is not imprisoned," answered Murray, angrily; "God forbid she should—she is only sequestrated from state affairs, and from the business of the public, until the world be so effectually settled, that she may enjoy her natural and uncontrolled freedom, without her royal disposition being exposed to the practices of wicked and designing men. It is for this purpose," he added, "that while she is to be furnished, as right is, with such attendance as may befit her present secluded state, it becomes necessary that those placed around her, are persons on whose prudence I can have reliance. You see, therefore, you are at once called on to discharge an office most honourable in itself, and so to discharge it that you may make a friend of the Regent of Scotland. Thou art, I have been told, a singularly apprehensive youth; and I perceive by thy look, that thou dost already un-

derstand what I would say on this matter. In this schedule your particular points of duty are set down at length—but the sum required of you is fidelity—I mean fidelity to myself and to the state. You are, therefore, to watch every attempt which is made, or inclination displayed, to open any communication with any of the lords who have become banders in the west—with Hamilton, Seyton, with Fleming, or the like. It is true that my gracious sister, reflecting upon the ill chances that have happed to the state of this poor kingdom, from evil counsellors who have abused her royal nature in time past, hath determined to sequestrate herself from state affairs in future. But it is our duty, as acting for, and in the name of our infant nephew, to guard against the evils which may arise from any mutation or vacillation in her royal resolutions. Wherefore, it will be thy duty to watch, and report to our lady mother, whose guest our sister is for the present, whatever may infer a disposition to withdraw her person from the place of security in which she is lodged, or to open communication with those without. If, however, your observation should detect any thing of weight, and which may exceed mere suspicion, fail not to send notice by an especial messenger to me directly, and this ring shall be thy warrant to order horse and man on such service.—And now begone. If there be half the wit in thy head that there is apprehension in thy look, thou fully comprehendest all that I would say—Serve me faithfully, and sure as I am belted earl, thy reward shall be great."

Roland Græme made an obeisance, and was about to depart.

The Earl signed to him to remain. "I have trusted thee deeply," he said, "young man, for thou art the only one of her suite who has been sent to her by my own recommendation. Her gentlewomen are of her own nomination—it were too hard to have barred her that privilege, though some there were who reckoned it inconsistent with sure policy. Thou art young and handsome. Mingle in their follies, and see they cover not deeper designs under the appearance of female levity—if they do mine, do thou countermine. For the rest, bear all decorum and respect to the person of thy mistress—she is a princess, though a most unhappy one, and hath been a queen, though now, alas! no longer such. Pay, therefore, to her all honour and respect, consistent with thy fidelity to the King and me—and now, farewell.—Yet stay—you travel with Lord Lindesay, a man of the old world, rough and honest, though untaught; see that thou offend him not, for he is not patient of raillery, and thou, I have heard, art a crack-halter." This he said with a smile, then added, "I could have wished the Lord Lindesay's mission had been intrusted to some other and more gentle noble."

"And wherefore should you wish that, my lord?" said Morton, who even then entered the apartment; "the Council have decided for the best—we have had but too many proofs of this lady's stubbornness of mind, and the oak that resists the sharp steel axe, must be riven with the rugged iron wedge.—And this is to be her page?—My Lord Regent hath doubtless instructed you, young man, how you shall guide yourself in these matters; I will add but a little hint on my part. You are going to the castle of a Douglas, where treachery never thrives—the first moment of suspicion will be the last of your life. My kinsman, William Douglas, understands no raillery, and if he once have cause to think you false, you will waver in the wind from the castle battlements ere the sun set upon his anger.—And is the lady to have an almoner withal?"

"Occasionally, Douglas" said the Regent; "it were hard to deny the spiritual consolation which she thinks essential to her salvation."

"You are ever too soft-hearted, my lord—What! a false priest to communicate her lamentations, not only to our unfriends in Scotland, but to the Guises, to Rome, to Spain, and I know not where!"

"Fear not.' said the Regent, "we will take such order that no treachery shall happen."

"Look to it then," said Morton; "you know my mind respecting the wench you have consented she shall receive as a waiting-woman—one of a family which, of all others, has ever been devoted to her, and inimical to us. Had we not been wary, she would have been purveyed of a page as much to her purpose as her waiting-damsel. I hear a rumour that an old mad Romish pilgrimer, who passes for at least half a saint among them, was employed to find a fit subject."

"We have escaped that danger at least," said Murray, "and converted it into a point of advantage, by sending this boy of Glendinning's—and for her waiting-damsel, you cannot grudge her one poor maiden instead of her four noble Marys, and all their silken train?"

"I care not so much for the waiting-maiden," said Morton, "but I cannot brook the almoner—I think priests of all persuasions are much like each other. Here is John Knox, who made such a noble puller-down, is ambitious of becoming a setter-up, and a founder of schools and colleges out of the Abbey lands, and bishops' rents, and other spoils of Rome, which the nobility of Scotland have won with their sword and bow, and with which he would now endow new hives to sing the old drone."

"John is a man of God," said the Regent, "and his scheme is a devout imagination."

The sedate smile with which this was spoken, left it impossible to conjecture whether the words were meant in approbation, or in derision, of the plan of the Scottish Reformer. Turning then to Roland Græme, as if he thought he had been long enough a witness of this conversation, he bade him get him presently to horse, since my Lord of Lindesay was already mounted. The page made his reverence, and left the apartment.

Guided by Michael Wing-the-wind, he found his horse ready saddled and prepared for the journey in front of the palace porch, where hovered about a score of men-at-arms, whose leader showed no small symptoms of surly impatience.

"Is this the jackanape page for whom we have waited thus long?" said he to Wing-the wind.—"And my Lord Ruthven will reach the castle long before us!"

Michael assented, and added that the boy had been detained by the Regent to receive some parting instructions. The leader made an inarticulate sound in his throat, expressive of sullen acquiescence, and calling to one of his domestic attendants, "Edward," said he, "take the gallant into your charge, and let him speak with no one else."

He then addressed, by the title of Sir Robert, an elderly and respectable-looking gentleman, the only one of the party who seemed above the rank of a retainer or domestic, and, observed that they must get to horse with all speed.

During this discourse, and while they were riding slowly along the street of the suburb, Roland had time to examine more accurately the looks and figure of the Baron, who was at their head.

Lord Lindesay of the Byres was rather touched than stricken with years. His upright stature and strong limbs still showed him fully equal to all the exertions and fatigues of war. His thick eyebrows, now partially grizzled, lowered over large eyes full of dark fire, which seemed yet darker from the uncommon depth at which they were set in his head. His features, naturally strong and harsh, had their sternness exaggerated by one or two scars received in battle. These features, naturally calculated to express the harsher passions, were shaded by an open steel cap, with a projecting front, but having no visor, over the gorget of which fell the black and grizzled beard of the grim old Baron, and totally hid the lower part of his face. The rest of his dress was a loose buff-coat, which had once been lined with silk and adorned with embroidery, but which seemed much stained with travel, and damaged with cuts, received probably in battle. It covered a corslet, which had once been of polished steel, fairly gilded, but was now somewhat injured with rust. A sword of antique make and uncommon size, framed to be wielded with both hands, a kind of weapon which was then beginning to go out of use, hung from his neck in a baldric, and was

lisposed as to traverse his whole person, the huge appearing over his left shoulder, and the point ching well nigh to the right heel, and jarring inst his spur as he walked. This unwieldy weapon ld only be unsheathed by pulling the handle over left shoulder—for no human arm was long enough lraw it in the usual manner. The whole equipnt was that of a rude warrior, negligent of his exor even to misanthropical sullenness; and the rt, harsh, haughty tone, which he used towards attendants, belonged to the same unpolished racter.

'he personage who rode with Lord Lindesay, at the d of the party, was an absolute contrast to him, in nner, form, and features. His thin and silky hair already white, though he seemed not above forty- or fifty years old. His tone of voice was soft and inuating—his form thin, spare, and bent by an itual stoop—his pale cheek was expressive of ewdness and intelligence—his eye was quick ugh placid, and his whole demeanour mild and iciliatory. He rode an ambling nag, such as were d by ladies, clergymen, or others of peaceful prosions—wore a riding habit of black velvet, with a and feather of the same hue, fastened up by a den medal—and for shaw, and as a mark of rank ber than for use, carried a walking sword, (as the ort light rapiers were called,) without any other s, offensive or defensive.

'he party had now quitted the town, and proceeded, a steady trot, towards the west.—As they prosed their journey, Roland Græme would gladly have rned something of its purpose and tendency, but countenance of the personage next to whom he l been placed in the train, discouraged all approach familiarity. The Baron himself did not look more m and inaccessible than his feudal retainer, whose sly beard fell over his mouth like the portcullis bee the gate of a castle, as if for the purpose of preting the escape of any word, of which absolute essity did not demand the utterance. The rest of train seemed under the same taciturn influence, l journeyed on without a word being exchanged ongst them—more like a troop of Carthusian friars n a party of military retainers. Roland Græme was prised at this extremity of discipline; for even in household of the Knight of Avenel, though someat distinguished for the accuracy with which deum was enforced, a journey was a period of license, ing which jest and song, and every thing within limits of becoming mirth and pastime, was freely mitted. This unusual silence was, however, so far eptable, that it gave him time to bring any shadow udgment which he possessed to council on his own ation and prospects, which would have appeared any reasonable person in the highest degree danous and perplexing.

t was quite evident that he had, through various cumstances not under his own control, formed tradictory connexions with both the contending tions, by whose strife the kingdom was distracted, thout being properly an adherent of either. It emed also clear, that the same situation in the housed of the deposed Queen, to which he was now moted by the influence of the Regent, had been tined to him by his enthusiastic grandmother, agdalen Græme; for on this subject, the words ich Morton had dropped had been a ray of light; t it was no less clear that these two persons, the e the declared enemy, the other the enthusiastic tary, of the Catholic religion,—the one at the head the King's new government, the other, who rerded that government as a criminal usurpation,—ist have required and expected very different seres from the individual whom they had thus united recommending. It required very little reflection to esee that these contradictory claims on his service ght speedily place him in a situation where his nour as well as his life might be endangered. But was not in Roland Græme's nature to anticipate l before it came, or to prepare to combat difficulties fore they arrived. "I will see this beautiful and fortunate Mary Stewart," he said, "of whom we ve heard so much, and then there will be time enough to determine whether I will be kingsman or queensman. None of them can say I have given word or promise to either of their factions; for they have led me up and down like a blind Billy, without giving me any light into what I was to do. But it was lucky that grim Douglas came into the Regent's closet this morning, otherwise I had never got free of him without plighting my troth to do all the Earl would have me, which seemed, after all, but foul play to the poor imprisoned lady, to place her page as an espial on her."

Skipping thus lightly over a matter of such consequence, the thoughts of the hairbrained boy went a wool-gathering after more agreeable topics. Now he admired the Gothic towers of Barnbougle, rising from the sea-beaten rock, and overlooking one of the most glorious landscapes in Scotland—and now he began to consider what notable sport for the hounds and the hawks must be afforded by the variegated ground over which they travelled—and now he compared the steady and dull trot at which they were then prosecuting their journey, with the delight of sweeping over hill and dale in pursuit of his favourite sports. As, under the influence of these joyous recollections, he gave his horse the spur, and made him execute a gambade, he instantly incurred the censure of his grave neighbour, who hinted to him to keep the pace, and move quietly and in order, unless he wished such notice to be taken of his eccentric movements as was likely to be very displeasing to him.

The rebuke and the restraint under which the youth now found himself, brought back to his recollection his late good-humoured and accommodating associate and guide, Adam Woodcock; and from that topic his imagination made a short flight to Avenel Castle, to the quiet and unconfined life of its inhabitants, the goodness of his early protectress, not forgetting the denizens of its stables, kennels, and hawk-mews. In a brief space, all these subjects of meditation gave way to the remembrance of that riddle of womankind, Catherine Seyton, who appeared before the eye of his mind—now in her female form—now in her male attire—now in both at once—like some strange dream, which presents to us the same individual under two different characters at the same instant. Her mysterious present also recurred to his recollection—the sword which he now wore at his side, and which he was not to draw, save by command of his legitimate Sovereign! But the key of this mystery he judged he was likely to find in the issue of his present journey.

With such thoughts passing through his mind, Roland Græme accompanied the party of Lord Lindesay to the Queen's-Ferry, which they passed in vessels that lay in readiness for them. They encountered no adventure whatever in their passage, excepting one horse being lamed in getting into the boat, an incident very common on such occasions, until a few years ago, when the Ferry was completely regulated. What was more peculiarly characteristic of the olden age, was the discharge of a culverin at the party from the battlements of the old castle of Rosythe, on the north side of the Ferry, the lord of which happened to have some public or private quarrel with the Lord Lindesay, and took this mode of expressing his resentment. The insult, however, as it was harmless, remained unnoticed and unrevenged, nor did any thing else occur worth notice until the band had come where Lochleven spread its magnificent sheet of waters to the beams of a bright summer sun.

The ancient castle, which occupies an island nearly in the centre of the lake, recalled to the page that of Avenel, in which he had been nurtured. But the lake was much larger, and adorned with several islets besides that on which the fortress was situated; and instead of being embosomed in hills like that of Avenel, had upon the southern side only a splendid mountainous screen, being the descent of one of the Lomond hills, and on the other was surrounded by the extensive and fertile plain of Kinross. Roland Græme looked with some degree of dismay on the water-girdled fortress, which then, as now, consisted only of one large Donjon-keep, surrounded with a court-yard, with two round flanking-towers at the angles, which contained within its circuit some other buildings of

mentation of our train will put our kind hostess, and the whole house of Lochleven. It is this prudent anxiety, I am aware, which clouds your brows, my worthy lady. But be of good cheer; the crown of Scotland has many a fair manor, and your affectionate son, and my no less affectionate brother, will endow the good knight your husband with the best of them, ere Mary should be dismissed from this hospitable castle from your ladyship's lack of means to support the charges."

"The Douglasses of Lochleven, madam," answered the lady, "have known for ages how to discharge their duty to the State, without looking for reward, even when the task was both irksome and dangerous."

"Nay! but, my dear Lochleven," said the Queen, "you are over scrupulous—I pray you accept of a goodly manor; what should support the Queen of Scotland in this her princely court, saving her own crown-lands—and who should minister to the wants of a mother, save an affectionate son like the Earl of Murray, who possesses so wonderfully both the power and inclination? Or said you it was the danger of the task which clouded your smooth and hospitable brow?—No doubt, a page is a formidable addition to my body-guard of females; and I bethink me it must have been for that reason that my Lord of Lindesay refused even now to venture within the reach of a force so formidable, without being attended by a competent retinue."

The Lady of Lochleven started, and looked something surprised; and Mary, suddenly changing her manner from the smooth ironical affectation of mildness to an accent of austere command, and drawing up at the same time her fine person, said, with the full majesty of her rank, "Yes! Lady of Lochleven; I know that Ruthven is already in the castle, and that Lindesay waits on the bank the return of your barge to bring him hither along with Sir Robert Melville. For what purpose do these nobles come—and why am I not in ordinary decency apprised of their arrival?"

"Their purpose, madam," replied the Lady of Lochleven, "they must themselves explain—but a formal annunciation were needless, where your Grace hath attendants who can play the espial so well."

"Alas! poor Fleming," said the Queen, turning to the elder of the female attendants, "thou wilt be tried, condemned, and gibbeted, for a spy in the garrison, because thou didst chance to cross the great hall while my good Lady of Lochleven was parleying at the full pitch of her voice with her pilot Randal. Put black wool in thy ears, girl, as you value the wearing of them longer. Remember, in the Castle of Lochleven, ears and tongues are matters not of use, but for show merely. Our good hostess can hear, as well as speak, for us all.—We excuse your further attendance, my lady hostess," she said, once more addressing the object of her resentment, "and retire to prepare for an interview with our rebel lords. We will use the ante-chamber of our sleeping apartment as our hall of audience.—You, young man," she proceeded, addressing Roland Græme, and at once softening the ironical sharpness of her manner into good-humoured raillery, "you, who are all our male attendance, from our Lord High Chamberlain down to our least galopin, follow us to prepare our court."

She turned, and walked slowly towards the castle. The Lady of Lochleven folded her arms, and smiled in bitter resentment, as she watched her retiring steps.

"Thy whole male attendance!" she muttered repeating the Queen's last words, "and well for thee had it been had thy train never been larger;" then turning to Roland, in whose way she had stood while making this pause, she made room for him to pass, saying at the same time, "Art thou already eavesdropping? follow thy mistress, minion, and, if thou wilt, tell her what I have now said."

Roland Græme hastened after his royal mistress and her attendants, who had just entered a postern-gate communicating betwixt the castle and the small garden. They ascended a winding-stair as high as the second story, which was in a great measure occupied by a suite of three rooms, opening into each other, and assigned as the dwelling of the captive Princess The outermost was a small hall or anteroom, within which opened a large parlour, and from that again the Queen's bedroom. Another small apartment, which opened into the same parlour, contained the beds of the gentlewomen in waiting.

Roland Græme stopped, as became his station, in the outermost of these apartments, there to await such orders as might be communicated to him. From the grated window of the room he saw Lindesay, Melville, and their followers, disembark; and observed that they were met at the castle gate by a third noble, to whom Lindesay exclaimed, in his loud harsh voice, "My Lord of Ruthven, you have the start of us!"

"At this instant, the page's attention was called to a burst of hysterical sobs from the inner apartment, and to the hurried ejaculations of the terrified females, which led him almost instantly to hasten to their assistance. When he entered, he saw that the Queen had thrown herself into the large chair which stood nearest the door, and was sobbing for breath in a strong fit of hysterical affection. The elder female supported her in her arms, while the younger bathed her face with water and with tears alternately.

"Hasten, young man!" said the elder lady, in alarm, "fly—call in assistance—she is swooning!"

But the Queen ejaculated in a faint and broken voice, "Stir not, I charge you!—call no one to witness—I am better—I shall recover instantly." And, indeed, with an effort which seemed like that of one struggling for life, she sate up in her chair, and endeavoured to resume her composure, while her features yet trembled with the violent emotion of body and mind which she had undergone. "I am ashamed of my weakness, girls," she said, taking the hands of her attendants; "but it is over,—and I am Mary Stewart once more. The savage tone of that man's voice—my knowledge of his insolence—the name which he named—the purpose for which they come, may excuse a moment's weakness—and it shall be a moment's only." She snatched from her head the curch or cap, which had been disordered during her hysterical agony—shook down the thick clustered tresses of dark brown which had been before veiled under it—and, drawing her slender fingers across the labyrinth which they formed, she arose from the chair, and stood like the inspired image of a Grecian prophetess, in a mood which partook at once of sorrow and pride, of smiles and of tears. "We are ill appointed," she said, "to meet our rebel subjects; but, as far as we may, we will strive to present ourselves as becomes their Queen. Follow me, my maidens," she said; "what says thy favourite song, my Fleming?

> 'My maids, come to my dressing-bower,
>   And deck my nut-brown hair;
> Where'er ye laid a plait before,
>   Look ye lay ten times mair.'

Alas!" she added, when she had repeated with a smile these lines of an old ballad, "violence has already robbed me of the ordinary decorations of my rank; and the few that nature gave me have been destroyed by sorrow and by fear." Yet while she spoke thus, she again let her slender fingers stray through the wilderness of the beautiful tresses which veiled her kingly neck and swelling bosom, as if, in her agony of mind, she had not altogether lost the consciousness of her unrivalled charms. Roland Græme, on whose youth, inexperience, and ardent sense of what was dignified and lovely, the demeanour of so fair and high-born a lady wrought like the charm of a magician, stood rooted to the spot with surprise and interest, longing to hazard his life in a quarrel so fair as that which Mary Stewart's must needs be. She had been bred in France—she was possessed of the most distinguished beauty—she had reigned a Queen, and a Scottish Queen, to whom knowledge of character was as essential as the use of vital air. In all these capacities, Mary was, of all women on the earth, most alert at perceiving and using the advantages which her charms gave her over almost all who came within the sphere of their influence. She cast on Roland a glance which might

when it has a royal cover for its apology." While such feelings preyed on a bosom naturally proud and severe, they had a corresponding effect on her countenance, where, with the remains of great beauty, were mingled traits indicative of inward discontent and peevish melancholy. It perhaps contributed to increase this habitual temperament, that the Lady Lochleven had adopted uncommonly rigid and severe views of religion, imitating in her ideas of reformed faith the very worst errors of the Catholics, in limiting the benefit of the gospel to those who profess their own speculative tenets

In every respect, the unfortunate Queen Mary, now the compulsory guest, or rather prisoner, of this sullen lady, was obnoxious to her hostess. Lady Lochleven disliked her as the daughter of Mary of Guise, the legal possessor of those rights over James's heart and hand, of which she conceived herself to have been injuriously deprived; and yet more so as the professor of a religion which she detested worse than Paganism.

Such was the dame, who, with stately mien, and sharp yet handsome features, shrouded by her black velvet coif, interrogated the domestic who steered her barge to the shore, what had become of Lindesay and Sir Robert Melville. The man related what had passed, and she smiled scornfully as she replied, "Fools must be flattered, not foughten with.—Row back—make thy excuse as thou canst—say Lord Ruthven hath already reached this castle, and that he is impatient for Lord Lindesay's presence. Away with thee, Randal—yet stay—what galopin is that thou hast brought hither?"

"So please you, my lady, he is the page who is to wait upon"——

"Ay, the new male minion," said the Lady Lochleven; "the female attendant arrived yesterday. I shall have a well-ordered house with this lady and her retinue; but I trust they will soon find some others to undertake such a charge. Begone, Randal —and you" (to Roland Græme) "follow me to the garden."

She led the way with a slow and stately step to the small garden, which, enclosed by a stone wall ornamented with statues, and an artificial fountain in the centre, extended its dull parterres on the side of the court-yard, with which it communicated by a low and arched portal. Within the narrow circuit of its formal and limited walks, Mary Stewart was now learning to perform the weary part of a prisoner, which, with little interval, she was doomed to sustain during the remainder of her life. She was followed in her slow and melancholy exercise by two female attendants; but in the first glance which Roland Græme bestowed upon one so illustrious by birth, so distinguished by her beauty, accomplishments, and misfortunes, he was sensible of the presence of no other than the unhappy Queen of Scotland.

Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, that, even at the distance of nearly three centuries, it is unnecessary to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits which characterize that remarkable countenance, which seems at once to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt whether they express most happily the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished woman. Who is there, that, at the very mention of Mary Stewart's name, has not her countenance before him, familiar as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age? Even those who feel themselves compelled to believe all, or much, of what her enemies laid to her charge, cannot think without a sigh upon a countenance expressive of any thing rather than the foul crimes with which she was charged when living, and which still continue to shade, if not to blacken, her memory. That brow, so truly open and regal—those eyebrows, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they over-arched, and which seem to utter a thousand histories—the nose, with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth, so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear—the dimpled chin—the stately swanlike neck, form a countenance, the like of which we know not to have existed in any other character moving in that high class of life, where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention. It is in vain to say that the portraits which exist of this remarkable woman are not like each other; for, amidst their discrepancy, each possesses general features which the eye at once acknowledges as peculiar to the vision which our imagination has raised while we read her history for the first time, and which has been impressed upon it by the numerous prints and pictures which we have seen. Indeed we cannot look on the worst of them, however deficient in point of execution, without saying that it is meant for Queen Mary; and no small instance it is of the power of beauty, that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of such a length of time. We know that by far the most acute of those who, in latter days, have adopted the unfavourable view of Mary's character, longed, like the executioner before his dreadful task was performed, to kiss the fair hand of her on whom he was about to perform so horrible a duty.

Dressed, then, in a deep mourning robe, and with all those charms of face, shape, and manner, with which faithful tradition has made each reader familiar, Mary Stewart advanced to meet the Lady of Lochlevin, who, on her part, endeavoured to conceal dislike and apprehension under the appearance of respectful indifference. The truth was, that she had experienced repeatedly the Queen's superiority in that species of disguised yet cutting sarcasm, with which women can successfully avenge themselves, for real and substantial injuries. It may be well doubted, whether this talent was not as fatal to its possessor as the many others enjoyed by that highly gifted, but most unhappy female; for, while it often afforded her a momentary triumph over her keepers, it failed not to exasperate their resentment; and the satire and sarcasm in which she had indulged, were frequently retaliated by the deep and bitter hardships which they had the power of inflicting. It is well known that her death was at length hastened by a letter which she wrote to Queen Elizabeth, in which she treated her jealous rival, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, with the keenest irony and ridicule.

As the ladies met together, the Queen said, bending her head at the same time in return to the obeisance of the Lady Lochleven, "We are this day fortunate—we enjoy the company of our amiable hostess at an unusual hour, and during a period which we have hitherto been permitted to give to our private exercise. But our good hostess knows well she has at all times access to our presence, and need not observe the useless ceremony of requiring our permission."

"I am sorry my presence is deemed an intrusion by your Grace," said the Lady of Lochleven. "I came but to announce the arrival of an addition to your train," motioning with her hand towards Roland Græme; "a circumstance to which ladies are seldom indifferent."

"O! I crave your ladyship's pardon; and am bent to the earth with obligations for the kindness of my nobles—or my sovereigns, shall I call them?—who have permitted me such a respectable addition to my personal retinue."

"They have indeed studied, madam," said the Lady of Lochleven, "to show their kindness towards your Grace—something at the risk perhaps of sound policy, and I trust their doings will not be misconstrued."

"Impossible!" said the Queen; "the bounty which permits the daughter of so many kings, and who yet is Queen of the realm, the attendance of two waiting-women and a boy, is a grace which Mary Stewart can never sufficiently acknowledge. Why! my train will be equal to that of any country-dame in this your kingdom of Fife, saving but the lack of a gentleman-usher, and a pair or two of blue-coated serving-men. But I must not forget, in my selfish joy, the additional trouble and charges to which this magnificent aug

companion, my lord. I trust you expected to meet with no enemy here, against whom such a formidable weapon could be necessary? It is, methinks, somewhat a singular ornament for a court, though I am, as I well need to be, too much of a Stewart to fear a sword."

"It is not the first time, madam," replied Lindesay, bringing round the weapon so as to rest its point on the ground, and leaning one hand on the huge cross-handle, "it is not the first time that this weapon has intruded itself into the presence of the House of Stewart."

"Possibly, my lord," replied the Queen, "it may have done service to my ancestors—Your ancestors were men of loyalty."

"Ay, madam," replied he, "service it hath done; but such as kings love neither to acknowledge nor to reward. It was the service which the knife renders to the tree when trimming it to the quick, and depriving it of the superfluous growth of rank and unfruitful suckers, which rob it of nourishment."

"You talk riddles, my lord," said Mary; "I will hope the explanation carries nothing insulting with it."

"You shall judge, madam," answered Lindesay. "With this good sword was Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, girded on the memorable day when he acquired the name of Bell-the-Cat, for dragging from the presence of your great-grandfather, the third James of the race, a crew of minions, flatterers, and favourites, whom he hanged over the bridge of Lauder, as a warning to such reptiles how they approach a Scottish throne. With this same weapon, the same inflexible champion of Scottish honour and nobility, slew at one blow Spens of Kilspindie, a courtier of your grandfather, James the Fourth, who had dared to speak lightly of him in the royal presence. They fought near the brook of Fala; and Bell-the-Cat, with this blade, sheared through the thigh of his opponent, and lopped the limb as easily as a shepherd's boy slices a twig from a sapling."

"My lord," replied the Queen, reddening, "my nerves are too good to be alarmed even by this terrible history—May I ask how a blade so illustrious passed from the House of Douglas to that of Lindesay?—Methinks it should have been preserved as a consecrated relic, by a family who have held all that they could do against their king, to be done in favour of their country."

"Nay, madam," said Melville, anxiously interfering, "ask not that question of Lord Lindesay—And you, my lord, for shame—for decency—forbear to reply to it."

"It is time that this lady should hear the truth," replied Lindesay.

"And be assured," said the Queen, "that she will be moved to anger by none that you can tell her, my lord. There are cases in which just scorn has always the mastery over just anger."

"Then know," said Lindesay "that upon the field of Carberry-hill, when that false and infamous traitor and murderer, James, some time Earl of Bothwell, and nicknamed Duke of Orkney, offered to do personal battle with any of the associated nobles who came to drag him to justice, I accepted his challenge, and was by the noble Earl of Morton gifted with his good sword that I might therewith fight it out—Ah! so help me Heaven, had his presumption been one grain more, or his cowardice one grain less, I should have done such work with this good steel on his traitorous corpse, that the hounds and carrion-crows should have found their morsels daintily carved to their use?"

The Queen's courage well nigh gave way at the mention of Bothwell's name—a name connected with such a train of guilt, shame, and disaster. But the prolonged boast of Lindesay gave her time to rally herself, and to answer with an appearance of cold contempt—"It is easy to slay an enemy who enters not the lists. But had Mary Steward inherited her father's sword as well as his sceptre, the boldest of her rebels should not upon that day have complained that they had no one to cope withal. Your lordship will forgive me if I abridge this conference. A brief description of a bloody fight is long enough to satisfy a lady's curiosity; and unless my Lord of Lindesay has something more important to tell us than of the deeds which old Bell-the-Cat achieved, and how he would himself have emulated them, had time and tide permitted, we will retire to our private apartment, and you, Fleming, shall finish reading to us yonder little treatise *Des Rodomontades Espagnolles.*"

"Tarry, madam," said Lindesay, his complexion reddening in his turn; "I know your quick wit too well of old to have sought an interview that you might sharpen its edge at the expense of my honour. Lord Ruthven and myself, with Sir Robert Melville as a concurrent, come to your Grace on the part of the Secret Council, to tender to you what much concerns the safety of your own life and the welfare of the State."

"The Secret Council?" said the Queen; "by what powers can it subsist or act, while I, from whom it holds its character, am here detained under unjust restraint? But it matters not—what concerns the welfare of Scotland shall be acceptable to Mary Stewart, come from whatever quarter it will—and for what concerns her own life, she has lived long enough to be weary of it, even at the age of twenty-five.—Where is your colleague, my lord—why tarries he?"

"He comes, madam," said Melville, and Lord Ruthven entered at the instant, holding in his hand a packet. As the Queen returned his salutation, she became deadly pale, but instantly recovered herself by dint of strong and sudden resolution, just as the noble, whose appearance seemed to excite such emotions in her bosom, entered the apartment in company with George Douglas, the youngest son of the Knight of Lochleven, who, during the absence of his father and brethren, acted as Seneschal of the Castle, under the direction of the elder Lady Lochleven, his father's mother.

CHAPTER XXII.

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With my own hand I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.

Richard II.

Lord Ruthven had the look and bearing which became a soldier and a statesman, and the martial cast of his form and features procured him the popular epithet of Greysteil, by which he was distinguished by his intimates, after the hero of a metrical romance then generally known. His dress, which was a buff-coat embroidered, had a half-military character, but exhibited nothing of the sordid negligence which distinguished that of Lindesay. But the son of an ill-fated sire, and the father of a yet more unfortunate family, bore in his look that cast of inauspicious melancholy, by which the physiognomists of that time pretended to distinguish those who were predestined to a violent and unhappy death.

The terror which the presence of this nobleman impressed on the Queen's mind, arose from the active share he had borne in the slaughter of David Rizzio; his father having presided at the perpetration of that abominable crime, although so weak from long and wasting illness, that he could not endure the weight of his armour, having arisen from a sick-bed to commit a murder in the presence of his Sovereign. On that occasion his son also had attended and taken an active part. It was little to be wondered at, that the Queen, considering her condition when such a deed of horror was acted in her presence, should retain an instinctive terror for the principal actors in the murder. She returned, however, with grace the salutation of Lord Ruthven, and extended her hand to George Douglas, who kneeled, and kissed it with respect; the first mark of a subject's homage which Roland Græme had seen any of them render to the captive Sovereign. She returned his greeting in silence, and there was a brief pause, during which the steward of the castle, a man of a sad brow and a severe eye,

placed, under George Douglas's directions, a table and writing materials; and the page, obedient to his mistress's dumb signal, advanced a large chair to the side on which the Queen stood, the table thus forming a sort of bar which divided the Queen and her personal followers from her unwelcome visiters. The steward then withdrew after a low reverence. When he had closed the door behind him, the Queen broke silence—"With your favour, my lords, I will sit—my walks are not indeed extensive enough at present to fatigue me greatly, yet I find repose something more necessary than usual."

She sat down accordingly, and, shading her cheek with her beautiful hand, looked keenly and impressively at each of the nobles in turn. Mary Fleming applied her kerchief to her eyes, and Catherine Seyton and Roland Græme exchanged a glance, which showed that both were too deeply engrossed with sentiments of interest and commisseration for their royal mistress, to think of any thing which regarded themselves.

"I wait the purpose of your mission, my lords," said the Queen, after she had been seated for about a minute without a word being spoken,—"I wait your message from those you call the Secret Council.—I trust it is a petition of pardon, and a desire that I will resume my rightful throne, without using with due severity my right of punishing those who have dispossessed me of it?"

"Madam," replied Ruthven, "it is painful for us to speak harsh truths to a Princess who has long ruled us. But we come to offer, not to implore, pardon. In a word, madam, we have to propose to you on the part of the Secret Council, that you sign these deeds, which will contribute greatly to the pacification of the state, the advancement of God's word, and the welfare of your own future life."

"Am I expected to take these fair words on trust, my lord? or may I hear the contents of these reconciling papers, ere I am asked to sign them?"

"Unquestionably, madam; it is our purpose and wish you should read what you are required to sign," replied Ruthven.

"Required?" replied the Queen, with some emphasis; "but the phrase suits well the matter—read, my lord."

The Lord Ruthven proceeded to read a formal instrument, running in the Queen's name, and setting forth that she had been called, at an early age, to the administration of the crown and realm of Scotland, and had toiled diligently therein, until she was in body and spirit so wearied out and disgusted, that she was unable any longer to endure the travail and pain of State affairs; and that since God had blessed her with a fair and hopeful son, she was desirous to ensure to him, even while she yet lived, his succession to the crown, which was his by right of hereditary descent. "Wherefore," the instrument proceeded, "we, of the motherly affection we bear to our said son, have renounced and demitted, and by these our letters of free good-will, renounce and demit, the Crown, government, and guiding of the realm of Scotland, in favour of our said son, that he may succeed to us as native Prince thereof, as much as if we had been removed by disease, and not by our own proper act. And that this demission of our royal authority may have the more full and solemn effect, and none pretend ignorance, we give, grant, and commit, full and free and plain power to our trusty cousins, Lord Lindesay of the Byres, and William Lord Ruthven, to appear in our name before as many of the nobility, clergy, and burgesses, as may be assembled at Stirling, and there, in our name and behalf, publicly, and in their presence, to renounce the Crown, guidance, and government of this our kingdom of Scotland."

The Queen here broke in with an air of extreme surprise. "How is this, my lords?" she said; "Are my ears turned rebels, that they deceive me with sounds so extraordinary?—And yet it is no wonder that, having conversed so long with rebellion, they should now force its language upon my understanding. Say I am mistaken, my lords—say, for the honour of yourselves and the Scottish nobility that my right trusty cousins of Lindesay and Ruthven, two barons of warlike fame and ancient line, have not sought the prison-house of their kind mistress for such a purpose as these words seem to imply. Say, for the sake of honour and loyalty, that my ears have deceived me."

"No, madam," said Ruthven gravely, "your ears do *not* deceive you—they deceived you when they were closed against the preachers of the evangele, and the honest advice of your faithful subjects; and when they were ever open to flattery of pick-thanks and traitors, foreign cubiculars and domestic minions. The land may no longer brook the rule of one who cannot rule herself; wherefore I pray you to comply with the last remaining wish of your subjects and counsellors, and spare yourself and us the further agitation of matters so painful."

"And is this *all* my loving subjects require of me, my lord?" said Mary, in a tone of bitter irony. "Do they really stint themselves to the easy boon that I should yield up the crown, which is mine by birthright, to an infant which is scarcely more than a year old—fling down my sceptre, and take up a distaff?—O no! it is too little for them to ask—That other roll of parchment contains something harder to be complied with, and which may more highly tax my readiness to comply with the petitions of my lieges."

"This parchment," answered Ruthven, in the same tone of inflexible gravity, and unfolding the instrument as he spoke, "is one by which your Grace constitutes your nearest in blood, and the most honourable and trustworthy of your subjects, James, Earl of Murray, Regent of the kingdom during the minority of the young King. He already holds the appointment from the Secret Council."

The Queen gave a sort of shriek, and clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "Comes the arrow out of his quiver?—out of my brother's bow?—Alas! I looked for his return from France as my sole, at least my readiest, chance of deliverance.—And yet, when I heard that he had assumed the government, I guessed he would shame to wield it in my name."

"I must pray your answer, madam," said Lord Ruthven, "to the demand of the Council."

"The demand of the Council!" said the Queen; "say rather the demand of a set of robbers, impatient to divide the spoil they have seized. To such a demand, and sent by the mouth of a traitor, whose scalp, but for my womanish mercy, should long since have stood on the city gates, Mary of Scotland has no answer."

"I trust, madam," said Lord Ruthven, "my being unacceptable to your presence will not add to your obduracy of resolution. It may become you to remember that the death of the minion, Rizzio, cost the house of Ruthven its head and leader. My father, more worthy than a whole province of such vile sycophants, died in exile, and broken-hearted."

The Queen clasped her hands on her face, and resting her arms on the table, stooped down her head and wept so bitterly, that the tears were seen to find their way in streams between the white and slender fingers with which she endeavoured to conceal them.

"My lords," said Sir Robert Melville, "this is too much rigour. Under your lordships' favour, we came hither, not to revive old griefs, but to find the mode of avoiding new ones."

"Sir Robert Melville," said Ruthven, "we best know for what purpose we were delegated hither, and wherefore you were somewhat unnecessarily sent to attend us."

"Nay, by my hand," said Lord Lindesay, "I know not why we were cumbered with the good knight, unless he comes in place of the lump of sugar which pothicars put into their wholesome but bitter medicaments, to please a froward child—a needless labour, methinks, where men have the means to make them swallow the physic otherwise."

"Nay, my lords," said Melville, "ye best know your own secret instructions. I conceive I shall best obey mine in striving to mediate between her Grace and you."

"Be silent, Sir Robert Melville," said the Queen, arising, and her face still glowing with agitation as

she spoke. "My kerchief, Fleming—I shame that traitors should have power to move me thus.—Tell me, proud lords," she added, wiping away the tears as she spoke, "by what earthly warrant can liege subjects pretend to challenge the rights of an anointed Sovereign—to throw off the allegiance they have vowed, and to take away the crown from the head on which Divine warrant had placed it?"

"Madam," said Ruthven, "I will deal plainly with you. Your reign, from the dismal field of Pinkie-cleuch, when you were a babe in the cradle, till now that ye stand a grown dame before us, hath been such a tragedy of losses, disasters, civil dissensions and foreign wars, that the like is not to be found in our chronicles. The French and English have, with one consent, made Scotland the battle-field on which to fight out their own ancient quarrel.—For ourselves, every man's hand hath been against his brother, nor hath a year passed over without rebellion and slaughter, exile of nobles, and oppressing of the commons. We may endure it no longer; and, therefore, as a prince, to whom God hath refused the gift of hearkening to wise counsel, and on whose dealings and projects no blessing hath ever descended, we pray you to give way to other rule and governance of the land, that a remnant may yet be saved to this distracted realm."

"My lord," said Mary, "it seems to me that you fling on my unhappy and devoted head those evils, which, with far more justice, I may impute to your own turbulent, wild, and untameable dispositions—the frantic violence with which you, the Magnates of Scotland, enter into feuds against each other, sticking at no cruelty to gratify your wrath, taking deep revenge for the slightest offences, and setting at defiance those wise laws which your ancestors made for stanching of such cruelty, rebelling against the lawful authority, and bearing yourselves as if there were no king in the land; or rather as if each were king in his own premises. And now you throw the blame on me—on me, whose life has been embittered—whose sleep has been broken—whose happiness has been wrecked, by your dissensions. Have I not myself been obliged to traverse wilds and mountains, at the head of a few faithful followers, to maintain peace and to put down oppression? Have I not worn harness on my person, and carried pistols at my saddle; fain to lay aside the softness of a woman, and the dignity of a Queen, that I might show an example to my followers?"

"We grant, madam," said Lindesay, "that the affrays occasioned by your misgovernment, may sometimes have startled you in the midst of a mask or galliard; or it may be that such may have interrupted the idolatry of the mass, or the jesuitical counsels of some French ambassador. But the longest and severest journey which your Grace has taken in my memory, was from Hawick to Hermitage Castle; and whether it was for the weal of the State, or for your own honour, rests with your Grace's conscience."

The Queen turned to him with inexpressible sweetness of tone and manner, and that engaging look which Heaven had assigned her, as if to show that the choicest arts to win men's affections may be given in vain. "Lindesay," she said, "you spoke not to me in this stern tone, and with such scurril taunt, yon fair summer evening, when you and I shot at the butts against the Earl of Mar and Mary Livingstone, and won of them the evening's collation, in the privy garden of Saint Andrews. The Master of Lindesay was then my friend, and vowed to be my soldier. How I have offended the Lord of Lindesay, I know not, unless honours have changed manners."

Hardhearted as he was, Lindesay seemed struck with this unexpected appeal, but almost instantly replied "Madam, it is well known that your Grace could in those days make fools of whomever approached you. I pretend not to have been wiser than others. But gayer men and better courtiers soon jostled aside my rude homage, and I think your Grace cannot but remember times, when my awkward attempts to take the manners that pleased you, were the sport of the court-popinjays, the Marys and the Frenchwomen."

"My lord, I grieve if I have offended you through idle gayety," said the Queen; "and can but say it was most unwittingly done. You are fully revenged; for through gayety," said she with a sigh, "will I never offend any one more."

"Our time is wasting, madam," said Lord Ruthven; "I must pray your decision on this weighty matter which I have submitted to you."

"What, my lord!" said the Queen, "upon the instant, and without a moment's time to deliberate? —Can the Council, as they term themselves, expect this of me?"

"Madam," replied Ruthven, "the Council hold the opinion, that since the fatal term which passed betwixt the night of King Henry's murder and the day of Carberry-hill, your Grace should have held you prepared for the measure now proposed, as the easiest escape from your numerous dangers and difficulties."

"Great God!" exclaimed the Queen; "and is it as a boon that you propose to me, what every Christian king ought to regard as a loss of honour equal to the loss of life!—You take from me my crown, my power, my subjects, my wealth, my state. What, in the name of every saint, can you offer, or do you offer, in requital of my compliance?"

"We give you pardon," answered Ruthven sternly, "we give you space and means to spend your remaining life in penitence and seclusion—we give you time to make your peace with Heaven, and to receive the pure Gospel, which you have ever rejected and persecuted."

The Queen turned pale at the menace which this speech, as well as the rough and inflexible tones of the speaker, seemed distinctly to infer—"And if I do not comply with your request so fiercely urged, my lord, what then follows?"

She said this in a voice in which female and natural fear was contending with the feelings of insulted dignity.—There was a pause, as if no one cared to return to the question a distinct answer. At length Ruthven spoke: "There is little need to tell to your Grace, who are well read both in the laws and in the chronicles of the realm, that murder and adultery are crimes for which ere now queens themselves have suffered death."

"And where, my lord, or how, found you an accusation so horrible, against her who stands before you?" said Queen Mary. "The foul and odious calumnies which have poisoned the general mind of Scotland, and have placed me a helpless prisoner in your hands, are surely no proof of guilt?"

"We need look for no further proof," replied the stern Lord Ruthven, "than the shameless marriage betwixt the widow of the murdered and the leader of the band of murderers!—They that joined hands in the fated month of May, had already united hearts and counsel in the deed which preceded that marriage but a few brief weeks."

"My lord, my lord!" said the Queen, eagerly, "remember well there were more consents than mine to that fatal union, that most unhappy act of a most unhappy life. The evil steps adopted by sovereigns are often the suggestion of bad counsellors; but these counsellors are worse than fiends who tempt and betray, if they themselves are the first to call their unfortunate princes to answer for the consequences of their own advice.—Heard ye never of a bond by the nobles, my lords, recommending that ill-fated union to the ill-fated Mary? Methinks, were it carefully examined, we should see that the names of Morton, and of Lindesay, and of Ruthven, may be found in that bond, which pressed me to marry that unhappy man.—Ah! stout and loyal Lord Herries, who never knew guile or dishonour, you bent your noble knee to me in vain, to warn me of my danger, and wert yet the first to draw thy good sword in my cause when I suffered for neglecting thy counsel! Faithful knight and true noble, what a difference betwixt thee and those counsellors of evil, who now threaten my life for having fallen into the snares they spread for me!"

"Madam," said Ruthven, "we know that you are an orator, and perhaps for that reason the Council has sent hither men, whose converse hath been more with the wars, than with the language of the schools

or the cabals of state. We but desire to know if, on assurance of life and honour, ye will demit the rule of this kingdom of Scotland?"

"And what warrant have I," said the Queen, "that ye will keep treaty with me, if I should barter my kingly estate for seclusion, and leave to weep in secret?"

"Our honour and our word, madam," answered Ruthven.

"They are too slight and unsolid pledges, my lord," said the Queen; "add at least a handful of thistle-down to give them weight in the balance."

"Away, Ruthven," said Lindesay; "she was ever deaf to counsel, save of slaves and sycophants; let her remain by her refusal, and abide by it!"

"Stay, my lord," said Sir Robert Melville, "or rather permit me to have but a few minutes' private audience with her Grace. If my presence with you could avail aught, it must be as a mediator—do not, I conjure you, leave the castle, or break off the conference, until I bring you word how her Grace shall finally stand disposed."

"We will remain in the hall," said Lindesay, "for half an hour's space; but in despising our words and our pledge of honour, she has touched the honour of my name—let her look herself to the course she has to pursue. If the half hour should pass away without her determining to comply with the demands of the nation, her career will be brief enough."

With little ceremony the two nobles left the apartment, traversed the vestibule, and descended the winding stairs, the clash of Lindesay's huge sword being heard as it rang against each step in his descent. George Douglas followed them, after exchanging with Melville a gesture of surprise and sympathy.

As soon as they were gone, the Queen, giving way to grief, fear, and agitation, threw herself into the seat, wrung her hands, and seemed to abandon herself to despair. Her female attendants, weeping themselves, endeavoured yet to pray her to be composed, and Sir Robert Melville, kneeling at her feet, made the same entreaty. After giving way to a passionate burst of sorrow, she at length said to Melville, "Kneel not to me, Melville—mock me not with the homage of the person, when the heart is far away—Why stay you behind with the deposed, the condemned? her who has but few hours perchance to live? You have been favoured as well as the rest; why do you continue the empty show of gratitude and thankfulness any longer than they?"

"Madam," said Sir Robert Melville, 'so help me Heaven at my need, my heart is as true to you as when you were in your highest place."

"True to me! true to me!" repeated the Queen, with some scorn; "tush, Melville, what signifies the truth which walks hand in hand with my enemies' falsehood?—thy hand and thy sword have never been so well acquainted that I can trust thee in aught where manhood is required—O, Seyton, for thy bold father, who is both wise, true, and valiant!"

Roland Græme could withstand no longer his earnest desire to offer his services to a princess so distressed and so beautiful. "If one sword," he said, "madam, can do any thing to back the wisdom of this grave counsellor, or to defend your rightful cause, here is my weapon, and here is my hand ready to draw and use it." And raising his sword with one hand, he laid the other upon the hilt.

As he thus held up the weapon, Catherine Seyton exclaimed, "Methinks I see a token from my father, madam;" and immediately crossing the apartment, she took Roland Græme by the skirt of the cloak, and asked him earnestly whence he had that sword.

The page answered with surprise, "Methinks this is no presence in which to jest—Surely, damsel, you yourself best know whence and how I obtained the weapon."

"Is this a time for folly?" said Catherine Seyton; "unsheathe the sword instantly!"

"If the Queen commands me," said the youth, looking towards his royal mistress.

"For shame, maiden!" said the Queen; "wouldst thou instigate the poor boy to enter into useless strife with the two most approved soldiers in Scotland?"

"In your Grace's cause," replied the page, "I will venture my life upon them!" And as he spoke, he drew his weapon partly from the sheath, and a piece of parchment, rolled around the blade, fell out and dropped on the floor. Catharine Seyton caught it up with eager haste.

"It is my father's handwriting," she said, "and doubtless conveys his best duteous advice to your Majesty; I knew that it was prepared to be sent in this weapon; but I expected another messenger."

"By my faith, fair one," thought Roland, "and if you knew not that I had such a secret missive about me, I was yet more ignorant."

The Queen cast her eye upon the scroll, and remained a few minutes wrapped in deep thought. "Sir Robert Melville," she at length said, "this scroll advises me to submit myself to necessity, and to subscribe the deeds these hard men have brought with them, as one who gives way to the natural fear inspired by the threats of rebels and murderers. You, Sir Robert, are a wise man, and Seyton is both sagacious and brave. Neither, I think, would mislead me in this matter."

"Madam," said Melville, "if I have not the strength of body of the Lords Herries or Seyton, I will yield to neither in zeal for your Majesty's service. I cannot fight for you like these lords, but neither of them is more willing to die for your service."

"I believe it, my old and faithful counsellor," said the Queen, "and believe me, Melville, I did thee but a moment's injustice. Read what my Lord Seyton hath written to us, and give us thy best counsel."

He glanced over the parchment, and instantly replied;—"O! my dear and royal mistress, only treason itself could give you other advice than Lord Seyton has here expressed. He, Herries, Huntly, the English ambassador Throgmorton, and others, your friends, are all alike of opinion, that, whatever deeds or instruments you execute within these walls, must lose all force and effect as extorted from your Grace by duresse, by sufferance of present evil, and fear of men, and harm to ensue on your refusal. Yield, therefore, to the tide, and be assured, that in subscribing what parchments they present to you, you bind yourself to nothing, since your act of signature wants that which alone can make it valid, the free will of the grantor."

"Ay, so says my Lord Seyton," replied Mary; "yet methinks, for the daughter of so long a line of sovereigns to resign her birthright because rebels, press upon her with threats, argues little of royalty, and will read ill for the fame of Mary in future chronicles. Tush! Sir Robert Melville, the traitors may use black threats and bold words, but they will not dare to put their hands forth on our person?"

"Alas! madam, they have already dared so far, and incurred such peril by the lengths which they have gone, that they are but one step from the worst and uttermost."

"Surely," said the Queen, her fears again predominating, "Scottish nobles would not lend themselves to assassinate a helpless woman?"

"Bethink you, madam," he replied, "what horrid spectacles have been seen in our day; and what act is so dark, that some Scottish hand has not been found to dare it? Lord Lindesay, besides his natural sullenness and hardness of temper, is the near kinsman of Henry Darnley, and Ruthven has his own deep and dangerous plans. The Council, besides, speaks of proofs by writ and word, of a casket with letters—of I know not what."

"Ah! good Melville," answered the Queen, "were I as sure of the evenhanded integrity of my judges, as of my own innocence—and yet"——

"Oh! pause, madam," said Melville; "even innocence must sometimes for a season stoop to injurious blame. Besides, you are here"——

He looked round, and paused.

"Speak out, Melville," said the Queen, "never one approached my person who wished to work me evil, and even this poor page, whom I have to-day seen for the first time in my life, I can trust safely with your communication."

"Nay, madam," answered Melville, "in such an

gence, and he being the bearer of Lord Seyton's message, I will venture to say before him and these fair ladies, whose truth and fidelity I dispute not—I say I will venture to say, that there are other modes besides that of open trial, by which deposed sovereigns often die; and that, as Machiavel saith, there is but one step betwixt a king's prison and his grave."

"Oh! were it but swift and easy for the body," said the unfortunate Princess, "were it but a safe and happy change for the soul, the woman lives not that would take the step so soon as I!—But, alas! Melville, when we think of death, a thousand sins, which we have trod as worms beneath our feet, rise up against us as flaming serpents. Most injuriously do they accuse me of aiding Darnley's death; yet, blessed Lady! I afforded too open occasion for the suspicion—espoused Bothwell."

"Think not of that now, madam," said Melville, "think rather of the immediate mode of saving yourself and son. Comply with the present unreasonable demands, and trust that better times will shortly arrive."

"Madam," said Roland Græme, "if it pleases you that I should do so, I will presently swim through the lake, if they refuse me other conveyance to the shore; I will go to the courts successively of England, France, and Spain, and will show you have subscribed these vile instruments from no stronger impulse than the fear of death, and I will do battle against them that say otherwise."

The Queen turned her round, and with one of those sweet smiles which during the era of life's romance, overpay every risk, held her hand towards Roland, but without speaking a word. He kneeled reverently, and kissed it, and Melville again resumed his plea.

"Madam," he said, "time presses, and you must not let those boats, which I see they are even now preparing, put forth on the lake. Here are enough of witnesses—your ladies—this bold youth—myself, when it can serve your cause effectually, for I would not hastily stand committed in this matter—but even without me here is evidence enough to show, that you have yielded to the demands of the Council through force and fear, but from no sincere and unconstrained assent. Their boats are already manned for their return—oh! permit your old servant to recall them!"

"Melville," said the Queen, "thou art an ancient courtier—when didst thou ever know a Sovereign Prince recall to his presence subjects, who had parted from him on such terms as those on which these envoys of the Council left us, and who yet were recalled without submission or apology?—Let it cost me both life and crown, I will not again command them to my presence."

"Alas! madam, that empty form should make a barrier! If I rightly understand, you are not unwilling to listen to real and advantageous counsel—but your scruple is saved—I hear them returning to ask your final resolution.—O! take the advice of the noble Seyton, and you may once more command those who now usurp a triumph over you. But hush! I hear them in the vestibule."

As he concluded speaking, George Douglas opened the door of the apartment, and marshalled in the two noble envoys.

"We come, madam," said the Lord Ruthven, "to request your answer to the proposal of the Council."

"Your final answer," said Lord Lindesay; "for with a refusal you must couple the certainty that you have precipitated your fate, and renounced the last opportunity of making peace with God, and ensuring your longer abode in the world."

"My lords," said Mary, with inexpressible grace and dignity, "the evils we cannot resist we must submit to—I will subscribe these parchments with such liberty of choice as my condition permits me. Were I on yonder shore, with a fleet jennet and ten good and loyal knights around me, I would subscribe my sentence of eternal condemnation as soon as the resignation of my throne. But here, in the castle of Lochleven, with deep water around me—and you, my lords, beside me,—I have no freedom of choice.—Give me the pen, Melville, and bear witness to what I do, and why I do it."

"It is our hope your Grace will not suppose yourself compelled, by any apprehensions from us," said the Lord Ruthven, "to execute what must be your own voluntary deed."

The Queen had already stooped towards the table, and placed the parchment before her, with the pen between her fingers, ready for the important act of signature. But when Lord Ruthven had done speaking, she looked up, stopped short, and threw down the pen. "If," she said, "I am expected to declare I give away my crown of free will, or otherwise than because I am compelled to renounce it by the threat of worse evils to myself and my subjects, I will not put my name to such an untruth—not to gain full possession of England, France, and Scotland!—all once my own, in possession or by right."

"Beware, madam," said Lindesay, and, snatching hold of the Queen's arm, with his own gauntleted hand, he pressed it, in the rudeness of his passion, more closely, perhaps, than he was himself aware of,—"beware how you contend with those who are the stronger, and have the mastery of your fate!"

He held his grasp on her arm, bending his eyes on her with a stern and intimidating look, till both Ruthven and Melville cried shame! and Douglas, who had hitherto remained in a state of apparent apathy, had made a stride from the door, as if to interfere. The rude Baron then quitted his hold, disguising the confusion which he really felt at having indulged his passion to such extent, under a sullen and contemptuous smile.

The Queen immediately began, with an expression of pain, to bare the arm which he had grasped, by drawing up the sleeve of her gown, and it appeared that his gripe had left the purple marks of his iron fingers upon her flesh—"My lord," she said, "as a knight and gentleman, you might have spared my frail arm so severe a proof that you have the greater strength on your side, and are resolved to use it—But I thank you for it—it is the most decisive token of the terms on which this day's business is to rest.—I draw you to witness, both lords and ladies," she said, showing the grasp on her arm, "that I subscribe these instruments in obedience to the sign manual of my Lord of Lindesay, which you may see imprinted on mine arm."*

Lindesay would have spoken, but was restrained by his colleague Ruthven, who said to him, "Peace, my lord. Let the Lady Mary of Scotland ascribe her signature to what she will, it is our business to procure it, and carry it to the Council. Should there be debate hereafter on the manner in which it was exhibited, there will be time enough for it."

Lindesay was silent accordingly, only muttering within his beard, "I meant not to hurt her; but I think women's flesh be as tender as new-fallen snow."

* The details of this remarkable event are, as given in the preceding chapter, imaginary; but the outline of the events is historical. Sir Robert Lindesay, brother to the author of the Memoirs, was at first intrusted with the delicate commission of persuading the imprisoned Queen to resign her crown. As he flatly refused to interfere, they determined to send the Lord Lindesay, one of the rudest and most violent of their faction, with instructions, first to use fair persuasions, and if these did not succeed, to enter into harder terms. Knox associates Lord Ruthven with Lindesay in this alarming commission. He was the son of that Lord Ruthven who was prime agent in the murder of Rizzio; and little mercy was to be expected from his conjunction with Lindesay.

The employment of such rude tools argued a resolution on the part of those who had the Queen's person in their power to proceed to the utmost extremities, should they find Mary obstinate. To avoid this pressing danger, Sir Robert Melville was dispatched by them to Lochleven, carrying with him, concealed in the scabbard of his sword, letters to the Queen from the Earl of Athole, Maitland of Lethington, and even Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, the English ambassador, who was then favourable to the unfortunate Mary, conjuring her to yield to the necessity of the times, and to subscribe such deeds as Lindesay should lay before her, without being startled by their tenor; and assuring her that her doing so, in the state of captivity under which she was placed, would neither, in law, honour, or conscience, be binding upon her when she should obtain her liberty. Submitting, by the advice of one part of her subjects, to the menaces of the others, and learning that Lindesay was arrived in a boasting, that is, threatening humour, the Queen, "with some reluctancy, and with tears," saith Knox, subscribed one deed resigning her crown to her infant son, and another establishing the Earl of Murray regent. It seems agreed by historians, that Lindesay behaved with great brutality on the occasion. The deeds were signed 24th July, 1567.

The Queen mean while subscribed the rolls of parchment with a hasty indifference, as if they had been matters of slight consequence, or of mere formality. When she had performed this painful task, she arose, and, having curtseyed to the lords, was about to withdraw to her chamber. Ruthven and Sir Robert Melville made, the first a formal reverence, the second an obeisance, in which his desire to acknowledge his sympathy was obviously checked by the fear of appearing in the eyes of his colleagues too partial to his former mistress. But Lindesay stood motionless, even when they were preparing to withdraw. At length, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he walked round the table which had hitherto been betwixt them and the Queen, kneeled on one knee, took her hand, kissed it, let it fall, and arose—"Lady," he said, "thou art a noble creature, even though thou hast abused God's choicest gifts. I pay that devotion to thy manliness of spirit, which I would not have paid to the power thou hast long undeservedly wielded—I kneel to Mary Stewart, not to the Queen."

"The Queen and Mary Stewart pity thee alike, Lindesay," said Mary—"alike they pity, and they forgive thee. An honoured soldier hadst thou been by a king's side—leagued with rebels, what art thou but a good blade in the hands of a ruffian?—Farewell, my Lord Ruthven, the smoother but the deeper traitor.—Farewell, Melville—mayst thou find masters that can understand state policy better, and have the means to reward it more richly, than Mary Stewart!—Farewell, George of Douglas—make your respected grand-dame comprehend that we would be alone for the remainder of the day—God wot, we have need to collect our thoughts."

All bowed and withdrew; but scarce had they entered the vestibule, ere Ruthven and Lindesay were at variance. "Chide not with me, Ruthven," Lindesay was heard to say in answer to something more indistinctly urged by his colleague—"Chide not with me, for I will not brook it! You put the hangman's office on me in this matter, and even the very hangman hath leave to ask some pardon of those on whom he does his office. I would I had as deep cause to be this lady's friend as I have to be her enemy—thou shouldst see if I spared limb and life in her quarrel."

"Thou art a sweet minion," said Ruthven, "to fight a lady's quarrel, and all for a brent brow and a tear in the eye! Such toys have been out of thy thoughts this many a year."

"Do me right, Ruthven," said Lindesay. "You are like a polished corslet of steel; it shines more gaudily, but it is not a whit softer—nay, it is five times harder than a Glasgow breastplate of hammered iron. Enough. We know each other."

They descended the stairs, were heard to summon their boats, and the Queen signed to Roland Græme to retire to the vestibule, and leave her with her female attendants.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Give me a morsel on the greensward rather,
Coarse as you will the cooking—Let the fresh spring
Bubble beside my napkin—and the free birds
Twittering and chirping, hop from bough to bough,
To claim the crumbs I leave for perquisites—
Your prison-feasts I like not.

The Woodsman, a Drama.

A RECESS in the vestibule was enlightened by a small window, at which Roland Græme stationed himself to mark the departure of the lords. He could see their followers mustering on horseback under their respective banners—the western sun glancing on their corslets and steel caps as they moved to and fro, mounted or dismounted, at intervals. On the narrow space betwixt the castle and the water, the Lords Ruthven and Lindesay were already moving slowly to their boats, accompanied by the lady of Lochleven, her grandson, and their principal attendants. They took a ceremonious leave of each other, as Roland could discern by their gestures, and the boats put off from their landing-place; the boatmen stretched to their oars, and they speedily diminished upon the eye of the idle gazer, who had no better employment than to watch their motions. Such seemed also the occupation of the Lady Lochleven and George Douglas, who, returning from the landing-place looked frequently back to the boats, and at length stopped, as if to observe their progress, under the window at which Roland Græme was stationed.—As they gazed on the lake, he could hear the lady distinctly say, "And she has bent her mind to save her life at the expense of her kingdom?"

"Her life, madam!" replied her son; I "know not who would dare to attempt it in the castle of my father. Had I dreamt that it was with such purpose that Lindesay insisted on bringing his followers hither, neither he nor they should have passed the iron gate of Lochleven castle."

"I speak not of private slaughter, my son, but of open trial, condemnation, and execution; for with such she has been threatened, and to such threats she has given way. Had she not more of the false Guisian blood than of the royal race of Scotland in her veins, she had bidden them defiance to their teeth—but it is all of the same complexion, and meanness is the natural companion of profligacy.—I am discharged, forsooth, from intruding on her gracious presence this evening. Go thou, my son, and render the usual service of the meal to this unqueened Queen."

"So please you, lady mother," said Douglas, "I care not greatly to approach her presence."

"Thou art right, my son; and therefore I trust thy prudence, even because I have noticed thy caution. She is like an isle on the ocean, surrounded with shelves and quicksands; its verdure fair and inviting to the eye, but the wreck of many a goodly vessel which had approached it too rashly. But for thee, my son, I fear naught; and we may not, without honour, suffer her to eat without the attendance of one of us. She may die by the judgment of Heaven, or the fiend may have power over her in her despair; and then we would be touched in honour to show, that in our house, and at our table, she had had all fair play and fitting usage."

Here Roland was interrupted by a smart tap on the shoulders, reminding him sharply of Adam Woodcock's adventure of the preceding evening. He turned round, almost expecting to see the page of Saint Michael's hostelry. He saw, indeed, Catherine Seyton; but she was in female attire, differing, no doubt, a great deal in shape and materials from that which she had worn when they first met, and becoming her birth as the daughter of a great baron, and her rank as the attendant on a princess. "So, fair page," said she, "eaves-dropping is one of your page-like qualities, I presume?"

"Fair sister," answered Roland, in the same tone, "if some friends of mine be as well acquainted with the rest of our mystery as they are with the arts of swearing, swaggering, and switching, they need ask no page in Christendom for further insight into his vocation."

"Unless that pretty speech infer that you have yourself had the discipline of the switch since we last met, the probability whereof I nothing doubt, I profess, fair page, I am at a loss to conjecture your meaning. But there is no time to debate it now—they come with the evening meal. Be pleased, Sir Page, to do your duty."

Four servants entered bearing dishes, preceded by the same stern old steward whom Roland had already seen, and followed by George Douglas, already mentioned as the grandson of the Lady of Lochleven, and who, acting as seneschal, represented, upon this occasion, his father, the Lord of the Castle. He entered with his arms folded on his bosom, and his looks bent on the ground. With the assistance of Roland Græme, a table was suitably covered in the next or middle apartment, on which the domestics placed their burdens with great reverence, the steward and Douglas bending low when they had seen the table properly adorned, as if their royal prisoner had sat at the board in question. The door opened, and Douglas, raising his eyes hastily, cast them again on the earth, when he perceived it was only the Lady Mary Fleming who entered.

"Her Grace," she said, "will not eat to-night."

"Let us hope she may be otherwise persuaded," said Douglas; "mean while, madam, please to see our duty performed."

A servant presented bread and salt on a silver plate, and the old steward carved for Douglas a small morsel in succession from each of the dishes presented, which he tasted, as was then the custom at the tables of princes, to which death was often suspected to find its way in the disguise of food.

"The Queen will not then come forth to night?" said Douglass.

"She has so determined," replied the lady.

"Our further attendance then is unnecessary—we leave you to your supper, fair ladies, and wish you good-even."

He retired slowly as he came, and with the same air of deep dejection, and was followed by the attendants belonging to the castle. The two ladies sate down to their meal, and Roland Græme, with ready alacrity, prepared to wait upon them. Catherine Seyton whispered to her companion, who replied with the question, spoken in a low tone, but looking at the page,—"Is he of gentle blood and well nurtured?"

The answer which she received seemed satisfactory, for she said to Roland, "Sit down, young gentleman, and eat with your sisters in captivity."

"Permit me rather to perform my duty in attending them," said Roland, anxious to show he was possessed of the high tone of deference prescribed by the rules of chivalry towards the fair sex, and especially to dames and maidens of quality.

"You will find, Sir Page," said Catherine, "you will have little time allowed you for your meal; waste it not in ceremony, or you may rue your politeness ere to-morrow morning."

"Your speech is too free, maiden," said the elder lady; "the modesty of the youth may teach you more fitting fashions towards one whom to-day you have seen for the first time."

Catherine Seyton cast down her eyes, but not till she had given a single glance of inexpressible archness towards Roland, whom her more grave companion now addressed in a tone of protection.

"Regard her not, young gentleman—she knows little of the world, save the forms of a country nunnery—take thy place at the board-end, and refresh thyself after thy journey."

Roland Græme obeyed willingly, as it was the first food he had that day tasted; for Lindesay and his followers seemed regardless of human wants. Yet, notwithstanding the sharpness of his appetite, a natural gallantry of disposition, the desire of showing himself a well-nurtured gentleman in all courtesies towards the fair sex, and, for aught I know, the pleasure of assisting Catherine Seyton, kept his attention awake, during the meal, to all those nameless acts of duty and service which gallants of that age were accustomed to render. He carved with neatness and decorum, and selected duly whatever was most delicate to place before the ladies. Ere they could form a wish, he sprung from the table, ready to comply with it—poured wine—tempered it with water—removed and exchanged trenchers, and performed the whole honours of the table, with an air at once of cheerful diligence, profound respect, and graceful promptitude.

When he observed that they had finished eating, he hastened to offer to the elder lady the silver ewer, basin, and napkin, with the ceremony and gravity which he would have used towards Mary herself. He next, with the same decorum, having supplied the basin with fair water, presented it to Catherine Seyton. Apparently, she was determined to disturb his self-possession, if possible; for while in the act of bathing her hands, she contrived, as it were by accident, to flirt some drops of water upon the face of the assiduous assistant. But if such was her mischievous purpose she was completely disappointed; for Roland Græme, internally piquing himself on his self-command, neither laughed nor was discomposed; and all that the maiden gained by her frolic was a severe rebuke from her companion, taxing her with maladdress and indecorum. Catherine replied not, but sat pouting, something in the humour of a spoilt child, who watches the opportunity of wreaking upon some one or other its resentment for a deserved reprimand.

The Lady Mary Fleming, in the mean while, was naturally well pleased with the exact and reverent observance of the page, and said to Catherine, after a favourable glance at Roland Græme,—"You might well say, Catherine, our companion in captivity was well born and gently nurtured. I would not make him vain by my praise, but his services enable us to dispense with those which George Douglas condescends not to afford us, save when the Queen is herself in presence."

"Umph! I think hardly," answered Catherine. "George Douglas is one of the most handsome gallants in Scotland, and 'tis pleasure to see him even still, when the gloom of Lochleven Castle has shed the same melancholy over him, that it has done over every thing else. When he was at Holyrood, who would have said the young sprightly George Douglas would have been contented to play the locksman here in Lochleven, with no gayer amusement than that of turning the key on two or three helpless women?—a strange office for a Knight of the Bleeding Heart—why does he not leave it to his father or his brothers?"

"Perhaps, like us, he has no choice," answered the Lady Fleming. "But, Catherine, thou hast used thy brief space at court well, to remember what George Douglas was then."

"I used mine eyes, which I suppose was what I was designed to do, and they were worth using there. When I was at the nunnery, they were very useless appurtenances; and now I am at Lochleven, they are good for nothing, save to look over that eternal work of embroidery."

"You speak thus when you have been but a few brief hours amongst us—was this the maiden who would live and die in a dungeon, might she but have permission to wait on her gracious Queen?"

"Nay, if you chide in earnest, my jest is ended," said Catherine Seyton. "I would not yield in attachment to my poor godmother, to the gravest dame that ever had wise saws upon her tongue, and a double-starched ruff around her throat—you know I would not, Dame Mary Fleming, and it is putting shame on me to say otherwise."

"She will challenge the other court lady," thought Roland Græme; "she will to a certainty fling down her glove, and if Dame Mary Fleming hath but the soul to lift it, we may have a combat in the lists!"—But the answer of Lady Mary Fleming was such as turns away wrath.

"Thou art a good child," she said, "my Catherine, and a faithful; but Heaven pity him who shall have one day a creature so beautiful to delight him, and a thing so mischievous to torment him—thou art fit to drive twenty husbands stark mad."

"Nay," said Catherine, resuming the full career of her careless good-humour, "he must be half-witted beforehand, that gives me such an opportunity. But I am glad you are not angry with me in sincerity," casting herself as she spoke into the arms of her friend, and continuing, with a tone of apologetic fondness, while she kissed her on either side of the face; "you know, my dear Fleming, that I have to contend with both my father's lofty pride, and with my mother's high spirit—God bless them! they have left me these good qualities, having small portion to give besides, as times go—and so I am wilful and saucy; but let me remain only a week in this castle, and O, my dear Fleming, my spirit will be as chastised and as humble as thine own."

Dame Mary Fleming's sense of dignity, and love of form, could not resist this affectionate appeal. She kissed Catherine Seyton in her turn affectionately; while, answering the last part of her speech, she said "Now, Our Lady forbid, dear Catherine, that you should lose aught that is beseeming of what becomes so well your light heart and lively humour. Keep but your sharp wit on this side of madness, and it cannot but be a blessing to us. But let me go, mad wench—I hear her Grace touch her silver call." And, extricating herself from Catherine's grasp, she went towards the door of Queen Mary's apartment, from which was heard the low tone of a silver whistle,

which, now only used by the boatswains in the navy, was then, for want of bells, the ordinary mode by which ladies, even of the very highest rank, summoned their domestics. When she had made two or three steps towards the door, however, she turned back, and advancing to the young couple whom she left together, she said, in a very serious though a low tone, "I trust it is impossible that we can, any of us, or in any circumstances, forget, that, few as we are, we form the household of the Queen of Scotland; and that, in her calamity, all boyish mirth and childish jesting can only serve to give a great triumph to her enemies, who have already found their account in objecting to her the lightness of every idle folly, that the young and the gay practised in her court." So saying, she left the apartment.

Catherine Seyton seemed much struck with this remonstrance—She suffered herself to drop into the seat which she had quitted when she went to embrace Dame Mary Fleming, and for some time rested her brow upon her hands; while Roland Græme looked at her earnestly, with a mixture of emotions which perhaps he himself could neither have analyzed nor explained. As she raised her face slowly from the posture to which a momentary feeling of self-rebuke had depressed it, her eyes encountered those of Roland, and became gradually animated with their usual spirit of malicious drollery, which not unnaturally excited a similar expression in those of the equally volatile page. They sat for the space of two minutes, each looking at the other with great seriousness on their features, and much mirth in their eyes, until at length Catherine was the first to break silence.

"May I pray you, fair sir," she began very demurely, "to tell me what you see in my face to arouse looks so extremely sagacious and knowing as those with which it is your worship's pleasure to honour me? It would seem as if there were some wonderful confidence and intimacy betwixt us, fair sir, if one is to judge from your extremely cunning looks; and so help me Our Lady, as I never saw you but twice in my life before."

"And where were those happy occasions," said Roland, "if I may be bold enough to ask the question?"

"At the nunnery of Saint Catherine's," said the damsel, "in the first instance; and, in the second, during five minutes of a certain raid or foray which it was your pleasure to make into the lodging of my lord and father, Lord Seyton, from which, to my surprise, as probably to your own, you returned with a token of friendship and favour, instead of broken bones, which were the more probable reward of your intrusion, considering the prompt ire of the house of Seyton. I am deeply mortified," she added, ironically, "that your recollection should require refreshment on a subject so important; and that my memory should be stronger than yours on such an occasion, is truly humiliating."

"Your own memory is not so exactly correct, fair mistress," answered the page, "seeing you have forgotten meeting the third, in the hostelry of Saint Michael's, when it pleased you to lay your switch across the face of my comrade, in order, I warrant, to show that, in the house of Seyton, neither the prompt ire of its descendants, nor the use of the doublet and hose, are subject to Salique law, or confined to the use of the males."

"Fair sir," answered Catherine, looking at him with great steadiness, and some surprise, "unless your fair wits have forsaken you, I am at a loss what to conjecture of your meaning."

"By my troth, fair mistress," answered Roland, "and were I as wise a warlock as Michael Scott, I could scarce riddle the dream you read me. Did I not see you last night in the hostelry of Saint Michael's?—Did you not bring me this sword, with command not to draw it, save at the command of my native and rightful Sovereign? And have I not done as you required me? Or is the sword a piece of lath—my word a bulrush—my memory a dream—and my eyes good for naught—espials which corbies might pick out of my head?"

"And if your eyes serve you not more truly on other occasions than in your vision of Saint Michael," said Catherine, "I know not, the pain apart, that the corbies would do you any great injury in the deprivation—But hark, the bell—hush, for God's sake, we are interrupted."——

The damsel was right; for no sooner had the dull toll of the castle bell begun to resound through the vaulted apartment, than the door of the vestibule flew open, and the steward, with his severe countenance, his gold chain, and his white rod, entered the apartment, followed by the same train of domestics who had placed the dinner on the table, and who now, with the same ceremonious formality, began to remove it.

The steward remained motionless as some old picture, while the domestics did their office; and when it was accomplished, every thing removed from the table, and the board itself taken from its tressels and disposed against the wall, he said aloud, without addressing any one in particular, and somewhat in the tone of a herald reading a proclamation, "My noble Lady, Dame Margaret Erskine, by marriage Douglas, lets the Lady Mary of Scotland and her attendants to wit, that a servant of the true evangele, her reverend chaplain, will to-night, as usual, expound, lecture, and catechise, according to the forms of the congregation of gospellers."

"Hark you, my friend, Mr. Dryfesdale," said Catherine, "I understand this announcement is a nightly form of yours. Now I pray you to remark, that the Lady Fleming and I—for I trust your insolent invitation concerns us only—have chosen Saint Peter's pathway to heaven, so I see no one whom your godly exhortation, catechise, or lecture, can benefit, excepting this poor page, who, being in Satan's hand as well as yourself, had better worship with you than remain to cumber our better-advised devotions."

The page was well nigh giving a round denial to the assertions which this speech implied, when, remembering what had passed betwixt him and the Regent, and seeing Catherine's finger raised in a monitory fashion, he felt himself, as on former occasions at the Castle of Avenel, obliged to submit to the task of dissimulation, and followed Dryfesdale down to the castle chapel, where he assisted in the devotions of the evening.

The chaplain was named Elias Henderson. He was a man in the prime of life, and possessed of good natural parts, carefully improved by the best education which those times afforded. To these qualities were added a faculty of close and terse reasoning; and, at intervals, a flow of happy illustration and natural eloquence. The religious faith of Roland Græme, as we have already had opportunity to observe, rested on no secure basis, but was entertained rather in obedience to his grandmother's behests, and his secret desire to contradict the chaplain of Avenel Castle, than from any fixed or steady reliance which he placed on the Romish creed. His ideas had been of late considerably enlarged by the scenes he had passed through; and feeling that there was shame in not understanding something of those political disputes betwixt the professors of the ancient and of the reformed faith, he listened with more attention than it had hitherto been in his nature to yield on such occasions, to an animated discussion of some of the principal points of difference betwixt the churches. So passed away the first day in the Castle of Lochleven; and those which followed it, were, for some time, of a very monotonous and uniform tenor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

'Tis a weary life this——
Vaults overhead, and grates and bars around me,
And my sad hours spent with as sad companions,
Whose thoughts are brooding o'er their own mischances,
Far, far too deeply to take part in mine.

The Woodsman.

THE course of life to which Mary and her little retinue were doomed, was in the last degree secluded and lonely, varied only as the weather permitted or rendered impossible the Queen's usual walk in the garden, or on the battlements. The greater part of

the morning she wrought with her ladies at those pieces of needlework, many of which, still remain proofs of her indefatigable application. At such hours the page was permitted the freedom of the castle and islet; nay, he was sometimes invited to attend George Douglas when he went a-sporting upon the lake, or on its margin; opportunities of diversion, which were only clouded by the remarkable melancholy which always seemed to brood on that gentleman's brow, and to mark his whole demeanour,—a sadness so profound, that Roland never observed him to smile, or to speak any word unconnected with the immediate object of their exercise.

The most pleasant part of Roland's day, was the occasional space which he was permitted to pass in personal attendance on the Queen and her ladies, together with the regular dinner-time, which he always spent with Dame Mary Fleming and Catherine Seyton. At these periods, he had frequent occasion to admire the lively spirit and inventive imagination of the latter damsel, who was unwearied in her contrivances to amuse her mistress, and to banish, for a time at least, the melancholy which preyed on her bosom. She danced, she sung, she recited tales of ancient and modern times, with that heartfelt exertion of talent, of which the pleasure lies not in the vanity of displaying it to others, but in the enthusiastic consciousness that we possess it ourselves. And yet these high accomplishments were mixed with an air of rusticity and harebrained vivacity, which seemed rather to belong to some village-maid, the coquette of the ring around the Maypole, than to the high-bred descendant of an ancient baron. A touch of audacity, altogether short of effrontery, and far less approaching to vulgarity, gave as it were a wildness to all that she did; and Mary, while defending her from some of the occasional censures of her grave companion, compared her to a trained singing-bird escaped from a cage, which practises in all the luxuriance of freedom, and in full possession of the greenwood bough, the airs which it had learned during its earlier captivity.

The moments which the page was permitted to pass in the presence of this fascinating creature, danced so rapidly away, that, brief as they were, they compensated the weary dulness of all the rest of the day. The space of indulgence, however, was always brief, nor were any private interviews betwixt him and Catherine permitted, or even possible. Whether it were some special precaution respecting the Queen's household, or whether it were her general ideas of propriety, Dame Fleming seemed particularly attentive to prevent the young people from holding any separate correspondence together, and bestowed, for Catherine's sole benefit in this matter, the full stock of prudence and experience which she had acquired when mother of the Queen's maidens of honour, and by which she had gained their hearty hatred. Casual meetings, however, could not be prevented, unless Catherine had been more desirous of shunning, or Roland Græme less anxious in watching for them. A smile, a gibe, a sarcasm, disarmed of its severity by the arch look with which it was accompanied, was all that time permitted to pass between them on such occasions. But such passing interviews neither afforded means nor opportunity to renew the discussion of the circumstances attending their earlier acquaintance, nor to permit Roland to investigate more accurately the mysterious apparition of the page in the purple velvet cloak at the hostelry of Saint Michael's.

The winter months slipped heavily away, and spring was already advanced, when Roland Græme observed a gradual change in the manners of his fellow-prisoners. Having no business of his own to attend to, and being, like those of his age, education, and degree, sufficiently curious concerning what passed around, he began by degrees to suspect, and finally to be convinced, that there was something in agitation among his companions in captivity, to which they did not desire that he should be privy. Nay, he became almost certain that, by some means unintelligible to him, Queen Mary held correspondence beyond the walls and waters which surrounded her prison-house, and that she nourished some secret hope of deliverance or escape. In the conversations betwixt her and her attendants, at which he was necessarily present, the Queen could not always avoid showing that she was acquainted with the events which were passing abroad in the world, and which he only heard through her report. He observed that she wrote more and worked less than had been her former custom, and that, as if desirous to lull suspicion asleep, she changed her manner towards the Lady Lochleven into one more gracious, and which seemed to express a resigned submission to her lot. "They think I am blind," he said to himself, "and that I am unfit to be trusted because I am so young, or it may be because I was sent hither by the Regent. Well! —be it so—they may be glad to confide in me in the long run; and Catherine Seyton, for as saucy as she is, may find me as safe a confidant as that sullen Douglas, whom she is always running after. It may be they are angry with me for listening to Master Elias Henderson; but it was their own fault for sending me there; and if the man speaks truth and good sense, and preaches only the word of God, he is as likely to be right as either Pope or Councils."

It is probable that in this last conjecture, Roland Græme had hit upon the real cause why the ladies had not intrusted him with their counsels. He had of late had several conferences with Henderson on the subject of religion, and had given him to understand that he stood in need of his instructions although he had not thought there was either prudence or necessity for confessing that hitherto he had held the tenets of the Church of Rome.

Elias Henderson, a keen propagator of the reformed faith, had sought the seclusion of Lochleven Castle, with the express purpose and expectation of making converts from Rome amongst the domestics of the dethroned Queen, and confirming the faith of those who already held the protestant doctrines. Perhaps his hopes soared a little higher, and he might nourish some expectation of a proselyte more distinguished, in the person of the deposed Queen. But the pertinacity with which she and her female attendants refused to see or listen to him, rendered such hope, if he nourished it, altogether abortive.

The opportunity, therefore, of enlarging the religious information of Roland Græme, and bringing him to a more due sense of his duties to Heaven, was hailed by the good man as a door opened by Providence for the salvation of a sinner. He dreamed not, indeed, that he was converting a papist, but such was the ignorance which Roland displayed upon some material points of the reformed doctrine, that Master Henderson, while praising his docility to the Lady Lochleven and her grandson, seldom failed to add, that his venerable brother, Henry Warden, must be now decayed in strength and in mind, since he found a catechumen of his flock so ill-grounded in the principles of his belief. For this, indeed, Roland Græme thought it was unnecessary to assign the true reason, which was his having made it a point of honour to forget all that Henry Warden taught him, as soon as he was no longer compelled to repeat it over as a lesson acquired by rote. The lessons of his new instructer, if not more impressively delivered, were received by a more willing ear, and a more awakened understanding, and the solitude of Lochleven Castle was favourable to graver thoughts than the page had hitherto entertained. He wavered yet, indeed, as one who was almost persuaded; but his attention to the chaplain's instructions procured him favour even with the stern old dame herself; and he was once or twice, but under great precaution, permitted to go to the neighbouring village of Kinross, situated on the mainland, to execute some ordinary commission of his unfortunate mistress.

For some time Roland Græme might be considered as standing neuter betwixt the two parties who inhabited the water-girdled Tower of Lochleven; but, as he rose in the opinion of the Lady of the Castle and her chaplain, he perceived, with great grief, that he lost ground in that of Mary and her female allies.

He came gradually to be sensible that he was regarded as a spy upon their discourse, and that, instead of the ease with which they had formerly conversed

in his presence, without suppressing any of the natural feelings of anger, of sorrow, or mirth, which the chance topic of the moment happened to call forth, their talk was now guardedly restricted to the most indifferent subjects, and a studied reserve observed even in the mode of treating these. This obvious want of confidence was accompanied with a correspondent change in their personal demeanour towards the unfortunate page. The Queen, who had at first treated him with marked courtesy, now scarce spoke to him save to convey some necessary command for her service. The Lady Fleming restricted her notice to the most dry and distant expressions of civility, and Catherine Seyton became bitter in her pleasantries, and shy, cross, and pettish, in any intercourse they had together. What was yet more provoking, he saw, or thought he saw, marks of intelligence betwixt George Douglas and the beautiful Catherine Seyton; and, sharpened by jealousy, he wrought himself almost into a certainty, that the looks which they exchanged conveyed matters of deep and serious import. "No wonder," he thought, "if, courted by the son of a proud and powerful baron, she can no longer spare a word or look to the poor fortuneless page."

In a word, Roland Græme's situation became truly disagreeable, and his heart naturally enough rebelled against the injustice of this treatment, which deprived him of the only comfort which he had received for submitting to a confinement in other respects irksome. He accused Queen Mary and Catherine Seyton (for concerning the opinion of Dame Fleming he was indifferent) of inconsistency in being displeased with him on account of the natural consequences of an order of their own. Why did they send him to hear this overpowering preacher? The Abbot Ambrosius, he recollected, understood the weakness of their Popish cause better, when he enjoined him to repeat within his own mind *aves*, and *credos*, and *paters*, all the while old Henry Warden preached or lectured, that so he might secure himself against lending even a momentary ear to his heretical doctrine. "But I will endure this life no longer," said he to himself, manfully; "do they suppose I would betray my mistress, because I see cause to doubt of her religion?—that would be a serving, as they say, the devil for God's sake. I will forth into the world —he that serves fair ladies, may at least expect kind looks and kind words; and I bear not the mind of a gentleman, to submit to cold treatment and suspicion, and a life-long captivity besides. I will speak to George Douglas to-morrow when we go out a-fishing."

A sleepless night was spent in agitating this magnanimous resolution, and he arose in the morning not perfectly decided in his own mind whether he should abide by it or not. It happened that he was summoned by the Queen at an unusual hour, and just as he was about to go out with George Douglas. He went to attend her commands in the garden; but as he had his angling-rod in his hand, the circumstance announced his previous intention, and the Queen, turning to the Lady Fleming, said, "Catherine must devise some other amusement for us, *ma bonne amie;* our discreet page has already made his party for the day's pleasure."

"I said from the beginning," answered the Lady Fleming, "that your Grace ought not to rely on being favoured with the company of a youth who has so many Huguenot acquaintances, and has the means of amusing himself far more agreeably than with us."

"I wish," said Catherine, her animated features reddening with mortification, "that his friends would sail away with him for good, and bring us in return a page (if such a thing can be found) faithful to his Queen and to his religion."

"One part of your wishes may be granted, madam," said Roland Græme, unable any longer to restrain his sense of the treatment which he received on all sides; and he was about to add, "I heartily wish you a companion in my room, if such can be found, who is capable of enduring women's caprices without going distracted." Luckily, he recollected the remorse which he had felt at having given way to the vivacity of his temper upon a similar occasion; and closing his lips, imprisoned, until it died on his tongue, a reproach so misbecoming the presence of majesty.

"Why do you remain there," said the Queen, "as if you were rooted to the parterre?"

"I but attend your Grace's commands," said the page.

"I have none to give you—Begone sir!"

As he left the garden to go to the boat, he distinctly heard Mary upbraid one of her attendants in these words:—"You see to what you have exposed us!"

This brief scene at once determined Roland Græme's resolution to quit the castle, if it were possible, and to impart his resolution to George Douglas without loss of time. That gentleman, in his usual mood of silence, sate in the stern of the little skiff which they used on such occasions, trimming his fishing-tackle, and, from time to time, indicating by signs to Græme, who pulled the oars, which way he should row. When they were a furlong or two from the castle, Roland rested on the oars, and addressed his companion somewhat abruptly,—"I have something of importance to say to you, under your pleasure, fair sir."

The pensive melancholy of Douglas's countenance at once gave way to the eager, keen, and startled look of one who expects to hear something of deep and alarming import.

"I am wearied to the very death of this Castle of Lochleven," continued Roland.

"Is that all?" said Douglas; "I know none of its inhabitants who are much better pleased with it."

"Ay—but I am neither a native of the house, nor a prisoner in it, and so I may reasonably desire to leave it."

"You might desire to quit it with equal reason," answered Douglas, "if you were both the one and the other."

"But," said Roland Græme, "I am not only tired of living in Lochleven Castle, but I am determined to quit it."

"That is a resolution more easily taken than executed," replied Douglas.

"Not if yourself, sir, and your Lady Mother, choose to consent," answered the page.

"You mistake the matter, Roland," said Douglas; "you will find that the consent of two other persons is equally essential—that the Lady Mary your mistress, and that of my uncle the Regent, who placed you about her person, and who will not think it proper that she should change her attendants so soon."

"And must I then remain whether I will or no?" demanded the page, somewhat appalled at a view of the subject, which would have occurred sooner to a person of more experience.

"At least," said George Douglas, "you must will to remain till my uncle consents to dismiss you."

"Frankly," said the page, "and speaking to you as a gentleman who is incapable of betraying me, I will confess, that if I thought myself a prisoner here, neither walls nor water should confine me long."

"Frankly," said Douglas, "I could not much blame you for the attempt; yet, for all that, my father, or uncle, or the earl, or any of my brothers, or in short any of the king's lords into whose hands you fell, would in such a case hang you like a dog, or like a sentinel who deserts his post; and I promise you that you will hardly escape them. But row towards Saint Serf's island—there is a breeze from the west, and we shall have sport, keeping to windward of the isle, where the ripple is strongest. We will speak more of what you have mentioned when we have had an hour's sport."

Their fishing was successful, though never did two anglers pursue even that silent and unsocial pleasure with less of verbal intercourse.

When their time was expired, Douglas took the oars in his turn, and by his order Roland Græme steered the boat, directing her course upon the landing place at the castle. But he also stopped in the midst of his course, and, looking around him, said to Græme, "There is a thing which I could mention to thee; but it is so deep a secret, that even here, surrounded as we are by waves and sky, without the possibility of a listener, I cannot prevail on myself to speak it out."

"Better leave it unspoken, sir," answered Roland Græme, "if you doubt the honour of him who alone can hear it."

"I doubt not your honour," replied George Douglas; "but you are young, imprudent, and changeful."

"Young," said Roland, "I am, and it may be imprudent—but who hath informed you that I am changeful?"

"One that knows you, perhaps, better than you know yourself," replied Douglas.

"I suppose you mean Catherine Seyton," said the page, his heart rising as he spoke; "but she is herself fifty times more variable in her humour than the very water which we are floating upon."

"My young acquaintance," said Douglas, "I pray you to remember that Catherine Seyton is a lady of blood and birth, and must not be lightly spoken of."

"Master George of Douglas," said Græme, "as that speech seemed to be made under the warrant of something like a threat, I pray you to observe, that I value not the threat at the estimation of a fin of one of these dead trouts; and, moreover, I would have you to know that the champion who undertakes the defence of every lady of blood and birth, whom men accuse of change of faith and of fashion, is like to have enough of work on his hands."

"Go to," said the Seneschal, but in a tone of good-humour, "thou art a foolish boy, unfit to deal with any matter more serious than the casting of a net, or the flying of a hawk."

"If your secret concern Catherine Seyton," said the page, "I care not for it, and so you may tell her if you will. I wot she can shape you opportunity to speak with her, as she has ere now."

The flush which passed over Douglas's face, made the page aware that he had lighted on a truth, when he was, in fact, speaking at random; and the feeling that he had done so, was like striking a dagger into his own heart. His companion, without further answer, resumed the oars, and pulled lustily till they arrived at the island and the castle. The servants received the produce of their sport, and the two fishers, turning from each other in silence, went each to his several apartment.

Roland Græme had spent about an hour in grumbling against Catherine Seyton, the Queen, the Regent, and the whole House of Lochleven, with George Douglas at the head of it, when the time approached that his duty called him to attend the meal of Queen Mary. As he arranged his dress for this purpose, he grudged the trouble, which, on similar occasions, he used, with boyish foppery, to consider as one of the most important duties of his day; and when he went to take his place behind the chair of the Queen, it was with an air of offended dignity, which could not escape her observation, and probably appeared to her ridiculous enough, for she whispered something in French to her ladies, at which the Lady Fleming laughed, and Catherine appeared half diverted and half disconcerted. This pleasantry, of which the subject was concealed from him, the unfortunate page received, of course, as a new offence, and called an additional degree of sullen dignity into his mien, which might have exposed him to farther raillery, but that Mary appeared disposed to make allowance for and compassionate his feelings.

With the peculiar tact and delicacy which no woman possessed in greater perfection, she began to soothe by degrees the vexed spirit of her magnanimous attendant. The excellence of the fish which he had taken in his expedition, the high flavour and beautiful red colour of the trouts, which have long given distinction to the lake, led her first to express her thanks to her attendant for so agreeable an addition to her table, especially upon a *jour de jeune;* and then brought on inquiries into the place where the fish had been taken, their size, their peculiarities, the times when they were in season, and a comparison between the Lochleven trouts and those which are found in the lakes and rivers of the south of Scotland. The ill humour of Roland Græme was never of an obstinate character. It rolled away like mist before the sun, and he was easily engaged in a keen and animated dissertation about Lochleven trout, and sea trout, and river trout, and bull trout, and char, which never rise to a fly, and par, which some suppose infant salmon, and *herlings*, which frequent the Nith, and *vendisses*, which are only found in the Castle-Loch of Lochmaben; and he was hurrying on with the eager impetuosity and enthusiasm of a young sportsman, when he observed that the smile with which the Queen at first listened to him died languidly away, and that, in spite of her efforts to suppress them, tears rose to her eyes. He stopped suddenly short, and, distressed in his turn, asked, "If he had had the misfortune unwittingly to give displeasure to her Grace?"

"No, my poor boy," replied the Queen; "but as you numbered up the lakes and rivers of my kingdom, imagination cheated me, as it will do, and snatched me from these dreary walls, away to the romantic streams of Nithsdale, and the royal towers of Lochmaben.—O land, which my fathers have so long ruled! of the pleasures which you extend so freely, your Queen is now deprived, and the poorest beggar, who may wander free from one landward town to another, would scorn to change fates with Mary of Scotland!"

"Your Highness," said the Lady Fleming, "will do well to withdraw."

"Come with me then, Fleming," said the Queen, "I would not burden hearts so young as these are, with the sight of my sorrows."

She accompanied these words with a look of melancholy compassion towards Roland and Catherine, who were now left alone together in the apartment.

The page found his situation not a little embarrassing; for, as every reader has experienced who may have chanced to be in such a situation, it is extremely difficult to maintain the full dignity of an offended person in the presence of a beautiful girl, whatever reason we may have for being angry with her. Catherine Seyton, on her part, sate still like a lingering ghost, which, conscious of the awe which its presence imposes, is charitably disposed to give the poor confused mortal whom it visits, time to recover his senses, and comply with the grand rule of demonology by speaking first. But as Roland seemed in no hurry to avail himself of her condescension, she carried it a step farther, and herself opened the conversation.

"I pray you, fair sir, if it may be permitted me to disturb your august reverie by a question so simple,—what may have become of your rosary?"

"It is lost, madam—lost some time since," said Roland, partly embarrassed and partly indignant.

"And may I ask farther, sir," said Catherine, "why you have not replaced it with another?—I have half a mind," she said, taking from her pocket a string of ebony beads adorned with gold, "to bestow one upon you, to keep for my sake, just to remind you of former acquaintance."

There was a little tremulous accent in the tone with which these words were delivered, which at once put to flight Roland Græme's resentment, and brought him to Catherine's side; but she instantly resumed the bold and firm accent which was more familiar to her. "I did not bid you," she said, "come and sit so close by me; for the acquaintance that I spoke of, has been stiff and cold, dead and buried, for this many a day."

"Now Heaven forbid!" said the page, "it has only slept; and now that you desire it should awake, fair Catherine, believe me that a pledge of your returning favour"——

"Nay, nay," said Catherine, withholding the rosary, towards which, as he spoke, he extended his hand, "I have changed my mind on better reflection. What should a heretic do with these holy beads that have been blessed by the Father of the church himself?"

Roland winced grievously, for he saw plainly what way the discourse was now likely to tend, and felt that it must at all events be embarrassing. "Nay, but," he said, "it was a token of your own regard that you offered them."

"Ay, fair sir, but that regard attended the faithful subject, the loyal and pious Catholic, the individual

who was so solemnly devoted at the same time with myself to the same grand duty; which, you must now understand, was to serve the church and Queen. To such a person, if you ever heard of him, was my regard due, and not to him who associates with heretics, and is about to become a renegado."

"I should scarce believe, fair mistress," said Roland, indignantly, "that the vane of your favour turned only to a Catholic wind, considering that it points so plainly to George Douglas, who I think, is both kingsman and protestant."

"Think better of George Douglas," said Catherine, "than to believe"———and then checking herself, as if she had spoken too much, she went on "I assure you, fair Master Roland, that all who wish you well are sorry for you."

"Their number is very few, I believe," answered Roland, "and their sorrow, if they feel any, not deeper than ten minutes' time will cure."

"They are more numerous, and think more deeply, concerning you, than you seem to be aware," answered Catherine. "But perhaps they think wrong —You are the best judge in your own affairs; and if you prefer gold and church-lands to honour and loyalty, and the faith of your fathers, why should you be hampered in conscience more than others?"

"May Heaven bear witness for me," said Roland, "that if I entertain any difference of opinion—that is, if I nourish any doubts in point of religion they have been adopted on the conviction of my own mind, and the suggestion of my own conscience!"

"Ay, ay, your conscience—your conscience!" repeated she with satiric emphasis; "your conscience is the scape-goat; I warrant it an able one—it will bear the burden of one of the best manors of the Abbey of Saint Mary of Kennaquhair, lately forfeited to our noble lord the King, by the Abbot and community thereof, for the high crime of fidelity to their religious vows, and now to be granted by the High and Mighty Traitor, and so forth, James, Earl of Murray, to the good squire of dames Roland Græme, for his loyal and faithful service as under-espial, and deputy-turnkey, for securing the person of his lawful sovereign, Queen Mary."

"You misconstrue me cruelly," said the page; "yes, Catherine, most cruelly—God knows I would protect this poor lady at the risk of my life, or with my life; but what can I do—what can any one do for her?"

"Much may be done—enough may be done—all may be done—if men will be but true and honourable, as Scottish men were in the days of Bruce and Wallace. O, Roland, from what an enterprise you are now withdrawing your heart and hand, through mere fickleness and coldness of spirit!"

"How can I withdraw," said Roland, "from an enterprise which has never been communicated to me?—Has the Queen, or have you, or has any one, communicated with me upon any thing for her service which I have refused? Or have you not, all of you, held me at such a distance from your counsels, as if I were the most faithless spy since the days of Ganelon?"*

"And who," said Catherine Seyton, "would trust the sworn friend, and pupil, and companion, of the heretic preacher Henderson? ay—a proper tutor you have chosen, instead of the excellent Ambrosius, who is now turned out of house and homestead, if indeed he is not languishing in a dungeon, for withstanding the tyranny of Morton to whose brother the temporalities of that noble house of God have been gifted away by the Regent."

"Is it possible?" said the page; "and is the excellent Father Ambrose in such distress?"

"He would account the news of your falling away from the faith of your fathers," answered Catherine, "a worse mishap than aught that tyranny can inflict on himself."

"But why," said Roland, very much moved, "why should you suppose that—that—that it is with me as you say?"

"Do you yourself deny it?" replied Catherine; "do you not admit that you have drunk the poison which you should have dashed from your lips?—Do you deny that it now ferments in your veins, if it has not altogether corrupted the springs of life?—Do you deny that you have your doubts, as you proudly term them, respecting what popes and councils have declared it unlawful to doubt of?—Is not your faith wavering, if not overthrown?—Does not the heretic preacher boast his conquest?—Does not the heretic woman of this prison-house hold up thy example to others?—Do not the Queen and the Lady Fleming believe in thy falling away?—And is there any except one—yes, I will speak it out, and think as lightly as you please of my good will—is there one except myself that holds even a lingering hope that you may yet prove what we once all believed of you?"

"I know not," said our poor page, much embarrassed by the view which was thus presented to him of the conduct he was expected to pursue, and by a person in whom he was not the less interested that so long a residence in Lochleven Castle, with no object so likely to attract his undivided attention, had taken place since they had first met,—"I know not what you expect of me, or fear from me. I was sent hither to attend Queen Mary, and to her I acknowledge the duty of a servant through life and death. If any one had expected service of another kind, I was not the party to render it. I neither avow nor disclaim the doctrines of the reformed church.—Will you have the truth?—It seems to me that the profligacy of the Catholic clergy has brought this judgment on their own heads, and, for aught I know, it may be for their reformation. But, for betraying this unhappy Queen, God knows I am guiltless of the thought. Did I even believe worse of her, than as her servant I wish—as her subject I dare to do—I would not betray her—far from it—I would aid her in aught which could tend to a fair trial of her cause."

"Enough! enough!" answered Catherine, clasping her hands together; "then thou wilt not desert us if any means are presented, by which, placing our Royal Mistress at freedom, this case may be honestly tried betwixt her and her rebellious subjects?"

"Nay—but, fair Catherine," replied the page, "hear but what the Lord of Murray said when he sent me hither"—

"Hear but what the devil said," replied the maiden, "rather than what a false subject, a false brother, a false counsellor, a false friend, said! A man raised from a petty pensioner on the crown's bounty, to be the counsellor of majesty, and the prime distributor of the bounties of the state;—one with whom rank, fortune, title, consequence, and power, all grew up like a mushroom, by the mere warm good-will of the sister, whom, in requital, he hath mewed up in this place of melancholy seclusion—whom, in further requital, he has deposed, and whom, if he dared, he would murder!"

"I think not so ill of the Earl of Murray," said Roland Græme; "and sooth to speak," he added, with a smile, "it would require some bribe to make me embrace, with firm and desperate resolution, either one side or the other."

"Nay, if that is all," replied Catherine Seyton, in a tone of enthusiasm, "you shall be guerdoned with prayers from oppressed subjects—from dispossessed clergy—from insulted nobles—with immortal praise by future ages—with eager gratitude by the present—with fame on earth, and with felicity in Heaven! Your country will thank you—your Queen will be debtor to you—you will achieve at once the highest from the lowest degree in chivalry—all men will honour, all women will love you—and I, sworn with you so early to the accomplishment of Queen Mary's freedom, will—yes, I will love you better than—ever sister loved brother!"

"Say on—say on!" whispered Roland, kneeling on one knee, and taking her hand, which, in the warmth of exhortation, Catherine held towards him.

"Nay," said she, pausing, "I have already said too much—far too much, if I prevail not with you—far too little if I do. But I prevail," she continued, seeing that the countenance of the youth she addressed re-

* Gan, Gano, or Ganelon of Mayence, is, in the Romances on the subject of Charlemagne and his Paladins, always represented as the traitor by whom the Christian champions are betrayed.

turned the enthusiasm of her own—"I prevail; or rather the good cause prevails through its own strength—thus I devote thee to it." And as she spoke she approached her finger to the brow of the astonished youth, and, without touching it, signed the cross over his forehead—stooped her face towards him, and seemed to kiss the empty space in which she had traced the symbol; then starting up, and extricating herself from his grasp, darted into the Queen's apartment.

Roland Græme remained as the enthusiastic maiden had left him, kneeling on one knee, with breath withheld, and with eyes fixed upon the space which the fairy form of Catherine Seyton had so lately occupied. If his thoughts were not of unmixed delight, they at least partook of that thrilling and intoxicating, though mingled sense of pain and pleasure, the most overpowering which life offers in its blended cup. He rose and retired slowly; and although the chaplain Mr. Henderson preached on that evening his best sermon against the errors of popery, I would not engage that he was followed accurately through the train of his reasoning by the young proselyte, with a view to whose especial benefit he had handled the subject.

CHAPTER XXV.

> And when love's torch hath set the heart in flame,
> Comes Seignor Reason, with his saws and cautions,
> Giving such aid as the old gray-beard Sexton,
> Who from the church-vault drags his crazy engine,
> To ply its dribbling ineffectual streamlet
> Against a conflagration.
>
> *Old Play.*

In a musing mood, Roland Græme upon the ensuing morning betook himself to the battlements of the castle, as a spot where he might indulge the course of his thick-coming fancies with least chance of interruption. But his place of retirement was in the present case ill chosen, for he was presently joined by Mr. Elias Henderson.

"I sought you, young man," said the preacher, "having to speak of something which concerns you nearly."

The page had no pretence for avoiding the conference which the chaplain thus offered, though he felt that it might prove an embarrassing one.

"In teaching thee, as far as my feeble knowledge hath permitted, thy duty towards God," said the chaplain, "there are particulars of your duty towards man, upon which I was unwilling long or much to insist. You are here in the service of a lady, honourable as touching her birth, deserving of all compassion as respects her misfortunes, and garnished with even but too many of those outward qualities which win men's regard and affection. Have you ever considered your regard to this Lady Mary of Scotland, in its true light and bearing?"

"I trust, reverend sir," replied Roland Græme, "that I am well aware of the duties a servant in my condition owes to his royal mistress, especially in her lowly and distressed state."

"True," answered the preacher; "but it is even that honest feeling which may, in the Lady Mary's case, carry thee into great crime and treachery."

"How so, reverend sir?" replied the page; "I profess I understand you not."

"I speak to you not of the crimes of this ill-advised lady," said the preacher; "they are not subjects for the ears of her sworn servant. But it is enough to say, that this unhappy person hath rejected more offers of grace, more hopes of glory, than ever were held out to earthly princes; and that she is now, her day of favour being passed, sequestered in this lonely castle, for the common weal of the people of Scotland, and it may be for the benefit of her own soul."

"Reverend sir," said Roland, somewhat impatiently, "I am but too well aware that my unfortunate mistress is imprisoned, since I have the misfortune to share in her restraint myself—of which, to speak sooth, I am heartily weary."

"It is even of that which I am about to speak," said the chaplain, mildly; "but first, my good Roland, look forth on the pleasant prospect of yonder cultivated plain. You see, where the smoke arises, yonder village standing half hidden by the trees, and you know it to be the dwelling-place of peace and industry. From space to space, each by the side of its own stream, you see the gray towers of barons, with cottages interspersed; and you know that they also, with their household, are now living in unity; the lance hung upon the wall, and the sword resting in its sheath. You see, too, more than one fair church, where the pure waters of life are offered to the thirsty, and where the hungry are refreshed with spiritual food.—What would he deserve, who should bring fire and slaughter into so fair and happy a scene—who should bare the swords of the gentry and turn them against each other—who should give tower and cottage to the flames, and slake the embers with the blood of the indwellers?—What would he deserve who should lift up again that ancient Dagon of Superstition, whom the worthies of the time have beaten down, and who should once more make the churches of God the high places of Baal?"

"You have limned a frightful picture, reverend sir," said Roland Græme; "yet I guess not whom you would charge with the purpose of effecting a change so horrible."

"God forbid," replied the preacher, "that I should say to thee, thou art the man.—Yet beware, Roland Græme, that thou, in serving thy mistress, hold fast the still higher service which thou owest to the peace of thy country, and the prosperity of her inhabitants; else, Roland Græme, thou mayst be the very man upon whose head will fall the curses and assured punishment due to such work. If thou art won by the song of these sirens to aid that unhappy lady's escape from this place of penitence and security, it is over with the peace of Scotland's cottages, and with the prosperity of her palaces—and the babe unborn shall curse the name of the man who gave impulse to the disorder which will follow the war betwixt the mother and the son."

"I know of no such plan, reverend sir," answered the page, "and therefore can aid none such.—My duty towards the Queen has been simply that of an attendant; it is a task of which, at times, I would willingly have been freed; nevertheless"——

"It is to prepare thee for the enjoyment of something more of liberty," said the preacher, "that I have endeavoured to impress upon you the deep responsibility under which your office must be discharged. George Douglas hath told the Lady Lochleven that you are weary of this service, and my intercession hath partly determined her good ladyship, that, as your discharge cannot be granted, you shall, instead, be employed in certain commissions on the mainland, which have hitherto been discharged by other persons of confidence. Wherefore, come with me to the lady, for even to-day such duty will be imposed on you."

"I trust you will hold me excused, reverend sir," said the page, who felt that an increase of confidence on the part of the Lady of the Castle and her family would render his situation in a moral view doubly embarrassing, "one cannot serve two masters—and I much fear that my mistress will not hold me excused for taking employment under another."

"Fear not that," said the preacher; "her consent shall be asked and obtained. I fear she will yield it but too easily, as hoping to avail herself of your agency, to maintain correspondence with her friends, as those falsely call themselves, who would make her name the watchword for civil war."

"And thus," said the page, "I shall be exposed to suspicion on all sides; for my mistress will consider me as a spy placed on her by her enemies, seeing me so far trusted by them; and the Lady Lochleven will never cease to suspect the possibility of my betraying her, because circumstances put it into my power to do so—I would rather remain as I am."

There followed a pause of one or two minutes, during which Henderson looked steadily in Roland's countenance, as if desirous to ascertain whether there was not more in the answer than the precise words seemed to imply. He failed in this point, however; for Roland, bred a page from childhood, knew how

to assume a sullen pettish cast of countenance, well enough calculated to hide all internal emotions.

"I understand thee not, Roland," said the preacher, "or rather thou thinkest on this matter more deeply than I apprehended to be in thy nature. Methought, the delight of going on shore with thy bow, or thy gun, or thy angling-rod, would have borne away all other feelings."

"And so it would," replied Roland, who perceived the danger of suffering Henderson's half-raised suspicions to become fully awake,—"I would have thought of nothing but the gun and the oar, and the wild water-fowl that tempt me by sailing among the sedges yonder so far out of flight-shot, had you not spoken of my going on shore as what was to occasion burning of town and tower, the downfall of the evangele, and the up-setting of the mass."

"Follow me, then," said Henderson, "and we will seek the Lady Lochleven."

They found her at breakfast with her grandson George Douglas.—"Peace be with your ladyship!" said the preacher, bowing to his patroness; "Roland Græme awaits your order."

"Young man," said the lady, "our chaplain hath warranted for thy fidelity, and we are determined to give you certain errands to do for us in our town of Kinross."

"Not by my advice," said Douglas, coldly.

"I said not that it was," answered the lady, something sharply. "The mother of thy father may, I should think, be old enough to judge for herself in a matter so simple.—Thou wilt take the skiff, Roland, and two of my people, whom Dryfesdale or Randal will order out, and fetch off certain stuff of plate and hangings, which should last night be lodged at Kinross by the wains from Edinburgh."

"And give this packet," said George Douglas, "to a servant of ours, whom you will find in waiting there —It is the report to my father," he added, looking towards his grandmother, who acquiesced by bending her head.

"I have already mentioned to Master Henderson," said Roland Græme, "that as my duty requires my attendance on the Queen, her Grace's permission for my journey ought to be obtained before I can undertake your commission."

"Look to it, my son," said the old lady, "the scruple of the youth is honourable."

"Craving your pardon, madam, I have no wish to force myself on her presence thus early," said Douglas, in an indifferent tone; "it might displease her, and were no way agreeable to me."

"And I," said the Lady Lochleven, "although her temper hath been more gentle of late, have no will to undergo, without necessity, the rancour of her wit."

"Under your permission, madam," said the chaplain, "I will myself render your request to the Queen. During my long residence in this house she hath not deigned to see me in private, or to hear my doctrine; yet so may heaven prosper my labours, as love for her soul, and desire to bring her into the right path, was my chief motive for coming hither."

"Take care, Master Henderson," said Douglas, in a tone which seemed almost sarcastic, "lest you rush hastily on an adventure to which you have no vocation—you are learned, and know the adage, *Ne accesseris in consilium nisi vocatus*.—Who hath required this at your hand?"

"The Master to whose service I am called," answered the preacher, looking upward,—"He who hath commanded me to be earnest in season and out of season."

"Your acquaintance hath not been much, I think, with courts of princes," continued the young Esquire.

"No, sir," replied Henderson, "but, like my master Knox, I see nothing frightful in the fair face of a pretty lady."

"My son," said the Lady of Lochleven, "quench not the good man's zeal—let him do the errand to this unhappy Princess."

"With more willingness than I would do it myself," said George Douglas. Yet something in his manner appeared to contradict his words.

The minister went accordingly, followed by Roland Græme, and, demanding an audience of the imprisoned Princess, was admitted. He found her with her ladies engaged in the daily task of embroidery. The Queen received him with that courtesy, which, in ordinary cases, she used towards all who approached her, and the clergyman, in opening his commission, was obviously somewhat more embarrassed than he had expected to be.—"The good Lady of Lochleven —may it please your grace"——

He made a short pause, during which Mary said with a smile, "My Grace would, in truth, be well pleased, were the Lady Lochleven our *good* lady—but go on—what is the will of the good Lady of Lochleven?"

"She desires, madam," said the chaplain, "that your Grace will permit this young gentleman, your page, Roland Græme, to pass to Kinross, to look after some household stuff and hangings, sent hither for the better furnishing your Grace's apartments."

"The Lady of Lochleven," said the Queen, "uses needless ceremony, in requesting our permission for that which stands within her own pleasure. We well know that this young gentleman's attendance on us had not been so long permitted, were he not thought to be more at the command of that good lady than at ours.—But we cheerfully yield consent that he shall go on her errand—with our will we would doom no living creature to the captivity which we ourselves must suffer."

"Ay, madam," answered the preacher, "and it is doubtless natural for humanity to quarrel with its prison-house. Yet there have been those, who have found that time spent in the house of temporal captivity may be so employed as to redeem us from spiritual slavery."

"I apprehend your meaning sir," replied the Queen, "but I have heard your apostle—I have heard Master John Knox; and were I to be perverted, I would willingly resign to the ablest and most powerful of heresiarchs, the poor honour he might acquire by overcoming my faith and my hope."

"Madam," said the preacher, "it is not to the talents or skill of the husbandman that God gives the increase—the words which were offerred in vain by him whom you justly eall our apostle, during the bustle and gayety of a court, may yet find better acceptance during the leisure for reflection, which this place affords. God knows, lady, that I speak in singleness of heart, as one who would as soon compare himself to the immortal angels, as to the holy man whom you have named. Yet would you but condescend to apply to their noblest use, those talents and that learning which all allow you to be possessed of—would you afford us but the slightest hope that you would hear and regard what can be urged against the blinded superstition and idolatry in which you were brought up, sure am I, that the most powerfully gifted of my brethren, that even John Knox himself, would hasten hither, and account the rescue of your single soul from the nets of Romish error"——

"I am obliged to you and to them for their charity," said Mary; "but as I have at present but one presence-chamber, I would reluctantly see it converted into a Huguenot synod."

"At least, madam, be not thus obstinately blinded in your errors! Hear one who has hungered and thirsted, watched and prayed, to undertake the good work of your conversion, and who would be content to die the instant that a work so advantageous for yourself and so beneficial to Scotland were accomplished—Yes, lady, could I but shake the remaining pillar of the heathen temple in this land—and that permit me to term your faith in the delusions of Rome—I could be content to die overwhelmed in the ruins!"

"I will not insult your zeal, sir," replied Mary, "by saying you are more likely to make sport for the Philistines than to overwhelm them—your charity claims my thanks, for it was warmly expressed and may be truly purposed—But believe as well of me as I am willing to do of you, and think that I may be as anxious to recall you to the ancient and only road, as you are to teach me your new by-ways to paradise."

"Then, madam, if such be your generous purpose," said Henderson, eagerly, "what hinders that we should dedicate some part of that time, unhappily now too much at your Grace's disposal, to discuss a question so weighty? You, by report of all men, are both learned and witty; and I, though without such advantages, am strong in my cause as in a tower of defence. Why should we not spend some space in endeavouring to discover which of us hath the wrong side in this important matter?"

"Nay," said Queen Mary, "I never alleged my force was strong enough to accept of a combat *en champ clos*, with a scholar and a polemic. Besides, the match is not equal. You, sir, might retire when you felt the battle go against you, while I am tied to the stake, and have no permission to say the debate wearies me.—I would be alone."

She curtsied low to him as she uttered these words; and Henderson, whose zeal was indeed ardent, but did not extend to the neglect of delicacy, bowed in return, and prepared to withdraw.

"I would," he said, "that my earnest wish, my most zealous prayer, could procure to your Grace any blessing or comfort, but especially that in which alone blessing or comfort is, as easily as the slightest intimation of your wish will remove me from your presence."

He was in the act of departing, when Mary said to him with much courtesy, "Do me no injury in your thoughts, good sir; it may be, that if my time here be protracted longer—as surely I hope it will not, trusting that either my rebel subjects will repent of their disloyalty, or that my faithful lieges will obtain the upper hand—but if my time be here protracted, it may be I shall have no displeasure in hearing one who seems so reasonable and compassionate as yourself, and I may hazard your contempt by endeavouring to recollect and repeat the reasons which schoolmen and councils give for the faith that is in me,—although I fear that, God help me! my Latin has deserted me with my other possessions. This must, however, be for another day. Mean while, sir, let the Lady of Lochleven employ my page as she lists—I will not afford suspicion by speaking a word to him before he goes.—Roland Græme, my friend, lose not an opportunity of amusing thyself—dance, sing, run, and leap—all may be done merrily on the mainland; but he must have more than quicksilver in his veins who would frolic here."

"Alas! madam," said the preacher, "to what is it you exhort the youth, while time passes, and eternity summons! Can our salvation be ensured by idle mirth, or our good work wrought out without fear and trembling?"

"I cannot fear or tremble," replied the Queen; "to Mary Stewart such emotions are unknown. But, if weeping and sorrow on my part will atone for the boy's enjoying an hour of boyish pleasure, be assured the penance shall be duly paid."

"Nay, but, gracious lady," said the preacher, "in this you greatly err;—our tears and our sorrows are all too little for our own faults and follies, nor can we transfer them, as your church falsely teaches, to the benefit of others."

"May I pray you, sir," answered the Queen, "with as little offence as such a prayer may import, to transfer yourself elsewhere? We are sick at heart, and may not now be disturbed with further controversy—and thou, Roland, take this little purse;" (then turning to the divine, she said, showing its contents,) "Look, reverend sir,—it contains only these two or three gold testoons, a coin which, though bearing my own poor features, I have ever found more active against me than on my side, just as my subjects take arms against me, with my own name for their summons and signal.—Take this purse that thou mayst want no means of amusement. Fail not—fail not to bring me back news from Kinross; only let it be such as, without suspicion or offence, may be told in the presence of this reverend gentlemen, or of the good Lady Lochleven herself."

The last hint was too irresistible to be withstood; and Henderson withdrew, half mortified, half pleased, with his reception; for Mary, from long habit, and the address which was natural to her, had learned in an extraordinary degree, the art of evading discourse which was disagreeable to her feelings or prejudices, without affronting those by whom it was proffered.

Roland Græme retired with the chaplain, at a signal from his lady; but it did not escape him, that as he left the room, stepping backwards, and making the deep obeisance due to royalty, Catherine Seyton held up her slender forefinger, with a gesture which he alone could witness, and which seemed to say, "Remember what has passed betwixt us."

The young page had now his last charge from the Lady of Lochleven. "There are revels," she said, "this day at the village—my son's authority is, as yet, unable to prevent these continued workings of the ancient leaven of folly which the Romish priests have kneaded into the very souls of the Scottish peasantry. I do not command thee to abstain from them—that would be only to lay a snare for thy folly, or to teach thee falsehood; but enjoy these vanities with moderation, and mark them as something thou must soon learn to renounce and contemn. Our chamberlain at Kinross, Luke Lundin,—Doctor, as he foolishly calleth himself,—will acquaint thee what is to be done in the matter about which thou goest. Remember thou art trusted—show thyself, therefore, worthy of trust."

When we recollect that Roland Græme was not yet nineteen, and that he had spent his whole life in the solitary Castle of Avenel, excepting the few hours he had passed in Edinburgh, and his late residence at Lochleven, (the latter period having very little served to enlarge his acquaintance with the gay world,) we cannot wonder that his heart beat high with hope and curiosity, at the prospect of partaking the sport even of a country wake. He hastened to his little cabin, and turned over the wardrobe with which (in every respect becoming his station) he had been supplied from Edinburgh, probably by order of the Earl of Murray. By the Queen's command he had hitherto waited upon her in mourning, or at least in sad-coloured raiment. Her condition, she said, admitted of nothing more gay. But now he selected the gayest dress his wardrobe afforded; composed of scarlet slashed with black satin, the royal colours of Scotland—combed his long curled hair—disposed his chain and medal round a beaver hat of the newest block; and with the gay falchion, which had reached him in so mysterious a manner, hung by his side in an embroidered belt, his apparel, added to his natural frank mien and handsome figure, formed a most commendable and pleasing specimen of the young gallant of the period. He sought to make his parting reverence to the Queen and her ladies, but old Dryfesdale hurried him to the boat.

"We will have no private audiences," he said, "my master; since you are to be trusted with somewhat, we will try at least to save thee from the temptation of opportunity. God help thee, child," he added, with a glance of contempt at his gay clothes, "an the bear-ward be yonder from Saint Andrews, have a care thou go not near him."

"And wherefore, I pray you?" said Roland.

"Lest he take thee for one of his runaway jackanapes," answered the steward, smiling sourly.

"I wear not my clothes at thy cost," said Roland, indignantly.

"Nor at thine own either, my son," replied the steward, "else would thy garb more nearly resemble thy merit and thy station."

Roland Græme suppressed with difficulty the repartee which arose to his lips, and, wrapping his scarlet mantle around him, threw himself into the boat, which two rowers, themselves urged by curiosity to see the revels, pulled stoutly towards the west end of the lake. As they put off, Roland thought he could discover the face of Catherine Seyton, though carefully withdrawn from observation, peeping from a loophole to view his departure. He pulled off his hat, and held it up as a token that he saw and wished her adieu. A white kerchief waved for a second across the window, and for the rest of the little voyage, the thoughts of Catherine Seyton disputed ground in his breast with the expectations excited by the ap-

proaching revel. As they drew nearer and nearer the shore, the sounds of mirth and music, the laugh, the halloo, and the shout, came thicker upon the ear, and in a trice the boat was moored, and Roland Græme hastened in quest of the chamberlain, that, being informed what time he had at his own disposal, he might lay it out to the best advantage.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Room for the master of the ring, ye swains,
Divide your crowded ranks—before him march
The rural minstrelsy, the rattling drum,
The clamorous war-pipe, and far-echoing horn.
Rural Sports.—SOMERVILLE.

No long space intervened ere Roland Græme was able to discover among the crowd of revellers, who gambolled upon the open space which extends betwixt the village and the lake, a person of so great importance as Doctor Luke Lundin, upon whom devolved officially the charge of representing the lord of the land, and who was attended for support of his authority by a piper, a drummer, and four sturdy clowns armed with rusty halberds, garnished with party-coloured ribands; myrmidons, who, early as the day was, had already broken more than one head in the awful names of the Laird of Lochleven and his chamberlain.*

As soon as this dignitary was informed that the castle skiff had arrived, with a gallant, dressed like a lord's son at the least, who desired presently to speak to him, he adjusted his ruff and his black coat, turned round his girdle till the garnished hilt of his long rapier became visible, and walked with due solemnity towards the beach. Solemn indeed he was entitled to be, even on less important occasions, for he had been bred to the venerable study of medicine, as those acquainted with the science very soon discovered from the aphorisms which ornamented his discourse. His success had not been equal to his pretensions; but as he was a native of the neighbouring Kingdom of Fife, and bore distant relation to, or dependance upon, the ancient family of Lundin of that Ilk, who were bound in close friendship with the house of Lochleven, he had, through their interest, got planted comfortably enough in his present station upon the banks of that beautiful lake. The profits of his chamberlainship being moderate, especially in those unsettled times, he had eked it out a little with some practice in his original profession; and it was said that the inhabitants of the village and barony of Kinross were not more effectually thirled (which may be translated enthralled) to the baron's mill, than they were to the medical monopoly of the chamberlain. Wo betide the family of the rich boor, who presumed to depart this life without a passport from Dr. Luke Lundin! for if his representatives had aught to settle with the baron, as it seldom happened otherwise, they were sure to find a cold friend in the chamberlain. He was considerate enough, however, gratuitously to help the poor out of their ailments, and sometimes out of all their other distresses at the same time.

Formal, in a double proportion, both as a physician and as a person in office, and proud of the scraps of learning which rendered his language almost universally unintelligible, Dr. Luke Lundin approached the beach, and hailed the page as he advanced towards him.—"The freshness of the morning upon you, fair sir—You are sent, I warrant me, to see if we observe here the regimen which her good ladyship hath prescribed, for eschewing all superstitious ceremonies and idle anilities in these our revels. I am aware that her good ladyship would willingly have altogether abolished and abrogated them—But as I had the honour to quote to her from the works of the learned Hercules of Saxony, *omnis curatio est vel canonica vel coacta*,—that is, fair sir, (for silk and velvet have seldom their Latin *ad unguem*,) every cure must be wrought either by art and induction of rule, or by constraint; and the wise physician chooseth the former. Which argument her ladyship being pleased to allow well of, I have made it my business so to blend instruction and caution with delight, (*fiat mixtio*, as we say,) that I can answer that the vulgar mind will be defecated and purged of anile and popish fooleries by the medicament adhibited, so that the *primæ viæ* being cleansed, Master Henderson, or any other able pastor, may at will throw in tonics, and effectuate a perfect moral cure, *tuto, cito, jucunde*."

"I have no charge, Doctor Lundin," replied the page——

"Call me not doctor," said the chamberlain, "since I have laid aside my furred gown and bonnet, and retired me into this temporality of chamberlainship."

"O, sir," said the page, who was no stranger by report to the character of this original, "the cowl makes not the monk—neither the cord the friar—we have all heard of the cures wrought by Doctor Lundin."

"Toys, young sir—trifles," answered the leech, with grave disclamation of superior skill; "the hit-or-miss practice of a poor retired gentleman, in a short cloak and doublet—Marry, Heaven sent its blessing—and this I must say, better fashioned mediciners have brought fewer patients through—*lunga roba corta scienzia*, saith the Italian—ha, fair sir, you have the language?"

Roland Græme did not think it necessary to expound to this learned Theban whether he understood him or no; but, leaving that matter uncertain, he told him he came in quest of certain packages which should have arrived at Kinross, and been placed under the chamberlain's charge the evening before.

"Body o' me!" said Doctor Lundin, "I fear our common carrier, John Auchtermuchty, hath met with some mischance, that he came not up last night with his wains—bad land this to journey in, my master; and the fool will travel by night too, although (besides all maladies, from your *tussis* to your *pestis*, which walk abroad in the night-air) he may well fall in with half a dozen swash-bucklers, who will ease him at once of his baggage and his earthly complaints. I must send forth to inquire after him, since he hath stuff of the honourable household on hand—and, by Our Lady, he hath stuff of mine too—certain drugs sent me from the city for composition of my alexipharmics—this gear must be looked to.—Hodge," said he, addressing one of his redoubted body-guard, "do thou and Toby Telford take the mickle brown aver and the black cut-tailed mare, and make out towards the Keiry-craigs, and see what tidings you can have of Auchtermuchty and his wains—I trust it is only the medicine of the pottle-pot (being the only *medicamentum* which the beast useth) which hath caused him to tarry on the road. Take the ribands from your halberds, ye knaves, and get on your jacks, plate-sleeves, and knapskulls, that your presence may work some terror if you meet with opposers." He then added, turning to Roland Græme, "I warrant me we shall have news of the wains in brief season. Mean time it will please you to look upon the sports; but first to enter my poor lodging and take your morning's cup. For what saith the school of Salerno?

'Poculum, mane haustum,
Restaurat naturam exhaustam.'"

"Your learning is too profound for me," replied the page; "and so would your draught be likewise, I fear."

"Not a whit, fair sir—a cordial cup of sack, impregnated with wormwood, is the best anti-pestilential draught; and, to speak truth, the pestilential miasmata are now very rife in the atmosphere.—We live in a happy time, young man," continued he, in a tone of grave irony, "and have many blessings unknown to our fathers—Here are two sovereigns in the land, a regnant and a claimant—that is enough of one good thing—but if any one wants more, he may find a king

* At Scottish fairs, the bailie, or magistrate, deputed by the lord in whose name the meeting is held, attends the fair with his guard, decides trifling disputes, and punishes on the spot any petty delinquencies. His attendants are usually armed with halberds, and, sometimes at least, escorted by music. Thus, in the "Life and Death of Habbie Simpson," we are told of that famous minstrel.—

"At fairs he played before the spear-men,
And gaily graithed in their gear-men;
Steel bonnets, jacks, and swords shone clear then,
Like ony bead;
Now wha shall play before sic weir-men,
Since Habbie's dead!"

in every peelhouse in the country; so if we lack government, it is not for want of governors. Then have we a civil war to phlebotomize us every year, and to prevent our population from starving for want of food—and for the same purpose, we have the Plague proposing us a visit, the best of all recipes for thinning a land, and converting younger brothers into elder ones. Well, each man in his vocation. You young fellows of the sword desire to wrestle, fence, or so forth, with some expert adversary; and for my part, I love to match myself for life or death against that same Plague."

As they proceeded up the street of the little village towards the Doctor's lodgings, his attention was successively occupied by the various personages whom he met, and pointed out to the notice of his companion.

"Do you see that fellow with the red bonnet, the blue jerkin, and the great rough batoon in his hand?—I believe that clown hath the strength of a tower—he has lived fifty years in the world, and never encouraged the liberal sciences by buying one pennyworth of medicaments.—But see you that man with the *facies Hippocratica?*" said he, pointing out a thin peasant, with swelled legs, and a most cadaverous countenance; "that I call one of the worthiest men in the barony—he breakfasts, luncheons, dines, and sups by my advice, and not without my medicine; and, for his own single part, will go farther to clear out a moderate stock of pharmaceutics, than half the country besides.—How do you, my honest friend?" said he to the party in question, with a tone of condolence.

"Very weakly, sir, since I took the electuary," answered the patient; "it neighboured ill with the two spoonfuls of pease-porridge and the kirnmilk."

"Pease-porridge and kirnmilk! Have you been under medicine these ten years, and keep your diet so ill?—the next morning take the electuary by itself, and touch nothing for six hours."—The poor object bowed and limped off.

The next whom the Doctor deigned to take notice of, was a lame fellow, by whom the honour was altogether undeserved, for at sight of the mediciner, he began to shuffle away in the crowd as fast as his infirmities would permit.

"There is an ungrateful hound for you," said Doctor Lundin; "I cured him of the gout in his feet, and now he talks of the chargeableness of medicine, and makes the first use of his restored legs to fly from his physician. His *podagra* hath become a *chiragra*, as honest Martial hath it—the gout has got into his fingers, and he cannot draw his purse. Old saying, and true,

'Præmia cum poscit medicus, Sathan est.'

We are angels when we come to cure—devils when we ask payment—but I will administer a purgation to his purse, I warrant him. There is his brother too, a sordid chuff.—So ho, there! Saunders Darlet! you have been ill, I hear?"

"Just got the turn, as I was thinking to send to your honour, and I am brawly now again—it was nae great thing that ailed me."

"Hark you, sirrah," said the Doctor, "I trust you remember you are owing to the laird four stones of barleymeal, and a bow of oats; and I would have you send no more such kain-fowls as you sent last season, that looked as wretchedly as patients just dismissed from a plague hospital; and there is hard money owing besides."

"I was thinking, sir," said the man, *more Scotico*, that is, returning no direct answer on the subject on which he was addressed, "my best way would be to come down to your honour, and take your advice yet, in case my trouble should come back."

"Do so then, knave," replied Lundin, "and remember what Ecclesiasticus saith—'Give place to the physician—let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him.'"

His exhortation was interrupted by an apparition, which seemed to strike the Doctor with as much horror and surprise, as his own visage inflicted upon sundry of those persons whom he had addressed.

The figure which produced this effect on the Esculapius of the village, was that of a tall old woman, who wore a high-crowned hat and muffler. The first of these habiliments added apparently to her stature, and the other served to conceal the lower part of her face, and as the hat itself was slouched, little could be seen besides two brown cheek-bones, and the eyes of swarthy fire, that gleamed from under two shaggy gray eyebrows. She was dressed in a long dark-coloured robe of unusual fashion, bordered at the skirts, and on the stomacher, with a sort of white trimming resembling the Jewish phylacteries, on which were wrought the characters of some unknown language. She held in her hand a walking staff of black ebony.

"By the soul of Celsus," said Doctor Luke Lundin, "it is old Mother Nicneven herself—she hath come to beard me within mine own bounds, and in the very execution of mine office! Have at thy coat, Old Woman, as the song says—Hob Anster, let her presently be seized and committed to the tolbooth; and if there are any zealous brethren here who would give the hag her deserts, and duck her, as a witch, in the loch, I pray let them in no way be hindered."

But the myrmidons of Doctor Lundin showed in this case no alacrity to do his bidding. Hob Anster, even ventured to remonstrate in the name of himself and his brethren. "To be sure he was to do his honour's bidding; and for a' that folk said about the skill and witcheries of Mother Nicneven, he would put his trust in God, and his hand on her collar, without dreadour. But she was no common spae-wife, this Mother Nicneven, like Jean Jopp that lived in the Brieric-baulk. She had lords and lairds that would ruffle for her. There was Moncrieff of Tippermalloch, that was popish, and the laird of Carslogie, a kend Queen's man, were in the fair, with wha kend how mony swords and bucklers at their back; and they would be sure to make a breakout if the officers meddled with the auld popish witch-wife, who was sae weel friended; mair especially as the laird's best men, such as were not in the castle, were in Edinburgh with him, and he doubted his honour the Doctor would find ower few to make a good backing, if blades were bare."

The Doctor listened unwillingly to this prudential counsel, and was only comforted by the faithful promise of his satellite, that "the old woman should," as he expressed it, "be ta'en canny the next time she trespassed on the bounds."

"And in that event," said the Doctor to his companion, "fire and fagot shall be the best of her welcome."

This he spoke in hearing of the dame herself, who even then, and in passing the Doctor, shot towards him from under her gray eyebrows a look of the most insulting and contemptuous superiority.

"This way," continued the physician, "this way," marshalling his guest into his lodging,—"take care you stumble not over a retort, for it is hazardous for the ignorant to walk in the ways of art."

The page found all reason for the caution; for besides stuffed birds, and lizards, and bottled snakes, and bundles of simples made up, and other parcels spread out to dry, and all the confusion, not to mention the mingled and sickening smells, incidental to a druggist's stock in trade, he had also to avoid heaps of charcoal, crucibles, bolt-heads, stoves, and the other furniture of a chemical laboratory.

Amongst his other philosophical qualities, Doctor Lundin failed not to be a confused sloven, and his old housekeeper, whose life, as she said, was spent in "redding him up," had trotted off to the mart of gayety with other and younger folks. Much clattering and jangling therefore there was among jars, and bottles, and phials, ere the Doctor produced the salutiferous potion which he recommended so strongly, and a search equally long and noisy followed, among broken cans and cracked pipkins, ere he could bring forth a cup out of which to drink it. Both matters being at length achieved, the Doctor set the example to his guest, by quaffing off a cup of the cordial, and smacking his lips with approbation as it descended his gullet.—Roland, in turn, submitted to swallow the potion which his host so earnestly recommended,

but which he found so insufferably bitter, that he became eager to escape from the laboratory in search of a draught of fair water to expel the taste. In spite of his efforts, he was nevertheless detained by the garrulity of his host, till he gave him some account of Mother Nicneven.

"I care not to speak of her," said the Doctor, "in the open air, and among the throng of people; not for fright, like yon cowardly dog, Anster, but because I would give no occasion for a fray, having no leisure to look to stabs, slashes and broken bones. Men call the old hag a prophetess—I do scarce believe she could foretell when a brood of chickens will chip the shell—Men say she reads the heavens—my black bitch knows as much of them when she sits baying the moon—Men pretend the ancient wretch is a sorceress, a witch, and what not—*Internos*, I will never contradict a rumour which may bring her to the stake which she so richly deserves; but neither will I believe that the tales of witches which they din into our ears are aught but knavery, cozenage, and old women's fables."

"In the name of Heaven, what is she then," said the page, "that you make such a stir about her?"

"She is one of those cursed old women," replied the Doctor, "who take currently and impudently upon themselves to act as advisers and curers of the sick, on the strength of some trash of herbs, some rhyme of spells, some julap or diet, drink or cordial."

"Nay, go no farther," said the page; "if they brew cordials, evil be their lot and all there partakers!"

"You say well, young man," said Doctor Lundin; "for mine own part, I know no such pest to the commonwealth as these old incarnate devils, who haunt the chambers of the brain-sick patients, that are mad enough to suffer them to interfere with, disturb, and let, the regular progress of a learned and artificial cure, with their sirups, and their julaps, and diascordium, and mithridate, and my Lady What-shall-call'um's powder, and worthy Dame Trashem's pill; and thus make widows and orphans, and cheat the regular and well-studied physician, in order to get the name of wise women and skeely neighbours, and so forth. But no more on't Mother Nicneven* and I will meet one day; and she shall know there is danger in dealing with the Doctor."

"It is a true word, and many have found it," said the page; "but, under your favour, I would fain walk abroad for a little, and see these sports."

"It is well moved," said the Doctor, "and I too should be showing myself abroad. Moreover, the play waits us, young man—to-day, *totus mundus agit histrionem*.—And they sallied forth accordingly into the mirthful scene.

CHAPTER XXVII.

> See on yon verdant lawn, the gathering crowd
> Thickens amain: the buxom nymphs advance,
> Usher'd by jolly clowns; distinctions cease,
> Lost in the common joy, and the bold slave
> Leans on his wealthy master unreproved.
>
> *Rural Sports.*—SOMERVILLE.

THE re-appearance of the dignified Chamberlain on the street of the village was eagerly hailed by the revellers, as a pledge that the play, or dramatic representation, which had been postponed owing to his absence, was now full surely to commence. Any thing like an approach to this most interesting of all amusements, was of recent origin in Scotland, and engaged public attention in proportion. All other sports were discontinued. The dance around the Maypole was arrested—the ring broken up and dispersed, while the dancers, each leading his partner by the hand, tripped off to the silvan theatre. A truce was in like manner achieved betwixt a huge brown bear and certain mastiffs, who were tugging and pulling at his shaggy coat, under the mediation of the bear-ward and half a dozen butchers and yeomen, who, by dint of *staving and tailing*, as it was technically termed, separated the unfortunate animals, whose fury had for an hour past been their chief amusement. The itinerant minstrel found himself deserted by the audience he had collected, even in the most interesting passage of the romance which he recited, and just as he was sending about his boy, with bonnet in hand, to collect their oblations. He indignantly stopped short in the midst of *Rosewal and Lilian*, and, replacing his three-stringed fiddle, or rebeck, in its leathern case, followed the crowd, with no good-will, to the exhibition which had superseded his own. The juggler had ceased his exertions of emitting flame and smoke, and was content to respire in the manner of ordinary mortals, rather than to play gratuitously the part of a fiery dragon. In short, all other sports were suspended, so eagerly did the revellers throng towards the place of representation.

They would err greatly, who should regulate their ideas of this dramatic exhibition upon those derived from a modern theatre; for the rude shows of Thespis were far less different from those exhibited by Euripides on the stage of Athens, with all its magnificent decorations and pomp of dresses and of scenery. In the present case, there were no scenes, no stage, no machinery, no pit, box, and gallery, no box-lobby; and, what might in poor Scotland be some consolation for other negations, there was no taking of money at the door. As in the devices of the magnanimous Bottom, the actors had a greensward plot for a stage, and a hawthorn bush for a greenroom and tiring-house; the spectators being accommodated with seats on the artificial bank which had been raised around three-fourths of the play-ground, the remainder being left open for the entrance and exit of the performers. Here sate the uncritical audience, the Chamberlain in the centre, as the person highest in office, all alive to enjoyment and admiration, and all therefore dead to criticism.

The characters which appeared and disappeared before the amused and interested audience, were those which fill the earlier stage in all nations—old men, cheated by their wives and daughters, pillaged by their sons, and imposed on by their domestics, a braggadocio captain, a knavish pardoner or quæstionary, a country bumpkin, and a wanton city dame. Amid all these, and more acceptable than almost the whole put together, was the all-licensed fool, the Gracioso of the Spanish Drama, who, with his cap fashioned into the resemblance of a coxcomb, and his bauble, a truncheon terminated by a carved figure, wearing a fool's cap in his hand, went, came, and returned, mingling in every scene of the piece, and interrupting the business, without having any share himself in the action, and ever and anon transferring his gibes from the actors on the stage to the audience who sate around, prompt to applaud the whole.

The wit of the piece, which was not of the most polished kind, was chiefly directed against the superstitious practices of the Catholic religion; and the stage artillery had on this occasion been levelled by no less a person than Doctor Lundin, who had not only commanded the manager of the entertainment to select one of the numerous satires which had been written against the Papists, (several of which were cast in a dramatic form,) but had even, like the Prince of Denmark, caused them to insert, or, according to his own phrase, to infuse, here and there, a few pleasantries of his own penning, on the same inexhaustible subject, hoping thereby to mollify the rigour of the Lady of Lochleven towards pastimes of this description. He failed not to jog Roland's elbow, who was sitting in state behind him, and recommend to his particular attention those favourite passages. As for the page, to whom the very idea of such an exhibition, simple as it was, was entirely new, he beheld it with the undiminished and ecstatic delight with which men of all ranks look for the first time on dramatic representation, and laughed, shouted, and clapped his hands as the performance proceeded. An incident at length took place which effectually broke off his interest in the business of the scene.

One of the principal personages in the comic part

* This was the name given to the grand Mother Witch, the very Hecate of Scottish popular superstition. Her name was bestowed, in one or two instances, upon sorceresses, who were held to resemble her by their superior skill in "Hell's black grammar."

of the drama was, as we have already said, a quæstionary or pardoner, one of those itinerants who hawked about from place to place relics, real or pretended, with which he excited the devotion at once and the charity of the populace, and generally deceived both the one and the other. The hypocrisy, impudence, and profligacy of these clerical wanderers, had made them the subject of satire from the time of Chaucer down to that of Heywood. Their present representative failed not to follow the same line of humour, exhibiting pig's bones for relics, and boasting the virtues of small tin crosses, which had been shaken in the holy porringer at Loretto, and of cockleshells, which had been brought from the shrine of Saint James of Compostella, all which he disposed of to the devout Catholics at nearly as high a price as antiquaries are now willing to pay for baubles of similar intrinsic value. At length the pardoner pulled from his scrip a small phial of clear water, of which he vaunted the quality in the following verses:—

> Listneth, gode people, everiche one,
> For in the londe of Babylone,
> Far eastward I wot it lyeth,
> And is the first londe the sonne espieth,
> Ther, as he cometh fro out the se;
> In this ilk londe, as thinketh me,
> Right as holie legendes tell,
> Snottreth from a roke a well,
> And falleth into ane bath of ston,
> Wher chast Susanne, in times long gon,
> Was wont to wash her bodie and lim—
> Mickle vertu hath that streme,
> As ye shall se er that ye pas,
> Ensample by this little glas—
> Through nightes cold and dayes hote,
> Hiderward I have it brought;
> Hath a wife made slip or slide,
> Or a maiden stepp'd aside;
> Putteth this water under her nese,
> Wold she nold she, she shall snese.

The jest, as the reader skilful in the antique language of the drama must at once perceive, turned on the same pivot as in the old minstrel tales of the Drinking Horn of King Arthur, and the Mantle made Amiss. But the audience were neither learned nor critical enough to challenge its want of originality. The potent relic was, after such grimace and buffoonery as befitted the subject, presented successively to each of the female personages of the drama, not one of whom sustained the supposed test of discretion; but, to the infinite delight of the audience, sneezed much louder and longer than perhaps they themselves had counted on. The jest seemed at last worn threadbare, and the pardoner was passing on to some new pleasantry, when the jester or clown of the drama, possessing himself secretly of the phial which contained the wondrous liquor, applied it suddenly to the nose of a young woman, who, with her black silk muffler, or screen, drawn over her face, was sitting in the foremost rank of the spectators, intent apparently upon the business of the stage. The contents of the phial, well calculated to sustain the credit of the pardoner's legend, set the damsel a-sneezing violently, an admission of frailty which was received with shouts of rapture by the audience. These were soon, however, renewed at the expense of the jester himself, when the insulted maiden extricated, ere the paroxysm was well over, one hand from the folds of her mantle, and bestowed on the wag a buffet, which made him reel fully his own length from the pardoner, and then acknowledge the favour by instant prostration.

No one pities a jester overcome in his vocation, and the clown met with little sympathy, when, rising from the ground, and whimpering forth his complaints of harsh treatment, he invoked the assistance and sympathy of the audience. But the Chamberlain, feeling his own dignity insulted, ordered two of his halberdiers to bring the culprit before him. When these official persons first approached the virago, she threw herself into an attitude of firm defiance, as if determined to resist their authority; and from the sample of strength and spirit which she had already displayed, they showed no alacrity at executing their commission. But on half a minute's reflection, the damsel changed totally her attitude and manner, folded her cloak around her arms in modest and maiden-like fashion, and walked of her own accord to the presence of the great man, followed and guarded by the two manful satellites. As she moved across the vacant space, and more especially as she stood at the footstool of the Doctor's judgment-seat, the maiden discovered that lightness and elasticity of step, and natural grace of manner, which connoisseurs in female beauty know to be seldom divided from it. Moreover, her neat russet-coloured jacket, and short petticoat of the same colour, displayed a handsome form and a pretty leg. Her features were concealed by the screen; but the Doctor, whose gravity did not prevent his pretensions to be a connoisseur of the school we have hinted at, saw enough to judge favourably of the piece by the sample.

He began, however, with considerable austerity of manner.—"And how now, saucy quean!" said the medical man of office; "what have you to say why I should not order you to be ducked in the loch for lifting your hand to the man in my presence?"

"Marry," replied the culprit, "because I judge that your honour will not think the cold bath necessary for my complaints."

"A pestilent jade," said the Doctor, whispering to Roland Græme; "and I'll warrant her a good one—her voice is as sweet as sirup.—But, my pretty maiden," said he, "you show us wonderful little of that countenance of yours—be pleased to throw aside your muffler."

"I trust your honour will excuse me till we are more private," answered the maiden; "for I have acquaintance, and I should like ill to be known in the country as the poor girl whom that scurvy knave put his jest upon."

"Fear nothing for thy good name, my sweet little modicum of candid manna!" replied the Doctor; "for I protest to you, as I am Chamberlain of Lochleven, Kinross, and so forth, that the chaste Susanna herself could not have snuffed that elixir without sternutation, being in truth a curious distillation of rectified *acetum*, or vinegar of the sun, prepared by mine own hands—Wherefore, as thou sayest thou wilt come to me in private, and express thy contrition for the offence whereof thou hast been guilty, I command that all for the present go forward as if no such interruption of the prescribed course had taken place."

The damsel curtsied and tripped back to her place. The play proceeded, but it no longer attracted the attention of Roland Græme.

The voice, the figure, and what the veil permitted to be seen of the neck and tresses of the village damsel, bore so strong a resemblance to those of Catherine Seyton, that he felt like one bewildered in the mazes of a changeful and stupifying dream. The memorable scene of the hostelry rushed on his recollection, with all its doubtful and marvellous circumstances. Were the tales of enchantment which he had read in romances realized in this extraordinary girl? Could she transport herself from the walled and guarded Castle of Lochleven, moated with its broad lake, (towards which he cast back a look as if to ascertain it was still in existence,) and watched with such scrupulous care as the safety of a nation demanded —Could she surmount all these obstacles, and make such careless and dangerous use of her liberty, as to engage herself publicly in a quarrel in a village fair? Roland was unable to determine whether the exertions which it must have cost her to gain her freedom, or the use to which she had put it, rendered her the most unaccountable creature.

Lost in these meditations, he kept his gaze fixed on the subject of them; and in every casual motion, discovered, or thought he discovered, something which reminded him still more strongly of Catherine Seyton. It occurred to him more than once, indeed, that he might be deceiving himself by exaggerating some casual likeness into absolute identity. But then the meeting at the hostelry of Saint Michael's returned to his mind, and it seemed in the highest degree improbable, that, under such various circumstances, mere imagination should twice have found opportunity to play him the self-same trick. This time,

wever, he determined to have his doubts resolved, l for this purpose he sate during the rest of the y like a greyhound in the slip, ready to spring upon hare the instant that she was started. The dam- whom he watched attentively lest she should ape in the crowd when the spectacle was closed, e as if perfectly unconscious that she was observed. t the worthy Doctor marked the direction of his s, and magnanimously suppressed his own incli- ion to become the Theseus to this Hippolyta, in erence to the rights of hospitality, which enjoined a to forbear interference with the pleasurable pur- ts of his young friend. He passed one or two for- l gibes upon the fixed attention which the page d to the unknown, and upon his own jealousy; ling, however, that if both were to be presented to patient at once, he had little doubt she would think younger man the sounder prescription. "I fear ," he added, "we shall have no news of the knave chtermuchty for some time, since the vermin whom ent after him seem to have proved corbie-messen- s. So you have an hour or two on your hands, ister Page; and as the minstrels are beginning to ike up, now that the play is ended, why, an you line for a dance, yonder is the green, and there s your partner—I trust you will hold me perfect in r diagnostics, since I see with half an eye what ease you are sick of, and have administered a asing remedy.

iscernit sapiens res' (as Chambers hath it) '*quas confundit vulgus*.'"

The page hardly heard the end of the learned adage, the charge which the Chamberlain gave him to be thin reach, in case of the wains arriving suddenly, d sooner than expected—so eager was he at once to ake himself free of his learned associate, and to tisfy his curiosity regarding the unknown damsel. et in the haste with which he made towards her, he nd time to reflect, that, in order to secure an oppor- nity of conversing with her in private, he must not arm her at first accosting her. He therefore com- sed his manner and gait, and advancing with be- ming self-confidence before three or four country- lows who were intent on the same design, but ew not so well how to put their request into shape, acquainted her that he, as the deputy of the vener- le Chamberlain, requested the honour of her hand a partner.

"The venerable Chamberlain," said the damsel ankly, reaching the page her hand, "does very well exercise this part of his privilege by deputy; and I ppose the laws of the revels leave me no choice but accept of his faithful delegate."

"Provided, fair damsel," said the page, "his choice a delegate is not altogether distasteful to you."

"Of that, fair sir," replied the maiden, "I will tell u more when we have danced the first measure."

Catherine Seyton had admirable skill in gestic lore, d was sometimes called on to dance for the amuse- nt of her royal mistress. Roland Græme had en been a spectator of her skill, and sometimes, at Queen's command, Catherine's partner on such casions. He was, therefore, perfectly acquainted th Catherine's mode of dancing; and observed at his present partner, in grace, in agility, in quick- ss of ear, and precision of execution, exactly resem- d her, save that the Scottish jig, which he now nced with her, required a more violent and rapid otion, and more rustic agility, than the stately vens, lavoltas, and courantoes, which he had seen r execute in the chamber of Queen Mary. The ive duties of the dance left him little time for reflec- n, and none for conversation; but when their *pas deux* was finished, amidst the acclamations of the lagers, who had seldom witnessed such an exhibi- n, he took an opportunity, when they yielded up the een to another couple, to use the privilege of a part- r, and enter into conversation with the mysterious aiden whom he still held by the hand.

"Fair partner, may I not crave the name of her o has graced me thus far?"

"You may," said the maiden; "but it is a question ether I shall answer you."

"And why?" asked Roland.

"Because nobody gives any thing for nothing—and you can tell me nothing in return which I care to hear."

"Could I not tell you my name and lineage, in exchange for yours?" returned Roland.

"No!" answered the maiden, "for you know little of either."

"How?" said the page, somewhat angrily.

"Wrath you not for the matter," said the damsel; "I will show you in an instant that I know more of you than you do of yourself."

"Indeed!" answered Græme; "for whom then do you take me?"

"For the wild falcon," answered she, "whom a dog brought in his mouth to a certain castle, when he was but an unfledged eyas—for the hawk whom men dare not let fly, lest he should check at game, and pounce on carrion—whom folk must keep hooded till he has the proper light of his eyes, and can discover good from evil."

"Well—be it so," replied Roland Græme; "I guess at a part of your parable, fair mistress mine—and perhaps I know as much of you as you do of me, and can well dispense with the information which you are so niggard in giving."

"Prove that," said the maiden, "and I will give you credit for more penetration than I judged you to be gifted withal."

"It shall be proved instantly," said Roland Græme. "The first letter of your name is S. and the last N."

"Admirable!" said his partner; "guess on."

"It pleases you to-day," continued Roland, "to wear the snood and kirtle, and perhaps you may be seen to-morrow in hat and feather, hose and doublet."

"In the clout! in the clout! you have hit the very white," said the damsel, suppressing a great inclination to laugh.

"You can switch men's eyes out of their heads, as well as the hearts out of their bosoms."

These last words were uttered in a low and tender tone, which, to Roland's great mortification, and somewhat to his displeasure, was so far from allaying, that it greatly increased, his partner's disposition to laughter. She could scarce compose herself while she replied, "If you had thought my hand so formidable," extricating it from his hold, "you would not have grasped it so hard; but I perceive you know me so fully, that there is no occasion to show you my face."

"Fair Catherine," said the page, "he were unworthy ever to have seen you, far less to have dwelt so long in the same service, and under the same roof with you, who could mistake your air, your gesture, your step in walking or in dancing, the turn of your neck, the symmetry of your form—none could be so dull as not to recognise you by so many proofs; but for me, I could swear even to that tress of hair that escapes from under your muffler."

"And to the face, of course, which that muffler covers," said the maiden, removing her veil, and in an instant endeavouring to replace it. She showed the features of Catherine; but an unusual degree of petulant impatience inflamed them, when, from some awkwardness in her management of the muffler, she was unable again to adjust it with that dexterity which was a principal accomplishment of the coquettes of the time.

"The fiend rive the rag to tatters!" said the damsel, as the veil fluttered about her shoulders, with an accent so earnest and decided, that it made the page start. He looked again at the damsel's face, but the information which his eyes received, was to the same purport as before. He assisted her to adjust her muffler, and both were for an instant silent. The damsel spoke first, for Roland Græme was overwhelmed with surprise at the contrarieties which Catherine Seyton seemed to include in her person and character.

"You are surprised," said the damsel to him, "at what you see and hear—But the times which make females men, are least of all fitted for men to become women; yet you yourself are in danger of such a change."

"I in danger of becoming effeminate!" said the page.

"Yes, you, for all the boldness of your reply," said the damsel. "When you should hold fast your religion, because it is assailed on all sides by rebels, traitors, and heretics, you let it glide out of your breast like water grasped in the hand. If you are driven from the faith of your fathers from fear of a traitor, is not that womanish?—If you are cajoled by the cunning arguments of a trumpeter of heresy, or the praises of a puritanic old woman, is not that womanish?—If you are bribed by the hope of spoil and preferment, is not that womanish?—And when you wonder at my venting a threat or an execration, should you not wonder at yourself, who, pretending to a gentle name, and aspiring to knighthood, can be at the same time cowardly, silly, and self-interested?"

"I would that a man would bring such a charge!" said the page: "he should see, ere his life was a minute older, whether he had cause to term me coward or no."

"Beware of such big words," answered the maiden; "you said but anon that I sometimes wear hose and doublet."

"But remain still Catherine Seyton, wear what you list," said the page, endeavouring again to possess himself of her hand.

"You indeed are pleased to call me so," replied the maiden, evading his intention, "but I have many other names besides."

"And will you not reply to that," said the page, "by which you are distinguished beyond every other maiden in Scotland?"

The damsel, unallured by his praises, still kept aloof, and sung with gayety a verse from an old ballad,

> "O some do call me Jack, sweet love,
> And some do call me Gill;
> But when I ride to Holyrood,
> My name is Wilful Will."

"Wilful Will!" exclaimed the page, impatiently; "say rather Will o' the Wisp—Jack with the Lantern, for never was such a deceitful or wandering meteor!"

"If I be such," replied the maiden, "I ask no fools to follow me—If they do so, it is at their own pleasure, and must be on their own proper peril."

"Nay, but, dearest Catherine," said Roland Græme, "be for one instant serious."

"If you will call me your dearest Catherine, when I have given you so many names to choose upon," replied the damsel, "I would ask you how, supposing me for two or three hours of my life escaped from yonder tower, you have the cruelty to ask me to be serious during the only merry moments I have seen perhaps for months?"

"Ay, but, fair Catherine, there are moments of deep and true feeling, which are worth ten thousand years of the liveliest mirth; and such was that of yesterday, when you so nearly"——

"So nearly what?" demanded the damsel, hastily.

"When you approached your lips so near to the sign you had traced on my forehead."

"Mother of Heaven!" exclaimed she, in a yet fiercer tone, and with a more masculine manner than she had yet exhibited,—"Catherine Seyton approach her lips to a man's brow, and thou that man!—vassal, thou liest!"

The page stood astonished; but, conceiving he had alarmed the damsel's delicacy by alluding to the enthusiasm of a moment, and the manner in which she had expressed it, he endeavoured to falter forth an apology. His excuses, though he was unable to give them any regular shape, were accepted by his companion, who had indeed suppressed her indignation after its first explosion—"Speak no more on't," she said. "And now let us part; our conversation may attract more notice than is convenient for either of us."

"Nay, but allow me at least to follow you to some sequestered place."

"You dare not," replied the maiden.

"How," said the youth, "dare not? where is it you dare go, where I dare not follow?"

"You fear a Will o' the Wisp," said the damsel; "how would you face a fiery dragon, with an enchantress mounted on its back?"

"Like Sir Eger, Sir Grime, or Sir Greysteil," said the page; "but be there such toys to be seen here?"

"I go to Mother Nicneven's," answered the maid; "and she is witch enough to rein the horned devil, with a red silk thread for a bridle, and a rowan-tree switch for a whip."

"I will follow you," said the page.

"Let it be at some distance," said the maiden.

And wrapping her mantle round her with more success than on her former attempt, she mingled with the throng, and walked towards the village, heedfully followed by Roland Græme at some distance, and under every precaution which he could use to prevent his purpose from being observed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

> Yes, it is she whose eyes look'd on thy childhood,
> And watch'd with trembling hope thy dawn of youth,
> That now, with these same eyeballs dimm'd with age,
> And dimmer yet with tears, sees thy dishonour.
>
> *Old Play.*

At the entrance of the principal, or indeed, so to speak, the only street in Kinross, the damsel, whose steps were pursued by Roland Græme, cast a glance behind her, as if to be certain he had not lost trace of her, and then plunged down a very narrow lane which ran betwixt two rows of poor and ruinous cottages. She paused for a second at the door of one of those miserable tenements, again cast her eye up the lane towards Roland, then lifted the latch, opened the door, and disappeared from his view.

With whatever haste the page followed her example, the difficulty which he found in discovering the trick of the latch, which did not work quite in the usual manner, and in pushing open the door, which did not yield to his first effort, delayed for a minute or two his entrance into the cottage. A dark and smoky passage led, as usual, betwixt the exterior wall of the house, and the *hallan*, or clay-wall, which served as a partition betwixt it and the interior. At the end of this passage, and through the partition, was a door leading into the *ben*, or inner chamber of the cottage, and when Roland Græme's hand was upon the latch of this door, a female voice pronounced, "*Benedictus qui veniat in nomine Domini, damnandus qui in nomine inimici.*" On entering the apartment he perceived the figure which the Chamberlain had pointed out to him as Mother Nicneven, seated beside the lowly hearth. But there was no other person in the room. Roland Græme gazed around in surprise at the disappearance of Catherine Seyton, without paying much regard to the supposed sorceress, until she attracted and riveted his regard by the tone in which she asked him—"What seekest thou here?"

"I seek," said the page, with much embarrassment, "I seek"——

But his answer was cut short when the old woman, drawing her huge grey eyebrows sternly together, with a frown which knitted her brow into a thousand wrinkles, arose, and erecting herself up to her full natural size, tore the kerchief from her head, and seizing Roland by the arm, made two strides across the floor of the apartment to a small window through which the light fell full on her face, and showed the astonished youth the countenance of Magdalen Græme.—"Yes, Roland," she said, "thine eyes deceived thee not; they show thee truly the features of her whom thou hast thyself deceived, whose wine thou hast turned into gall, her bread of joyfulness into bitter poison, her hope into the blackest despair—it is she who now demands of thee, what seekest thou here?—She whose heaviest sin towards Heaven hath been, that she loved thee even better than the weal of the whole church, and could not without reluctance surrender thee even in the cause of God—she now asks you, what seekest thou here?"

While she spoke, she kept her broad black eye riveted on the youth's face, with the expression with which the eagle regards his prey ere he tears it to

pieces. Roland felt himself at the moment incapable either of reply or evasion. This extraordinary enthusiast had preserved over him in some measure the ascendency which she had acquired during his childhood; and, besides, he knew the violence of her passions and her impatience of contradiction, and was sensible that almost any reply which he could make, was likely to throw her into an ecstasy of rage. He was therefore silent and Magdalen Græme proceeded with increasing enthusiasm in her apostrophe —"Once more, what seek'st thou, false boy?—seek'st thou the honour thou hast renounced, the faith thou hast abandoned, the hopes thou hast destroyed?—Or didst thou seek me, the sole protectress of thy youth, the only parent whom thou hast known, that thou mayst trample on my gray hairs, even as thou hast already trampled on the best wishes of my heart?"

"Pardon me, mother," said Roland Græme; "but in truth and reason, I deserve not your blame. I have been treated amongst you—even by yourself, my reverend parent, as well as by others—as one who lacked the common attributes of free-will and human reason, or was at least deemed unfit to exercise them. A land of enchantment have I been led into, and spells have been cast around me—every one has met me in disguise—every one has spoken to me in parables—I have been like one who walks in a weary and bewildering dream; and now you blame me that I have not the sense, and judgment, and steadiness, of a waking, and a disenchanted, and a reasonable man, who knows what he is doing, and wherefore he does it! If one must walk with masks and spectres, who waft themselves from place to place as it were in vision rather than reality, it might shake the soundest faith and turn the wisest head. I sought, since I must needs avow my folly, the same Catherine Seyton with whom you made me first acquainted, and whom I most strangely find in this village of Kinross, gayest among the revellers, when I had but just left her in the well-guarded castle of Lochleven, the sad attendant of an imprisoned Queen—I sought her, and in her place I find you, my mother, more strangely disguised than even she is."

"And what hadst thou to do with Catherine Seyton?" said the matron sternly; "is this a time or a world to follow maidens, or to dance around a Maypole? When the trumpet summons every true-hearted Scotsman around the standard of the true sovereign, shalt thou be found loitering in a lady's bower?"

"No, by Heaven, nor imprisoned in the rugged walls of an island castle!" answered Roland Græme: "I would the blast were to sound even now, for I fear that nothing less loud will dispel the chimerical visions by which I am surrounded."

"Doubt not that it will be winded," said the matron, "and that so fearfully loud, that Scotland will never hear the like until the last and loudest blast of all shall announce to mountain and to valley that time is no more. Mean while, be thou but brave and constant—Serve God and honour thy sovereign—Abide by thy religion—I cannot—I will not—I dare not ask thee the truth of the terrible surmises I have heard touching thy falling away—perfect not that accursed sacrifice—and yet, even at this late hour, thou mayst be what I have hoped for the son of my dearest hope—what say I? the son of *my* hope—thou shalt be the hope of Scotland, her boast and her honour!—Even thy wildest and most foolish wishes may perchance be fulfilled—I might blush to mingle meaner motives with the noble guerdon I hold out to thee—It shames me, being such as I am, to mention the idle passions of youth, save with contempt and the purpose of censure. But we must bribe children to wholesome medicine by the offer of cates, and youth to honourable achievement with the promise of pleasure. Mark me, therefore, Roland. The love of Catherine Seyton will follow him only who shall achieve the freedom of her mistress; and believe, it may be one day in thine own power to be that happy lover. Cast, therefore, away doubt and fear, and prepare to do what religion calls for, what thy country demands of thee, what thy duty as a subject and as a servant alike require at your hand; and be assured, even the idlest or wildest wishes of thy heart will be most readily attained by following the call of thy duty."

As she ceased speaking, a double knock was heard against the inner door. The matron, hastily adjusting her muffler, and resuming her chair by the hearth, demanded who was there.

"*Salva in nomine sancto*," was answered from without.

"*Salvete et vos*," answered Magdalen Græme.

And a man entered in the ordinary dress of a nobleman's retainer, wearing at his girdle a sword and buckler—"I sought you," said he, "my mother, and him whom I see with you." Then addressing himself to Roland Græme, he said to him, "Hast thou not a packet from George Douglas?"

"I have," said the page, suddenly recollecting that which had been committed to his charge in the morning, "but I may not deliver it to any one without some token that they have a right to ask it."

"You say well," replied the serving-man, and whispered into his ear, "The packet which I ask is the report to his father—will this token suffice?"

"It will," replied the page, and taking the packet from his bosom, gave it to the man.

"I will return presently," said the serving-man, and left the cottage.

Roland had now sufficiently recovered his surprise to accost his relative in turn, and request to know the reason why he found her in so precarious a disguise, and a place so dangerous—"You cannot be ignorant," he said, "of the hatred that the Lady of Lochleven bears to those of your—that is of our religion—your present disguise lays you open to suspicions of a different kind, but inferring no less hazard; and whether as a Catholic, or as a sorceress, or as a friend to the unfortunate Queen, you are in equal danger, if apprehended within the bounds of the Douglas; and in the chamberlain who administers their authority, you have, for his own reasons, an enemy, and a bitter one."

"I know it," said the matron, her eyes kindling with triumph; "I know that, vain of his school-craft and carnal wisdom, Luke Lundin views with jealousy and hatred the blessings which the saints have conferred on my prayers, and on the holy relics, before the touch, nay, before the bare presence of which, disease and death have so often been known to retreat. —I know he would rend and tear me; but there is a chain and a muzzle on the ban-dog that shall restrain his fury, and the Master's servant shall not be offended by him until the Master's work is wrought. When that hour comes, let the shadows of the evening descend on me in thunder and in tempest; the time shall be welcome that relieves my eyes from seeing guilt, and my ears from listening to blasphemy. Do thou but be constant—play thy part as I have played and will play mine, and my release shall be like that of a blessed martyr whose ascent to heaven angels hail with psalm and song, while earth pursues him with hiss and with execration."

As she concluded, the serving-man again entered the cottage, and said, "All is well! the time holds for to-morrow night."

"What time? what holds!" exclaimed Roland Græme; "I trust I have given the Douglas's packet to no wrong"——

"Content yourself, young man," answered the serving-man; "thou hast my word and token."

"I know not if the token be right," said the page; "and I care not much for the word of a stranger."

"What," said the matron, "although thou mayst have given a packet delivered to thy charge by one of the Queen's rebels into the hand of a loyal subject—there were no great mistake in that, thou hotbrained boy!"

"By Saint Andrew, there were foul mistake, though," answered the page; "it is the very spirit of my duty, in this first stage of chivalry, to be faithful to my trust; and had the devil given me a message to discharge, I would not (so I had plighted my faith to the contrary) betray his counsel to an angel of light."

"Now, by the love I once bore thee," said the matron, "I could slay thee with mine own hand,

when I hear thee talk of a dearer faith being due to rebels and heretics, than thou owest to thy church and thy prince!"

"Be patient, my good sister," said the serving-man, "I will give him such reasons as shall counterbalance the scruples which beset him—the spirit is honourable, though now it may be mistimed and misplaced.—Follow me, young man."

"Ere I go to call this stranger to a reckoning," said the page to the matron, "is there nothing I can do for your comfort and safety?"

"Nothing," she replied, "nothing, save what will lead more to thy own honour;—the saints who have protected me thus far, will lend me succour as I need it. Tread the path of glory that is before thee, and only think of me as the creature on earth who will be most delighted to hear of thy fame.—Follow the stranger—he hath tidings for you that you little expect."

The stranger remained on the threshold as if waiting for Roland, and as soon as he saw him put himself in motion, he moved on before at a quick pace. Diving still deeper down the lane, Roland perceived that it was now bordered by buildings upon the one side only, and that the other was fenced by a high old wall, over which some trees extended their branches. Descending a good way farther, they came to a small door in the wall. Roland's guide paused, looked around for an instant to see if any one were within sight, then taking a key from his pocket, opened the door and entered, making a sign to Roland Græme to follow him. He did so, and the stranger locked the door carefully on the inside. During this operation the page had a moment to look around, and perceived that he was in a small orchard very trimly kept.

The stranger led him through an alley or two, shaded by trees loaded with summer-fruit, into a pleached arbour, where, taking the turf-seat which was on the one side, he motioned to Roland to occupy that which was opposite to him, and, after a momentary silence, opened the conversation as follows: "You have asked a better warrant than the word of a mere stranger, to satisfy you that I have the authority of George of Douglas for possessing myself of the packet intrusted to your charge?"

"It is precisely the point on which I demand reckoning of you," said Roland. "I fear I have acted hastily; if so, I must redeem my error as I best may."

"You hold me then as a perfect stranger?" said the man. "Look at my face more attentively, and see if the features do not resemble those of a man much known to you formerly."

Roland gazed attentively; but the ideas recalled to his mind were so inconsistent with the mean and servile dress of the person before him, that he did not venture to express the opinion which he was irresistibly induced to form.

"Yes, my son," said the stranger, observing his embarrassment, "you do indeed see before you the unfortunate Father Ambrosius, who once accounted his ministry crowned in your preservation from the snares of heresy, but who is now condemned to lament thee as a castaway!"

Roland Græme's kindness of heart was at least equal to his vivacity of temper—he could not bear to see his ancient and honoured master and spiritual guide in a situation which inferred a change of fortune so melancholy, but throwing himself at his feet, grasped his knees and wept aloud.

"What mean these tears, my son?" said the Abbot; "if they are shed for your own sins and follies, surely they are gracious showers, and may avail thee much—but weep not, if they fall on my account. You indeed see the Superior of the Community of Saint Mary's in the dress of a poor sworder, who gives his master the use of his blade and buckler, and, if needful, of his life, for a coarse livery coat and four marks by the year. But such a garb suits the time, and, in the period of the church militant, as well becomes her prelates as staff, mitre, and crosier, in the days of the church's triumph."

"By what fate," said the page,—"and yet why," added he, checking himself, "need I ask? Catherine Seyton in some sort prepared me for this. But that the change should be so absolute—the destruction so complete!"

"Yes, my son," said the Abbot Ambrosius, "thine own eyes beheld, in my unworthy elevation to the Abbot's stall, the last especial act of holy solemnity which shall be seen in the church of Saint Mary's, until it shall please Heaven to turn back the captivity of the church. For the present, the shepherd is smitten—ay, well nigh to the earth—the flocks are scattered, and the shrines of saints and martyrs, and pious benefactors to the church, are given to the owls of night, and the satyrs of the desert."

"And your brother, the Knight of Avenel—could he do nothing for your protection?"

"He himself hath fallen under the suspicion of the ruling powers," said the Abbot, "who are as unjust to their friends as they are cruel to their enemies. I could not grieve at it, did I hope it might estrange him from his course; but I know the soul of Halbert, and I rather fear it will drive him to prove his fidelity to their unhappy cause, by some deed which may be yet more destructive to the church, and more offensive to Heaven. Enough of this; and now to the business of our meeting.—I trust you will hold it sufficient if I pass my word to you that the packet of which you were lately the bearer, was designed for my hands by George of Douglas?"

"Then," said the page, "is George of Douglas"—

"A true friend to his Queen, Roland; and will soon, I trust, have his eyes opened to the errors of his (miscalled) church."

"But what is he to his father, and what to the Lady of Lochleven, who has been as a mother to him?" said the page impatiently.

"The best friend to both, in time and through eternity," said the Abbot, "if he shall prove the happy instrument for redeeming the evil they have wrought, and are still working."

"Still," said the page, "I like not that good service which begins in breach of trust."

"I blame not thy scruples, my son," said the Abbot; "but the time which has wrenched asunder the allegiance of Christians to the church, and of subjects to their king, has dissolved all the lesser bonds of society; and, in such days, mere human ties must no more restrain our progress, than the brambles and briers, which catch hold of his garments, should delay the path of a pilgrim who travels to pay his vows."

"But, my father,"—said the youth, and then stopt short in a hesitating manner.

"Speak on, my son," said the Abbot; "speak without fear."

"Let me not offend you then," said Roland, "when I answer, that it is even this which our adversaries charge against us, when they say, that shaping the means according to the end, we are willing to commit great moral evil in order that we may work out eventual good."

"The heretics have played their usual arts on you, my son," said the Abbot; "they would willingly deprive us of the power of acting wisely and secretly, though their possession of superior force forbids our contending with them on the terms of equality. They have reduced us to a state of exhausted weakness, and now would fain proscribe the means by which weakness, through all the range of nature, supplies the lack of strength, and defends itself against its potent enemies. As well might the hound say to the hare, use not these wily turns to escape me, but contend with me in pitched battle, as the armed and powerful heretic demand of the down-trodden and oppressed Catholic to lay aside the wisdom of the serpent, by which alone they may again hope to raise up the Jerusalem over which they weep, and which it is their duty to rebuild—But more of this hereafter. And now, my son, I command thee on thy faith to tell me truly and particularly what has chanced to thee since we parted, and what is the present state of thy conscience. Thy relation, our sister Magdalen, is a woman of excellent gifts, blessed with a zeal which neither doubt nor danger can quench; but yet it is not a zeal altogether according to knowledge; wherefore, my son, I would willingly be myself thy

interrogator and thy counsellor, in these days of darkness and stratagem."

With the respect which he owed to his first instructer, Roland Græme went rapidly through the events which the reader is acquainted with; and while he disguised not from the prelate the impression which had been made on his mind by the arguments of the preacher Henderson, he accidentally, and almost involuntarily, gave his Father Confessor to understand the influence which Catherine Seyton had acquired over him.

"It is with joy I discover my dearest son," replied the Abbot, "that I have arrived in time to arrest thee on the verge of the precipice to which thou wert approaching. These doubts of which you complain, are the weeds which naturally grow up in a strong soil, and require the careful hand of the husbandman to eradicate them. Thou must study a little volume, which I will impart to thee in fitting time, in which, by Our Lady's grace, I have placed in somewhat a clearer light than heretofore, the points debated betwixt us and these heretics, who sow among the wheat the same tares which were formerly privily mingled with the good seed by the Albigenses and the Lollards. But it is not by reason alone that you must hope to conquer these insinuations of the enemy: It is sometimes by timely resistance, but oftener by timely flight. You must shut your ears against the arguments of the heresiarch, when circumstances permit you not to withdraw the foot from his company. Anchor your thoughts upon the service of Our Lady, while he is expending in vain his heretical sophistry. Are you unable to maintain your attention on heavenly objects, think rather on thine own earthly pleasures, than tempt Providence and the Saints by giving an attentive ear to the erring doctrine—think of thy hawk, thy hound, thine angling rod, thy sword and buckler—think even of Catherine Seyton, rather than give thy soul to the lessons of the tempter. Alas! my son, believe not that, worn out with woes, and bent more by affliction than by years, I have forgotten the effect of beauty over the heart of youth. Even in the watches of the night, broken by thoughts of an imprisoned Queen, a distracted kingdom, a church laid waste and ruinous, come other thoughts than these suggest, and feelings which belonged to an earlier and happier course of life. Be it so—we must bear our load as we may: and not in vain are these passions implanted in our breast, since, as now in thy case, they may come in aid of resolutions founded upon higher grounds. Yet beware, my son—this Catherine Seyton is the daughter of one of Scotland's proudest, as well as most worthy barons; and thy state may not suffer thee, as yet, to aspire so high. But thus it is—Heaven works its purposes through human folly; and Douglas's ambitious affection, as well as thine, shall contribute alike to the desired end."

"How, my father," said the page, "my suspicions are then true!—Douglas loves"——

"He does; and with a love as much misplaced as thine own; but beware of him—cross him not—thwart him not."

"Let him not cross or thwart me," said the page; "for I will not yield him an inch of way, had he in his body the soul of every Douglas that has lived since the time of the Dark Gray Man."*

"Nay, have patience, idle boy, and reflect that your suit can never interfere with his.—But a truce with these vanities, and let us better employ the little space which still remains to us to spend together. To thy knees, my son, and resume the long interrupted duty of confession, that, happen what may, the hour may find in thee a faithful Catholic, relieved from the guilt of his sins by authority of the Holy Church. Could I but tell thee, Roland, the joy with which I see thee once more put thy knee to its best and fittest use! *Quid dicis, mi fili?*"

"*Culpas meas*, answered the youth; and according to the ritual of the Catholic Church, he confessed and received absolution, to which was annexed the condition of performing certain enjoined penances.

When this religious ceremony was ended, an old man, in the dress of a peasant of the better order, approached the arbour, and greeted the Abbot.—"I have waited the conclusion of your devotions," he said, "to tell you the youth is sought after by the chamberlain, and it were well he should appear without delay. Holy Saint Francis, if the halberdiers were to seek him here, they might sorely wrong my garden-plot—they are in office, and reck not where they tread, were each step on jessamine and clove-gillyflowers."

"We will speed him forth, my brother," said the Abbot; "but, alas! is it possible that such trifles should live in your mind at a crisis so awful as that which is now impending?"

"Reverend father," answered the proprietor of the garden, for such he was, "how oft shall I pray you to keep your high counsel for high minds like your own? What have you required of me, that I have not granted unresistingly, though with an aching heart?"

"I would require of you to be yourself, my brother," said the Abbot Ambrosius; "to remember what you were, and to what your early vows have bound you."

"I tell thee, Father Ambrosius," replied the gardener, "the patience of the best saint that ever said pater-noster, would be exhausted by the trials to which you have put mine—What I have been, it skills not to speak at present—no one knows better than yourself father, what I renounced, in hopes to find ease and quiet during the remainder of my days—and no one better knows how my retreat has been invaded, my fruit-trees broken, my flower-beds trodden down, my quiet frightened away, and my very sleep driven from my bed, since ever this poor Queen, God bless her, hath been sent to Lochleven.—I blame her not; being a prisoner it is natural she should wish to get out from so vile a hold, where there is scarcely any place even for a tolerable garden, and where the water-mists, as I am told, blight all the early blossoms—I say I cannot blame her for endeavouring for her freedom; but why I should be drawn into the scheme—why my harmless arbours, that I planted with my own hands, should become places of privy conspiracy—why my little quay, which I built for my own fishing boat, should have become a haven for secret embarkations—in short, why I should be dragged into matters where both heading and hanging are like to be the issue, I profess to you, reverend father, I am totally ignorant."

"My brother," answered the Abbot, "you are wise, and ought to know"———

"I am not—I am not—I am not wise," replied the horticulturist, pettishly, and stopping his ears with his fingers—"I was never called wise, but when men wanted to engage me in some action of notorious folly."

"But, my good brother," said the Abbot———

"I am not good, neither," said the peevish gardener; "I am neither good nor wise—Had I been wise, you would not have been admitted here; and were I good, methinks I should send you elsewhere, to hatch plots for destroying the quiet of the country. What signifies disputing about queen or king, when men may sit at peace—*sub umbra vitis sui?* and so would I do, after the precept of holy writ, were I, as you term me, wise or good. But such as I am, my neck is in the yoke, and you make me draw what weight you list.—Follow me youngster. This reverend father, who makes in his jackman's dress nearly as reverend a figure as I myself, will agree with me in one thing at least, and that is, that you have been long enough here."

"Follow the good father, Roland," said the Abbot, "and remember my words—a day is approaching that will try the temper of all true Scotsmen—may thy heart prove faithful as the steel of thy blade!"

The page bowed in silence, and they parted; the gardener, notwithstanding his advanced age, walking on before him very briskly, and muttering as he went, partly to himself, partly to his companion, after the manner of old men of weakened intellects—"When I was great," thus ran his maundering, "and had my mule and my ambling palfrey at command, I warrant you I could have as well flown through the air as

* By an ancient, though improbable tradition, the Douglasses are said to have derived their name from a champion who had greatly distinguished himself in an action. When the king demanded by whom the battle had been won, the attendants are said to have answered, "Sholto Douglas, sir;" which is said to mean, "Yonder dark gray man." But the name is undoubtedly territorial, and taken from Douglas river and dale.

have walked at this pace. I had my gout and my rheumatics, and an hundred things besides, that hung fetters on my heels; and now, thanks to Our Lady, and honest labour, I can walk with any good man of my age in the kingdom of Fife—Fy upon it, that experience should be so long in coming!"

As he was thus muttering, his eye fell upon the branch of a pear-tree which drooped down for want of support, and at once forgetting his haste, the old man stopped and set seriously about binding it up. Roland Græme had both readiness, neatness of hand, and good nature in abundance; he immediately lent his aid, and in a minute or two the bough was supported, and tied up in a way perfectly satisfactory to the old man, who looked at it with great complaisance. "They are bergamots," he said, "and if you will come ashore in autumn, you shall taste of them—the like are not in Lochleven Castle—the garden there is a poor pinfold, and the gardener, Hugh Houkham, hath little skill of his craft—so come ashore, Master Page, in autumn, when you would eat pears. But what am I thinking of—ere that time come, they may have given thee sour pears for plums. Take an old man's advice, youth, one who hath seen many days, and sat in higher places than thou canst hope for—bend thy sword into a pruning-hook, and make a dibble of thy dagger—thy days shall be the longer, and thy health the better for it—and come to aid me in my garden, and I will teach thee the real French fashion of *imping*, which the Southron call graffing. Do this, and do it without loss of time, for there is a whirlwind coming over the land, and only those shall escape who lie too much beneath the storm to have their boughs broken by it."

So saying, he dismissed Roland Græme, through a different door from that by which he had entered, signed a cross, and pronounced a benedicite as they parted, and then, still muttering to himself, retired into the garden, and locked the door on the inside."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Pray God she prove not masculine ere long!
King Henry VI.

Dismissed from the old man's garden, Roland Græme found that a grassy paddock, in which sauntered two cows, the property of the gardener, still separated him from the village. He paced through it, lost in meditation upon the words of the Abbot. Father Ambrosius had, with success enough, exerted over him that powerful influence which the guardians and instructers of our childhood possess over our more mature youth. And yet, when Roland looked back upon what the father had said, he could not but suspect that he had rather sought to evade entering into the controversy betwixt the churches, than to repel the objections and satisfy the doubts which the lectures of Henderson had excited. "For this he had no time," said the page to himself, "neither have I now calmness and learning sufficient to judge upon points of such magnitude. Besides, it were base to quit my faith while the wind of fortune sets against it, unless I were so placed that my conversion, should it take place, were free as light from the imputation of self-interest. I was bred a Catholic—bred in the faith of Bruce and Wallace—I will hold that faith till time and reason shall convince me that it errs. I will serve this poor Queen as a subject should serve an imprisoned and wronged sovereign—they who placed me in her service have to blame themselves—they sent me hither, a gentleman trained in the paths of loyalty and honour, when they should have sought out some truckling, cogging, double-dealing knave, who would have been at once the observant page of the Queen, and the obsequious spy of her enemies. Since I must choose betwixt aiding and betraying her, I will decide as becomes her servant and her subject; but Catherine Seyton—Catherine Seyton, beloved by Douglas, and holding me on or off as the intervals of her leisure or caprice will permit—how shall I deal with the coquette?—By Heaven, when I next have an opportunity, she shall render me some reason for her conduct, or I will break with her for ever!"

As he formed this doughty resolution, he crossed the stile which led out of the little enclosure, and was almost immediately greeted by Dr. Luke Lundin.

"Ha! my most excellent young friend," said the Doctor, "from whence come you? but I note the place.—Yes, neighbour Blinkhoolie's garden is a pleasant rendezvous, and you are of the age when lads look after a bonny lass with one eye, and a dainty plum with another. But hey! you look subtriste and melancholic—I fear the maiden has proved cruel, or the plums unripe; and surely, I think neighbour Blinkhoolie's damsons can scarcely have been well preserved throughout the winter—he spares the saccharine juice on his confects. But courage, man, there are more Kates in Kinross; and for the immature fruit, a glass of my double distilled *aqua mirabilis—probatum est.*"

The page darted an ireful glance at the facetious physician; but presently recollecting that the name Kate, which had provoked his displeasure, was probably but introduced for the sake of alliteration, he suppressed his wrath, and only asked if the wains had been heard of?

"Why, I have been seeking for you this hour, to tell you that the stuff is in your boat, and that the boat waits your pleasure. Auchtermuchty had only fallen into company with an idle knave like himself, and a stoup of aquavitæ between them. Your boatmen lie on their oars, and there have already been made two wefts from the warder's turret, to intimate that those in the castle are impatient for your return. Yet there is time for you to take a slight repast; and, as your friend and physician, I hold it unfit you should face the water-breeze with an empty stomach."

Roland Græme had nothing for it but to return, with such cheer as he might, to the place where his boat was moored on the beach, and resisted all offer of refreshment, although the Doctor promised that he should prelude the collation with a gentle appetizer—a decoction of herbs, gathered and distilled by himself. Indeed, as Roland had not forgotten the contents of his morning cup, it is possible that the recollection induced him to stand firm in his refusal of all food, to which such an unpalatable preface was the preliminary. As they passed towards the boat, (for the ceremonious politeness of the worthy Chamberlain would not permit the page to go thither without attendance,) Roland Græme, amidst a group who seemed to be assembled around a party of wandering musicians, distinguished, as he thought, the dress of Catherine Seyton. He shook himself clear from his attendant, and at one spring was in the midst of the crowd, and at the side of the damsel. "Catherine," he whispered, "is it well for you to be still here?—will you not return to the castle?"

"To the devil with your Catherines and your castles!" answered the maiden, snappishly; "have you not had time enough already to get rid of your follies? Begone! I desire not your farther company, and there will be danger in thrusting it upon me."

"Nay—but if there be danger, fairest Catherine," replied Roland, "why will you not allow me to stay and share it with you?"

"Intruding fool," said the maiden, "the danger is all on thine own side—the risk is, in plain terms, that I strike thee on the mouth with the hilt of my dagger." So saying, she turned haughtily from him, and moved through the crowd, who gave way in some astonishment at the masculine activity with which she forced her way among them.

As Roland, though much irritated, prepared to follow, he was grappled on the other side by Doctor Luke Lundin, who reminded him of the loaded boat, of the two wefts, or signals with the flag, which had been made from the tower, of the danger of the cold breeze to an empty stomach, and of the vanity of spending more time upon coy wenches and sour plums. Roland was thus, in a manner dragged back to his boat, and obliged to launch her forth upon his return to Lochleven Castle.

That little voyage was speedily accomplished, and the page was greeted at the landing-place by the severe and caustic welcome of old Dryfesdale. "So,

young gallant, you are come at last, after a delay of six hours, and after two signals from the castle? But, I warrant, some idle junketing had occupied you too deeply to think of your service or your duty. Where is the note of the plate and household stuff? —Pray Heaven it hath not been diminished under the sleeveless care of so heedless a gadabout!"

"Diminished under my care, Steward?" retorted the page angrily; "say so in earnest, and by Heaven your gray hair shall hardly protect your saucy tongue?"

"A truce with your swaggering, young esquire," returned the steward; "we have bolts and dungeons for brawlers. Go to my lady, and swagger before her, if thou darest—she will give thee proper cause of offence, for she has waited for thee long and impatiently."

"And where then is the Lady of Lochleven?" said the page; "for I conceive it is of her thou speakest."

"Ay—of whom else?" replied Dryfesdale; "or who besides the Lady of Lochleven hath a right to command in this castle?"

"The Lady of Lochleven is thy mistress," said Roland Græme; "but mine is the Queen of Scotland."

The steward looked at him fixedly for a moment, with an air in which suspicion and dislike were ill concealed by an affectation of contempt. "The bragging cock-chicken," he said, "will betray himself by his rash crowing. I have marked thy altered manner in the chapel of late—ay, and your changing of glances at mealtime with a certain idle damsel, who, like thyself, laughs at all gravity and goodness. There is something about you, my master, which should be looked to. But, if you would know whether the Lady of Lochleven or that other lady hath right to command thy service, thou wilt find them together in the Lady Mary's ante-room."

Roland hastened thither, not unwilling to escape from the ill-natured penetration of the old man, and marvelling at the same time what peculiarity could have occasioned the Lady of Lochleven's being in the Queen's apartment at this time of the afternoon, so much contrary to her usual wont. His acuteness instantly penetrated the meaning. "She wishes," he concluded, "to see the meeting betwixt the Queen and me on my return, that she may form a guess whether there is any private intelligence or understanding betwixt us—I must be guarded."

With this resolution he entered the parlour, where the Queen, seated in her chair, with the Lady Fleming leaning upon the back of it, had already kept the Lady of Lochleven standing in her presence for the space of nearly an hour, to the manifest increase of her very visible bad humour. Roland Græme, on entering the apartment, made a deep obeisance to the Queen, and another to the Lady, and then stood still as if to await their further question. Speaking almost together, the Lady Lochleven said, "So, young man, you are returned at length?"

And then stopped indignantly short, while the Queen went on without regarding her—"Roland, you are welcome home to us—you have proved the true dove and not the raven—Yet I am sure I could have forgiven you, if, once dismissed from this water circled ark of ours, you had never again returned to us. I trust you have brought back an olive branch, for our kind and worthy hostess has chafed herself much on account of your long absence, and we never needed more some symbol of peace and reconciliation."

"I grieve I should have been detained, madam," answered the page; "but from the delay of the person intrusted with the matters for which I was sent, I did not receive them till late in the day."

"See you there now," said the Queen to the Lady Lochleven; "we could not persuade you, our dearest hostess, that your household goods were in all safe keeping and surety. True it is, that we can excuse your anxiety, considering that these august apartments are so scantily furnished, that we have not been able to offer you even the relief of a stool during the long time you have afforded us the pleasure of your society."

"The will, madam," said the Lady, "the will to offer such accommodation was more wanting than the means."

"What!" said the Queen, looking round, and affecting surprise, "there are then stools in this apartment—one, two—no less than four, including the broken one—a royal garniture!—We observed them not—will it please your ladyship to sit?"

"No, madam, I will soon relieve you of my presence," replied the Lady Lochleven; "and while with you, my aged limbs can still better brook fatigue, than my mind stoop to accept of constrained courtesy."

"Nay, Lady of Lochleven, if you take it so deeply," said the Queen, rising and motioning to her own vacant chair, "I would rather you assumed my seat you are not the first of your family who has done so."

The Lady of Lochleven curtsied a negative, but seemed with much difficulty to suppress the angry answer which rose to her lips.

During this sharp conversation, the page's attention had been almost entirely occupied by the entrance of Catherine Seyton, who came from the inner apartment, in the usual dress in which she attended upon the Queen, and with nothing in her manner which marked either the hurry or confusion incident to a hasty change of disguise, or the conscious fear of detection in a perilous enterprise. Roland Græme ventured to make her an obeisance as she entered, but she returned it with an air of the utmost indifference, which, in his opinion, was extremely inconsistent with the circumstances in which they stood towards each other.—"Surely," he thought, "she cannot in reason expect to bully me out of the belief due to mine own eyes, as she tried to do concerning the apparition in the hostelry of Saint Michael's—I will try if I cannot make her feel that this will be but a vain task, and that confidence in me is the wiser and safer course to pursue."

These thoughts had passed rapidly through his mind, when the Queen, having finished her altercation with the Lady of the castle, again addressed him —"What of the revels of Kinross, Roland Græme? Methought they were gay, if I may judge from some faint sounds of mirth and distant music, which found their way so far as these grated windows, and died when they entered them, as all that is mirthful must —But thou lookest as sad as if thou hadst come from a conventicle of the Huguenots!"

"And so perchance he hath, madam," replied the Lady of Lochlevin, at whom this side-shaft was launched. "I trust, amid yonder idle fooleries, there wanted not some pouring forth of doctrine to a better purpose than that vain mirth, which, blazing and vanishing like the crackling of dry thorns, leaves to the fools who love it nothing but dust and ashes."

"Mary Fleming," said the Queen, turning round and drawing her mantle about her, "I would that we had the chimney-grate supplied with a fagot or two of these same thorns which the Lady of Lochleven describes so well. Methinks the damp air from the lake, which stagnates in these vaulted rooms, renders them deadly cold."

"Your Grace's pleasure shall be obeyed," said the Lady of Lochleven; "yet may I presume to remind you that we are now in summer?"

"I thank you for the information, my good lady," said the Queen; "for prisoners better learn their calendar from the mouth of their jailor, than from any change they themselves feel in the seasons. Once more, Roland Græme, what of the revels?"

"They were gay, madam," said the page, "but of the usual sort, and little worth your Highness's ear."

"O, you know not," said the Queen, "how very indulgent my ear has become to all that speaks of freedom and the pleasures of the free. Methinks I would rather have seen the gay villagers dance their ring round the Maypole, than have witnessed the most stately masques within the precincts of a palace. The absence of stone-walls—the sense that the green turf is under the foot which may tread it free and unrestrained, is worth all that art or splendour can add to more courtly revels."

"I trust," said the Lady Lochleven, addressing the page in her turn, "there were amongst these follies none of the riots or disturbances to which they so naturally lead?"

Roland gave a slight glance to Catherine Seyton, as if to bespeak her attention, as he replied,—"I witnessed no offence, madam, worthy of marking—none indeed of any kind, save that a bold damsel made her hand somewhat too familiar with the cheek of a player-man, and ran some risk of being ducked in the lake."

As he uttered these words he cast a hasty glance at Catherine; but she sustained, with the utmost serenity of manner and countenance, the hint which he had deemed could not have been thrown out before her without exciting some fear and confusion.

"I will cumber your Grace no longer with my presence," said the Lady Lochleven, "unless you have aught to command me."

"Naught, our good hostess," answered the Queen, "unless it be to pray you, that on another occasion you deem it not needful to postpone your better employment to wait so long upon us."

"May it please you," added the Lady Lochleven, "to command this your gentleman to attend us, that I may receive some account of these matters which have been sent hither for your Grace's use?"

"We may not refuse what you are pleased to require, madam," answered the Queen. "Go with the lady, Roland, if our commands be indeed necessary to thy doing so. We will hear to-morrow the history of thy Kinross pleasures. For this night we dismiss thy attendance."

Roland Græme went with the Lady of Lochleven, who failed not to ask him many questions concerning what had passed at the sports, to which he rendered such answers as were most likely to lull asleep any suspicions which she might entertain of his disposition to favour Queen Mary, taking especial care to avoid all allusion to the apparition of Magdalen Græme, and of the Abbot Ambrosius. At length, after undergoing a long and somewhat close examination, he was dismissed with such expressions, as, coming from the reserved and stern Lady of Lochleven, might seem to express a degree of favour and countenance.

His first care was to obtain some refreshment, which was more cheerfully afforded him by a good-natured pantler than by Dryfesdale, who was, on this occasion, much disposed to abide by the fashion of Pudding-burn House, where

> They who came not the first call,
> Gat no more meat till the next meal.

When Roland Græme had finished his repast, having his dismissal from the Queen for the evening, and being little inclined for such society as the castle afforded, he stole into the garden, in which he had permission to spend his leisure time, when it pleased him. In this place, the ingenuity of the contriver and disposer of the walks had exerted itself to make the most of little space, and by screens, both of stone ornamented with rude sculpture, and hedges of living green, had endeavoured to give as much intricacy and variety as the confined limits of the garden would admit.

Here the young man walked sadly, considering the events of the day, and comparing what had dropped from the Abbot with what he had himself noticed of the demeanour of George Douglas. "It must be so," was the painful but inevitable conclusion at which he arrived. "It must be by his aid that she is thus enabled, like a phantom, to transport herself from place to place, and to appear at pleasure on the mainland or on the islet.—It must be so," he repeated once more; "with him she holds a close, secret, and intimate correspondence, altogether inconsistent with the eye of favour which she has sometimes cast upon me, and destructive to the hopes which she must have known these glances have necessarily inspired." And yet (for love will hope where reason despairs) the thought rushed on his mind, that it was possible she only encouraged Douglas's passion so far as might serve her mistress's interest, and that she was of too frank, noble and candid a nature, to hold out to himself hopes which she meant not to fulfil. Lost in these various conjectures, he seated himself upon a bank of turf, which commanded a view of the lake on the one side, and on the other of that front of the castle along which the Queen's apartments were situated.

The sun had now for some time set, and the twilight of May was rapidly fading into a serene night. On the lake, the expanded water rose and fell, with the slightest and softest influence of a southern breeze, which scarcely dimpled the surface over which it passed. In the distance was still seen the dim outline of the island of Saint Serf, once visited by many a sandalled pilgrim, as the blessed spot trodden by a man of God—now neglected or violated, as the refuge of lazy priests, who had with justice been compelled to give place to the sheep and the heifers of a protestant baron.

As Roland gazed on the dark speck, amid the lighter blue of the waters which surrounded it, the mazes of polemical discussion again stretched themselves before the eye of his mind. Had these men justly suffered their exile as licentious drones, the robbers at once, and disgrace of the busy hive; or, had the hand of avarice and rapine expelled from the temple, not the ribalds who polluted, but the faithful priests who served the shrine in honour and fidelity? The arguments of Henderson, in this contemplative hour, rose with double force before him, and could scarcely be parried by the appeal which the Abbot Ambrosius had made from his understanding to his feelings—an appeal which he had felt more forcibly amid the bustle of stirring life, than now when his reflections were more undisturbed. It required an effort to divert his mind from this embarrassing topic; and he found that he best succeeded by turning his eyes to the front of the tower, watching where a twinkling light still streamed from the casement of Catherine Seyton's apartment, obscured by times for a moment, as the shadow of the fair inhabitant passed betwixt the taper and the window. At length the light was removed or extinguished, and that object of speculation was also withdrawn from the eyes of the meditative lover. Dare I confess the fact, without injuring his character for ever as a hero of romance? These eyes gradually became heavy; speculative doubts on the subject of religious controversy, and anxious conjectures concerning the state of his mistress's affections, became confusedly blended together in his musings; the fatigues of a busy day prevailed over the harassing subjects of contemplation which occupied his mind, and he fell fast asleep.

Sound were his slumbers, until they were suddenly dispelled by the iron tongue of the castle bell, which sent its deep and sullen sounds wide over the bosom of the lake, and awakened the echoes of Bennarty, the hill which descends steeply on its southern bank. Roland started up, for this bell was always tolled at ten o'clock, as the signal for locking the castle gates, and placing the keys under the charge of the seneschal. He therefore hastened to the wicket by which the garden communicated with the building, and had the mortification, just as he reached it, to hear the bolt leave its sheath with a discordant crash, and enter the stone groove of the door-lintel.

"Hold, hold," cried the page, "and let me in ere you lock the wicket."

The voice of Dryfesdale replied from within, in his usual tone of imbittered sullenness. "The hour is past, fair master—you like not the inside of these walls—even make it a complete holiday, and spend the night as well as the day out of bounds."

"Open the door," exclaimed the indignant page, "or by Saint Giles I will make thy gold chain smoke for it!"

"Make no alarm here," retorted the impenetrable Dryfesdale, "but keep thy sinful oaths and silly threats for those that regard them—I do mine office, and carry the keys to the seneschal.—Adieu, my young master! the cool night air will advantage your hot blood."

The steward was right in what he said: for the cooling breeze was very necessary to appease the feverish fit of anger which Roland experienced, nor did the remedy succeed for some time. At length, after some hasty turns made through the garden, exhausting his passion in vain vows of vengeance, Roland Græme began to be sensible that his situation ought rather to be held as matter of laughter than of serious resentment. To one bred a sportsman, a night spent in the open air had in it little of hardship, and

the poor malice of the steward seemed more worthy of his contempt than his anger. "I would to God," he said, "that the grim old man may always have contented himself with such sportive revenge. He often looks as he were capable of doing us a darker turn." Returning, therefore, to the turf-seat which he had formerly occupied, and which was partially sheltered by a trim fence of green holly, he drew his mantle around him, stretched himself at length on the verdant settle, and endeavoured to resume that sleep which the castle bell had interrupted to so little purpose.

Sleep, like other earthly blessings, is niggard of its favours when most courted. The more Roland invoked her aid, the further she fled from his eye-lids. He had been completely awakened, first, by the sounds of the bell, and then by his own aroused vivacity of temper, and he found it difficult again to compose himself to slumber. At length, when his mind was wearied out with a maze of unpleasing meditation, he succeeded in coaxing himself into a broken repose. This was again dispelled by the voices of two persons who were walking in the garden, the sound of whose conversation, after mingling for some time in the page's dreams, at length succeeded in awaking him thoroughly. He raised himself from his reclining posture in the utmost astonishment, which the circumstance of hearing two persons at that late hour conversing on the outside of the watchfully guarded Castle of Lochleven, was so well calculated to excite. His first thought was of supernatural beings; his next, upon some attempt on the part of Queen Mary's friends and followers; his last was, that George of Douglas, possessed of the keys, and having the means of ingress and egress at pleasure, was availing himself of his office to hold a rendezvous with Catherine Seyton in the castle garden. He was confirmed in this opinion by the tone of the voice, which asked in a low whisper, "Whether all was ready?"

CHAPTER XXX.

> In some breasts passion lies conceal'd and silent,
> Like war's swart powder in a castle vault,
> Until occasion, like the linstock, lights it:
> Then comes at once the lightning and the thunder,
> And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder.
>
> *Old Play.*

ROLAND GRÆME, availing himself of a breach in the holly screen, and of the assistance of the full moon, which was now arisen, had a perfect opportunity, himself unobserved, to reconnoitre the persons and the motions of those by whom his rest had been thus unexpectedly disturbed; and his observations confirmed his jealous apprehensions. They stood together in close and earnest conversation within four yards of the place of his retreat, and he could easily recognise the tall form and deep voice of Douglas, and the no less remarkable dress and tone of the page at the hostelry of Saint Michael's.

"I have been at the door of the page's apartment," said Douglas, "but he is not there, or he will not answer. It is fast bolted on the inside, as is the custom, and we cannot pass through it—and what his silence may bode I know not."

"You have trusted him too far," said the other; "a feather-headed coxcomb, upon whose changeable mind and hot brain there is no making an abiding impression."

"It was not I who was willing to trust him," said Douglas; "but I was assured he would prove friendly when called upon—for"——Here he spoke so low that Roland lost the tenor of his words, which was the more provoking, as he was fully aware that he was himself the subject of their conversation.

"Nay," replied the stranger, more aloud, "I have on my side put him off with fair words, which make fools fain—but now, if you distrust him at the push, deal with him with your dagger, and so make open passage."

"That were too rash," said Douglas; "and, besides, as I told you, the door of his apartment is shut and bolted. I will essay again to waken him."

Græme instantly comprehended, that the ladies, having been somehow made aware of his being in the garden, had secured the door of the outer room in which he usually slept, as a sort of sentinel upon that only access to the Queen's apartments. But then, how came Catherine Seyton to be abroad, if the Queen and the other lady were still within their chambers, and the access to them locked and bolted?—"I will be instantly at the bottom of these mysteries," he said, "and then thank Mrs. Catherine, if this be really she, for the kind use which she exhorted Douglas to make of his dagger—they seek me, as I comprehend, and they shall not seek me in vain."

Douglas had by this time re-entered the castle by the wicket, which was now open. The stranger stood alone in the garden walk, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes cast impatiently up to the moon, as if accusing her of betraying him by the magnificence of her lustre. In a moment Roland Græme stood before him—"A goodly night," he said, "Mrs. Catherine, for a young lady to stray forth in disguise, and to meet with men in an orchard!"

"Hush!" said the stranger page, "hush, thou foolish patch, and tell us in a word if thou art friend or foe."

"How should I be friend to one who deceives me by fair words, and who would have Douglas deal with me with his poniard?" replied Roland.

"The fiend receives George of Douglas and thee too, thou born madcap and sworn marplot!" said the other; "we shall be discovered, and then death is the word."

"Catherine," said the page, "you have dealt falsely and cruelly with me, and the moment of explanation is now come—neither it nor you shall escape me."

"Madman!" said the stranger, "I am neither Kate nor Catherine—the moon shines bright enough surely to know the hart from the hind."

"That shift shall not serve you, fair mistress," said the page, laying hold on the lap of the stranger's cloak; "this time, at least, I will know with whom I deal."

"Unhand me," said she, endeavouring to extricate herself from his grasp; and in a tone where anger seemed to contend with a desire to laugh, "use you so little discretion towards a daughter of Seyton?"

But as Roland, encouraged perhaps by her risibility to suppose his violence was not unpardonably offensive, kept hold on her mantle, she said, in a sterner tone of unmixed resentment,—"Madman, let me go!—there is life and death in this moment—I would not willingly hurt thee, and yet beware!"

As she spoke she made a sudden effort to escape, and in doing so, a pistol, which she carried in her hand or about her person, went off.

This warlike sound instantly awakened the well-warded castle. The warder blew his horn, and began to toll the castle bell, crying out at the same time, "Fie, treason! treason! cry all! cry all!"

The apparition of Catherine Seyton, which the page had let loose in the first moment of astonishment, vanished in darkness, but the plash of oars was heard, and in a second or two, five or six harquebusses and a falconet were fired from the battlements of the castle successively, as if levelled at some object on the water. Confounded with these incidents, no way for Catherine's protection (supposing her to be in the boat which he had heard put from the shore) occurred to Roland, save to have recourse to George of Douglas. He hastened for this purpose towards the apartment of the Queen, whence he heard loud voices and much trampling of feet. When he entered, he found himself added to a confused and astonished group, which, assembled in that apartment, stood gazing upon each other. At the upper end of the room stood the Queen, equipped as for a journey, and attended not only by the Lady Fleming, but by the omnipresent Catherine Seyton, dressed in the habit of her own sex, and bearing in her hand the casket in which Mary kept such jewels as she had been permitted to retain. At the other end of the hall was the Lady of Lochleven, hastily dressed, as one startled from slumber by the sudden alarm, and surrounded by domestics, some bearing torches, others holding naked swords, parti-

sans, pistols, or such other weapons as they had caught up in the hurry of a night alarm. Betwixt these two parties stood George of Douglas, his arms folded on his breast, his eyes bent on the ground, like a criminal who knows not how to deny, yet continues unwilling to avow, the guilt in which he has been detected.

"Speak, George of Douglas," said the Lady of Lochleven; "speak, and clear the horrid suspicion which rests on thy name. Say, 'A Douglas was never faithless to his trust, and I am a Douglas.' Say this, my dearest son, and it is all I ask thee to say to clear thy name, even under such a foul charge. Say it was but the wile of these unhappy women, and this false boy, which plotted an escape so fatal to Scotland—so destructive to thy father's house."

"Madam," said old Dryfesdale the steward, "this much do I say for this silly page, that he could not be accessary to unlocking the doors, since I myself this night bolted him out of the castle. Whoever limned this nightpiece, the lad's share in it seems to have been small."

"Thou liest, Dryfesdale," said the Lady, "and wouldst throw the blame on thy master's house, to save the worthless life of a gipsy boy."

"His death were more desirable to me than his life," answered the steward, sullenly; "but the truth is the truth."

At these words Douglas raised his head, drew up his figure to its full height, and spoke boldly and sedately, as one whose resolution was taken. "Let no life be endangered for me. I alone"——

"Douglas," said the Queen, interrupting him, "art thou mad? Speak not, I charge you."

"Madam," he replied, bowing with the deepest respect, "gladly would I obey your commands, but they must have a victim, and let it be the true one.—Yes, madam," he continued, addressing the Lady of Lochleven, "I alone am guilty in this matter. If the word of a Douglas has yet any weight with you, believe me that this boy is innocent; and on your conscience I charge you, do him no wrong: nor let the Queen suffer hardship for embracing the opportunity of freedom which sincere loyalty—which a sentiment yet deeper—offered to her acceptance. Yes! I had planned the escape of the most beautiful, the most persecuted of women; and far from regretting that I, for a while, deceived the malice of her enemies, I glory in it, and am most willing to yield up life itself in her cause."

"Now, may God have compassion on my age," said the Lady of Lochleven, "and enable me to bear this load of affliction! O Princess, born in a luckless hour, when will you cease to be the instrument of seduction and of ruin to all who approach you! O ancient house of Lochleven, famed so long for birth and honour, evil was the hour which brought the deceiver under thy roof!"

"Say not so, madam," replied her grandson; "the old honours of the Douglas line will be outshone, when one of its descendants dies for the most injured of queens—for the most lovely of women."

"Douglas," said the Queen, "must I at this moment—ay, even at this moment, when I may lose a faithful subject for ever, chide thee for forgetting what is due to me as thy Queen?"

"Wretched boy," said the distracted Lady of Lochleven, "hast thou fallen even thus far into the snare of this Moabitish woman?—hast thou bartered thy name, thy allegiance, thy knightly oath, thy duty to thy parents, thy country and thy God, for a feigned tear, or a sickly smile, from lips which flattered the infirm Francis—lured to death the ideot Darnley—read luscious poetry with the minion Chastelar—mingled in the lays of love which were sung by the beggar Rizzio—and which were joined in rapture to those of the foul and licentious Bothwell?"

"Blaspheme not, madam!" said Douglas;—"nor you, fair Queen, and virtuous as fair, chide at this moment the presumption of thy vassal! Think not that the mere devotion of a subject could have moved me to the part I have been performing. Well you *deserve that* each of your lieges should die for you; *but I have done more*—have done that to which love alone could compel a Douglas—I have dissembled. Farewell, then, Queen of all hearts, and Empress of that of Douglas!—When you are freed from this vile bondage—as freed you shall be, if justice remains in Heaven—and when you load with honours and titles the happy man who shall deliver you, cast one thought on him whose heart would have despised every reward for a kiss of your hand—cast one thought on his fidelity, and drop one tear on his grave." And throwing himself at her feet, he seized her hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"This before my face!" exclaimed the Lady of Lochleven—"wilt thou court thy adulterous paramour before the eyes of a parent?—Tear them asunder, and put him under strict ward! Seize him, upon your lives!" she added, seeing that her attendants looked on each other with hesitation.

"They are doubtful," said Mary. "Save thyself, Douglas, I command thee!"

He started up from the floor, and only exclaiming, "My life or death are yours, and at your disposal!"—drew his sword, and broke through those who stood betwixt him and the door. The enthusiasm of his onset was too sudden and too lively to have been resisted by any thing short of the most decided opposition; and as he was both loved and feared by his father's vassals, none of them would offer him any actual injury.

The Lady of Lochleven stood astonished at his sudden escape—"Am I surrounded," she said, "by traitors? Upon him, villains!—pursue, stab, cut him down!"

"He cannot leave the island, madam," said Dryfesdale, interfering; "I have the key of the boat-chain."

But two or three voices of those who pursued from curiosity, or command of their mistress, exclaimed from below, that he had cast himself into the lake.

"Brave Douglas still!" exclaimed the Queen—"O, true and noble heart, that prefers death to imprisonment!"

"Fire upon him!" said the Lady of Lochleven; "if there be here a true servant of his father, let him shoot the runagate dead, and let the lake cover our shame!"

The report of a gun or two was heard, but they were probably shot rather to obey the Lady, than with any purpose of hitting the mark; and Randal immediately entering, said, that Master George had been taken up by a boat from the castle, which lay at a little distance.

"Man a barge, and pursue them!" said the Lady.

"It were quite vain," said Randal; "by this time they are half way to shore, and a cloud has come over the moon."

"And has the traitor then escaped?" said the Lady, pressing her hands against her forehead with a gesture of despair; "the honour of our house is for ever gone, and all will be deemed accomplices in this base treachery!"

"Lady of Lochleven," said Mary, advancing towards her, "you have this night cut off my fairest hopes—You have turned my expected freedom into bondage, and dashed away the cup of joy in the very instant I was advancing it to my lips—and yet I feel for your sorrow the pity that you deny to mine—Gladly would I comfort you if I might; but as I may not, I would at least part from you in charity."

"Away, proud woman!" said the Lady; "who ever knew so well as thou to deal the deepest wounds under the pretence of kindness and courtesy?—Who, since the great traitor, could ever so betray with a kiss?"

"Lady Douglas of Lochleven," said the Queen, "in this moment thou canst not offend me—no, not even by thy coarse and unwomanly language, held to me in the presence of menials and armed retainers. I have this night owed so much to one member of the house of Lochleven, as to cancel whatever its mistress can do or say in the wildness of her passion."

"We are bounden to you, Princess," said Lady Lochleven, putting a strong constraint on herself, and passing from her tone of violence to that of

bitter irony; "our poor house hath been but seldom graced with royal smiles, and will hardly, with my choice, exchange their rough honesty for such court-honour as Mary of Scotland has now to bestow."

"They," replied Mary, "who know so well how to take, may think themselves excused from the obligation implied in receiving. And that I have now little to offer, is the fault of the Douglasses and their allies."

"Fear nothing, madam," replied the Lady of Lochleven in the same bitter tone, "you retain an exchequer which neither your own prodigality can drain, nor your offended country deprive you of. While you have fair words and delusive smiles at command, you need no other bribes to lure youth to folly."

The Queen cast a not ungratified glance on a large mirror, which, hanging on one side of the apartment, and illuminated by the torch-light, reflected her beautiful face and person. "Our hostess grows complaisant," she said, "my Fleming; we had not thought that grief and captivity had left us so well stored with that sort of wealth which ladies prize most dearly."

"Your Grace will drive this severe woman frantic," said Fleming, in a low tone. "On my knees I implore you to remember she is already dreadfully offended, and that we are in her power."

"I will not spare her, Fleming," answered the Queen; "it is against my nature. She returned my honest sympathy with insult and abuse, and I will gall her in return—If her words are too blunt for answer, let her use her poniard if she dare!"

"The Lady Lochleven," said the Lady Fleming aloud, "would surely do well now to withdraw, and to leave her Grace to repose."

"Ay," replied the Lady, "or to leave her Grace, and her Grace's minions, to think what silly fly they may next wrap their meshes about. My eldest son is a widower—were he not more worthy the flattering hopes with which you have seduced his brother?—True, the yoke of marriage has been already thrice fitted on—but the church of Rome calls it a sacrament, and its votaries may deem it one in which they cannot too often participate."

"And the votaries of the church of Geneva," replied Mary, colouring with indignation, "as they deem marriage *no* sacrament, are said at times to dispense with the holy ceremony."—Then, as if afraid of the consequences of this home allusion to the errors of Lady Lochleven's early life, the Queen added, "Come, my Fleming, we grace her too much by this altercation; we will to our sleeping apartment. If she would disturb us again to-night, she must cause the door to be forced." So saying, she retired to her bedroom, followed by her two women. Lady Lochleven, stunned as it were by this last sarcasm, and not the less deeply incensed that she had drawn it upon herself, remained like a statue on the spot which she had occupied when she received an affront so flagrant. Dryfesdale and Randal endeavoured to rouse her to recollection by questions.

"What is your honourable Ladyship's pleasure in the premises?"

"Shall we not double the sentinels, and place one upon the boats and another in the garden?" said Randal.

"Would you that despatches were sent to Sir William at Edinburgh, to acquaint him with what has happened?" demanded Dryfesdale; "and ought not the place of Kinross to be alarmed, lest there be force upon the shores of the lake?"

"Do all as thou wilt," said the Lady, collecting herself, and about to depart. "Thou hast the name of a good soldier, Dryfesdale, take all precautions. —Sacred Heaven! that I should be thus openly insulted!"

"Would it be your pleasure," said Dryfesdale, hesitating, "that this person—this lady—be more severely restrained?"

"No, vassal!" answered the Lady, indignantly, my revenge stoops not to so low a gratification. But I will have more worthy vengeance, or the tomb of my ancestors shall cover my shame!"

"And you shall have it, madam," replied Dryfesdale—"Ere two suns go down, you shall term yourself amply revenged."

The Lady made no answer—perhaps did not hear his words, as she presently left the apartment. By the command of Dryfesdale, the rest of the attendants were dismissed, some to do the duty of guard, others to their repose. The steward himself remained after they had all departed; and Roland Græme, who was alone in the apartment, was surprised to see the old soldier advance towards him with an air of greater cordiality than he had ever before assumed to him, but which sat ill on his scowling features.

"Youth," he said, "I have done thee some wrong—it is thine own fault, for thy behaviour hath seemed as light to me as the feather thou wearest in thy hat; and surely thy fantastic apparel, and idle humour of mirth and folly, have made me construe thee something harshly. But I saw this night from my casement, (as I looked out to see how thou hadst disposed of thyself in the garden,) I saw, I say, the true efforts which thou didst make to detain the companion of the perfidy of him who is no longer worthy to be called by his father's name, but must be cut off from his house like a rotten branch. I was just about to come to thy assistance when the pistol went off; and the warder (a false knave, whom I suspect to be bribed for the nonce) saw himself forced to give the alarm, which, perchance, till then he had wilfully withheld. To atone, therefore, for my injustice towards you, I would willingly render you a courtesy, if you would accept of it from my hands."

"May I first crave to know what it is?" replied the page.

"Simply to carry the news of this discovery to Holyrood, where thou mayst do thyself much grace, as well with the Earl of Morton and the Regent himself, as with Sir William Douglas, seeing thou hast seen the matter from end to end, and borne faithful part therein. The making thine own fortune will be thus lodged in thine own hand, when I trust thou wilt estrange thyself from foolish vanities, and learn to walk in this world as one who thinks upon the next."

"Sir Steward," said Roland Græme, "I thank you for your courtesy, but I may not do your errand. I pass that I am the Queen's sworn servant, and may not be of counsel against her. But, setting this apart, methinks it were a bad road to Sir William of Lochleven's favour, to be the first to tell him of his son's defection—neither would the Regent be over well pleased to hear the infidelity of his vassal, nor Morton to learn the falsehood of his kinsman."

"Um!" said the steward, making that inarticulate sound which expresses surprise mingled with displeasure. "Nay, then, even fly where ye list; for, giddy-pated as ye may be, you know how to bear you in the world."

"I will show you my system is less selfish than ye think for," said the page; "for I hold truth and mirth to be better than gravity and cunning—ay, and in the end to be a match for them.—You never loved me less, Sir Steward, than you do at this moment. I know you will give me no real confidence, and I am resolved to accept no false protestations as current coin. Resume your old course—suspect me as much and watch me as closely as you will, I bid you defiance—you have met with your match."

"By Heaven, young man," said the Steward, with a look of bitter malignity, "if thou darest to attempt any treachery towards the House of Lochleven, thy head shall blacken in the sun from the warder's turret!"

"He cannot commit treachery who refuses trust," said the page; "and for my head, it stands as securely on mine own shoulders, as on any turret that ever mason built."

"Farewell, thou prating and speckled pie," said Dryfesdale, "that art so vain of thine idle tongue and variegated coat! Beware trap and lime-twig."

"And fare thee well, thou hoarse old raven," answered the page; "thy solemn flight, sable hue, and deep croak, are no charms against bird-bolt or hail shot, and that thou mayst find—It is open war betwixt us, each for the cause of our mistress, and God show the right!"

"Amen, and defend his own people," said the steward. "I will let my mistress know what addition thou hast made to this mess of traitors. Good night, Monsieur Featherpate."

"Good night, Seignior Sowersby," replied the page; and, when the old man departed, he betook himself to rest.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Poisoned—ill fare!—dead, forsook, cast off!
King John.

However weary Roland Græme might be of the Castle of Lochleven—however much he might wish that the plan for Mary's escape had been perfected, I question if he ever awoke with more pleasing feelings than on the morning after George Douglas's plan for accomplishing her deliverance had been frustrated. In the first place, he had the clearest conviction that he had misunderstood the inuendo of the Abbot, and that the affections of Douglas were fixed, not on Catherine Seyton, but on the Queen; and in the second place, from the sort of explanation which had taken place betwixt the steward and him, he felt himself at liberty, without any breach of honour towards the family of Lochleven, to contribute his best aid to any scheme which should in future be formed for the Queen's escape; and, independently of the good-will which he himself had to the enterprise, he knew he could find no surer road to the favour of Catherine Seyton. He now sought but an opportunity to inform her that he had dedicated himself to this task, and fortune was propitious in affording him one which was unusually favourable.

At the ordinary hour of breakfast, it was introduced by the steward with his usual forms, who, as soon as it was placed on the board in the inner apartment, said to Roland Græme, with a glance of sarcastic import, "I leave you, my young sir, to do the office of sewer—it has been too long rendered to the Lady Mary by one belonging to the house of Douglas."

"Were it the prime and principal who ever bore the name," said Roland, "the office were an honour to him."

The steward departed without replying to this bravade, otherwise than by a dark look of scorn. Græme, thus left alone, busied himself as one engaged in a labour of love, to imitate, as well as he could, the grace and courtesy with which George of Douglas was wont to render his ceremonial service at meals to the Queen of Scotland. There was more than youthful vanity—there was a generous devotion in the feeling with which he took up the task, as a brave soldier assumes the place of a comrade who has fallen in the front of battle. "I am now," he said, "their only champion; and, come weal, come wo, I will be to the best of my skill and power, as faithful, as trustworthy, as brave, as any Douglas of them all could have been."

At this moment Catherine Seyton entered alone, contrary to her custom; and not less contrary to her custom, she entered with her kerchief at her eyes. Roland Græme approached her with beating heart and with downcast eyes, and asked her in a low and hesitating voice, whether the Queen were well?

"Can you suppose it?" said Catherine; "think you her heart and body are framed of steel and iron, to endure the cruel disappointment of yester even, and the infamous taunts of yonder puritanic hag?—Would to God that I were a man, to aid her more effectually!"

"If those who carry pistols, and batoons, and poniards," said the page, "are not men, they are at least Amazons; and that is as formidable."

"You are welcome to the flash of your wit, sir," replied the damsel; "I am neither in spirits to enjoy, or to reply to it."

"Well, then," said the page, "list to me in all serious truth. And, first, let me say, that the gear last night had been smoother, had you taken me into your counsels."

"And so we meant; but who could have guessed that Master Page should choose to pass all night in the garden, like some moon-stricken knight in a Spanish romance—instead of being in his bedroom, when Douglas came to hold communication with him on our project?"

"And why," said the page, "defer to so late a moment, so important a confidence?"

"Because your communications with Henderson, and—with pardon—the natural impetuosity and fickleness of your disposition, made us dread to intrust you with a secret of such consequence, till the last moment?"

"And why at the last moment?" said the page, offended at this frank avowal; "why at that, or any other moment, since I had the misfortune to incur so much suspicion?"

"Nay—now you are angry again," said Catherine; "and to serve you aright I should break off this talk; but I will be magnanimous, and answer your question. Know, then, our reason for trusting you was twofold. In the first place, we could scarce avoid it, since you slept in the room through which we had to pass. In the second place"——

"Nay," said the page, "you may dispense with a second reason, when the first makes your confidence in me a case of necessity."

"Good now, hold thy peace," said Catherine. "In the second place, as I said before, there is one foolish person among us, who believes that Roland Græme's heart is warm, though his head is giddy—that his blood is pure, though it boils too hastily—and that his faith and honour are true as the loadstar, though his tongue sometimes is far less than discreet."

This avowal Catherine repeated in a low tone, with her eyes fixed on the floor, as if she shunned the glance of Roland while she suffered it to escape her lips—"And this single friend," exclaimed the youth in rapture; "this only one who would do justice to the poor Roland Græme, and whose own generous heart taught her to distinguish between follies of the brain and faults of the heart—Will you not tell me, dearest Catherine, to whom I owe my most grateful, my most heartfelt thanks?"

"Nay," said Catherine, with her eyes still fixed on the ground, "if your own heart tell you not"——

"Dearest Catherine!" said the page, seizing upon her hand, and kneeling on one knee.

"If your own heart, I say, tell you not," said Catherine, gently disengaging her hand, "it is very ungrateful; for since the maternal kindness of the Lady Fleming"——

The page started on his feet. "By Heaven, Catherine, your tongue wears as many disguises as your person! But you only mock me, cruel girl. You know the Lady Fleming has no more regard for any one than hath the forlorn princess who is wrought into yonder piece of old figured court tapestry."

"It may be so," said Catherine Seyton, "but you should not speak so loud."

"Pshaw!" answered the page, but at the same time lowering his voice, "she cares for no one but herself and the Queen. And you know, besides, there is no one of you whose opinion I value, if I have not your own. No—not that of Queen Mary herself."

"The more shame for you, if it be so," said Catherine, with great composure.

"Nay, but fair Catherine," said the page, "why will you thus damp my ardour, when I am devoting myself, body and soul, to the cause of your mistress?"

"It is because in doing so," said Catherine, "you debase a cause so noble, by naming along with it any lower or more selfish motive. Believe me," she said, with kindling eyes, and while the blood mantled on her cheek, "they think vilely and falsely of women—I mean of those who deserve the name—who deem that they love the gratification of their vanity, or the mean purpose of engrossing a lover's admiration and affection, better than they love the virtue and honour of the man they may be brought to prefer. He that serves his religion, his prince, and his country, with ardour and devotion, need not plead his cause with the commonplace rant of romantic passion—the woman whom he honours with his love, becomes his debtor, and her corresponding affection is engaged to repay his glorious toil."

"You hold a glorious prize for such toil," said the youth, bending his eyes on her with enthusiasm.

"Only a heart which knows how to value it," said Catherine. "He that should free this injured Princess from these dungeons and set her at liberty among her loyal and warlike nobles, whose hearts are burning to welcome her—where is the maiden in Scotland whom the love of such a hero would not honour, were she sprung from the blood royal of the land, and he the offspring of the poorest cottager that ever held a plough!"

"I am determined," said Roland, "to take the adventure. Tell me first, however, fair Catherine, and speak it as if you were confessing to the priest—this poor Queen, I know she is unhappy—but, Catherine, do you hold her innocent? She is accused of murder."

"Do I hold the lamb guilty, because it is assailed by the wolf?" answered Catherine; "do I hold yonder sun polluted, because an earth-damp sullies his beams?"

The page sighed and looked down. "Would my conviction were as deep as thine! But one thing is clear, that in this captivity she hath wrong—She rendered herself up on a capitulation, and the terms have been refused her—I will embrace her quarrel to the death!"

"Will you—will you indeed?" said Catherine, taking his hand in her turn. "O be but firm in mind, as thou art bold in deed and quick in resolution; keep but thy plighted faith, and after ages shall honour thee as the saviour of Scotland!"

"But when I have toiled successfully to win that Leah, Honour, thou wilt not, my Catherine," said the page, "condemn me to a new term of service for that Rachel, Love?"

"Of that," said Catherine, again extricating her hand from his grasp, "we shall have full time to speak; but Honour is the elder sister, and must be won the first."

"I may not win her," answered the page; "but I will venture fairly for her, and man can do no more. And know, fair Catherine,—for you shall see the very secret thought of my heart,—that not Honour only—not only that other and fairer sister, whom you frown on me for so much as mentioning—but the stern commands of duty also, compel me to aid the Queen's deliverance."

"Indeed!" said Catherine; "you were wont to have doubts on that matter."

"Ay, but her life was not then threatened," replied Roland.

"And is it now more endangered than heretofore?" asked Catherine Seyton, in anxious terror.

"Be not alarmed," said the page; "but you heard the terms on which your royal mistress parted with the Lady of Lochleven?"

"Too well—but too well," said Catherine; "alas! that she cannot rule her princely resentment, and refrain from encounters like these!"

"That hath passed between them," said Roland, "for which woman never forgives woman. I saw the Lady's brow turn pale, and then black, when, before all the menzie, and in her moment of power, the Queen humbled her to the dust by taxing her with her shame. And I heard the oath of deadly resentment and revenge which she muttered in the ear of one, who by his answer will, I judge, be but too ready an executioner of her will."

"You terrify me," said Catherine.

"Do not so take it—call up the masculine part of your spirit—we will counteract and defeat her plans, be they dangerous as they may. Why do you look upon me thus, and weep?"

"Alas!" said Catherine, "because you stand there before me a living and breathing man, in all the adventurous glow and enterprise of youth, yet still possessing the frolic spirits of childhood—there you stand, full alike of generous enterprise and childish recklessness; and if to-day, to-morrow, or some such brief space, you lie a mangled and lifeless corpse upon the floor of these hateful dungeons, who but Catherine Seyton will be the cause of your brave and gay career being broken short as you start from the goal? Alas! she whom you have chosen to twine your wreath, may too probably have to work your shroud!"

"And be it so, Catherine," said the page, in the full glow of youthful enthusiasm; "and *do* thou work my shroud! and if thou grace it with such tears as fall now at the thought, it will honour my remains more than an earl's mantle would my living body. But shame on this faintness of heart! the time craves a firmer mood—Be a woman, Catherine, or rather be a man—thou canst be a man if thou wilt."

Catherine dried her tears, and endeavoured to smile.

"You must not ask me," she said, "about that which so much disturbs your mind; you shall know all in time—nay, you should know all now, but that ——Hush! here comes the Queen."

Mary entered from her apartment, paler than usual, and apparently exhausted by a sleepless night, and by the painful thoughts which had ill supplied the place of repose; yet the languor of her looks was so far from impairing her beauty, that it only substituted the frail delicacy of the lovely woman for the majestic grace of the Queen. Contrary to her wont, her toilette had been very hastily despatched, and her hair, which was usually dressed by Lady Fleming with great care, escaping from beneath the head-tire, which had been hastily adjusted, fell, in long and luxuriant tresses of Nature's own curling, over a neck and bosom which were somewhat less carefully veiled than usual.

As she stepped over the threshold of her apartment, Catherine, hastily drying her tears, ran to meet her royal mistress, and having first kneeled at her feet, and kissed her hand, instantly rose, and placing herself on the other side of the Queen, seemed anxious to divide with the Lady Fleming the honour of support ing and assisting her. The page, on his part, advanced and put in order the chair of state, which she usually occupied, and having placed the cushion and footstool for her accommodation, stepped back, and stood ready for service in the place usually occupied by his predecessor, the young Seneschal. Mary's eye rested an instant on him, and could not but remark the change of persons. Hers was not the female heart which could refuse compassion, at least, to a gallant youth who had suffered in her cause, although he had been guided in his enterprise by a too presumptuous passion; and the words "Poor Douglas!" escaped from her lips, perhaps unconsciously, as she leant herself back in her chair, and put the kerchief to her eyes.

"Yes, gracious madam," said Catherine, assuming a cheerful manner, in order to cheer her sovereign, "our gallant knight is indeed banished—the adventure was not reserved for him; but he has left behind him a youthful Esquire, as much devoted to your Grace's service, and who, by me, makes you tender of his hand and sword."

"If they may in aught avail your Grace," said Roland Græme, bowing profoundly.

"Alas!" said the Queen, "what needs this, Catherine?—why prepare new victims to be involved in, and overwhelmed by, my cruel fortune?—were we not better cease to struggle, and ourselves sink in the tide without further resistance, than thus drag into destruction with us every generous heart which makes an effort in our favour?—I have had but too much of plot and intrigue around me, since I was stretched an orphan child in my very cradle, while contending nobles strove which should rule in the name of the unconscious innocent. Surely time it were that all this busy and most dangerous coil should end. Let me call my prison a convent, and my seclusion a voluntary sequestration of myself from the world and its ways!"

"Speak not thus, madam, before your faithful servants," said Catherine, "to discourage their zeal at once, and to break their hearts. Daughter of kings, be not in this hour so unkingly—Come, Roland, and let us, the youngest of her followers, show ourselves worthy of her cause—let us kneel before her footstool, and implore her to be her own magnanimous self." And leading Roland Græme to the Queen's seat, they both kneeled down before her. Mary raised herself in her chair, and sat erect, while, extending one hand

to be kissed by the page, she arranged with the other the clustering locks which shaded the bold yet lovely brow of the high-spirited Catherine.

"Alas! *ma mignone*," she said, for so in fondness she often called her young attendant, "that you should thus desperately mix with my unhappy fate the fortune of your young lives!—Are they not a lovely couple, my Fleming? and is it not heart-rending to think that I must be their ruin?"

"Not so," said Roland Græme, "it is we, gracious Sovereign, who will be your deliverers."

"*Ex oribus parvulorum!*" said the Queen looking upward; "if it is by the mouth of these children that Heaven calls me to resume the stately thoughts which become my birth and my rights, thou wilt grant them thy protection, and to me the power of rewarding their zeal!"—Then turning to Fleming, she instantly added, "Thou knowest, my friend, whether to make those who have served me happy, was not ever Mary's favourite pastime. When I have been rebuked by the stern preachers of the Calvinistic heresy—when I have seen the fierce countenances of my nobles averted from me, has it not been because I mixed in the harmless pleasures of the young and gay, and rather for the sake of their happiness than my own, have mingled in the mask, the song, or the dance, with the youth of my household? Well, I repent not of it—though Knox termed it sin, and Morton degradation—I was happy, because I saw happiness around me; and wo betide the wretched jealousy that can extract guilt out of the overflowings of an unguarded gayety!—Fleming, if we are restored to our throne, shall we not have one blithesome day at a blithesome bridal, of which we must now name neither the bride nor the bridegroom? but that bridegroom shall have the barony of Blairgowrie, a fair gift even for a Queen to give, and that bride's chaplet shall be twined with the fairest pearls that ever were found in the depths of Lochlomond; and thou thyself, Mary Fleming, the best dresser of tires that ever busked the tresses of a Queen, and who would scorn to touch those of any woman of lower rank,—thou thyself shalt, for my love, twine them into the bride's tresses.—Look, my Fleming, suppose them such clustered locks as those of our Catherine, they would not put shame upon thy skill."

So saying, she passed her hand fondly over the head of her youthful favourite, while her more aged attendant replied despondently, "Alas! madam, your thoughts stray far from home."

"They do, my Fleming," said the Queen; "but is it well or kind in you to call them back?—God knows, they have kept the perch this night but too closely—Come, I will recall the gay vision, were it but to punish them. Yes, at that blithesome bridal, Mary herself shall forget the weight of sorrows, and the toil of state, and herself once more lead a measure.—At whose wedding was it that we last danced, my Fleming? I think care has troubled my memory—yet something of it I should remember—canst thou not aid me?—I know thou canst."

"Alas! madam," replied the lady——

"What!" said Mary, "wilt thou not help us so far? this is a peevish adherence to thine own graver opinion, which holds our talk as folly. But thou art court-bred, and wilt well understand me when I say, the Queen *commands* Lady Fleming to tell her where she led the last *branle*."

With a face deadly pale, and a mien as if she were about to sink into the earth, the court-bred dame, no longer daring to refuse obedience, faltered out—"Gracious Lady—if my memory err not—it was at a mask in Holyrood—at the marriage of Sebastian."

The unhappy Queen, who had hitherto listened with a melancholy smile, provoked by the reluctance with which the Lady Fleming brought out her story, at this ill-fated word interrupted her with a shriek so wild and loud that the vaulted apartment rang, and both Roland and Catherine sprung to their feet in the utmost terror and alarm. Mean time, Mary seemed, by the train of horrible ideas thus suddenly excited, surprised not only beyond self-command, but for the moment beyond the verge of reason.

"Traitress!" she said to the Lady Fleming, "thou wouldst slay thy sovereign—Call my French guards—*à moi! à moi! mes Français!*—I am beset with traitors in mine own palace—they have murdered my husband—Rescue! rescue! for the Queen of Scotland!" She started up from her chair—her features, late so exquisitely lovely in their paleness, now inflamed with the fury of frenzy, and resembling those of a Bellona. "We will take the field ourself," she said; "warn the city—warn Lothian and Fife—saddle our Spanish barb—and bid French Paris see our petronel be charged!—Better to die at the head of our brave Scotsmen, like our grandfather at Flodden, than of a broken heart, like our ill-starred father!"

"Be patient—be composed, dearest Sovereign!" said Catherine; and then addressing Lady Fleming angrily, she added, "How could you say aught that reminded her of her husband?"

The word reached the ear of the unhappy Princess, who caught it up, speaking with great rapidity. "Husband!—what husband?—Not his most Christian Majesty—he is ill at ease—he cannot mount on horseback. Not him of the Lennox—but it was the Duke of Orkney thou wouldst say."

"For God's love, madam, be patient!" said the Lady Fleming.

But the Queen's excited imagination could by no entreaty be diverted from its course. "Bid him come hither to our aid," she said, "and bring with him his lambs, as he calls them—Bowton, Hay of Talla, Black Ormiston, and his kinsman Hob—Fie! how swart they are, and how they smell of sulphur! What! closeted with Morton? Nay, if the Douglas and the Hepburn hatch the complot together, the bird, when it breaks the shell, will scare Scotland. Will it not, my Fleming?"

"She grows wilder and wilder," said Fleming; "we have too many hearers for these strange words."

"Roland," said Catherine, "in the name of God, begone! You cannot aid us here—Leave us to deal with her alone—Away—away!"

She thrust him to the door of the anteroom; yet even when he had entered that apartment and shut the door, he could still hear the Queen talk in a loud and determined tone, as if giving forth orders, until at length the voice died away in a feeble and continued lamentation.

At this crisis Catherine entered the anteroom. "Be not too anxious," she said, "the crisis is now over; but keep the door fast—let no one enter until she is more composed."

"In the name of God, what does this mean?" said the page; "or what was there in the Lady Fleming's words to excite so wild a transport?"

"O, the Lady Fleming, the Lady Fleming," said Catherine, repeating the words impatiently; "the Lady Fleming is a fool—she loves her mistress, yet knows so little how to express her love, that were the Queen to ask her for very poison, she would deem it a point of duty not to resist her commands. I could have torn her starched head-tire from her formal head—The Queen should have as soon had the heart out of my body, as the word Sebastian out of my lips—That that piece of weaved tapestry should be a woman, and yet not have wit enough to tell a lie!"

"And what was this story of Sebastian?" said the page. "By Heaven, Catherine, you are all riddles alike!"

"You are as great a fool as Fleming," returned the impatient maiden; "know ye not, that on the night of Henry Darnley's murder, and at the blowing up of the Kirk of Field, the Queen's absence was owing to her attending on a mask at Holyrood, given by her to grace the marriage of this same Sebastian, who, himself a favoured servant, married one of her female attendants, who was near to her person?"

"By Saint Giles," said the page, "I wonder not at her passion, but only marvel by what forgetfulness it was that she could urge the Lady Fleming with such a question."

"I cannot account for it," said Catherine; "but it seems as if great and violent grief or horror sometimes obscure the memory, and spread a cloud like

that of an exploding cannon, over the circumstances with which they are accompanied. But I may not stay here, where I came not to moralize with your wisdom, but simply to cool my resentment against that unwise Lady Fleming, which I think hath now somewhat abated, so that I shall endure her presence without any desire to damage either her curch or vasquine. Mean while, keep fast that door—I would not for my life that any of these heretics saw her in the unhappy state, which, brought on her as it has been by the success of their own diabolical plottings, they would not stick to call, in their snuffling cant, the judgment of Providence."

She left the apartment just as the latch of the outward door was raised from without. But the bolt which Roland had drawn on the inside, resisted the efforts of the person desirous to enter. "Who is there?" said Græme aloud.

"It is I," replied the harsh and yet low voice of the steward Dryfesdale.

"You cannot enter now," returned the youth.

"And wherefore?" demanded Dryfesdale, "seeing I come but to do my duty, and inquire what means the shrieks from the apartment of the Moabitish woman. Wherefore, I say, since such is mine errand, can I not enter?"

"Simply," replied the youth, because the bolt is drawn, and I have no fancy to undo it. I have the right side of the door to-day, as you had last night."

"Thou art ill advised, thou malapert boy," replied the steward, "to speak to me in such fashion; but I shall inform my Lady of thine insolence."

"The insolence," said the page, "is meant for thee only, in fair guerdon of thy discourtesy to me. For thy Lady's information, I have answer more courteous—you may say that the Queen is ill at ease and desires to be disturbed neither by visits nor messages."

"I conjure you, in the name of God," said the old man, with more solemnity in his tone than he had hitherto used, "to let me know if her malady really gains power on her!"

"She will have no aid at your hand, or at your Lady's—wherefore, begone, and trouble us no more—we neither want, nor will accept of, aid at your hands."

With this positive reply, the steward, grumbling and dissatisfied, returned down stairs.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, who take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law. — *King John.*

THE Lady of Lochleven sat alone in her chamber, endeavouring with sincere but imperfect zeal, to fix her eyes and her attention on the black-letter Bible which lay before her, bound in velvet and embroidery, and adorned with massive silver clasps and knosps. But she found her utmost efforts unable to withdraw her mind from the resentful recollection of what had last night passed betwixt her and the Queen, in which the latter had, with such bitter taunt reminded her of her early and long-repented transgression.

"Why," she said, "should I resent so deeply, that another reproaches me with that which I have never ceased to make matter of blushing to myself? and yet, why should this woman, who reaps—at least, has reaped—the fruits of my folly, and has jostled my son aside from the throne, why should she, in the face of all my domestics, and of her own, dare to upbraid me with my shame? Is she not in my power? Does she not fear me? Ha! wily tempter, I will wrestle with thee strongly, and with better suggestions than my own evil heart can supply!"

She again took up the sacred volume, and was endeavouring to fix her attention on its contents, when she was disturbed by a tap at the door of the room. It opened at her command, and the steward Dryfesdale entered, and stood before her with a gloomy and perturbed expression on his brow.

"What has chanced, Dryfesdale, that thou lookest thus?" said his mistress—"Have there been evil tidings of my son, or of my grandchildren?"

"No, Lady," replied Dryfesdale, "but you were deeply insulted last night, and I fear me thou art as deeply avenged this morning—Where is the chaplain?"

"What mean you by hints so dark, and a question so sudden? The chaplain, as you well know, is absent at Perth upon an assembly of the brethren."

"I care not," answered the steward; "he is but a priest of Baal."

"Dryfesdale," said the Lady sternly, "what meanest thou? I have ever heard, that in the Low Countries thou didst herd with the Anabaptist preachers, those boars which tear up the vintage. But the ministry which suits me and my house must content my retainers."

"I would I had good ghostly counsel, though," replied the steward, not attending to his mistress's rebuke, and seeming to speak to himself. "This woman of Moab"——

"Speak of her with reverence," said the Lady; "she is a king's daughter."

"Be it so," replied Dryfesdale; "she goes where there is little difference betwixt her and a beggar's child. Mary of Scotland is dying."

"Dying, and in my castle!" said the Lady, starting up in alarm; "of what disease, or by what accident?"

"Bear patience, Lady. The ministry was mine."

"Thine, villain and traitor! how didst thou dare"——

"I heard you insulted, Lady—I heard you demand vengeance—I promised you should have it, and I now bring tidings of it."

"Dryfesdale, I trust thou ravest?" said the Lady.

"I rave not," replied the steward. "That which was written of me a million of years ere I saw the light, must be executed by me. She hath that in her veins that, I fear me, will soon stop the springs of life."

"Cruel villain," exclaimed the Lady, "thou hast not poisoned her?"

"And if I had," said Dryfesdale, "what does it so greatly merit? Men bane vermin—why not rid them of their enemies so? in Italy they will do it for a cruizuedor."

"Cowardly ruffian, begone from my sight!"

"Think better of my zeal, Lady," said the steward, "and judge not without looking around you. Lindesay, Ruthven, and your kinsman Morton, poniarded Rizzio, and yet you now see no blood on their embroidery—the Lord Semple stabbed the Lord of Sanquhar—does his bonnet sit a jot more awry on his brow? What noble lives in Scotland who has not had a share, for policy or revenge, in some such dealing?—and who imputes it to them? Be not cheated with names—a dagger or a draught work to the same end, and are little unlike—a glass phial imprisons the one, and a leathern sheath the other—one deals with the brain, the other sluices the blood—Yet, I say not I gave aught to this lady."

"What dost thou mean by thus dallying with me?" said the Lady; "as thou wouldst save thy neck from the rope it merits, tell me the whole truth of this story—thou hast long been known a dangerous man."

"Ay, in my master's service I can be cold and sharp as my sword.—Be it known to you, that, when last on shore, I consulted with a woman of skill and power, called Nicneven, of whom the country has rung for some brief time past. Fools asked her for charms to make them beloved, misers for means to increase their store; some demanded to know the future—an idle wish, since it cannot be altered; others would have an explanation of the past—idler still, since it cannot be recalled. I heard their queries with scorn, and demanded the means of avenging myself of a deadly enemy, for I grow old, and may trust no longer to Bilboa blade. She gave me a packet—Mix that, said she, with any liquid, and thy vengeance is complete."

"Villain! and you mixed it with the food of this imprisoned lady, to the dishonour of thy master's house?"

"To redeem the insulted honour of my master's

house, I mixed the contents of the packet with the jar of succory-water: They seldom fail to drain it, and the woman loves it over all."

"It was a work of hell," said the Lady Lochleven, "both the asking and the granting.—Away, wretched man, let us see if aid be yet too late!"

"They will not admit us, madam, save we enter by force—I have been twice at the door, but can obtain no entrance."

"We will beat it level with the ground, if needful—And hold—summon Randal hither instantly. Randal here is a foul and evil chance befallen—send off a boat instantly to Kinross the Chamberlain Luke Lundin is said to have skill—Fetch off, too, that foul witch Nieneven; she shall first counteract her own spell, and then be burnt to ashes in the island of Saint Serf. Away, away—Tell them to hoist sail and ply oar, as ever they would have good of the Douglas's hand!"

"Mother Nicneven will not be lightly found, or fetched hither on these conditions," answered Dryfesdale.

"Then grant her full assurance of safety—Look to it, for thine own life must answer for this lady's recovery."

"I might have guessed that," said Dryfesdale, sullenly; "but it is my comfort I have avenged mine own cause, as well as yours. She hath scoffed and scripped at me, and encouraged her saucy minion of a page to ridicule my stiff gait and slow speech. I felt it borne in upon me that I was to be avenged on them."

"Go to the western turret," said the Lady, "and remain there in ward until we see how this gear will terminate. I know thy resolved disposition—thou wilt not attempt escape."

"Not were the walls of the turret of egg-shells, and the lake sheeted with ice," said Dryfesdale. "I am well taught, and strong in belief, that man does naught of himself, he is but the foam on the billow, which rises, bubbles, and bursts, not by its own effort, but by the mightier impulse of fate which urges him. Yet, Lady, if I may advise, and this zeal for the life of the Jezebel of Scotland, forgot not what is due to thine own honour, and keep the matter secret as you may."

So saying the gloomy fatalist turned from her, and stalked off with sullen composure to the place of confinement allotted to him.

His lady caught at his last hint, and only expressed her fear that the prisoner had partaken of some unwholesome food, and was dangerously ill. The castle was soon alarmed and in confusion. Randal was despatched to the shore to fetch off Lundin, with such remedies as could counteract poison; and with farther instructions to bring Mother Nicneven, if she could be found, with full power to pledge the Lady of Lochleven's word for her safety.

Meanwhile the Lady of Lochleven herself held parley at the door of the Queen's apartment, and in vain urged the page to undo it.

"Foolish boy!" she said, "thine own life and thy Lady's are at stake—Open, I say, or we will cause the door to be broken down."

"I may not open the door without my royal mistress's orders," answered Roland; "she has been very ill, and now she slumbers if you wake her by using violence, let the consequence be on you and your followers."

"Was ever woman in a strait so fearful!" exclaimed the Lady of Lochleven—"At least, thou rash boy, beware that no one tastes the food, but especially the jar of succory-water."

She then hastened to the turret, where Dryfesdale had composedly resigned himself to imprisonment. She found him reading, and demanded of him, "Was thy fell potion of speedy operation?"

"Slow," answered the steward. "The hag asked me which I chose—I told her I loved a slow and sure revenge. Revenge, said I, is the highest-flavoured draught which man tastes upon earth, and he should sip it by little and little—not drain it up greedily at once."

"*Against* whom, unhappy man, couldst thou nourish so fell a revenge?"

"I had many objects, but the chief was that insolent page."

"The boy!—thou inhuman man," exclaimed the lady; "what could he do to deserve thy malice?"

"He rose in your favour, and you graced him with your commissions—that was one thing. He rose in that of George Douglas also—that was another. He was the favourite of the Calvinistic Henderson, who hated me because my spirit disowns a separated priesthood. The Moabitish Queen held him dear—winds from each opposing point blew in his favour—the old servitor of your house was held lightly among ye—above all, from the first time I saw his face, I longed to destroy him."

"What fiend have I nurtured in my house!" replied the Lady. "May God forgive me the sin of having given thee food and raiment!"

"You might not choose, Lady," answered the steward. "Long ere this castle was builded—ay, long ere the islet which sustains it, reared its head above the blue water, I was destined to be your faithful slave, and you to be my ungrateful mistress. Remember you not when I plunged amid the victorious French, in the time of this lady's mother, and brought off your husband, when those who had hung at the same breast with him dared not attempt the rescue?—Remember how I plunged into the lake when your grandson's skiff was overtaken by the tempest, boarded, and steered her safe to the land. Lady—the servant of a Scottish baron is he who regards not his own life, or that of any other, save his master. And, for the death of the woman, I had tried the potion on her sooner, had not Master George been her taster. Her death—would it not be the happiest news that Scotland ever heard? Is she not of the bloody Guisian stock, whose sword was so often red with the blood of God's saints? Is she not the daughter of the wretched tyrant James, whom Heaven cast down from his kingdom, and his pride, even as the king of Babylon was smitten?"

"Peace, villain!" said the Lady—a thousand varied recollections thronging on her mind at the mention of her royal lover's name; "Peace, and disturb not the ashes of the dead—of the royal, of the unhappy dead. Read thy Bible; and may God grant thee to avail thyself better of its contents than thou hast yet done!" She departed hastily, and as she reached the next apartment, the tears rose to her eyes so hastily, that she was compelled to stop and use her kerchief to dry them. "I expected not this," she said, "no more than to have drawn water from the hard flint, or sap from a withered tree. I saw with a dry eye the apostasy and shame of George Douglas, the hope of my son's house—the child of my love; and yet I now weep for him who has so long lain in his grave—for him to whom I owe it, that his daughter can make a scoffing and a jest of my name! But she is *his* daughter—my heart, hardened against her for so many causes, relents when a glance of her eye places her father unexpectedly before me—and, as often, her likeness to that true daughter of the house of Guise, her detested mother, has again confirmed my resolution. But she must not—must not die in my house, and by so foul a practice. Thank God the operation of the potion is slow, and may be counteracted. I will to her apartment once more. But O! that hardened villain, whose fidelity we held in such esteem, and had such high proof of! What miracle can unite so much wickedness, and so much truth, in one bosom!"

The Lady of Lochleven was not aware how far minds of a certain gloomy and determined cast by nature, may be warped by a keen sense of petty injuries and insults, combining with the love of gain, and sense of self-interest, and amalgamated with the crude, wild, and indigested fanatical opinions which this man had gathered among the crazy sectaries of Germany; or how far the doctrines of fatalism, which he had embraced so decidedly, sear the human conscience, by representing our actions as the result of inevitable necessity.

During her visit to the prisoner, Roland had communicated to Catherine the tenor of the conversation he had had with her at the door of the apartment.

The quick intelligence of that lively maiden instantly comprehended the outline of what was believed to have happened, but her prejudices hurried her beyond the truth.

"They meant to have poisoned us," she exclaimed in horror, "and there stands the fatal liquor which should have done the deed!—Ay, as soon as Douglas ceased to be our taster, our food was likely to be fatally seasoned. Thou, Roland, who shouldst have made the essay, wert readily doomed to die with us. O, dearest Lady Fleming, pardon, pardon, for the injuries I said to you in my anger—your words were prompted by Heaven to save our lives, and especially that of the injured Queen. But what have we now to do? that old crocodile of the lake will be presently back to shed her hypocritical tears over our dying agonies.—Lady Fleming, what shall we do?"

"Our Lady help us in our need!" she replied; "how should I tell?—unless we were to make our plaint to the Regent."

"Make our plaint to the devil," said Catherine, impatiently, "and accuse his dam at the foot of his burning throne!—The Queen still sleeps—we must gain time. The poisoning hag must not know her scheme has miscarried; the old envenomed spider has but too many ways of mending her broken web.—The jar of succory-water," said she—"Roland, if thou be'st a man, help me—empty the jar on the chimney or from the window—make such waste among the viands as if we had made our usual meal, and leave the fragments on cup and porringer, but taste nothing as thou lovest thy life. I will sit by the Queen, and tell her, at her waking, in what a fearful pass we stand. Her sharp wit and ready spirit will teach us what is best to be done. Mean while, till farther notice, observe, Roland, that the Queen is in a state of torpor—that Lady Fleming is indisposed—that character" (speaking in a lower tone) "will suit her best, and save her wits some labour in vain. I am not so much indisposed, thou understandest."

"And I?" said the page——

"You?" replied Catherine, "you are quite well—who thinks it worth while to poison puppy-dogs or pages?"

"Does this levity become the time?" asked the page.

"It does, it does," answered Catherine Seyton; "if the Queen approves, I see plainly how this disconcerted attempt may do us good service."

She went to work while she spoke, eagerly assisted by Roland. The breakfast table soon displayed the appearance as if the meal had been eaten as usual; and the ladies retired as softly as possible into the Queen's sleeping apartment. At a new summons of the Lady Lochleven, the page undid the door, and admitted her into the anteroom, asking her pardon for having withstood her, alleging in excuse, that the Queen had fallen into a heavy slumber since she had broken her fast.

"She has eaten and drunken, then?" said the Lady of Lochleven.

"Surely," replied the page, "according to her Grace's ordinary custom, unless upon the fasts of the church."

"The jar," she said, hastily examining it, "it is empty—drank the Lady Mary the whole of this water?"

"A large part, madam; and I heard the Lady Catherine Seyton jestingly upbraid the Lady Mary Fleming with having taken more than a just share of what remained, so that but little fell to her own lot."

"And are they well in health?" said the Lady of Lochleven.

"Lady Fleming," said the page, "complains of lethargy and looks duller than usual; and the Lady Catherine of Seyton feels her head somewhat more giddy than is her wont."

He raised his voice a little as he said these words, to apprise the ladies of the part assigned to each of them, and not, perhaps, without the wish of conveying to the ears of Catherine the page-like jest which lurked in the allotment.

"I will enter the Queen's chamber," said the Lady Lochleven; "my business is express."

As she advanced to the door, the voice of Catherine Seyton was heard from within—"No one can enter here—the Queen sleeps."

"I will not be controlled, young lady," replied the Lady of Lochleven; "there is, I wot, no inner bar, and I will enter in your despite."

"There is, indeed, no inner bar," answered Catherine, firmly, "but there are the staples where that bar should be; and into those staples have I thrust mine arm, like an ancestress of your own, when, better employed than the Douglasses of our days, she thus defended the bedchamber of her sovereign against murderers. Try your force, then, and see whether a Seyton cannot rival in courage a maiden of the house of Douglas."

"I dare not attempt the pass at such risk," said the Lady of Lochleven: "Strange, that this Princess, with all that justly attaches to her as blameworthy, should preserve such empire over the minds of her attendants!—Damsel, I give thee my honour that I come for the Queen's safety and advantage. Awaken her, if thou lovest her, and pray her leave that I may enter—I will retire from the door the whilst."

"Thou wilt not awaken the Queen?" said the Lady Fleming."

"What choice have we?" said the ready-witted maiden, "unless you deem it better to wait till the Lady Lochleven herself plays lady of the bedchamber. Her fit of patience will not last long, and the Queen must be prepared to meet her."

"But thou wilt bring back her Grace's fit by thus disturbing her."

"Heaven forbid!" replied Catherine; "but if so, it must pass for an effect of the poison. I hope better things, and that the Queen will be able when she wakes to form her own judgment in this terrible crisis. Mean while, do thou, dear Lady Fleming, practise to look as dull and heavy as the alertness of thy spirit will permit."

Catherine kneeled by the side of the Queen's bed, and, kissing her hand repeatedly, succeeded at last in awakening without alarming her. She seemed surprised to find that she was ready dressed, but sate up in her bed, and appeared so perfectly composed, that Catherine Seyton, without further preamble, judged it safe to inform her of the predicament in which they were placed. Mary turned pale, and crossed herself again and again, when she heard the imminent danger in which she had stood. But, like the Ulysses of Homer,

——"Hardly waking yet.
Sprung in her mind the momentary wit,"

and she at once understood her situation, with the dangers and advantages that attended it.

"We cannot do better," she said, after her hasty conference with Catherine, pressing her at the same time to her bosom, and kissing her forehead: "we cannot do better than to follow the scheme so happily devised by thy quick wit and bold affection. Undo the door to the Lady Lochleven—She shall meet her match in art, though not in perfidy. Fleming, draw close the curtain, and get thee behind it—thou art a better tire-woman than an actress; do but breathe heavily, and, if thou wilt, groan slightly, and it will top thy part. Hark! they come. Now, Catherine of Medicis, may thy spirit inspire me, for a cold northern brain is too blunt for this scene!"

Ushered by Catherine Seyton, and stepping as light as she could, the Lady Lochleven was shown into the twilight apartment, and conducted to the side of the couch, where Mary, pallid and exhausted from a sleepless night, and the subsequent agitation of the morning, lay extended so listlessly as might well con firm the worst fears of her hostess.

"Now, God forgive us our sins!" said the Lady of Lochleven, forgetting her pride, and throwing herself on her knees by the side of the bed; "it is too true—she is murdered!"

"Who is in the chamber?" said Mary, as if awak ing from a heavy sleep. "Seyton, Fleming, where are you? I heard a strange voice. Who waits?—Call Courcelles."

"Alas! her memory is at Holyrood, though her body is at Lochleven.—Forgive, madam," continued

the Lady, "if I call your attention to me—I am Margaret Erskine, of the house of Mar, by marriage Lady Douglas of Lochleven."

"O, our gentle hostess," answered the Queen, "who hath such care of our lodgings and of our diet—We cumber you too much and too long, good Lady of Lochleven; but we now trust your task of hospitality is well nigh ended."

"Her words go like a knife through my heart," said the Lady of Lochleven.—"With a breaking heart, I pray your Grace to tell me what is your ailment, that aid may be had, if there be yet time?"

"Nay, my ailment," replied the Queen, "is nothing worth telling, or worth a leech's notice—my limbs feel heavy—my heart feels cold—a prisoner's limbs and heart are rarely otherwise—fresh air, methinks, and freedom, would soon revive me; but as the Estates have ordered it, death alone can break my prison-doors."

"Were it possible, madam," said the Lady, "that your liberty could restore your perfect health, I would myself encounter the resentment of the Regent—of my son, Sir William—of my whole friends, rather than you should meet your fate in this castle!"

"Alas! madam," said the Lady Fleming, who conceived the time propitious to show that her own address had been held too lightly of; "it is but trying what good freedom may work upon us; for myself, I think a free walk on the greensward would do me much good at heart."

The Lady of Lochleven rose from the bedside, and darted a penetrating look at the elder valetudinary. "Are you so evil disposed, Lady Fleming?"

"Evil disposed indeed, madam," replied the court dame, "and more especially since breakfast."

"Help! help!" exclaimed Catherine, anxious to break off a conversation which boded her schemes no good; "help! I say, help! the Queen is about to pass away. Aid her, Lady Lochleven, if you be a woman!"

The Lady hastened to support the Queen's head, who, turning her eyes towards her with an air of great languor, exclaimed, "Thanks, my dearest Lady of Lochleven—notwithstanding some passages of late, I have never misconstrued or misdoubted your affection to our house. It was proved, as I have heard, before I was born."

The Lady Lochleven sprung from the floor, on which she had again knelt, and having paced the apartment in great disorder, flung open the lattice, as if to get air.

"Now, Our Lady forgive me!" said Catherine to herself. "How deep must the love of sarcasm be implanted in the breasts of us women, since the Queen, with all her sense, will risk ruin rather than rein in her wit!" She then adventured, stooping over the Queen's person, to press her arm with her hand, saying, at the same time, "For God's sake, madam, restrain yourself!"

"Thou art too forward, maiden," said the Queen; but immediately added, in a low whisper, "Forgive me, Catherine; but when I felt the hag's murderous hands busy about my head and neck, I felt such disgust and hatred, that I must have said something, or died. But I will be schooled to better haviour—only see that thou let her not touch me."

"Now, God be praised!" said the Lady Lochleven, withdrawing her head from the window, "the boat comes as fast as sail and oar can send wood through water—It brings the leech and a female—certainly, from the appearance, the very person I was in quest of. Were she but well out of this castle, with our honour safe, I would that she were on the top of the wildest mountain in Norway; or I would I had been there myself, ere I had undertaken this trust!"

While she thus expressed herself, standing apart at one window, Roland Græme, from the other, watched the boat bursting through the waters of the lake, which glided from its side in ripple and in foam. He, too, became sensible, that at the stern was seated the medical Chamberlain clad in his black velvet cloak; and that his own relative, Magdalen Græme, in her assumed character of Mother Nicneven, stood in the bow, her hands clasped together, and pointed towards the castle, and her attitude, even at that distance, expressing enthusiastic eagerness to arrive at the landing-place. They arrived there accordingly; and while the supposed witch was detained in a room beneath, the physician was ushered to the Queen's apartment, which he entered with all due professional solemnity. Catherine had, in the mean while, fallen back from the Queen's bed, and taken an opportunity to whisper to Roland, "Methinks, from the information of the threadbare velvet cloak and the solemn beard, there would be little trouble in haltering yonder ass. But thy grandmother, Roland—thy grandmother's zeal will ruin us, if she get not a hint to dissemble."

Roland, without reply, glided towards the door of the apartment, crossed the parlour, and safely entered the antechamber; but when he attempted to pass farther, the word "Back! Back!" echoed from one to the other, by two men armed with carabines, convinced him that the Lady of Lochleven's suspicions had not, even in the midst of her alarms, been so far lulled to sleep as to omit the precaution of stationing sentinels on her prisoners. He was compelled, therefore, to return to the parlour, or audience-chamber, in which he found the Lady of the castle in conference with her learned leech.

"A truce with your cant phrase and your solemn foppery, Lundin," in such terms she accosted the man of art, "and let me know instantly, if thou canst tell, whether this lady hath swallowed aught that is less than wholesome."

"Nay, but, good lady—honoured patroness—to whom I am alike bondsman in my medical and official capacity, deal reasonably with me. If this, mine illustrious patient, will not answer a question, saving with sighs and moans—if that other honourable lady will do naught but yawn in my face when I inquire after the diagnostics—and if that other young damsel, who I profess is a comely maiden"——

"Talk not to me of comeliness or of damsels," said the Lady of Lochleven, "I say, are they evil-disposed?—In one word, man, have they taken poison, ay or no?"

"Poisons, madam," said the learned leech, "are of various sorts. There is your animal poison, as the *lepus marinus*, as mentioned by Dioscorides and Galen—there are mineral and semi-mineral poisons, as those compounded of sublimate regulus of antimony, vitriol, and the arsenical salts—there are your poisons from herbs and vegetables, as the aqua cymbalariæ, opium, aconitum, cantharides, and the like—there are also"——

"Now, out upon thee for a learned fool! and I myself am no better for expecting an oracle from such a log," said the Lady.

"Nay, but if your ladyship will have patience—if I knew what food they had partaken of, or could see but the remnants of what they have last eaten—for as to the external and internal symptoms, I can discover naught like; for, as Galen saith in his second book *de Antidotis*"——

"Away, fool!" said the Lady; "send me that hag hither; she shall avouch what it was that she hath given to the wretch Dryfesdale, or the pilniewinks and thumbikins shall wrench it out of her finger joints!"

"Art hath no enemy unless the ignorant," said the mortified Doctor; veiling, however, his remark under the Latin version, and stepping apart into a corner to watch the result.

In a minute or two Magdalen Græme entered the apartment, dressed as we have described her at the revel, but with her muffler thrown back, and all affectation of disguise. She was attended by two guards, of whose presence she did not seem even to be conscious, and who followed her with an air of embarrassment and timidity, which was probably owing to their belief in her supernatural power coupled with the effect produced by her bold and undaunted demeanour. She confronted the Lady of Lochleven, who seemed to endure with high disdain the confidence of her air and manner.

"Wretched woman!" said the Lady, after essaying for a moment to bear her down, before she addressed

her, by the stately severity of her look, "what was that powder which thou didst give to a servant of this house, by name Jasper Dryfesdale, that he might work out with it some slow and secret vengeance?—Confess its nature and properties, or, by the honour of Douglas, I give thee to fire and stake before the sun is lower!"

"Alas!" said Magdalen Græme in reply, "and when became a Douglas or a Douglas's man so unfurnished of his means of revenge, that he should seek them at the hands of a poor and solitary woman? The towers in which your captives pine away into unpitied graves, yet stand fast on their foundations—the crimes wrought in them have not yet burst their vaults asunder—your men have still their crossbows, pistolets, and daggers—why need you seek to herbs or charms for the execution of your revenges?"

"Hear me, foul hag," said the Lady of Lochleven,—"but what avails speaking to thee?—Bring Dryfesdale hither, and let them be confronted together."

"You may spare your retainers the labour," replied Magdalen Græme. "I came not here to be confronted with a base groom, nor to answer the interrogatories of James's heretical leman—I came to speak with the Queen of Scotland—Give place there!"

And while the Lady of Lochleven stood confounded at her boldness, and at the reproach she had cast upon herself, Magdalen Græme strode past her into the bedchamber of the Queen, and, kneeling on the floor, made a salutation as if, in the Oriental fashion, she meant to touch the earth with her forehead.

"Hail, Princess!" she said, "hail, daughter of many a king, but graced above them all in that thou art called to suffer for the true faith!—hail to thee, the pure gold of whose crown has been tried in the seventimes heated furnace of affliction—hear the comfort which God and Our Lady send thee by the mouth of thy unworthy servant.—But first"—and stooping her head she crossed herself repeatedly, and, still upon her knees, appeared to be rapidly reciting some formula of devotion.

"Seize her, and drag her to the massy-more!—To the deepest dungeon with the sorceress, whose master, the Devil, could alone have inspired her with boldness enough to insult the mother of Douglas in his own castle!"

Thus spoke the incensed Lady of Lochleven, but the physician presumed to interpose.

"I pray of you, honoured madam, she be permitted to take her course without interruption. Peradventure we shall learn something concerning the nostrum she hath ventured, contrary to law and the rules of art, to adhibit to these ladies, through the medium of the steward Dryfesdale."

"For a fool," replied the Lady of Lochleven, "thou hast counselled wisely—I will bridle my resentment till their conference be over."

"God forbid, honoured lady," said Doctor Lundin, "that you should suppress it longer—nothing may more endanger the frame of your honoured body; and truly, if there be witchcraft in this matter, it is held by the vulgar, and even by solid authors on Demonology, that three scruples of the ashes of the witch, when she hath been well and carefully burnt at a stake, is a grand Catholicon in such matter, even as they prescribe *crinis canis rubidi*, a hair of the dog that bit the patient, in cases of hydrophobia. I warrant neither treatment, being out of the regular practice of the schools; but, in the present case, there can be little harm in trying the conclusion upon this old necromancer and quacksalver—*fiat experimentum* (as we say) *in corpore vili*."

"Peace, fool!" said the Lady, "she is about to speak."

At that moment Magdalen Græme arose from her knees, and turned her countenance on the Queen, at the same time advancing her foot, extending her arm, and assuming the mien and attitude of a Sibyl in frenzy. As her gray hair floated back from beneath her coif, and her eye gleamed fire from under its shaggy eyebrow, the effect of her expressive though emaciated features, was heightened by an enthusiasm approaching to insanity, and her appearance struck with awe all who were present. Her eyes for a time glanced wildly around, as if seeking for something to aid her in collecting her powers of expression, and her lips had a nervous and quivering motion, as those of one who would fain speak, yet rejects as inadequate the words which present themselves. Mary herself caught the infection as if by a sort of magnetic influence, and raising herself from her bed, without being able to withdraw her eyes from those of Magdalen, waited as if for the oracle of a Pythoness. She waited not long; for no sooner had the enthusiast collected herself, than her gaze became intensely steady, her features assumed a determined energy, and when she began to speak, the words flowed from her with a profuse fluency, which might have passed for inspiration, and which, perhaps, she herself mistook for such.

"Arise," she said, "Queen of France and of England! Arise, lioness of Scotland, and be not dismayed, though the nets of the hunters have encircled thee! Stoop not to feign with the false ones, whom thou shalt soon meet in the field. The issue of battle is with the God of armies, but by battle thy cause shall be tried. Lay aside, then, the arts of lower mortals, and assume those which become a Queen! True defender of the only true faith, the armory of heaven is open to thee! Faithful daughter of the Church, take the keys of St. Peter, to bind and to loose!—Royal Princess of the land, take the sword of St. Paul, to smite and to shear! There is darkness in thy destiny;—but not in these towers, not under the rule of their haughty mistress, shall that destiny be closed—In other lands the lioness may crouch to the power of the tigress, but not in her own—not in Scotland shall the Queen of Scotland long remain captive—nor is the fate of the royal Stewart in the hands of the traitor Douglas. Let the lady of Lochleven double her bolts and deepen her dungeons, they shall not retain thee—each element shall give thee its assistance ere thou shalt continue captive—the land shall lend its earthquakes, the water its waves, the air its tempests, the fire its devouring flames, to desolate this house, rather than it shall continue the place of thy captivity.—Hear this and tremble, all ye who fight against the light, for she says it, to whom it hath been assured!"

She was silent, and the astonished physician said, "If there was ever an *Energumene*, or possessed Demoniac, in our days, there is a devil speaking with that woman's tongue!"

"Practice," said the Lady of Lochleven, recovering her surprise; "here is all practice and imposture—To the dungeon with her!"

"Lady of Lochleven," said Mary, arising from her bed, and coming forward with her wonted dignity, "ere you make arrest on any one in our presence, hear me but one word. I have done you some wrong I believed you privy to the murderous purpose of your vassal, and I deceived you in suffering you to believe it had taken effect. I did you wrong, Lady of Lochleven, for I perceive your purpose to aid me was sincere. We tasted not of the liquid, nor are we now sick, save that we languish for our freedom."

"It is avowed like Mary of Scotland," said Magdalen Græme; "and know, besides, that had the Queen drained the draught to the dregs, it was harmless as the water from a sainted spring. Trow ye, proud woman," she added, addressing herself to the Lady of Lochleven, "that I—I—would have been the wretch to put poison in the hands of a servant or vassal of the house of Lochleven, knowing whom that house contained? as soon would I have furnished drug to slay my own daughter!"

"Am I thus bearded in mine own castle?" said the Lady; "to the dungeon with her!—she shall abye what is due to the vender of poisons and practiser of witchcrafts."

"Yet hear me for an instant, Lady of Lochleven," said Mary; "and do you," to Magdalen, "be silent at my command.—Your steward, lady, has by confession attempted my life, and those of my household, and this woman hath done her best to save them, by furnishing him with what was harmless, in place of the fatal drugs which he expected. Methinks I propose to you but a fair exchange, when I say I forgive your vassal with all my heart, and leave vengeance to God, and to his conscience, so that you also for-

give the boldness of this woman in your presence; for we trust you do not hold it as a crime, that she substituted an innocent beverage for the mortal poison which was to have drenched our cup."

"Heaven forefend, madam," said the Lady, "that I should account that a crime which saved the house of Douglas from a foul breach of honour and hospitality! We have written to our son touching our vassal's delict, and he must abide his doom, which will most likely be death. Touching this woman, her trade is damnable by Scripture, and is mortally punished by the wise laws of our ancestry—she also must abide her doom."

"And have I then," said the Queen, "no claim on the house of Lochleven for the wrong I have so nearly suffered within their walls? I ask but in requital, the life of a frail and aged woman, whose brain, as yourself may judge, seems somewhat affected by years and suffering."

"If the Lady Mary," replied the inflexible Lady of Lochleven, "hath been menaced with wrong in the house of Douglas, it may be regarded as some compensation, that her complots have cost that house the exile of a valued son."

"Plead no more for me, my gracious Sovereign," said Magdalen Græme, "nor abase yourself to ask so much as a gray hair of my head at her hands. I knew the risk at which I served my Church and my Queen, and was ever prompt to pay my poor life as the ransom. It is a comfort to think, that in slaying me, or in restraining my freedom, or even in injuring that single gray hair, the house, whose honour she boasts so highly, will have filled up the measure of their shame by the breach of their solemn written assurance of safety."—And taking from her bosom a paper, she handed it to the Queen.

"It is a solemn assurance of safety in life and limb," said Queen Mary, "with space to come and go, under the hand and seal of the Chamberlain of Kinross, granted to Magdalen Græme, commonly called Mother Nicneven, in consideration of her consenting to put herself, for the space of twenty-four hours, if required, within the iron gate of the Castle of Lochleven."

"Knave!" said the Lady, turning to the chamberlain, "how dared you grant her such a protection?"

"It was by your Ladyship's orders, transmitted by Randal, as he can bear witness," replied Doctor Lundin; "nay, I am only like the pharmacopolist, who compounds the drugs after the order of the mediciner."

"I remember—I remember," answered the Lady; "but I meant the assurance only to be used in case, by residing in another jurisdiction, she could not have been apprehended under our warrant."

"Nevertheless," said the Queen, "the Lady of Lochleven is bound by the action of her deputy in granting the assurance."

"Madam," replied the Lady, "the house of Douglas have never broken their safe-conduct, and never will—too deeply did they suffer by such a breach of trust, exercised on themselves, when your Grace's ancestor, the second James, in defiance of the rights of hospitality, and of his own written assurance of safety, poniarded the brave Earl of Douglas with his own hand, and within two yards of the social board, at which he had just before sat the King of Scotland's honoured guest."

"Methinks," said the Queen, carelessly, "in consideration of so very recent and enormous a tragedy, which I think only chanced some six-score years agone, the Douglasses should have shown themselves less tenacious of the company of their sovereigns, than you, Lady of Lochleven, seem to be of mine."

"Let Randal," said the Lady, "take the hag back to Kinross, and set her at full liberty, discharging her from our bounds in future, on peril of her head.—And let your wisdom," to the Chamberlain, "keep her company. And fear not for your character, though I send you in such company; for, granting her to be a witch, it would be a waste of fagots to burn you for a wizard."

The crestfallen Chamberlain was preparing to depart; but Magdalen Græme, collecting herself, was about to reply, when the Queen interposed, saying, "Good mother, we heartily thank you for your unfeigned zeal towards our person, and pray you, as our liege-woman, that you abstain from whatever may lead you into personal danger; and, further, it is our will that you depart without a word of farther parley with any one in this castle. For thy present guerdon, take this small reliquary—it was given to us by our uncle the Cardinal, and hath had the benediction of the Holy Father himself; and now depart in peace and in silence. For you, learned sir," continued the Queen, advancing to the Doctor, who made his reverence in a manner doubly embarrassed, by the awe of the Queen's presence, which made him fear to do too little, and by the apprehension of his lady's displeasure, in case he should chance to do too much,—"for you, learned sir, as it was not your fault, though surely our own good fortune, that we did not need your skill at this time, it would not become us, however circumstanced, to suffer our leech to leave us without such guerdon as we can offer."

With these words, and with the grace which never forsook her, though, in the present case, there might lurk under it a little gentle ridicule, she offered a small embroidered purse to the Chamberlain, who, with extended hand and arched back, his learned face stooping until a physiognomist might have practised the metoposcopical science upon it, as seen from behind betwixt his gambadoes, was about to accept of the professional recompense offered by so fair as well as illustrious a hand. But the Lady interposed, and, regarding the Chamberlain, said aloud, "No servant of our house, without instantly relinquishing that character, and incurring withal our highest displeasure, shall dare receive any gratuity at the hand of the Lady Mary."

Sadly and slowly the Chamberlain raised his depressed stature into the perpendicular attitude, and left the apartment dejectedly, followed by Magdalen Græme, after, with mute but expressive gesture, she had kissed the reliquary with which the Queen had presented her, and raising her clasped hands and uplifted eyes towards Heaven, had seemed to entreat a benediction upon the royal dame. As she left the castle, and went towards they quay where the boat lay, Roland Græme, anxious to communicate with her if possible, threw himself in her way, and might have succeeded in exchanging a few words with her, as she was guarded only by the dejected Chamberlain and his halberdiers, but she seemed to have taken, in its most strict and literal acceptation, the command to be silent which she had received from the Queen; for, to the repeated signs of her grandson, she only replied by laying her finger on her lip. Dr. Lundin was not so reserved. Regret for the handsome gratuity, and for the compulsory task of self-denial imposed on him, had grieved the spirit of that worthy officer and learned mediciner—"Even thus, my friend," said he, squeezing the page's hand as he bade him farewell, "is merit rewarded. I came to cure this unhappy lady—and I protess she well deserves the trouble, for, say what they will of her, she hath a most winning manner, a sweet voice, a gracious smile, and a most majestic wave of her hand. If she was not poisoned, say, my dear Master Roland, was that fault of mine, I being ready to cure her if she had?—and now I am denied the permission to accept my well-earned honorarium—O Galen! O Hippocrates! is the graduate's cap and doctor's scarlet brought to this pass! *Frustra fatigamus remediis ægros!*"

He wiped his eyes, stepped on the gunwale, and the boat pushed off from the shore, and went merrily across the lake, which was dimpled by the summer wind.*

* A romancer, to use a Scottish phrase, wants but a hair to make a tether of. The whole detail of the steward's supposed conspiracy against the life of Mary, is grounded upon an expression in one of her letters, which affirms, that Jasper Dryfesdale, one of the Laird of Lochleven's servants, had threatened to murder William Douglas, (for his share in the Queen's escape,) and averred that he would plant a dagger in Mary's own heart.—CHALMER'S *Life of Queen Mary*, vol. i. p. 278.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Death distant!—No, alas! he's ever with us,
And shakes the dart at us in all our actings:
He lurks within our cup, while we're in health;
Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our medicines;
We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,
But Death is by to seize us when he lists.

The Spanish Father.

FROM the agitating scene in the Queen's presence-chamber, the Lady of Lochleven retreated to her own apartment, and ordered the steward to be called before her.

"Have they not disarmed thee, Dryfesdale?" she said, on seeing him enter, accoutred, as usual, with sword and dagger.

"No!" replied the old man; "how should they?—Your ladyship, when you commanded me to ward, said naught of laying down my arms; and, I think, none of your menials, without your order, or your son's, dare approach Jasper Dryfesdale for such a purpose.—Shall I now give up my sword to you?—it is worth little now, for it has fought for your house till it is worn down to old iron, like the pantler's old chipping knife."

"You have attempted a deadly crime—poison under trust."

"Under trust?—hem!—I know not what your ladyship thinks of it, but the world without thinks the trust was given you even for that very end; and you would have been well off had it been so ended as I proposed, and you neither the worse nor the wiser."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Lady, "and fool as well as villain, who could not even execute the crime he had planned!"

"I bid as fair for it as man could," replied Dryfesdale; "I went to a woman—a witch and a papist.—If I found not poison, it was because it was otherwise predestined. I tried fair for it; but the half-done job may be clouted, if you will."

"Villain! I am even now about to send off an express messenger to my son, to take order how thou shouldst be disposed of. Prepare thyself for death, if thou canst."

"He that looks on death, Lady," answered Dryfesdale, "as that which he may not shun, and which has its own fixed and certain hour, is ever prepared for it. He that is hanged in May will eat no flaunes* in midsummer—so there is the moan made for the old serving-man. But whom, pray I, send you on so fair an errand?"

"There will be no lack of messengers," answered his mistress.

"By my hand, but there will," replied the old man; "your castle is but poorly manned, considering the watches that you must keep, having this charge—There is the warder, and two others, whom you discarded for tampering with Master George; then for the warder's tower, the bailie, the donjon—five men mount each guard, and the rest must sleep for the most part in their clothes. To send away another man, were to harass the sentinels to death—unthrifty misuse for a household. To take in new soldiers were dangerous, the charge requiring tried men. I see but one thing for it—I will do your errand to Sir William Douglas myself."

"That were indeed a resource!—And on what day within twenty years would it be done?" said the Lady.

"Even with the speed of man and horse," said Dryfesdale; "for though I care not much about the latter days of an old serving-man's life, yet I would like to know as soon may be, whether my neck is mine own or the hangman's."

"Holdest thou thy own life so lightly?" said the Lady.

"Else I had recked more of that of others," said the predestinarian.—"What is death?—it is but ceasing to live—And what is living?—a weary return of light and darkness, sleeping and waking, being hungered and eating. Your dead man needs neither candle nor can, neither fire nor feather-bed; and the joiner's chest serves him for an eternal frieze-jerkin."

"Wretched man! believest thou not that after death comes the judgment?"

"Lady," answered Dryfesdale, "as my mistress, I may not dispute your words; but, as spiritually speaking, you are still but a burner of bricks in Egypt, ignorant of the freedom of the saints; for, as was well shown to me by that gifted man, Nicolaus Schœfferbach, who was martyred by the bloody Bishop of Munster, he cannot sin who doth but execute that which is predestined, since"——

"Silence!" said the Lady, interrupting him,—"Answer me not with thy bold and presumptuous blasphemy, but hear me. Thou hast been long the servant of our house"——

"The born servant of the Douglas—they have had the best of me—I served them since I left Lockerbie: I was then ten years old, and you may soon add the threescore to it."

"Thy foul attempt has miscarried, so thou art guilty only in intention. It were a deserved deed to hang thee on the warder's tower; and yet, in thy present mind, it were but giving a soul to Satan. I take thine offer, then—Go hence—here is my packet—I will add to it but a line, to desire him to send me a faithful servant or two to complete the garrison. Let my son deal with you as he will. If thou art wise, thou wilt make for Lockerbie so soon as thy foot touches dry land, and let the packet find another bearer; at all rates, look it miscarries not."

"Nay, madam," replied he—"I was born, as I said, the Douglas's servant, and I will be no corbie-messenger in mine old age—your message to your son shall be done as truly by me as if it concerned another man's neck. I take my leave of your honour."

The Lady issued her commands, and the old man was ferried over to the shore, to proceed on his extraordinary pilgrimage. It is necessary the reader should accompany him on his journey, which Providence had determined should not be of long duration.

On arriving at the village, the steward, although his disgrace had transpired, was readily accommodated with a horse, by the Chamberlain's authority; and the roads being by no means esteemed safe, he associated himself with Auchtermuchty, the common carrier, in order to travel in his company to Edinburgh.

The worthy wagoner, according to the established custom of all carriers, stage-coachmen, and other persons in such public authority, from the earliest days to the present, never wanted good reasons for stopping upon the road, as often as he would; and the place which had most captivation for him as a resting-place was a change-house, as it was termed, not very distant from a romantic dell, well known by the name of Keirie Craigs. Attractions of a kind very different from those which arrested the progress of John Auchtermuchty and his wains, still continue to hover round this romantic spot, and none has visited its vicinity without a desire to remain long and to return soon.

Arrived near his favourite *howff*, not all the authority of Dryfesdale (much diminished indeed by the rumours of his disgrace) could prevail on the carrier, obstinate as the brutes which he drove, to pass on without his accustomed halt, for which the distance he had travelled furnished little or no pretence. Old Keltie, the landlord, who has bestowed his name on a bridge in the neighbourhood of his quondam dwelling, received the carrier with his usual festive cordiality, and adjourned with him into the house, under pretence of important business, which, I believe, consisted in their emptying together a mutchkin stoup of usquebaugh. While the worthy host and his guest were thus employed, the discarded steward, with a double portion of moroseness in his gesture and look, walked discontentedly into the kitchen of the place, which was occupied but by one guest. The stranger was a slight figure, scarce above the age of boyhood, and in the dress of a page, but bearing an air of haughty aristocratic boldness and even insolence in his look and manner, that might have made Dryfesdale conclude he had pretensions to superior rank, had not his experience taught him how frequently these airs of superiority were assumed by the domestics and military retainers of the Scottish nobility.—"The pilgrim's morning to you, old sir," said the youth; "you come, as I think, from Lochleven Castle—What news of our bonny Queen?—a fairer dove was never pent up in so wretched a dovecot."

* Pancakes.

"They that speak of Lochleven, and of those whom its walls contain," answered Dryfesdale, "speak of what concerns the Douglas; and they who speak of what concerns the Douglas, do it at their peril."

"Do you speak from fear of them, old man, or would you make a quarrel for them?—I should have deemed your age might have cooled your blood."

"Never, while there are empty-pated coxcombs at each corner to keep it warm."

"The sight of thy gray hairs keeps mine cold," said the boy, who had risen up and now sat down again.

"It is well for thee, or I had cooled it with this holly-rod," replied the steward. "I think thou be'st one of those swashbucklers, who brawl in ale-houses and taverns; and who, if words were pikes, and oaths were Andrew Ferraras, would soon place the religion of Babylon in the land once more, and the woman of Moab upon the throne."

"Now, by Saint Bennet of Seyton," said the youth, "I will strike thee on the face, thou foul-mouthed old railing heretic!"

"Saint Bennet of Seyton!" echoed the steward; "a proper warrant is Saint Bennet's, and for a proper nest of wolf-birds like the Seytons!—I will arrest thee as a traitor to King James and the good Regent. ——Ho! John Auchtermuchty, raise aid against the King's traitor!"

So saying, he laid his hand on the youth's collar, and drew his sword. John Auchtermuchty looked in, but, seeing the naked weapon, ran faster out than he entered. Keltie, the landlord, stood by and helped neither party, only exclaiming, "Gentlemen! gentlemen! for the love of Heaven!" and so forth. A struggle ensued, in which the young man, chafed at Dryfesdale's boldness, and unable, with the ease he expected, to extricate himself from the old man's determined grasp, drew his dagger, and, with the speed of light, dealt him three wounds in the breast and body, the least of which was mortal. The old man sunk on the ground with a deep groan, and the host set up a piteous exclamation of surprise.

"Peace, ye bawling hound!" said the wounded steward; "are dagger-stabs and dying men such rarities in Scotland, that you should cry as if the house were falling?—Youth, I do not forgive thee, for there is naught betwixt us to forgive. Thou hast done what I have done to more than one—And I suffer what I have seen them suffer—it was all ordained to be thus and not otherwise. But if thou wouldst do me right, thou wilt send this packet safely to the hands of Sir William of Douglas; and see that my memory suffer not, as if I would have loitered on mine errand for fear of my life."

The youth, whose passion had subsided the instant he had done the deed, listened with sympathy and attention, when another person, muffled in his cloak, entered the apartment, and exclaimed —"Good God! Dryfesdale, and expiring!"

"Ay, and Dryfesdale would that he had been dead," answered the wounded man, "rather than that his ears had heard the words of the only Douglas that ever was false—but yet it is better as it is. Good my murderer, and the rest of you, stand back a little, and let me speak with this unhappy apostate.—Kneel down by me, Master George—You have heard that I failed in my attempt to take away that Moabitish stumbling-block and her retinue—I gave them that which I thought would have removed the temptation out of thy path—and this, though I had other reasons to show to thy mother and others, I did chiefly purpose for love of thee."

"For the love of me, base poisoner!" answered Douglas, "wouldst thou have committed so horrible, so unprovoked a murder, and mentioned my name with it?"

"And wherefore not, George of Douglas?" answered Dryfesdale. "Breath is now scarce with me, but I would spend my last gasp on this argument. Hast thou not, despite the honour thou owest to thy parents, the faith that is due to thy religion, the truth that is due to thy King, been so carried away by the charms of this beautiful sorceress, that thou wouldst have helped her to escape from her prison-house, and lent her thine arm again to ascend the throne, which she had made a place of abomination?—Nay, stir not from me—my hand, though fast stiffening, has yet force enough to hold thee—What dost thou aim at—to wed this witch of Scotland?—I warrant thee, thou mayst succeed—her heart and hand have been oft won at a cheaper rate, than thou, fool that thou art, would think think thyself happy to pay. But, should a servant of thy father's house have seen thee embrace the fate of the idiot Darnley, or of the villain Bothwell—the fate of the murdered fool, or of the living pirate—while an ounce of ratsbane would have saved thee?"

"Think on God, Dryfesdale," said George Douglas, "and leave the utterance of those horrors—Repent if thou canst—if not, at least be silent.—Seyton, aid me to support this dying wretch, that he may compose himself to better thoughts, if it be possible."

"Seyton!" answered the dying man; "Seyton! Is it by a Seyton's hand that I fall at last?—There is something of retribution in that—since the house had nigh lost a sister by my deed." Fixing his fading eyes on the youth, he added, "He hath her very features and presence!—Stoop down, youth, and let me see thee closer—I would know thee when we meet in yonder world, for homicides will herd together there, and I have been one." He pulled Seyton's face, in spite of some resistance, closer to his own, looked at him fixedly, and added, "Thou hast begun young—thy career will be the briefer—ay, thou wilt be met with, and that anon—a young plant never throve that was watered with an old man's blood.—Yet why blame I thee? Strange turns of fate," he muttered, ceasing to address Seyton, "I designed what I could not do, and he has done what he did not perchance design.—Wondrous, that our will should ever oppose itself to the strong and uncontrollable tide of destiny—that we should strive with the stream when we might drift with the current! My brain will serve me to question it no farther—I would Schœfferbach were here—yet why?—I am on a course which the vessel can hold without a pilot.—Farewell, George of Douglas—I die true to thy father's house." He fell into convulsions at these words, and shortly after expired.

Seyton and Douglas stood looking on the dying man, and when the scene was closed, the former was the first to speak. "As I live, Douglas, I meant not this, and am sorry; but he laid hands on me, and compelled me to defend my freedom, as I best might, with my dagger. If he were ten times thy friend and follower, I can but say that I am sorry."

"I blame thee not, Seyton," said Douglas, "though I lament the chance. There is an overruling destiny above us, though not in the sense in which it was viewed by that wretched man, who, beguiled by some foreign mystagogue, used the awful word as the ready apology for whatever he chose to do—we must examine the packet."

They withdrew into an inner room, and remained deep in consultation, until they were disturbed by the entrance of Keltie, who, with an embarrassed countenance, asked Master George Douglas's pleasure respecting the disposal of the body. "Your honour knows," he added, "that I make my bread by living men, not by dead corpses; and old Mr. Dryfesdale, who was but a sorry customer while he was alive, occupies my public room now that he is deceased, and can neither call for ale nor brandy."

"Tie a stone round his neck," said Seyton, "and when the sun is down, have him to the Loch of Ore, heave him in, and let him alone for finding out the bottom."

"Under your favour, sir," said George Douglas, "it shall not be so.—Keltie, thou art a true fellow to me, and thy having been so shall advantage thee. Send or take the body to the chapel at Scotland's Wall, or to the church of Ballingry, and tell what tale thou wilt of his having fallen in a brawl with some unruly guests of thine. Auchtermuchty knows naught else, nor are the times so peaceful as to admit close looking into such accounts."

"Nay, let him tell the truth," said Seyton, "so far as it harms not our scheme.—Say that Henry Seyton met with him, my good fellow; I care not a brass boddle for the feud."

"A feud with the Douglas was ever to be feared, however," said George, displeasure mingling with his natural deep gravity of manner.

"Not when the best of the name is on my side," replied Seyton.

"Alas! Henry, if thou meanest me, I am but half a Douglas in this emprize—half head, half heart, and half hand.—But I will think on one who can never be forgotten, and be all, or more, than any of my ancestors was ever.—Keltie, say it was Henry Seyton did the deed; but beware, not a word of me!—Let Auchtermuchty carry this packet" (which he had resealed with his own signet) "to my father at Edinburgh; and here is to pay for the funeral expenses, and thy loss of custom."

"And the washing of the floor," said the landlord, "which will be an extraordinary job; for blood, they say, will scarcely ever cleanse out."

"But as for your plan," said George of Douglas, addressing Seyton, as if in continuation of what they had been before treating of, "it has a good face; but, under your favour, you are yourself too hot and too young, besides other reasons which are much against your playing the part you propose."

"We will consult the Father Abbot upon it," said the youth. "Do you ride to Kinross to-night?"

"Ay—so I purpose," answered Douglas; "the night will be dark, and suits a muffled man.*—Keltie, I forgot, there should be a stone laid on that man's grave, recording his name, and his only merit, which was being a faithful servant to the Douglas."

"What religion was the man of?" said Seyton; "he used words which made me fear I have sent Satan a subject before his time."

"I can tell you little of that," said George Douglas; "he was noted for disliking both Rome and Geneva, and spoke of lights he had learned among the fierce sectaries of Lower Germany—an evil doctrine it was, if we judge by the fruits. God keep us from presumptuously judging of Heaven's secrets!"

"Amen!" said the young Seyton, "and from meeting any encounter this evening."

"It is not thy wont to pray so," said George Douglas.

"No! I leave that to you," replied the youth, "when you are seized with scruples of engaging with your father's vassals. But I would fain have this old man's blood off these hands of mine ere I shed more—I will confess to the Abbot to-night, and I trust to have light penance for ridding the earth of such a miscreant. All I sorrow for is, that he was not a score of years younger.—He drew steel first, however, that is one comfort."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Ay, Pedro,—Come you here with mask and lantern,
Ladder of ropes and other moonshine tools—
Why, youngster, thou mayst cheat the old duenna,
Flatter the waiting-woman, bribe the valet;
But know, that I her father play the gryphon,
Tameless and sleepless, proof to fraud or bribe,
And guard the hidden treasure of her beauty.

The Spanish Father.

THE tenor of our tale carries us back to the Castle of Lochleven, where we take up the order of events on the same remarkable day on which Dryfesdale had been dismissed from the castle. It was past noon, the usual hour of dinner, yet no preparations seemed made for the Queen's entertainment. Mary herself had retired into her own apartment, where she was closely engaged in writing. Her attendants were together in the presence-chamber, and much disposed to speculate on the delay of the dinner; for it may be recollected that their breakfast had been interrupted. "I believe in my conscience," said the page, "that having found the poisoning scheme miscarry, by having gone to the wrong merchant for their deadly wares, they are now about to try how famine will work upon us."

Lady Fleming was somewhat alarmed at this surmise, but comforted herself by observing, that the chimney of the kitchen had reeked that whole day in a manner which contradicted the supposition.—Catherine Seyton presently exclaimed, "They were bearing the dishes across the court, marshalled by the Lady Lochleven herself, dressed out in her highest and stiffest ruff, with her partlet and sleeves of cyprus, and her huge old-fashioned farthingale of crimson velvet."

"I believe on my word," said the page, approaching the window also, "it was in that very farthingale that she captivated the heart of gentle King Jamie, which procured our poor Queen her precious bargain of a brother."

"That may hardly be, Master Roland," answered the Lady Fleming, who was a great recorder of the changes of fashion, "since the farthingales came first in when the Queen Regent went to Saint Andrews, after the battle of pinkie, and were then called *Vertugardins*"——

She would have proceeded farther in this important discussion, but was interrupted by the entrance of the Lady of Lochleven, who preceded the servants bearing the dishes, and formally discharged the duty of tasting each of them. Lady Fleming regretted, in courtly phrase, that the Lady of Lochleven should have undertaken so troublesome an office.

"After the strange incident of this day, madam," said the Lady, "it is necessary for my honour and that of my son, that I partake whatever is offered to my involuntary guest. Please to inform the Lady Mary that I attend her commands."

"Her Majesty," replied Lady Fleming, with due emphasis on the word, "shall be informed that the Lady Lochleven waits."

Mary appeared instantly, and addressed her hostess with courtesy, which even approached to something more cordial. "This is nobly done, Lady Lochleven," she said; "for though we ourselves apprehend no danger under your roof, our ladies have been much alarmed by this morning's chance, and our meal will be the more cheerful for your presence and assurance. Please you to sit down."

The Lady Lochleven obeyed the Queen's commands, and Roland performed the office of carver and attendant as usual. But, notwithstanding what the Queen had said, the meal was silent and unsocial; and every effort which Mary made to excite some conversation, died away under the solemn and chill replies of the Lady of Lochleven. At length it became plain that the Queen, who had considered these advances as a condescension on her part, and who piqued herself justly on her powers of pleasing, became offended at the repulsive conduct of her hostess. After looking with a significant glance at Lady Fleming and Catherine, she slightly shrugged her shoulders, and remained silent. A pause ensued, at the end of which the Lady Douglas spoke:—"I perceive, madam, I am a check on the mirth of this fair company. I pray you to excuse me—I am a widow—alone here in a most perilous charge—deserted by my grandson—betrayed by my servant—I am little worthy of the grace you do me in offering me a seat at your table, where I am aware that wit and pastime are usually expected from the guests."

"If the Lady Lochleven is serious," said the Queen, "we wonder by what simplicity she expects our present meals to be seasoned with mirth. If she is a widow, she lives honoured and uncontrolled, at the head of her late husband's household. But I know at least of one widowed woman in the world, before whom the words desertion and betrayal ought never to be mentioned, since no one has been made so bitterly acquainted with their import."

"I meant not, madam, to remind you of your misfortunes, by the mention of mine," answered the Lady Lochleven, and there was again a deep silence.

Mary at length addressed Lady Fleming. "We can commit no deadly sins here, *ma bonne*, where we are so well warded and looked to; but if we could, this Carthusian silence might be useful as a kind of pen-

* Generally a disguised man; originally one who wears the cloak or mantle muffled round the lower part of the face to conceal his countenance. I have on an ancient piece of iron the representation of a robber thus accoutred, endeavouring to make his way into a house, and opposed by a mastiff, to whom he in vain offers food. The motto is *Spernit dona fides*. It is part of a fire grate said to have belonged to Archbishop Sharpe.

ance. If thou hast adjusted my wimple amiss, my Fleming, or if Catherine hath made a wry stitch in her broidery, when she was thinking of something else than her work, or if Roland Græme hath missed a wild-duck on the wing, and broke a quarrel-pane* of glass in the turret window, as chanced to him a week since, now is the time to think on your sins and to repent of them."

"Madam, I speak with all reverence," said the Lady Lochleven; "but I am old, and claim the privilege of age. Methinks your followers might find fitter subjects for repentance than the trifles you mention, and so mention—once more I crave your pardon—as if you jested with sin and repentance both."

"You have been our taster, Lady Lochleven," said the Queen, "I perceive you would eke out your duty with that of our Father Confessor—and since you choose that our conversation should be serious, may I ask you why the Regent's promise—since your son so styles himself—has not been kept to me in that respect? From time to time this promise has been renewed, and as constantly broken. Methinks those who pretend themselves to so much gravity and sanctity, should not debar from others the religious succours which their consciences require."

"Madam, the Earl of Murray was indeed weak enough," said the Lady Lochleven, "to give so far way to your unhappy prejudices, and a religioner of the Pope presented himself on his part at our town of Kinross. But the Douglas is Lord of his own castle, and will not permit his threshold to be darkened, no, not for a single moment, by an emissary belonging to the Bishop of Rome."

"Methinks it were well, then," said Mary, "that my Lord Regent would send me where there is less scruple and more charity."

"In this, madam," answered the Lady Lochleven, "you mistake the nature both of charity and of religion. Charity giveth to those who are in delirium the medicaments which may avail their health, but refuses those enticing cates and liquors which please the palate, but augment the disease."

"This your charity, Lady Lochleven, is pure cruelty, under the hypocritical disguise of friendly care. I am oppressed amongst you as if you meant the destruction both of my body and soul; but Heaven will not endure such iniquity for ever, and they who are the most active agents in it may speedily expect their reward."

At this moment Randal entered the apartment, with a look so much perturbed, that the Lady Fleming uttered a faint scream, the Queen was obviously startled, and the Lady of Lochleven, though too bold and proud to evince any marked signs of alarm, asked hastily what was the matter?

"Dryfesdale has been slain, madam," was the reply, "murdered as soon as he gained the dry land by young Master Henry Seyton."

It was now Catherine's turn to start and grow pale—"Has the murderer of the Douglas's vassal escaped?" was the Lady's hasty question.

"There was none to challenge him but old Keltie, and the carrier Auchtermuchty," replied Randal; "unlikely men to stay one of the frackest† youths in Scotland of his years, and who was sure to have friends and partakers at no great distance."

"Was the deed completed?" said the Lady.

"Done, and done thoroughly," said Randal; "a Seyton seldom strikes twice—But the body was not despoiled, and your honour's packet goes forward to Edinburgh by Auchtermuchty, who leaves Keltie-Bridge early to-morrow—marry, he has drunk two bottles of aquavitæ to put the fright out of his head, and now sleeps them off beside his cart-avers."‡

There was a pause when this fatal tale was told. The Queen and Lady Douglas looked on each other, as if each thought how she could best turn the incident to her own advantage in the controversy, which was continually kept alive betwixt them—Catherine Seyton kept her kerchief at her eyes, and wept.

* Diamond-shaped; literally, formed like the head of a *quarrel*, or arrow for the crossbow.
† Boldest—most forward.
‡ *Cart-horses.*

"You see, madam, the bloody maxims and practice of the deluded papists," said Lady Lochleven.

"Nay, madam," replied the Queen, "say rather you see the deserved judgment of Heaven upon a Calvinistical poisoner."

"Dryfesdale was not of the Church of Geneva, or of Scotland," said the Lady Lochleven, hastily.

"He was a heretic, however," replied Mary; "there is but one true and unerring guide; the others lead alike into error."

"Well, madam, I trust it will reconcile you to your retreat, that this deed shows the temper of those who might wish you at liberty. Bloodthirsty tyrants, and cruel man-quellers are they all, from the Clan-Ranald and Clan-Tosach in the north, to the Ferniherst and Buccleuch in the south—the murdering Seytons in the east, and"——

"Methinks, madam, you forget that I am a Seyton?" said Catherine, withdrawing her kerchief from her face, which was now coloured with indignation.

"If I had forgot it, fair mistress, your forward bearing would have reminded me," said Lady Lochleven.

"If my brother has slain the villain that would have poisoned his Sovereign, and his sister," said Catherine, "I am only so far sorry that he should have spared the hangman his proper task. For aught further, had it been the best Douglas in the land, he would have been honoured in falling by the Seyton's sword."

"Farewell, gay mistress," said the Lady of Lochleven, rising to withdraw; "it is such maidens as you, who make giddy-fashioned revellers and deadly brawlers. Boys must needs rise, forsooth, in the grace of some sprightly damsel, who thinks to dance through life as through a French galliard." She then made her reverence to the Queen, and added, "Do you also, madam, fare you well, till curfew time, when I will make, perchance, more bold than welcome in attending upon your supper-board.—Come with me, Randal, and tell me more of this cruel fact."

"'Tis an extraordinary chance," said the Queen, when she had departed; "and, villain as he was, I would this man had been spared time for repentance. We will cause something to be done for his soul, if we ever attain our liberty, and the Church will permit such grace to a heretic.—But, tell me, Catherine, *ma mignonne*—this brother of thine, who is so *frack*, as the fellow called him, bears he the same wonderful likeness to thee as formerly?"

"If your Grace means in temper, you know whether I am so *frack* as the serving-man spoke him."

"Nay, thou art prompt enough in all reasonable conscience," replied the Queen; "But thou art my own darling notwithstanding—But I meant, is this thy twin-brother as like thee in form and features as formerly? I remember thy dear mother alleged it as a reason for destining thee to the veil, that, were ye both to go at large, thou wouldst surely get the credit of some of thy brother's mad pranks."

"I believe, madam," said Catherine, "there are some unusually simple people even yet, who can hardly distinguish betwixt us, especially when, for diversion's sake, my brother hath taken a female dress,"—and, as she spoke, she gave a quick glance at Roland Græme, to whom this conversation conveyed a ray of light, welcome as ever streamed into the dungeon of a captive through the door which opened to give him freedom.

"He must be a handsome cavalier this brother of thine, if he be so like you," replied Mary. "He was in France, I think, for these late years, so that I saw him not at Holyrood."

"His looks, madam, have never been much found fault with," answered Catherine Seyton; "but I would he had less of that angry and heady spirit which evil times have encouraged amongst our young nobles. God knows, I grudge not his life in your Grace's quarrel; and love him for the willingness with which he labours for your rescue. But wherefore should he brawl with an old ruffianly servingman, and stain at once his name with such a broil, and his hands with the blood of an old and ignoble wretch?"

"Nay, be patient, Catherine; I will not have thee traduce my gallant young knight. With Henry for my knight, and Roland Græme for my trusty squire, methinks I am like a princess of romance, who may shortly set at defiance the dungeons and the weapons of all wicked sorcerers.—But my head aches with the agitation of the day. Take me *La Mer des Histoires*, and resume where we left off on Wednesday.—Our Lady help thy head, girl, or rather may she help thy heart!—I asked thee for the Sea of Histories, and thou hast brought *La Cronique d'Amour!*"

Once embarked upon the Sea of Histories, the Queen continued her labours with her needle, while Lady Fleming and Catherine read to her alternately for two hours.

As to Roland Græme, it is probable that he continued in secret intent upon the Chronicle of Love, notwithstanding the censure which the Queen seemed to pass upon that branch of study. He now remembered a thousand circumstances of voice and manner, which, had his own prepossession been less, must surely have discriminated the brother from the sister; and he felt ashamed, that, having as it were by heart every particular of Catherine's gestures, words, and manners, he should have thought her, notwithstanding her spirits and levity, capable of assuming the bold step, loud tones, and forward assurance, which accorded well enough with her brother's hasty and masculine character. He endeavoured repeatedly to catch a glance of Catherine's eye, that he might judge how she was disposed to look upon him since he had made the discovery, but he was unsuccessful; for Catherine, when she was not reading herself, seemed to take so much interest in the exploits of the Teutonic knights against the Heathens of Esthonia and Livonia, that he could not surprise her eye even for a second. But when, closing the book, the Queen commanded their attendance in the garden, Mary, perhaps of set purpose, (for Roland's anxiety could not escape so practised an observer,) afforded him a favourable opportunity of accosting his mistress. The Queen commanded them to a little distance, while she engaged Lady Fleming in a particular and private conversation; the subject whereof, we learn from another authority, to have been the comparative excellence of the high standing ruff and the falling band. Roland must have been duller and more sheepish than ever was youthful lover, if he had not endeavoured to avail himself of this opportunity.

"I have been longing this whole evening to ask of you, fair Catherine," said the page, "how foolish and unapprehensive you must have thought me, in being capable to mistake betwixt your brother and you?"

"The circumstance does indeed little honour to my rustic manners," said Catherine, "since those of a wild young man were so readily mistaken for mine. But I shall grow wiser in time; and with that view am determined not to think of your follies, but to correct my own."

"It will be the lighter subject of meditation of the two," said Roland.

"I know not that," said Catherine, very gravely; "I fear we have been both unpardonably foolish."

"I have been mad," said Roland, "unpardonably mad. But you, lovely Catherine"——

"I," said Catherine, in the same tone of unusual gravity, "have too long suffered you to use such expressions towards me. I fear I can permit it no longer, and I blame myself for the pain it may give you."

"And what can have happened so suddenly to change our relation to each other, or alter with such sudden cruelty your whole deportment to me?"

"I can hardly tell," replied Catherine, "unless it is that the events of the day have impressed on my mind the necessity of our observing more distance to each other. A chance similar to that which betrayed to you the existence of my brother, may make known to Henry the terms you have used to me: and, alas! his whole conduct, as well as his deed this day makes me too justly apprehensive of the consequences."

"Nay, fear nothing for that, fair Catherin[e," an]swered the page; "I am well able to protect [myself] against risks of that nature."

"That is to say," replied she, "that you [would] fight with my twin-brother to show your reg[ard for] his sister? I have heard the Queen say, in [her sad] hours, that men are, in love or in hate, th[e most] selfish animals of creation; and your careless[ness in] this matter looks very like it. But be not so abashed—you are no worse than others."

"You do me injustice, Catherine," repli[ed the] page. "I thought but of being threatened [with a] sword, and did not remember in whose han[d your] fancy had placed it. If your brother stood bef[ore me] with his drawn weapon in his hand, so like [as he is] to you in word, person, and favour, he migh[t shed] my life's blood ere I could find in my heart t[o do] him to his injury."

"Alas!" said she, "it is not my brother alon[e. But] you remember only the singular circumsta[nces in] which we have met in equality, and I may sa[y in in]timacy. You think not, that whenever I re-en[ter my] father's house, there is a gulf between us yo[u may] not pass, but with peril of your life. Your only [known] relative is of wild and singular habits, of a [broken] and broken clan*—the rest of your lineage un[known] —forgive me that I speak what is the und[oubted] truth."

"Love, my beautiful Catherine, despises ge[nealo]gies," answered Roland Græme.

"Love may, but so will not the Lord S[eyton]," rejoined the damsel.

"The Queen, thy mistress and mine, she wil[l inter]cede. O! drive me not from you at the mo[ment I] thought myself most happy!—and if I shall [aid her] deliverance, said not yourself that you and she [would] become my debtors?"

"All Scotland will become your debtors," [said] Catherine; "but for the active effects you [may] hope from our gratitude, you must remembe[r I am] wholly subjected to my father; and the poor [Queen] is, for a long time, more likely to be dependent [on the] pleasure of the nobles of her party, than posse[ssed of] power to control them."

"Be it so," replied Roland; "my deeds sha[ll con]trol prejudice itself—it is a bustling world, an[d I will] have my share. The Knight of Avenel, high[as he] now stands, rose from as obscure an origin as [mine."]

"Ay!" said Catherine, "there spoke the d[oughty] knight of romance, that will cut his way to t[he im]prisoned princess, through fiends and fiery dra[gons!"]

"But if I can set the princess at large, a[nd pro]cure her the freedom of her own choice," s[aid the] page, "where, dearest Catherine, will that [choice] alight?"

"Release the princess from duresse, and s[he will] tell you," said the damsel; and breaking off t[he con]versation abruptly, she joined the Queen so su[ddenly,] that Mary exclaimed, half aloud—

"No more tidings of evil import—no disse[nsion, I] trust, in my limited household?"—Then loo[king at] Catherine's blushing cheek, and Roland's ex[pressive] brow and glancing eye—"No—no," she said, [" I see] all is well—*Ma petite mignonne*, go to my apa[rtment] and fetch me down—let me see—ay, fetch my [pomman]der box."

And having thus disposed of her attendan[t in the] manner best qualified to hide her confusion, the [Queen] added, speaking apart to Roland, "I should [at least] have two grateful subjects of Catherine and y[ou; for] what sovereign but Mary would aid true love[rs so will]ingly?—Ay, you lay your hand on your swor[d—thy] *petite flamberge à rien* there—Well, short ti[me will] show if all the good be true that is protested [to us. I] hear them toll curfew from Kinross. To ou[r cham]ber—this old dame hath promised to be with [us] at our evening meal. Were it not for the [hope of] speedy deliverance, her presence would drive [me dis]tracted. But I will be patient."

"I profess," said Catherine, who just then ...
"I would I could be Henry, with all a man ...

* A broken clan was one who had no chief able to [give secu]rity for their good behaviour—a clan of outlaws; [and the] Græmes of the Debateable Land were in that condit[ion.]

leges for one moment—I long to throw my plate at that confect of pride, and formality, and ill-nature!"

The Lady Fleming reprimanded her young companion for this explosion of impatience; the Queen laughed, and they went to the presence-chamber, where almost immediately entered supper, and the Lady of the castle. The Queen, strong in her prudent resolutions, endured her presence with great fortitude and equanimity, until her patience was disturbed by a new form, which had hitherto made no part of the ceremonial of the castle. When the other attendant had retired, Randal entered, bearing the keys of the castle fastened upon a chain, and, announcing that the watch was set, and the gates locked, delivered the keys with all reverence to the Lady of Lochleven.

The Queen and her ladies exchanged with each other a look of disappointment, anger, and vexation; and Mary said aloud, "We cannot regret the smallness of our court, when we see our hostess discharge in person so many of its offices. In addition to her charges of principal steward of our household and grand almoner, she has to-night done duty as captain of our guard."

"And will continue to do so in future, madam," answered the Lady Lochleven, with much gravity; "the history of Scotland may teach me how ill the duty is performed, which is done by an accredited deputy—We have heard, madam, of favourites of later date, and as little merit, as Oliver Sinclair."*

"O, madam," replied the Queen, "my father had his female as well as his male favourites—there were the Ladies Sandilands, and Olifaunt,† and some others, methinks; but their names cannot survive in the memory of so grave a person as you."

The Lady Lochleven looked as if she could have slain the Queen on the spot, but commanded her temper, and retired from the apartment, bearing in her hand the ponderous bunch of keys.

"Now God be praised for that woman's youthful frailty!" said the Queen. "Had she not that weak point in her character, I might waste my words on her in vain—But that stain is the very reverse of what is said of the witch's mark—I can make her feel there, though she is otherwise insensible all over.—But how say you, girls—here is a new difficulty—How are these keys to be come by?—there is no deceiving or bribing this dragon, I trow."

"May I crave to know," said Roland, "whether, if your Grace were beyond the walls of the castle, you could find means of conveyance to the firm land, and protection when you are there?"

"Trust us for that, Roland," said the Queen; "for to that point our scheme is indifferent well laid."

"Then if your Grace will permit me to speak my mind, I think I could be of some use in this matter."

"As how, my good youth?—speak on," said the Queen, "and fearlessly."

"My patron the Knight of Avenel used to compel the youth educated in his household to learn the use of axe and hammer, and working in wood and iron—he used to speak of old northern champions, who forged their own weapons, and of the Highland Captain, Donald nan Ord, or Donald of the Hammer, whom he himself knew, and who used to work at the anvil with a sledge-hammer in each hand. Some said he praised this art, because he was himself of churl's blood. However, I gained some practice in it, as the Lady Catherine Seyton partly knows; for since we were here I wrought her a silver brooch."

"Ay," replied Catherine, "but you should tell her Grace that your workmanship was so indifferent that it broke to pieces next day, and I flung it away."

"Believe her not, Roland," said the Queen; "she wept when it was broken, and put the fragments into her bosom. But for your scheme—could your skill avail to forge a second set of keys?"

"No, madam, because I know not the wards. But I am convinced I could make a set so like that hateful bunch which the Lady bore off even now, that could they be exchanged against them by any means,

* A favourite, and said to be an unworthy one, of James V.

† The names of these ladies, and a third frail favourite of James, are preserved in an epigram too gaillard for quotation.

she would never dream she was possessed wrong."

"And the good dame, thank Heaven, is som blind," said the Queen; "but then for a fo boy, and the means of labouring unobserved?"

"The armourer's forge, at which I used som to work with him, is the round vault at the bo the turret—he was dismissed with the wa being supposed too much attached to George D The people are accustomed to see me busy the I warrant I shall find some excuse that will pa rent with them for putting bellows and a work."

"The scheme has a promising face," sa Queen; "about it, my lad, with all speed, and b the nature of your work is not discovered."

"Nay, I will take the liberty to draw th against chance visiters, so that I will have t put away what I am working upon, before I un door."

"Will not that of itself attract suspicion, in a where it is so current already?" said Catherine.

"Not a whit," replied Roland; "Gregory mourer, and every good hammerman, locks t in when he is about some masterpiece of craf sides, something must be risked."

"Part we then to-night," said the Queen God bless you, my children!—If Mary's hea rises above water, you shall all rise along wit

CHAPTER XXXV.

It is a time of danger, not of revel,
When churchmen turn to maskers.

Spanish F

The enterprise of Roland Græme appeared to per. A trinket or two, of which the work d surpass the substance, (for the materials were supplied by the Queen,) were judiciously presen those most likely to be inquisitive into the labo the forge and anvil, which they thus were indu reckon profitable to others, and harmless in Openly, the page was seen working about such In private he forged a number of keys resembl nearly in weight and in form those which we sented every evening to the Lady Lochleven. t a slight inspection, it would have been difficult ceive the difference. He brought them to th rusty colour by the use of salt and water; a the triumph of his art, presented them at len Queen Mary in her presence-chamber, about a before the tolling of the curfew. She looked a with pleasure, but at the same time with doubt allow," she said, "that the Lady Lochleven's which are not of the clearest, may be well de could we pass those keys on her in place of th implements of her tyranny. But how is this done, and which of my little court dare attemp *tour de jongleur* with any chance of success? we but engage her in some earnest matter of ment—but those which I hold with her, alway been of a kind which make her grasp her ke faster, as if she said to herself—Here I hold wh me above your taunts and reproaches—And ev her liberty, Mary Stewart could not stoop to the proud heretic fair.—What shall we do? Lady Fleming try her eloquence in describing t new head-tire from Paris?—Alas! the good dam not changed the fashion of her head-gear sin kie field, for aught that I know. Shall my mi Catherine sing to her one of those touching which draw the very souls out of me and R Græme?—Alas! Dame Margaret Douglas rather hear a Huguenot psalm of Clement M sung to the tune of *Réveillez vous, belle end* Cousins and liege counsellors, what is to be do our wits are really astray in this matter!—M man-at-arms and the champion of our body, R Græme, manfully assault the old lady, and ta keys from her *par voie du fait*?"

"Nay! with your Grace's permission," sa land, "I do not doubt being able to manage th ter with more discretion; for though, in your G service, I do not fear"———

A host of old women," interrupted Catherine, ch armed with rock and spindle, yet he has no y for pikes and partisans, which might rise at the of *Help! a Douglas, a Douglas!*"

They that do not fear fair ladies' tongues," con- ed the page, "need dread nothing else.—But, ious Liege, I am well nigh satisfied that I could the exchange of these keys on the Lady Loch- n; but I dread the sentinel who is now planted tly in the garden, which, by necessity, we must erse."

Our last advices from our friend on the shore promised us assistance in that matter," replied Queen.

And is your Grace well assured of the fidelity and thfulness of those without?"

For their fidelity, I will answer with my life, and their vigilance, I will answer with my life. I will thee instant proof, my faithful Roland, that they a genuous and trusty as thyself. Come hither— , Catherine, attend us; we carry not so deft a e into our private chamber alone. Make fast the of the parlour, Fleming, and warn us if you hear least step—or stay, go thou to the door Cathe- ," (in a whisper) "thy ears and thy wits are both per.—Good Fleming, attend us thyself"—(and n she whispered) her reverend presence will be the a watch on Roland as thine can—so be not ous, *mignonne*."

Thus speaking, they were lighted by the Lady ning into the Queen's bedroom, a small apart- t enlightened by a projecting window.

Look from that window, Roland," she said; you amongst the several lights which begin to lle, and to glimmer palely through the gray of the ning from the village of Kinross—seest thou, I one solitary spark apart from the others, and er it seems to the verge of the water?—It is no hter at this distance than the torch of the poor v-worm, and yet, my good youth, that light is e dear to Mary Stewart than every star that twin- in the blue vault of heaven. By that signal, I w that more than one true heart are plotting my verance; and without that consciousness, and hope of freedom it gives me, I had long since ped to my fate, and died of a broken heart. Plan r plan has been formed and abandoned, but still light glimmers; and while it glimmers, my hope .—O! how many evenings have I sat musing in pair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping I should again see that blessed signal; when it suddenly kindled, and, like the lights of Saint o in a tempest, brought hope and consolation, re there was only dejection and despair!"

If I mistake not," answered Roland, "the candle es from the house of Blinkhoolie, the mail-gar- er."

Thou hast a good eye," said the Queen; "it is e where my trusty lieges—God and the saints r blessings on them!—hold consultation for my verance. The voice of a wretched captive would on these blue waters, long ere it could mingle in r council; and yet I can hold communication—I confide the whole to thee—I am about to ask se faithful friends, if the moment for the great mpt is nigh—Place the lamp in the window, ning."

he obeyed, and immediately withdrew it. No ner had she done so, than the light in the cottage he gardener disappeared.

Now count," said Queen Mary, "for my heart ts so thick that I cannot count myself."

he Lady Fleming began deliberately to count , two, three, and when she had arrived at ten, the t on the shore again showed its pale twinkle.

Now, our Lady be praised!" said the Queen; "it s but two nights since, that the absence of the t remained, while I could tell thirty. The hour of verance approaches. May God bless those who our in it with such truth to me!—alas! with such ard to themselves—and bless you too, my chil- n!—Come, we must to the audience-chamber in. Our absence might excite suspicion, should r serve supper."

They returned to the presence-chamber, and the evening concluded as usual.

The next noon, at dinner-time, an unusual inci- dent occurred. While Lady Douglas of Lochleven performed her daily duty of assistant and taster at the Queen's table, she was told a man-at-arms had arrived recommended by her son, but without any letter or other token than what he brought by word of mouth.

"Hath he given you that token?" demanded the Lady.

"He reserved it, as I think, for your Ladyship's ear," replied Randal.

"He doth well," said the Lady; "tell him to wait in the hall—But no—with your permission, madam," (to the Queen) "let him attend me here."

"Since you are pleased to receive your domestics in my presence," said the Queen, "I cannot choose"——

"My infirmities must plead my excuse, madam," replied the Lady; "the life I must lead here ill suits with the years which have passed over my head, and compels me to waive ceremonial."

"O, my good Lady," replied the Queen, "I would there were naught in this your castle more strongly compulsive than the cobweb chains of ceremony; but bolts and bars are harder matters to contend with."

As she spoke, the person announced by Randal en- tered the room, and Roland Græme at once recog- nized in him the Abbot Ambrosius.

"What is your name, good fellow?" said the Lady.

"Edward Glendinning," answered the Abbot, with a suitable reverence.

"Art thou of the blood of the Knight of Avenel?" said the Lady of Lochleven.

"Ay, madam, and that nearly," replied the pre- tended soldier.

"It is likely enough," said the Lady, "for the Knight is the son of his own good works, and has risen from obscure lineage to his present high rank in the Estate—But he is of sure truth and approved worth, and his kinsman is welcome to us. You hold, unquestionably, the true faith?"

"Do not doubt of it, madam," said the disguised churchman.

"Hast thou a token to me from Sir William Dou- glas?" said the Lady.

"I have, madam," replied he; "but it must be said in private."

"Thou art right," said the Lady, moving towards the recess of a window; "say in what does it con- sist?"

"In the words of an old bard," replied the Abbot.

"Repeat them," answered the Lady; and he uttered, in a low tone, the lines from an old poem, called The Howlet,—

> "O, Douglas! Douglas!
> Tender and true."

"Trusty Sir John Holland!"* said the Lady Dou- glas, apostrophizing the poet; "a kinder heart never inspired a rhyme, and the Douglas's honour was ever on thy harp-string! We receive you among our fol- lowers, Glendinning—But, Randal, see that he keep the outer ward only, till we shall hear more touching him from our son.—Thou fearest not the night air, Glendinning?"

"In the cause of the lady before whom I stand, I fear nothing, madam," answered the disguised Abbot.

"Our garrison, then, is stronger by one trust-wor- thy soldier," said the matron—"Go to the buttery, and let them make much of thee."

When the Lady Lochleven had retired, the Queen said to Roland Græme, who was now almost con- stantly in her company, "I spy comfort in that stran- ger's countenance; I know not why it should be so, but I am well persuaded he is a friend."

"Your Grace's penetration does not deceive you," answered the page; and he informed her that the Ab- bot of Saint Mary's himself played the part of the newly arrived soldier.

The Queen crossed herself and looked upward. "Unworthy sinner that I am," she said, "that for my

* Sir John Holland's poem of The Howlet is known to col- lectors by the beautiful edition presented to the Bannatyne Club by Mr. David Laing.

sake a man so holy, and so high in spiritual office, should wear the garb of a base sworder, and run the risk of dying the death of a traitor!"

"Heaven will protect its own servant, madam," said Catherine Seyton; "his aid would bring a blessing on our undertaking, were it not already blest for its own sake."

"What I admire in my spiritual father," said Roland, "was the steady front with which he looked on me, without giving the least sign of former acquaintance. I did not think the like was possible, since I have ceased to believe that Henry was the same person with Catherine."

"But marked you not how astuciously the good father," said the Queen, "eluded the questions of the woman Lochleven, telling her the very truth, which yet she received not as such?"

Roland thought in his heart, that when the truth was spoken for the purpose of deceiving, it was little better than a lie in disguise. But it was no time to agitate such questions of conscience.

"And now for the signal from the shore!" exclaimed Catherine; "my bosom tells me we shall see this night two lights instead of one gleam from that garden of Eden—And then, Roland, do you play your part manfully, and we will dance on the green-sward like midnight fairies!"

Catherine's conjecture misgave not, nor deceived her. In the evening two beams twinkled from the cottage, instead of one; and the page heard, with beating heart, that the new retainer was ordered to stand sentinel on the outside of the castle. When he intimated this news to the Queen, she held her hand out to him—he knelt, and when he raised it to his lips in all dutiful homage, he found it was damp and cold as marble. "For God's sake, madam, droop not now—sink not now!"

"Call upon Our Lady, my Liege," said the Lady Fleming—"call upon your tutelar saint."

"Call the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from!" exclaimed the page; "in this hour of need, the resolution of a monarch were worth the aid of a hundred saints."

"O! Roland Græme," said Mary, in a tone of deep despondency, "be true to me—many have been false to me. Alas! I have not always been true to myself! My mind misgives me that I shall die in bondage, and that this bold attempt will cost all our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer in France, that I should die in prison, and by a violent death, and here comes the hour—O, would to God it found me prepared!"

"Madam," said Catherine Seyton, "remember you are a Queen. Better we all died in bravely attempting to gain our freedom, than remained here to be poisoned, as men rid them of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses."

"You are right, Catherine," said the Queen; "and Mary will bear her like herself. But, alas! your young and buoyant spirit can ill spell the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for a while—I will prepare both mind and body for this awful venture."

They separated, till again called together by the tolling of the curfew. The Queen appeared grave, but firm and resolved; the Lady Fleming, with the art of an experienced courtier, knew perfectly how to disguise her inward tremors; Catharine's eye was fired, as if with the boldness of the project, and the half smile which dwelt upon her beautiful mouth seemed to contemn all the risk and all the consequences of discovery; Roland, who felt how much success depended on his own address and boldness, summoned together his whole presence of mind, and if he found his spirits flag for a moment, cast his eye upon Catherine, whom he thought he had never seen look so beautiful.—"I may be foiled," he thought, "but with this reward in prospect, they must bring the devil to aid them ere they cross me." Thus resolved, he stood like a greyhound in the slips, with hand, heart, and eye intent upon making and seizing opportunity for the execution of their project.

The keys had, with the wonted ceremonial, been presented to the Lady Lochleven. She stood with her back to the casement, which, like that of the Queen's apartment, commanded a view of Kinross with the church, which stands at some distance from the town, and nearer to the lake, then connected with the town by straggling cottages. With her back to the casement, then, and her face to the table, on which the keys lay for an instant while she tasted the various dishes which were placed there, stood the Lady of Lochleven, more provokingly intent than usual—so at least it seemed to her prisoners—upon the huge and heavy bunch of iron, the implements of their restraint. Just when, having finished her ceremony as taster of the Queen's table, she was about to take up the keys, the page, who stood beside her and had handed her the dishes in succession, looked sidewise to the churchyard, and exclaimed he saw corpse-candles in the vault. The Lady of Lochleven was not without a touch, though a slight one, of the superstitions of the time; the fate of her sons made her alive to omens, and a corpse-light, as it was called, in the family burial-place, boded death. She turned her head towards the casement—saw a distant glimmering—forgot her charge for one second, and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her former vigilance. The page held the forged keys under his cloak, and with great dexterity exchanged them for the real ones. His utmost address could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the latter bunch. "Who touches the keys?" said the Lady; and while the page answered that the sleeve of his cloak had stirred them, she looked round, possessed herself of the bunch which now occupied the place of the genuine keys, and again turned to gaze at the supposed corpse-candles.

"I hold these gleams," she said, after a moment's consideration, "to come, not from the churchyard, but from the hut of the old gardener Blinkhoolie. I wonder what thrift that churl drives, that of late he hath ever had light in his house till the night grew deep. I thought him an industrious, peaceful man—If he turns resetter of idle companions and night walkers, the place must be rid of him."

"He may work his baskets perchance," said the page, desirous to stop the train of her suspicion.

"Or nets, may he not?" answered the Lady.

"Ay, madam," said Roland, "for trout and salmon."

"Or for fools and knaves," replied the Lady; "but this shall be looked after to-morrow.—I wish your Grace and your company a good evening.—Randal, attend us." And Randal, who waited in the antechamber after having surrendered his bunch of keys, gave his escort to his mistress as usual, while, leaving the Queen's apartments, she retired to her own.

"To-morrow?" said the page, rubbing his hands with glee as he repeated the Lady's last words, "fools look to to-morrow, and wise folk use to-night.—May I pray you, my gracious Liege, to retire for one half hour, until all the castle is composed to rest? I must go and rub with oil these blessed implements of our freedom. Courage and constancy, and all will go well, provided our friends on the shore fail not to send the boat you spoke of."

"Fear them not," said Catherine, "they are true as steel—if our dear mistress do but maintain her noble and royal courage."*

"Doubt not me, Catherine," replied the Queen; "a while since I was overborne, but I have recalled the

* In the dangerous expedition to Aberdeenshire, Randolph, the English ambassador, gives Cecil the following account of Queen Mary's demeanour:—

"In all those garbulles, I assure your honour, I never saw the Queen merrier, never dismayed; nor never thought I that stomache to be in her that I find. She repented nothing but, when the Lords and others, at Inverness, came in the morning from the watches, that she was not a man to know what life it was to lye all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jack and a knapscap, a Glasgow buckler, and a [illegible] sword."—Randolph to Cecil, *September* 18, 1562.

The writer of the above letter seems to have felt the same impression which Catherine Seyton, in the text, considered as proper to the Queen's presence among her armed subjects.

"Though we neither thought nor looked for other than that day to have fought or never—what desperate blows would not have been given, when every man should have fought in the sight of so noble a Queen, and so many fair ladies, our enemies to have taken them from us, and we to save our honours, not to be reft of them, your honour can easily judge!"—The same to the same, September 24, 1562.

ly earlier and more sprightly days, when I :ompany my armed nobles, and wish to be nan, to know what life it was to be in the sword and buckler, jack and knapsack!"

lark lives not a gayer life, nor sings a lighter song, than the merry soldier," answered "Your Grace shall be in the midst of ı, and the look of such a liege Sovereign each of your host worth three in the hour but I must to my task."

ve but brief time," said Queen Mary; "one lights in the cottage is extinguished—that boat is put off."

:ill row very slow," said the page, "or kent :h permits, to avoid noise.—To our several ill communicate with the good Father."

ead hour of midnight, when all was silent le, the page put the key into the lock of the ich opened into the garden, and which was om of a staircase that descended from the partment. "Now, turn smooth and softly, bolt," said he, "if ever oil softened rust!" ecautions had been so effectual, that the ed with little or no sound of resistance. ed not to cross the threshold, but exchang- d with the disguised Abbot, asked if the ready?

alf hour," said the sentinel. "She lies be- wall, too close under the islet to be seen by ;, but I fear she will hardly escape his no- ing off again."

rkness," said the page, "and our profound ly take her off unobserved, as she came in. d has the watch on the tower—a heavy- ave, who holds a can of ale to be the best upon a night-watch. He sleeps for a wa-

oring the Queen," said the Abbot, "and I Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat." e, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, at every rustle of their own apparel, one ıer the fair prisoners glided down the wind- ınder the guidance of Roland Græme, and ived at the wicket-gate by Henry Seyton urchman. The former seemed instantly to himself the whole direction of the enter- ly Lord Abbot," he said, "give my sister -I will conduct the Queen—and that youth he honour to guide Lady Fleming."

s no time to dispute the arrangement, al- was not that which Roland Græme would en. Catherine Seyton, who well knew the th, tripped on before like a sylph, rather e Abbot than receiving assistance—the r native spirit prevailing over female fear, usand painful reflections, moved steadily y the assistance of Henry Seyton—while Fleming, encumbered with her fears and ısness, Roland Græme, who followed in nd who bore under the other arm a packet ries belonging to the Queen. The door of ı which communicated with the shore of ielded to one of the keys of which Roland ssed himself, although not until he had ral,—a moment of anxious terror and ex-

The ladies were then partly led, partly the side of the lake, where a boat with six tended them, the men couched along the secure them from observation. Henry iced the Queen in the stern; the Abbot of- ssist Catherine, but she was seated by the de before he could utter his proffer of help; id Græme was just lifting Lady Fleming oat-side, when a thought suddenly occurred d exclaiming, "Forgotten, forgotten! wait one half minute," he replaced on the shore s lady of the bedchamber, threw the Queen's o the boat, and sped back through the gar- he noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

aven, he is false at last!" said Seyton; "I l it!"

as true," said Catherine, "as Heaven itself, will maintain."

nt, minion," said her brother, "for shame, if not for fear—Fellows, put off, and row for your lives!"

"Help me, help me on board!" said the deserted Lady Fleming, and that louder than prudence warranted.

"Put off—put off;" cried Henry Seyton; "leave all behind, so the Queen is safe."

"Will you permit this, madam?" said Catherine, imploringly; "you leave your deliverer to death."

"I will not," said the Queen.—"Seyton, I command you to stay at every risk."

"Pardon me, madam, if I disobey," said the intractable young man; and with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

She was two fathoms' length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Græme, arriving, bounded from the beach and attained the boat, overturning Seyton, on whom he lighted. The youth swore a deep but suppressed oath, and stopping Græme as he stepped towards the stern, said, "Your place is not with high-born dames—keep at the head and trim the vessel—Now give way—give way—Row, for God and the Queen!"

The rowers obeyed, and began to pull vigorously.

"Why did you not muffle the oars?" said Roland Græme; "the dash must awaken the sentinel—Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot; for had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy-porridge, this whispering must have waked him."

"It was all thine own delay," said Seyton; "thou shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters."

But Roland's apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. "A boat—a boat!—bring to, or I shoot!" And, as they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, "Treason! treason!" rung the bell of the castle, and discharged his harquebuss at the boat. The ladies crowded on each other like startled wild-fowl, at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed, and their escape discovered.

"Pull!" again exclaimed Seyton; "stretch to your oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger—they will launch a boat immediately."

"That is cared for," said Roland; "I locked gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone-walls.—And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the Kelpie's keeping."

As the heavy keys plunged in the lake, the Abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, "Now, bless thee my son! for thy ready prudence puts shame on us all."*

* It is well known that the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven was effected by George Douglas, the youngest brother of Sir William Douglas, the lord of the castle; but the minute circumstances of the event have been a good deal confused, owing to two agents having been concerned in it who bore the same name. It has been always supposed that George Douglas was induced to abet Mary's escape by the ambitious hope that, by such service, he might merit her hand. But his purpose was discovered by his brother Sir William, and he was expelled from the castle. He continued, notwithstanding, to hover in the neighbourhood, and maintain a correspondence with the royal prisoner and others in the fortress.

If we believe the English ambassador Drury, the Queen was grateful to George Douglas, and even proposed a marriage with him: a scheme which could hardly be serious, since she was still the wife of Bothwell, but which, if suggested at all, might be with a purpose of gratifying the Regent Murray's ambition, and propitiating his favour; since he was, it must be remembered, the brother uterine of George Douglas, for whom such high honour was said to be designed.

The proposal, if seriously made, was treated as inadmissible, and Mary again resumed her purpose of escape. Her failure in her first attempt has some picturesque particulars, which might have been advantageously introduced in fictitious narrative. Drury sends Cecil the following account of the matter:—

"But after, upon the 25th of the last, (April, 1567,) she interprised an escape, and was the rather near effect, through her accustomed long lying in bed all the morning. The manner of

"I knew," said Mary, drawing her breath more freely, as they were now out of reach of the musketry—"I knew my squire's truth, promptitude, and sagacity. I must have him dear friends with my no less true knights, Douglas and Seyton—but where, then, is Douglas?"

"Here, madam," answered the deep and melancholy voice of the boatman who sat next her, and who acted as steersman.

"Alas! was it you who stretched your body before me," said the Queen, "when the balls were raining around us?"

"Believe you," said he, in a low tone, "that Douglas would have resigned to any one the chance of protecting his Queen's life with his own?"

The dialogue was here interrupted by a shot or two from one of those small pieces of artillery called falconets, then used in defending castles. The shot was too vague to have any effect, but the broader flash, the deeper sound, the louder return which was made by the midnight echoes of Bennarty, terrified and imposed silence on the liberated prisoners. The boat was alongside of a rude quay or landing-place, running out from a garden of considerable extent, ere any of them again attempted to speak. They landed, and while the Abbot returned thanks aloud to Heaven, which had thus far favoured their enterprise, Douglas enjoyed the best reward of his desperate undertaking, in conducting the Queen to the house of the gardener. Yet, not unmindful of Roland Græme even in that moment of terror and exhaustion, Mary expressly commanded Seyton to give his assistance to Fleming, while Catherine, voluntarily and without bidding, took the arm of the page. Seyton presently resigned Lady Fleming to the care of the Abbot, alleging he must look after their horses; and his attendants, disencumbering themselves of their boat cloaks, hastened to assist him.

While Mary spent in the gardener's cottage the few minutes which were necessary to prepare the steeds for their departure, she perceived in a corner, the old man to whom the garden belonged, and called him to approach. He came as it were with reluctance.

"How, brother," said the Abbot, "so slow to welcome thy royal Queen and mistress to liberty and to her kingdom!"

The old man, thus admonished, came forward, and, in good terms of speech, gave her Grace joy of her deliverance. The Queen returned him thanks in the most gracious manner, and added, "It will remain to us to offer some immediate reward for your fidelity, for we wot well your house has been long the refuge in which our trusty servants have met to concert measures for our freedom." So saying, she offered gold, and added, "We will consider your services more fully hereafter."

"Kneel, brother," said the Abbot, "kneel instantly, and thank her Grace's kindness."

"Good brother, that wert once a few steps under me, and art still very many years younger," replied the gardener, pettishly, "let me do mine acknowledgments in my own way. Queens have knelt to me ere now, and in truth my knees are too old and stiff to bend even to this lovely-faced lady.—May it please your Grace, if your Grace's servants have occupied my house, so that I could not call it mine own—if they have trodden down my flowers in the zeal of their midnight comings and goings, and destroyed the hope of the fruit season, by bringing their war horses into my garden, I do but crave of your Grace in requital, that you will choose your residence as far from me as possible. I am an old man, who would willingly creep to my grave as easily as I can, in peace, good-will, and quiet labour."

"I promise you fairly, good man," said the Queen, "I will not make yonder castle my residence again, if I can help it. But let me press on you this money—it will make some amends for the havoc we have made in your little garden and orchard."

"I thank your Grace, but it will make me not the least amends," said the old man. "The ruined labours of a whole year are not so easily replaced to him who has perchance but that one year to live; and besides, they tell me I must leave this place, and become a wanderer in mine old age—I that have nothing on earth saving these fruit-trees, and a few old parchments and family secrets not worth knowing. As for gold, if I had loved it, I might have remained Lord Abbot of Saint Mary's—and yet, I wot not—if Abbot Boniface be but the poor peasant Blinkhoolie, his successor, the Abbot Ambrosius, is still transmuted for the worse into the guise of a sword-and-buckler man."

"Ha! Is this indeed the Abbot Boniface of whom I have heard?" said the Queen. "It is indeed I who should have bent the knee for your blessing, good Father!"

"Bend no knee to me, Lady! The blessing of an old man, who is no longer an Abbot, go with you over dale and down—I hear the trampling of your horses."

"Farewell, Father," said the Queen. "When we are once more seated at Holyrood, we will neither forget thee nor thine injured garden."

"Forget us both," said the Ex-Abbot Boniface, "and may God be with you!"

As they hurried out of the house, they heard the old man talking and muttering to himself, as he hastily drew bolt and bar behind them.

"The revenge of the Douglasses will reach the poor old man," said the Queen. "God help me, I ruin every one whom I approach!"

"His safety is cared for," said Seyton; "he must not remain here, but will be privately conducted to a place of greater security. But I would your Grace were in the saddle.—To horse! to horse!"

The party of Seyton and of Douglas were increased to about ten by those attendants who had remained with the horses. The Queen and her ladies, with all the rest who came from the boat, were instantly mounted; and holding aloof from the village, which was already alarmed by the firing from the castle, with Douglas acting as their guide, they soon reached the open ground, and began to ride as fast as was consistent with keeping together in good order.

it was thus: there cameth in to her the laundress early as other times before she was wanted, and the Queen according to such a secret practice putteth on her the hood of the laundress, and so with the fardel of clothes and the muffler upon her face, passeth out and entreth the boat to pass the Loch; which, after some space, one of them that rowed said merrily, 'Let us see what manner of dame this is,' and therewith offered to pull down her muffler, which, to defend, she put up her hands, which they espied to be very fair and white; wherewith they entered into suspicion whom she was, beginning to wonder at her enterprise. Whereat she was little dismayed, but charged them, upon danger of their lives, to row her over to the shore, which they nothing regarded, but eftsoons rowed her back again, promising her it should be secreted, and especially from the lord of the house, under whose guard she lyeth. It seemed she knew her refuge, and where to have found it if she had once landed; for there did, and yet do linger, at a little village called Kinross, hard at the Loch side, the same George Douglas, one Sempil, and one Beton, the which two were sometime her trusty servants, and, as yet appeareth, they mind her no less affection."—BISHOP KEITH'S *History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland*, p. 490.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, little spoke of by historians, Mary renewed her attempts to escape. There was in the Castle of Lochleven a lad, named William Douglas, some relation probably of the baron, and about eighteen years old. This youth proved as accessible to Queen Mary's prayers and promises, as was the brother of his patron, George Douglas, from whom this William must be carefully kept distinct. It was young William who played the part commonly assigned to his superior, George, stealing the keys of the castle from the table on which they lay, while his lord was at supper. He let the Queen and a waiting woman out of the apartment where they were secured, and out of the door itself, embarked with them in a small skiff, and rowed them to the shore. To prevent instant pursuit, he, for precaution's sake, locked the iron grated door of the tower, and threw the keys into the lake. They found George Douglas and the Queen's servant, Beton, waiting for them, and Lord Seyton and James Hamilton of Orbeston in attendance, at the head of a party of faithful followers, with whom they fled to Niddrie Castle, and from thence to Hamilton.

In narrating this romantic story, both history and tradition confuse the two Douglasses together, and confer on George the successful execution of the escape from the castle, the merit of which belongs, in reality, to the boy called William, or, more frequently, the Little Douglas, either from his youth or his slight stature. The reader will observe, that in the romance, the part of the Little Douglas has been assigned to Roland Græme. In another case, it would be tedious to point out in a work of amusement such minute points of historical fact; but the general interest taken in the fate of Queen Mary, renders every thing of consequence which connects itself with her misfortunes.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

He mounted himself on a coal-black steed,
And her on a freckled gray,
With a bugelet horn hung down fr n his side,
And roundly they rode away.
Old Ballad.

IE influence of the free air, the rushing of the es over high and low, the ringing of the bridles, xcitation at once arising from a sense of freedom of rapid motion, gradually dispelled the confused dejected sort of stupefaction by which Queen y was at first overwhelmed. She could not at conceal the change of her feelings to the person rode at her rein, and who she doubted not was Father Ambrosius; for Seyton, with all the heady tuosity of a youth, proud, and justly so, of his successful adventure, assumed all the bustle and ortance of commander of the little party, which rted, in the language of the time, the Fortune of sland. He now led the van, now checked his nding steed till the rear had come up, exhorted the ers to keep a steady, though rapid pace, and commded those who were hindmost of the party to use spurs, and allow no interval to take place in line of march; and anon he was beside the en, or her ladies, inquiring how they brooked the y journey, and whether they had any commands im. But while Seyton thus busied himself in the ral cause with some advantage to the regular r of the march, and a good deal of personal ntation, the horseman who rode beside the en gave her his full and undivided attention, as had been waiting upon some superior being. en the road was rugged and dangerous, he abandd almost entirely the care of his own horse, and his hand constantly upon the Queen's bridle; if er or larger brook traversed their course, his left retained her in the saddle, while his right held palfrey's rein.

I had not thought, reverend Father," said the en, when they reached the other bank, "that the vent bred such good horsemen."—The person she essed sighed, but made no other answer.—"I w not how it is," said Queen Mary, "but either sense of freedom, or the pleasure of my favourite cise, from which I have been so long debarred, or combined, seem to have given wings to me—no ever shot through the water, no bird through the with the hurried feeling of liberty and rapture with ch I sweep through this night-wind, and over o wolds. Nay, such is the magic of feeling myonce more in the saddle, that I could almost ar I am at this moment mounted on my own urite Rosabelle, who was never matched in Scotl for swiftness, for ease of motion, and for sureof foot."

And if the horse which bears so dear a burden d speak," answered the deep voice of the melany George of Douglas, "would she not reply, who Rosabelle ought at such an emergence as this to e her beloved mistress, or who but Douglas ought old her bridle-rein?"

ueen Mary started; she foresaw at once all the s like to arise to herself and him from the deep usiastic passion of this youth; but her feelings as oman, grateful at once and compassionate, preted her assuming the dignity of a Queen, and she eavoured to continue the conversation in an indift tone.

Methought," she said, "I heard that, at the dion of my spoils, Rosabelle had become the proy of Lord Morton's paramour and ladye-love, e."

The noble palfrey had indeed been destined to so a lot," answered Douglas; "she was kept under keys, and under the charge of a numerous crew of oms and domestics—but Queen Mary needed Roelle, and Rosabelle is here."

And was it well, Douglas," said Queen Mary, hen such fearful risks of various kinds must needs encountered, that you should augment their perils ourself, for a subject of so little moment as a pal?"

Do you call that of little moment?" answered Douglas, "which has afforded you a moment's pleasure?—Did you not start with joy when I first said you were mounted on Rosabelle?—And to purchase you that pleasure, though it were to last no longer than the flash of lightning doth, would not Douglas have risked his life a thousand times?"

"O, peace, Douglas, peace," said the Queen, "this is unfitting language; and, besides, I would speak," said she, recollecting herself, "with the Abbot of Saint Mary's—Nay, Douglas, I will not let you quit my rein in displeasure."

"Displeasure, Lady!" answered Douglas; "alas! sorrow is all that I can feel for your well-warranted contempt—I should be as soon displeased with Heaven for refusing the wildest wish which mortal can form."

"Abide by my rein, however," said Mary, "there is room for my Lord Abbot on the other side; and, besides, I doubt if his assistance would be so useful to Rosabelle and me as yours has been, should the road again require it."

The Abbot came up on the other side, and she immediately opened a conversation with him on the topic of the state of parties, and the plan fittest for her to pursue in consequence of her deliverance. In this conversation Douglas took little share, and never but when directly applied to by the Queen, while, as before, his attention seemed entirely engrossed by the care of Mary's personal safety. She learned, however, she had a new obligation to him, since, by his contrivance, the Abbot, whom he had furnished with the family pass-word, was introduced into the castle as one of the garrison.

Long before day break they ended their hasty and perilous journey before the gates of Niddrie, a castle in West Lothian, belonging to Lord Seyton. When the Queen was about to alight, Henry Seyton, preventing Douglas, received her in his arms, and, kneeling down, prayed her Majesty to enter the house of his father, her faithful servant.

"Your Grace," he added, "may repose yourself here in perfect safety—it is already garrisoned with good men for your protection; and I have sent a post to my father, whose instant arrival, at the head of five hundred men, may be looked for. Do not dismay yourself, therefore, should your sleep be broken by the trampling of horse; but only think that here are some scores more of the saucy Seytons come to attend you."

"And by better friends than the saucy Seytons, a Scottish Queen cannot be guarded," replied Mary. "Rosabelle went fleet as the summer breeze, and well nigh as easy; but it is long since I have been a traveller, and I feel that repose will be welcome.—Catherine, *ma mignonne*, you must sleep in my apartment to-night, and bid me welcome to your noble father's castle.—Thanks, thanks to all my kind deliverers—thanks, and a good night is all I can now offer; but if I climb once more to the upper side of Fortune's wheel, I will not have her bandage. Mary Stewart will keep her eyes open, and distinguish her friends.—Seyton, I need scarcely recommend the venerable Abbot, the Douglas, and my page, to your honourable care and hospitality."

Henry Seyton bowed, and Catherine and Lady Fleming attended the Queen to her apartment; where, acknowledging to them that she should have found it difficult in that moment to keep her promise of holding her eyes open, she resigned herself to repose, and awakened not till the morning was advanced.

Mary's first feeling when she awoke, was the doubt of her freedom; and the impulse prompted her to start from bed, and hastily throwing her mantle over her shoulders, to look out at the casement of her apartment. O sight of joy! instead of the crystal sheet of Lochleven, unaltered save by the influence of the wind, a landscape of wood and moorland lay before her, and the park around the castle was occupied by the troops of her most faithful and most favourite nobles.

"Rise, rise, Catherine," cried the enraptured Princess; "arise and come hither!—here are swords and spears in true hands, and glittering armour on loyal breasts. Here are banners, my girl, floating in the

wind, as lightly as summer clouds—Great God! what pleasure to my weary eyes to trace their devices—thine own brave father's—the princely Hamilton's—the faithful Fleming's—See—see—they have caught a glimpse of me, and throng towards the window!"

She flung the casement open, and with her bare head, from which the tresses flew back loose and dishevelled, her fair arm, slenderly veiled by her mantle, returned by motion and sign the exulting shouts of the warriors, which echoed for many a furlong around. When the first burst of ecstatic joy was over, she recollected how lightly she was dressed, and, putting her hands to her face, which was covered with blushes at the recollection, withdrew abruptly from the window. The cause of her retreat was easily conjectured, and increased the general enthusiasm for a Princess, who had forgotten her rank in her haste to acknowledge the services of her subjects. The unadorned beauties of the lovely woman, too, moved the military spectators more than the highest display of her regal state might; and what might have seemed too free in her mode of appearing before them, was more than atoned for by the enthusiasm of the moment, and by the delicacy evinced in her hasty retreat. Often as the shouts died away, as often were they renewed till wood and hill rung again; and many a deep oath was made that morning on the cross of the sword, that the hand should not part with the weapon, till Mary Stewart was restored to her rights. But what are promises, what the hopes of mortals? In ten days these gallant and devoted votaries were slain, were captives, or had fled.

Mary flung herself into the nearest seat, and still blushing, yet half smiling, exclaimed, "*Ma mignonne*, what will they think of me?—to show myself to them with my bare feet hastily thrust into the slippers—only this loose mantle about me—my hair loose on my shoulders—my arms and neck so bare—O, the best they can suppose is, that her abode in yonder dungeon has turned their Queen's brain! But my rebel subjects saw me exposed when I was in the depth of affliction, why should I hold colder ceremony with these faithful and loyal men?—Call Fleming, however—I trust she has not forgotten the little mail with my apparel—We must be as brave as we can, *mignonne*."

"Nay, madam, our good Lady Fleming was in no case to remember any thing."

"You jest, Catherine," said the Queen, somewhat offended; "it is not in her nature, surely, to forget her duty so far as to leave us without a change of apparel?"

"Roland Græme, madam, took care of that," answered Catherine; "for he threw the mail, with your highness's clothes and jewels, into the boat, ere he ran back to lock the gate—I never saw so awkward a page as that youth—the packet well nigh fell on my head."

"He shall make thy heart amends, my girl," said Queen Mary, laughing, "for that and all other offences given. But call Fleming, and let us put ourselves into apparel to meet our faithful lords."

Such had been the preparations, and such was the skill of Lady Fleming, that the Queen appeared before her assembled nobles in such attire as became, though it could not enhance, her natural dignity. With the most winning courtesy, she expressed to each individual her grateful thanks, and dignified not only every noble, but many of the lesser barons, by her particular attention.

"And whither now, my lords?" she said; "what way do your counsels determine for us?"

"To Draphane Castle," replied Lord Arbroath, "if your Majesty is so pleased; and thence to Dunbarton, to place your Grace's person in safety, after which we long to prove if these traitors will abide us in the field."

"And when do we journey?"

"We propose," said Lord Seyton, "if your Grace's fatigue will permit, to take horse after the morning's meal."

"Your pleasure, my lords, is mine," replied the Queen; "we will rule our journey by your wisdom now, and hope hereafter to have the advantage of governing by it our kingdom.—You will permit my ladies and me, my good lords, to break our fast along with you—We must be half soldiers ourselves, and set state apart."

Low bowed many a helmeted head at this gracious proffer, when the Queen, glancing her eyes through the assembled leaders, missed both Douglas and Roland Græme, and inquired for them in a whisper to Catherine Seyton.

"They are in yonder oratory, madam, sad enough," replied Catherine; and the Queen observed that her favourite's eyes were red with weeping.

"This must not be," said the Queen. "Keep the company amused—I will seek them, and introduce them myself."

She went into the oratory, where the first she met was George Douglas, standing, or rather reclining, in the recess of a window, his back rested against the wall, and his arms folded on his breast. At the sight of the Queen he started, and his countenance showed, for an instant, an expression of intense delight, which was instantly exchanged for his usual deep melancholy.

"What means this?" she said; "Douglas, why does the first deviser and bold executor of the happy scheme for our freedom, shun the company of his fellow nobles, and of the Sovereign whom he has obliged?"

"Madam," replied Douglas, "those whom you grace with your presence bring followers to aid your cause, wealth to support your state,—can offer you halls in which to feast, and impregnable castles for your defence. I am a houseless and landless man—disinherited by my mother, and laid under her malediction—disowned by my name and kindred—who bring nothing to your standard but a single sword, and the poor life of its owner."

"Do you mean to upbraid me, Douglas," replied the Queen, "by showing what you have lost for my sake?"

"God forbid, madam!" interrupted the young man, eagerly; "were it to do again, and had I ten times as much rank and wealth, and twenty times as many friends to loose, my losses would be overpaid by the first step you made, as a free princess, upon the soil of your native kingdom."

"And what then ails you, that you will not rejoice with those who rejoice upon the same joyful occasion?" said the Queen.

"Madam," replied the youth, "though exheridated and disowned, I am yet a Douglas: with most of yonder nobles my family have been in feud for ages—a cold reception amongst them were an insult, and a kind one yet more humiliating."

"For shame, Douglas," replied the Queen, "shake off this unmanly gloom!—I can make thee match for the best of them in title and fortune, and, believe me, I will.—Go then amongst them, I command you."

"That word," said Douglas, "is enough—I go. This only let me say, that not for wealth or title would I have done that which I have done—Mary Stewart will not, and the Queen cannot, reward me."

So saying, he left the oratory, mingled with the nobles, and placed himself at the bottom of the table. The Queen looked after him, and put her kerchief to her eyes.

"Now, Our Lady pity me," she said, "for no sooner are my prison cares ended, than those which beset me as a woman and a queen again thicken around me.—Happy Elizabeth! to whom political interest is every thing, and whose heart never betrays thy head—And now must I seek this other boy, if I would prevent daggers-drawing betwixt him and the young Seyton."

Roland Græme was in the same oratory, but at such a distance from Douglas, that he could not overhear what passed betwixt the Queen and him. He also was moody and thoughtful, but cleared his brow at the Queen's question, "How now, Roland? you are negligent in your attendance this morning. Are you so much overcome with your night's ride?"

"Not so, gracious madam," answered Græme;

"but I am told the Page of Lochleven is not the Page of Niddrie-Castle; and so Master Henry Seyton hath in a manner been pleased to supersede my attendance."

"Now, Heaven forgive me," said the Queen, "how soon these cock-chickens begin to spar!—with children and boys, at least, I may be a queen.—I will have you friends.—Some one send me Henry Seyton hither." As she spoke the last words aloud, the youth whom she had named entered the apartment. "Come hither," she said, "Henry Seyton—I will have you give your hand to this youth, who so well aided in the plan of my escape."

"Willingly, madam," answered Seyton, "so that the youth will grant me, as a boon, that he touch not the hand of another Seyton whom he knows of. My hand has passed current for hers with him before now—and to win my friendship, he must give up thoughts of my sister's love."

"Henry Seyton," said the Queen, "does it become you to add any condition to my command?"

"Madam," said Henry, "I am the servant of your Grace's throne, son to the most loyal man in Scotland. Our goods, our castles, our blood, are yours: Our honour is in our own keeping. I could say more, but"——

"Nay, speak on, rude boy," said the Queen; "what avails it that I am released from Lochleven, if I am thus enthralled under the yoke of my pretended deliverers, and prevented from doing justice to one who has deserved as well of me as yourself?"

"Be not in this distemperature for me, sovereign Lady," said Roland; "this young gentleman, being the faithful servant of your Grace, and the brother of Catherine Seyton, bears that about him which will charm down my passion at the hottest."

"I warn thee once more," said Henry Seyton, haughtily, "that you make no speech which may infer that the daughter of Lord Seyton can be ought to thee beyond what she is to every churl's blood in Scotland."

The Queen was again about to interfere, for Roland's complexion rose, and it became somewhat questionable how long his love for Catherine would suppress the natural fire of his temper. But the interposition of another person, hitherto unseen, prevented Mary's interference. There was in the oratory a separate shrine, enclosed with a high screen of pierced oak, within which was placed an image of Saint Bennet, of peculiar sanctity. From this recess, in which she had been probably engaged in her devotions, issued suddenly Magdalen Græme, and addressed Henry Seyton, in reply to his last offensive expressions—"And of what clay, then, are they moulded these Seytons, that the blood of the Græmes may not aspire to mingle with theirs? Know, proud boy, that when I called this youth my daughter's child, I affirm his descent from Malise Earl of Strathern, called Malise with the bright band; and I trow the blood of your house springs from no higher source."

"Good mother," said Seyton, "methinks your sanctity should make you superior to these worldly vanities; and indeed it seems to have rendered you somewhat oblivious touching them, since, to be of gentle descent, the father's name and lineage must be as well qualified as the mother's."

"And if I say he comes of the blood of Avenel by the father's side," replied Magdalen Græme, "name I not blood as richly coloured as thine own?"

"Of Avenel?" said the Queen; "is my page descended of Avenel?"

"Ay, gracious Princess, and the last male-heir of that ancient house—Julian Avenel was his father, who fell in battle against the Southron."

"I have heard the tale of sorrow," said the Queen; "it was thy daughter, then, who followed that unfortunate baron to the field, and died on his body? Alas! how many ways does woman's affection find to work out her own misery! The tale has oft been told and sung in hall and bower—And thou, Roland, art that child of misfortune, who was left among the dead and dying? Henry Seyton, he is thine equal in blood and birth."

"Scarcely so," said Henry Seyton, "even were he legitimate; but if the tale be told and sung aright, Julian Avenel was a false knight, and his leman a frail and credulous maiden."

"Now, by Heaven, thou liest!" said Roland Græme, and laid his hand on his sword. The entrance of Lord Seyton, however, prevented violence.

"Save me, my lord," said the Queen, "and separate these wild and untamed spirits."

"How, Henry!" said the Baron, "are my castle, and the Queen's presence, no checks on thine insolence and impetuosity?—And with whom art thou brawling?—unless my eyes spell that token false, it is with the very youth who aided me so gallantly in the skirmish with the Leslies—Let me look, fair youth, at the medal which thou wearest in thy cap. By Saint Bennet, it is the same!—Henry, I command thee to forbear him, as thou lovest my blessing"——

"And as you honour my command," said the Queen; "good service hath he done me."

"Ay, madam," replied young Seyton, "as when he carried the billet, enclosed in the sword-sheath, to Lochleven—Marry, the good youth knew no more than a pack-horse what he was carrying."

"But I, who dedicated him to this great work," said Magdalen Græme—"I, by whose advice and agency this just heir hath been unloosed from her thraldom—I, who spared not the last remaining hope of a falling house in this great action—I, at least knew and counselled; and what merit may be mine, let the reward, most gracious Queen, descend upon this youth. My ministry here is ended; you are free—a sovereign Princess, at the head of a gallant army, surrounded by valiant barons—My service could avail you no farther, but might well prejudice you; your fortune now rests upon men's hearts and men's swords—May they prove as trusty as the faith of women!"

"You will not leave us, mother," said the Queen—"you whose practices in our favour were so powerful, who dared so many dangers, and wore so many disguises, to blind our enemies and to confirm our friends—you will not leave us in the dawn of our reviving fortunes, ere we have time to know and to thank you?"

"You cannot know her," answered Magdalen Græme, "who knows not herself—there are times when, in this woman's frame of mine, there is the strength of him of Gath—in this overtoiled brain, the wisdom of the most sage counsellor—and again the mist is on me, and my strength is weakness, my wisdom folly. I have spoken before princes and cardinals—ay, noble Princess, even before the princes of thine own house of Lorraine; and I know not whence the words of persuasion came which flowed from my lips, and were drunk in by their ears.—And now, even when I most need words of persuasion, there is something which chokes my voice, and robs me of utterance."

"If there be ought in my power to do thee pleasure," said the Queen, "the barely naming it shall avail as well as all thine eloquence."

"Sovereign Lady," replied the enthusiast, "it shames me that at this high moment something of human frailty should cling to one, whose vows the saints have heard, whose labours in the rightful cause Heaven has prospered. But it will be thus, while the living spirit is shrined in the clay of mortality—I will yield to the folly," she said, weeping as she spoke, "and it shall be the last." Then seizing Roland's hand, she led him to the Queen's feet, kneeling herself upon one knee, and causing him to kneel on both.

"Mighty Princess," she said, "look on this flower—it was found by a kindly stranger on a bloody field of battle, and long it was ere my anxious eyes saw, and my arms pressed, all that was left of my only daughter. For your sake, and for that of the holy faith we both profess, I could leave this plant, while it was yet tender, to the nurture of strangers—ay, of enemies, by whom, perchance, his blood would have been poured forth as wine, had the heretic Glendinning known that he had in his house the heir of Julian Avenel. Since then I have seen him only in a

few hours of doubt and dread, and now I part with the child of my love—for ever—for ever!—O, for every weary step I have made in your rightful cause, in this and in foreign lands, give protection to the child whom I must no more call mine!"

"I swear to you, mother," said the Queen, deeply affected, "that, for your sake and his own, his happiness and fortune shall be our charge!"

"I thank you, daughter of princes," said Magdalen, and pressed her lips, first to the Queen's hand, then to the brow of her grandson. "And now," she said, drying her tears, and rising with dignity, "Earth has had its own, and Heaven claims the rest.—Lioness of Scotland, go forth and conquer! and if the prayers of a devoted votaress can avail thee, they will rise in many a land, and from many a distant shrine. I will glide like a ghost from land to land, from temple to temple; and where the very name of my country is unknown, the priests shall ask who is the Queen of that distant northern clime, for whom the aged pilgrim was so fervent in prayer. Farewell! Honour be thine, and earthly prosperity, if it be the will of God—if not, may the penance thou shalt do here ensure thy happiness hereafter!—Let no one speak or follow me—my resolution is taken—my vow cannot be cancelled."

She glided from their presence as she spoke, and her last look was upon her beloved grandchild. He would have risen and followed, but the Queen and Lord Seyton interfered.

"Press not on her now," said Lord Seyton, "if you would not lose her for ever. Many a time have we seen the sainted mother, and often at the most needful moment; but to press on her privacy, or to thwart her purpose, is a crime which she cannot pardon. I trust we shall yet see her at her need—a holy woman she is for certain, and dedicated wholly to prayer and penitence; and hence the heretics hold her as one distracted, while true Catholics deem her a saint."

"Let me then hope," said the Queen, "that you, my lord, will aid me in the execution of her last request."

"What! in the protection of my young second?—cheerfully—that is, in all that your majesty can think it fitting to ask of me.—Henry, give thy hand upon the instant to Roland Avenel, for so I presume he must now be called."

"And shall be Lord of the Barony," said the Queen, "if God prosper our rightful arms."

"It can only be to restore it to my kind protectress, who now holds it," said young Avenel. "I would rather be landless all my life, than she lost a rood of ground by me."

"Nay," said the Queen, looking to Lord Seyton, "his mind matches his birth—Henry, thou has not yet given thy hand."

"It is his," said Henry, giving it with some appearance of courtesy, but whispering Roland at the same time,—"For all this thou hast not my sister's."

"May it please your Grace," said Lord Seyton, "now that these passages are over, to honour our poor meal. Time it were that our banners were reflected in the Clyde. We must to horse with as little delay as may be."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Ay, sir—our ancient crown, in these wild times,
Oft stood upon a cast—the gamester's ducat,
So often staked, and lost, and then regained,
Scarce knew so many hazards.

The Spanish Father.

It is not our object to enter into the historical part of the reign of the ill-fated Mary, or to recount how, during the week which succeeded her flight from Lochleven, her partisans mustered around her with their followers, forming a gallant army, amounting to six thousand men. So much light has been lately thrown on the most minute details of the period, by Mr. Chalmers, in his valuable History of Queen *Mary*, that the reader may be safely referred to it for the fullest information which ancient records afford concerning that interesting time. It is sufficient for our purpose to say, that while Mary's head-quarters were at Hamilton, the Regent and his adherents had, in the King's name, assembled a host at Glasgow, inferior indeed to that of the Queen in numbers, but formidable from the military talents of Murray, Morton, the Laird of Grange, and others, who had been trained from their youth in foreign and domestic wars.

In these circumstances, it was the obvious policy of Queen Mary to avoid a conflict, secure that were her person once in safety, the number of her adherents must daily increase; whereas, the forces of those opposed to her must, as had frequently happened in the previous history of her reign, have diminished, and their spirits become broken. And so evident was this to her counsellors, that they resolved their first step should be to place the Queen in the strong castle of Dunbarton, there to await the course of events, the arrival of succours from France, and the levies which were made by her adherents, in every province in Scotland. Accordingly, orders were given that all men should be on horseback or on foot, apparelled in their armour, and ready to follow the Queen's standard in array of battle, the avowed determination being to escort her to the castle of Dunbarton in defiance of her enemies.

The muster was made upon Hamilton-Moor, and the march commenced in all the pomp of feudal times. Military music sounded, banners and pennons waved, armour glittered far and wide, and spears glanced and twinkled like stars in a frosty sky. The gallant spectacle of warlike parade was on this occasion dignified by the presence of the Queen herself, who, with a fair retinue of ladies and household attendants, and a special guard of gentlemen, amongst whom young Seyton and Roland were distinguished, gave grace at once and confidence to the army, which spread its ample files before, around, and behind her. Many churchmen also joined the cavalcade, most of whom did not scruple to assume arms, and declare their intention of wielding them in defence of Mary and the Catholic faith. Not so the Abbot of Saint Mary's. Roland had not seen this prelate since the night of their escape from Lochleven, and he now beheld him, robed in the dress of his order, assume his station near the Queen's person. Roland hastened to pull off his basnet, and besought the Abbot's blessing.

"Thou hast it, my son!" said the priest; "I see thee now under thy true name, and in thy rightful garb. The helmet with the holly branch befits your brows well—I have long waited for the hour thou shouldst assume it."

"Then you knew of my descent, my good father?" said Roland.

"I did so, but it was under seal of confession from thy grandmother; nor was I at liberty to tell the secret, till she herself should make it known."

"Her reason for such secrecy, my father?" said Roland Avenel.

"Fear, perchance, of my brother—a mistaken fear, for Halbert would not, to ensure himself a kingdom, have offered wrong to an orphan; besides that your title, in quiet times, even had your father done your mother that justice which I well hope he did, could not have competed with that of my brother's wife, the child of Julian's elder brother."

"They need fear no competition from me," said Avenel. "Scotland is wide enough, and there are many manors to win, without plundering my benefactor. But prove to me, my reverend father, that my father was just to my mother—show me that I may call myself a legitimate Avenel, and make me your bounden slave for ever!"

"Ay," replied the Abbot, "I hear the Seytons hold thee cheap for that stain on thy shield. Something, however, I have learnt from the late Abbot Boniface, which, if it prove sooth, may redeem that reproach."

"Tell me that blessed news," said Roland, "and the future service of my life"——

"Rash boy!" said the Abbot, "I should but madden thine impatient temper, by exciting hopes that may never be fulfilled—and is this a time for them? Think on what perilous march we are bound, and if thou hast a sin unconfessed, neglect not the only

leisure which Heaven may perchance afford thee for confession and absolution."

"There will be time enough for both, I trust, when we reach Dunbarton," answered the page.

"Ay," said the Abbot," thou crowest as loudly as the rest—but we are not yet at Dunbarton, and there is a lion in the path."

"Mean you Murray, Morton, and the other rebels at Glasgow, my reverend father? Tush! they dare not look on the royal banner."

"Even so," replied the Abbot, "speak many of those who are older, and should be wiser than thou.—I have returned from the southern shires, where I left many a chief of name arming in the Queen's interest—I left the lords here wise and considerate men—I find them madmen on my return—they are willing, for mere pride and vainglory, to brave the enemy, and to carry the Queen, as it were in triumph, past the walls of Glasgow, and under the beards of the adverse army.—Seldom does Heaven smile on such mistimed confidence. We shall be encountered, and that to the purpose."

"And so much the better," replied Roland, "the field of battle was my cradle."

"Beware it be not thy dying bed," said the Abbot. "But what avails it whispering to young wolves the dangers of the chase? You will know, perchance, ere this day is out, what yonder men are, whom you hold in rash contempt."

"Why, what are they?" said Henry Seyton, who now joined them: "have they sinews of wire, and flesh of iron?—Will lead pierce and steel cut them?—If so, reverend father, we have little to fear."

"They are evil men," said the Abbot, "but the trade of war demands no saints.—Murray and Morton are known to be the best generals in Scotland. No one ever saw Lindesay's or Ruthven's back—Kirkaldy of Grange was named by the Constable Montmorency the first soldier in Europe—My brother, too good a name for such a cause, has been far and wide known for a leader."

"The better, the better!" said Seyton, triumphantly; "we shall have all these traitors of rank and name in a fair field before us. Our cause is the best, our numbers are the strongest, our hearts and limbs match theirs—Saint Bennet, and set on!"

The Abbot made no reply, but seemed lost in reflection; and his anxiety in some measure communicated itself to Roland Avenel, who ever, as their line of march led over a ridge or an eminence, cast an anxious look towards the towers of Glasgow, as if he expected to see symptoms of the enemy issuing forth. It was not that he feared the fight, but the issue was of such deep import to his country, and to himself, that the natural fire of his spirit burned with a less lively, though with a more intense glow. Love, honour, fame, fortune, all seemed to depend on the issue of one field, rashly hazarded perhaps, but now likely to become unavoidable and decisive.

When, at length, their march came to be nearly parallel with the city of Glasgow, Roland became sensible that the high grounds before them were already in part occupied by a force, showing, like their own, the royal banner of Scotland, and on the point of being supported by columns of infantry and squadrons of horse, which the city gates had poured forth, and which hastily advanced to sustain those troops who already possessed the ground in front of the Queen's forces. Horseman after horseman galloped in from the advanced guard, with tidings that Murray had taken the field with his whole army; that his object was to intercept the Queen's march, and his purpose unquestionable to hazard a battle. It was now that the tempers of men were subjected to a sudden and a severe trial; and that those who had too presumptuously concluded that they should pass without combat, were something disconcerted, when, at once, and with little time to deliberate, they found themselves placed in front of a resolute enemy.—Their chiefs immediately assembled around the Queen, and held a hasty council of war. Mary's quivering lip confessed the fear which she endeavoured to conceal under a bold and dignified demeanour. But her efforts were overcome by painful recollections of the disastrous issue of her last appearance in arms at Carberry-hill; and when she meant to have asked them their advice for ordering the battle, she involuntarily inquired whether there were no means of escaping without an engagement?

"Escaping!" answered the Lord Seyton; "when I stand as one to ten of your Highness's enemies, I may think of escape—but never while I stand with three to two!"

"Battle! battle!" exclaimed the assembled lords; "we will drive the rebels from their vantage ground, as the hound turns the hare on the hill side."

"Methinks, my noble lords," said the Abbot, "it were as well to prevent his gaining that advantage.—Our road lies through yonder hamlet on the brow, and whichever party hath the luck to possess it, with its little gardens and enclosures, will attain a post of great defence."

"The reverend father is right," said the Queen. "O, haste thee, Seyton, haste, and get thither before them—they are marching like the wind."

Seyton bowed low, and turned his horse's head.—"Your Highness honours me," he said; "I will instantly press forward, and seize the pass."

"Not before me, my lord, whose charge is the command of the vanguard," said the Lord of Arbroath.

"Before you, or any Hamilton in Scotland," said the Seyton, "having the Queen's command—Follow me, gentlemen, my vassals and kinsmen—Saint Bennet, and set on!"

"And follow me," said Arbroath, "my noble kinsmen, and brave men-tenants, we will see which will first reach the post of danger. For God and Queen Mary!"

"Ill-omened haste, and most unhappy strife," said the Abbot, who saw them and their followers rush hastily and emulously to ascend the height, without waiting till their men were placed in order.—"And you, gentlemen," he continued, addressing Roland and Seyton, who were each about to follow those who hastened thus disorderly to the conflict, "will you leave the Queen's person unguarded?"

"O, leave me not, gentlemen!" said the Queen,—"Roland and Seyton, do not leave me—there are enough of arms to strike in this fell combat—withdraw not those to whom I trust for my safety!"

"We may not leave her Grace," said Roland, looking at Seyton, and turning his horse.

"I ever looked when thou wouldst find out that," rejoined the fiery youth.

Roland made no answer, but bit his lip till the blood came, and spurring his horse up to the side of Catherine Seyton's palfrey, he whispered in a low voice, "I never thought to have done aught to deserve you; but this day I have heard myself upbraided with cowardice, and my sword remained still sheathed, and all for the love of you."

"There is madness among us all," said the damsel; "my father, my brother, and you, are all alike bereft of reason. Ye should think only of this poor Queen, and you are all inspired by your own absurd jealousies—The Monk is the only soldier and man of sense amongst you all.—My Lord Abbot," she cried aloud, "were it not better we should draw to the westward, and wait the event that God shall send us, instead of remaining here in the highway, endangering the Queen's person, and cumbering the troops in their advance?"

"You say well, my daughter," replied the Abbot; "had we but one to guide us where the Queen's person may be in safety—Our nobles hurry to the conflict, without casting a thought on the very cause of the war."

"Follow me," said a knight, or man-at-arms, well mounted, and accoutred completely in black armour, but having the visor of his helmet closed, and bearing no crest on his helmet, or device upon his shield.

"We will follow no stranger," said the Abbot, "without some warrant of his truth."

"I am a stranger and in your hands," said the horseman; "if you wish to know more of me, the Queen herself will be your warrant."

The Queen had remained fixed to the spot, as if

safety depended on his making the best speed he could, answered not a word to the defiances and reproaches which Sir Halbert continued to throw out against him; but making the best use of his spurs, rode yet harder than before, and had gained about a hundred yards upon his pursuer, when coming near to the yew-tree where he had left the Queen, he saw them already getting to horse, and cried out as loud as he could, "Foes! foes!—Ride for it, fair ladies—Brave gentlemen, do your devoir to protect them!"

So saying, he wheeled his horse, and avoiding the shock of Sir Halbert Glendinning, charged one of that knight's followers, who was nearly on a line with him, so rudely with his lance, that he overthrew horse and man. He then drew his sword, and attacked the second, while the black man-at-arms, throwing himself in the way of Glendinning, they rushed on each other so fiercely, that both horses were overthrown, and the riders lay rolling on the plain. Neither was able to arise, for the black horseman was pierced through with Glendinning's lance, and the Knight of Avenel, oppressed with the weight of his own horse, and sorely bruised besides, seemed in little better plight than he whom he had mortally wounded.

"Yield thee, Sir Knight of Avenel, rescue or no rescue," said Roland, who had put a second antagonist out of condition to combat, and hastened to prevent Glendinning from renewing the conflict.

"I may not choose but yield," said Sir Halbert, "since I can no longer fight; but it shames me to speak such a word to a coward like thee!"

"Call me not coward," said Roland, lifting his visor, and helping his prisoner to rise, "since but for old kindness at thy hand, and yet more at thy lady's, I had met thee as a brave man should."

"The favourite page of my wife!" said Sir Halbert, astonished: "Ah! wretched boy, I have heard of thy treason at Lochleven."

"Reproach him not, my brother," said the Abbot, "he was but an agent in the hands of Heaven."

"To horse, to horse!" said Catherine Seyton; "mount and be gone, or we are all lost. I see our gallant army flying for many a league—To horse, my Lord Abbot—To horse, Roland—My gracious Liege, to horse! Ere this, we should have ridden a mile."

"Look on these features," said Mary, pointing to the dying knight, who had been unhelmed by some compassionate hand; "look there, and tell me if she who ruins all who love her, ought to fly a foot farther to save her wretched life!"

The reader must have long anticipated the discovery which the Queen's feelings had made before her eyes confirmed it. It was the features of the unhappy George Douglas, on which death was stamping his mark.

"Look—look at him well," said the Queen, "thus has it been with all that loved Mary Stewart!—The royalty of Francis, the wit of Chastelar, the power and gallantry of the gay Gordon, the melody of Rizzio, the portly form and youthful grace of Darnley, the bold address and courtly manners of Bothwell—and now the deep-devoted passion of the noble Douglas—naught could save them—they looked on the wretched Mary, and to have loved her was crime enough to deserve early death! No sooner had the victim formed a kind thought of me, than the poisoned cup, the axe and block, the dagger, the mine, were ready to punish them for casting away affection on such a wretch as I am!—Importune me not—I will fly no farther—I can die but once, and I will die here."

While she spoke, her tears fell fast on the face of the dying man, who continued to fix his eyes on her with an eagerness of passion, which death itself could hardly subdue.—"Mourn not for me," he said faintly, "but care for your own safety—I die in mine armour as a Douglas should, and I die pitied by Mary Stewart!"

He expired with these words, and without withdrawing his eyes from her face; and the Queen, whose heart was of that soft and gentle mould, which, in domestic life, and with a more suitable partner than Darnley, might have made her happy, remained weeping by the dead man, until recalled to herself by the Abbot, who found it necessary to use a style of unusual remonstrance. "We also, madam," he said, "we, your Grace's devoted followers, have friends and relatives to weep for. I leave a brother in imminent jeopardy—the husband of the Lady Fleming—the father and brother of the Lady Catherine, are all in yonder bloody field, slain, it is to be feared, or prisoners. We forget the fate of our own nearest and dearest, to wait on our Queen, and she is too much occupied with her own sorrows to give one thought to ours."

"I deserve not your reproach, father," said the Queen, checking her tears; "but I am docile to it—where must we go? what must we do?"

"We must fly, and that instantly," said the Abbot; "whither is not so easily answered, but we may dispute it upon the road—Lift her to her saddle, and set forward."*

* I am informed in the most polite manner, by D. Mac Vean, Esq. of Glasgow, that I have been incorrect in my locality, in giving an account of the battle of Langside. Crookstone Castle, he observes, lies four miles west from the field of battle, and rather in the rear of Murray's army. The real place from which Mary saw the rout of her last army, was Cathcart Castle, which, being a mile and a half east from Langside, was situated in the rear of the Queen's own army. I was led astray in the present case, by the authority of my deceased friend, James Grahame, the excellent and amiable author of the Sabbath, in his drama on the subject of Queen Mary, and by a traditionary report of Mary having seen the battle from the Castle of Crookstone, which seemed so much to increase the interest of the scene, that I have been unwilling to make, in this particular instance, the fiction give way to the fact, which last is undoubtedly in favour of Mr. Mac Vean's system.

It is singular how tradition, which is sometimes a sure guide to truth, is, in other cases, prone to mislead us. In the celebrated field of battle at Killiecrankie, the traveller is struck with one of those rugged pillars of rough stone, which indicate the scenes of ancient conflict. A friend of the author, well acquainted with the circumstances of the battle, was standing near this large stone, and looking on the scene around, when a Highland shepherd hurried down from the hill to offer his services as cicerone, and proceeded to inform him, that Dundee was slain at that stone, which was raised to his memory. "Fie, Donald," answered my friend, "how can you tell such a story to a stranger? I am sure you know well enough that Dundee was killed at a considerable distance from this place, near the house of Fascally, and that this stone was here long before the battle, in 1688."—"Oich! oich!" said Donald, no way abashed, "and your honour's in the right, and I see you ken a' about it. And he wasna killed on the spot neither, but lived till the next morning; but a' the Saxon gentlemen like best to hear he was killed at the great stane." It is on the same principle of pleasing my readers, that I retain Crookstone Castle instead of Cathcart.

If, however, the author has taken a liberty in removing the actual field of battle somewhat to the eastward, he has been tolerably strict in adhering to the incidents of the engagement, as will appear from a comparison of events in the novel with the following account from an old writer.

"The Regent was out on foot and all his company, except the Laird of Grange, Alexander Home of Manderston, and some Borderers to the number of two hundred. The Laird of Grange had already viewed the ground, and with all imaginable diligence caused every horseman to take behind him a footman of the Regent's, to guard behind them, and rode with speed to the head of the Langside hill, and set down the footmen with their culverings at the head of a straight lane, where there were some cottage houses and yards of great advantage. Which soldiers with their continual shot killed divers of the vaunt guard led by the Hamiltons, who, courageously and fiercely ascending up the hill, were already out of breath, when the Regent's vaunt guard joined with them. Where the worthy Lord Home fought on foot with his pike in his hand very manfully, assisted by the Laird of Cessford, his brother-in-law, who helped him up again when he was stricken to the ground by many strokes upon his face, through the throwing pistols at him after they had been discharged. He was also wounded with staves, and had many strokes of spears through his legs; for he and Grange, at the joining, cried to let their adversaries first lay down their spears, to bear up theirs; which spears were so thick fixed in the others' jacks, that some of the pistols and great staves that were thrown by them which were behind, might be seen lying upon the spears.

"Upon the Queen's side the Earl of Argyle commanded the battle, and the Lord of Arbroath the vaunt guard. But the Regent committed to the Laird of Grange the special care, as being an experimented captain, to oversee every danger, and to ride to every wing, to encourage and make help where greatest need was. He perceived, at the first joining, the right wing of the Regent's vaunt guard put back, and like to fly, whereof the greatest part were commons of the barony of Renfrew; whereupon he rode to them, and told them that their enemy was already turning their backs, requesting them to stay and debate till he should bring them fresh men forth of the battle. Whither at full speed he did ride alone, and told the Regent that the enemy were shaken and flying away behind the little village, and desired a few number of fresh men to go with him. Where he found enough willing, as the Lord Lindsay, the Laird of Lochleven, Sir James Balfour, and all the Regent's servants, who followed him with diligence, and reinforced that wing which was beginning to fly; which fresh men with their

They set off accordingly—Roland lingered a moment, to command the attendants of the Knight of Avenel to convey their master to the Castle of Crookstone, and to say that he demanded from him no other condition of liberty, than his word, that he and his followers would keep secret the direction in which the Queen fled. As he turned his rein to depart, the honest countenance of Adam Woodcock stared upon him with an expression of surprise, which, at another time, would have excited his hearty mirth. He had been one of the followers who had experienced the weight of Roland's arm, and they now knew each other, Roland having put up his visor, and the good yeoman having thrown away his barret-cap, with the iron bars in front, that he might the more readily assist his master. Into this barret-cap, as it lay on the ground, Roland forgot not to drop a few gold pieces, (fruits of the Queen's liberality,) and with a signal of kind recollection and enduring friendship, he departed at full gallop to overtake the Queen, the dust raised by her train being already far down the hill.

"It is not fairy-money," said honest Adam, weighing and handling the gold—"And it was Master Roland himself, that is a certain thing—the same open hand, and by Our Lady!"—(shrugging his shoulders)—"the same ready fist!—My Lady will hear of this gladly, for she mourns for him as if he were her son. And to see how gay he is! But these light lads are as sure to be uppermost as the froth to be on the top of the quart-pot—Your man of solid parts remains ever a falconer." So saying, he went to aid his comrades, who had now come up in greater numbers, to carry his master into the Castle of Crookstone.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

My native land, good night!

BYRON.

MANY a bitter tear was shed during the hasty flight of Queen Mary, over fallen hopes, future prospects, and slaughtered friends. The deaths of the brave Douglas, and of the fiery but gallant young Seyton, seemed to affect the Queen as much as the fall from the throne, on which she had so nearly been again seated. Catherine Seyton devoured in secret her own grief, anxious to support the broken spirits of her mistress; and the Abbot, bending his troubled thoughts upon futurity, endeavoured in vain to form some plan which had a shadow of hope. The spirit of young Roland, for he also mingled in the hasty debates held by the companions of the Queen's flight, continued unchecked and unbroken.

"Your Majesty," he said, "has lost a battle—Your ancestor, Bruce, lost seven successively, ere he sat triumphant on the Scottish throne, and proclaimed with the voice of a victor, in the field of Bannockburn, the independence of his country. Are not these heaths, which we may traverse at will, better than the locked, guarded, and lake-moated Castle of Lochleven?—We are free—in that one word there is comfort for all our losses."

He struck a bold note, but the heart of Mary made no response.

"Better," she said, "I had still been in Lochleven, than seen the slaughter made by rebels among the subjects who offered themselves to death for my sake. Speak not to me of further efforts—they would only cause the lives of you, the friends who recommend them! I would not again undergo what I felt, when I saw from yonder mount the swords of the fell horsemen of Morton raging among the faithful Seytons and Hamiltons, for their loyalty to their Queen—I would not again feel what I felt when Douglas's life-blood stained my mantle for his love to Mary Stewart—not to be empress of all that Britain's seas enclose. Find for me some place where I can hide my unhappy head, which brings destruction on all who love it—it is the last favour that Mary asks of her faithful followers."

In this dejected mood, but still pursuing her flight with unabated rapidity, the unfortunate Mary, after having been joined by Lord Herries and a few followers, at length halted, for the first time, at the Abbey of Dundrennan, nearly sixty miles distant from the field of battle. In this remote corner of Galloway, the Reformation not having yet been strictly enforced against the monks, a few still lingered in their cells unmolested; and the Prior, with tears and reverence, received the fugitive Queen at the gate of his convent.

"I bring you ruin, my good father," said the Queen, as she was lifted from her palfrey.

"It is welcome," said the Prior, "if it comes in the train of duty."

Placed on the ground, and supported by her ladies, the Queen looked for an instant at her palfrey, which, jaded and drooping its head, seemed as if it mourned the distresses of its mistress.

"Good Roland," said the Queen, whispering, "let Rosabelle be cared for—ask thy heart, and it will tell thee why I make this trifling request even in this awful hour."

She was conducted to her apartment, and in the hurried consultation of her attendants, the fatal resolution of the retreat to England was finally adopted. In the morning it received her approbation, and a messenger was despatched to the English warden, to pray him for safe conduct and hospitality, on the part of the Queen of Scotland. On the next day, the Abbot Ambrose walked in the garden of the Abbey with Roland, to whom he expressed his disapprobation of the course pursued. "It is madness and ruin," he said; "better commit herself to the savage Highlanders or wild Bordermen, than to the faith of Elizabeth. A woman to a rival woman—a presumptive successor to the keeping of a jealous and childless Queen!—Roland, Herries is true and loyal, but his counsel has ruined his mistress."

"Ay, ruin follows us every where," said an old man, with a spade in his hand, and dressed like a lay-brother, of whose presence, in the vehemence of his exclamation, the Abbot had not been aware—"Gaze not on me with such wonder!—I am he who was the Abbot Boniface at Kennaquhair, who was the gardener Blinkhoolie at Lochleven, hunted round to the place in which I served my noviciate, and now ye are come to rouse me up again!—A weary life I have had, for one to whom peace was ever the dearest blessing."

"We will soon rid you of our company, good father," said the Abbot; "and the Queen will, I fear, trouble your retreat no more."

"Nay, you said as much before," said the querulous old man, "and yet I was put forth from Kinross, and pillaged by troopers on the road.—They took from me the certificate that you wot of—that of the Baron—ay, he was a moss-trooper like themselves—You asked me of it, and I could never find it, but they found it—it showed the marriage of—of—my memory fails me—Now see how men differ! Father Nicholas would have told you a hundred tales of the Abbot Ingelram, on whose soul God have mercy!—He was, I warrant you, fourscore and six, and I am not more than—let me see"——

"Was not Avenel the name you seek, my good Father?" said Roland, impatiently, yet moderating his tone for fear of alarming or offending the infirm old man.

"Ay, right—Avenel, Julian Avenel—You are perfect in the name—I kept all the special confessions, judging it held with my vow to do so—I could not find it when my successor, Ambrosius, spoke on't—but the troopers found it, and the Knight who commanded the party struck his breast, till his hauberk clattered like an empty watering-can."

"Saint Mary!" said the Abbot, "in whom could

loose weapons struck the enemies in their flank and faces, which forced them incontinent to give place and turn back after long fighting and pushing others to and fro with their spears. There were not many horsemen to pursue after them, and the Regent cried to save and not to kill, and Grange was never cruel, so that there were few slain and taken. And the only slaughter was at the first rencounter by the shot of the soldiers, which Grange had planted at the lane-head behind some dikes."

It is remarkable that, while passing through the small town of Renfew, some partisans, adherents of the House of Lenox, attempting to arrest Queen Mary and her attendants, were obliged to make way for her, not without slaughter.

such a paper excite such interest? What was the appearance of the Knight, his arms, his colours?"

"Ye distract me with your questions—I dared hardly look at him—they charged me with bearing letters for the Queen, and searched my mail—This was all along of your doings at Lochleven."

"I trust in God," said the Abbot to Roland, who stood beside him, shivering and trembling with impatience, "the paper has fallen into the hands of my brother—I heard he had been with his followers on the scout betwixt Stirling and Glasgow.—Bore not the Knight a holly-bough in his helmet?—Canst thou not remember?

"O, remember—remember," said the old man, pettishly; "count as many years as I do, if your plots will let you, and see what, and how much, you remember.—Why, I scarce remember the pearmains which I graffed here with my own hands some fifty years since."

At this moment a bugle sounded loudly from the beach.

"It is the death-blast to Queen Mary's royalty!" said Ambrosius; "the English warden's answer has been received, favourable doubtless, for when was the door of the trap closed against the prey which it was set for?—Droop not, Roland—this matter shall be sifted to the bottom—but we must not now leave the Queen—Follow me—let us do our duty, and trust the issue with God—Farewell, good Father—I will visit thee again soon."

He was about to leave the garden, followed by Roland, with half-reluctant steps. The Ex-Abbot resumed his spade.

"I could be sorry for these men," he said, "ay, and for that poor Queen, but what avail earthly sorrows to a man of fourscore?—and it is a rare dropping morning for the early colewort."

"He is stricken with age," said Ambrosius, as he dragged Roland down to the sea-beach; "we must let him take his time to collect himself—nothing now can be thought on but the fate of the Queen."

They soon arrived where she stood, surrounded by her little train, and by her side the sheriff of Cumberland, a gentleman of the house of Lowther, richly dressed and accompanied by soldiers. The aspect of the Queen exhibited a singular mixture of alacrity and reluctance to depart. Her language and gestures spoke hope and consolation to her attendants, and she seemed desirous to persuade even herself that the step she adopted was secure, and that the assurance she had received of kind reception was altogether satisfactory; but her quivering lip, and unsettled eye, betrayed at once her anguish at departing from Scotland, and her fears of confiding herself to the doubtful faith of England.

"Welcome, my Lord Abbot," she said, speaking to Ambrosius, "and you, Roland Avenel, we have joyful news for you—our loving sister's officer proffers us, in her name, a safe asylum from the rebels who have driven us from our own—only it grieves me we must here part from you for a short space."

"Part from us, madam!" said the Abbot. "Is your welcome in England, then, to commence with the abridgement of your train, and dismissal of your counsellors?"

"Take it not thus, good Father," said Mary; "the Warden and the Sheriff, faithful servants of our Royal Sister, deem it necessary to obey her instructions in the present case, even to the letter, and can only take upon them to admit me with my female attendants. An express will instantly be despatched from London, assigning me a place of residence; and I will speedily send to all of you whenever my Court shall be formed."

"Your Court formed in England! and while Elizabeth lives and reigns?" said the Abbot—"that will be when we shall see two suns in one heaven!"

"Do not think so," replied the Queen; "we are well assured of our sister's good faith. Elizabeth loves fame—and not all that she has won by her power and her wisdom will equal that which she will acquire by extending her hospitality to a distressed sister! not all that she may hereafter do of good, wise, and great, would blot out the reproach of abusing our confidence.—Farewell, my page—now my knight—farewell for a brief season. I will dry the tears of Catherine, or I will weep with her till neither of us can weep longer." She held out her hand to Roland, who, flinging himself on his knees, kissed it with much emotion. He was about to render the same homage to Catherine, when the Queen, assuming an air of sprightliness, said, "Her lips, thou foolish boy! and, Catherine, coy it not—these English gentlemen should see, that, even in our cold clime, Beauty knows how to reward Bravery and Fidelity!"

"We are not now to learn the force of Scottish beauty, or the mettle of Scottish valour," said the Sheriff of Cumberland, courteously—"I would it were in my power to bid these attendants upon her who is herself the mistress of Scottish beauty, as welcome to England as my poor cares would make them. But our Queen's orders are positive in case of such an emergence, and they must not be disputed by her subject.—May I remind your Majesty that the tide ebbs fast?"

The Sheriff took the Queen's hand, and she had already placed her foot on the gangway, by which she was to enter the skiff, when the Abbot, starting from a trance of grief and astonishment at the words of the Sheriff, rushed into the water, and seized upon her mantle.

"She foresaw it!—she foresaw it!"—he exclaimed—"she foresaw your flight into her realm; and foreseeing it, gave orders you should be thus received. Blinded, deceived, doomed Princess! your fate is sealed when you quit this strand.—Queen of Scotland, thou shalt not leave thine heritage!" he continued, holding a still firmer grasp upon her mantle; "true men shall turn rebels to thy will, that they may save thee from captivity or death. Fear not the bills and bows whom that gay man has at his beck—we will withstand him by force. O, for the arm of my warlike brother!—Roland Avenel, draw thy sword!"

The Queen stood irresolute and frightened; one foot upon the plank, the other on the sand of her native shore, which she was quitting for ever.

"What needs this violence, Sir Priest?" said the Sheriff of Cumberland; "I came hither at your Queen's command, to do her service; and I will depart at her least order, if she rejects such aid as I can offer. No marvel is it if our Queen's wisdom foresaw that such chance as this might happen amidst the turmoils of your unsettled State; and, while willing to afford fair hospitality to her Royal Sister, deemed it wise to prohibit the entrance of a broken army of her followers into the English frontier."

"You hear," said Queen Mary, gently unloosing her robe from the Abbot's grasp, "that we exercise full liberty of choice in leaving this shore; and, questionless, the choice will remain free to us in going to France, or returning to our own dominions, as we shall determine—Besides, it is too late—Your blessing, Father, and God speed thee!"

"May He have mercy on thee, Princess, and speed thee also!" said the Abbot, retreating. "But my soul tells me I look on thee for the last time!"

The sails were hoisted, the oars were plied, the vessel went freshly on her way through the Frith, which divides the shores of Cumberland from those of Galloway; but not till the vessel diminished to the size of a child's frigate, did the doubtful, and dejected, and dismissed followers of the Queen cease to linger on the sands; and long, long could they discern the kerchief of Mary, as she waved the oft-repeated signal of adieu to her faithful adherents, and to the shores of Scotland.

IF good tidings of a private nature could have consoled Roland for parting with his mistress, and for the distresses of his sovereign, he received such comfort some days subsequent to the Queen's leaving Dundrennan. A breathless post—no other than Adam Woodcock—brought despatches from Sir Halbert Glendinning to the Abbot, whom he found with Roland, still residing at Dundrennan, and in vain torturing Boniface with fresh interrogations. The packet bore an earnest invitation to his brother to make Avenel Castle for a time his residence. "The

clemency of the Regent," said the writer, "has extended pardon both to Roland and to you, upon condition of your remaining a time under my wardship. And I have that to communicate respecting the parentage of Roland, which not only you will willingly listen to, but which will be also found to afford me, as the husband of his nearest relative, some interest in the future course of his life."

The Abbot read this letter, and paused, as if considering what were best for him to do. Mean while, Woodcock took Roland aside, and addressed him as follows:—Now, look, Master Roland, that you do not let any papistrie nonsense lure either the priest or you from the right quarry. See you, you ever bore yourself as a bit of a gentleman. Read that, and thank God that threw old Abbot Boniface in our way, as two of the Seyton's men were conveying him towards Dundrennan here. We searched him for intelligence concerning that fair exploit of yours at Lochleven, that has cost many a man his life, and me a set of sore bones—and we found what is better for your purpose than ours."

The paper which he gave, was, indeed, an attestation by Father Philip, subscribing himself unworthy Sacristan, and brother of the House of Saint Mary's, stating, "that under a vow of secrecy he had united, in the holy sacrament of marriage, Julian Avenel and Catherine Græme; but that Julian having repented of his union, he, Father Philip, had been sinfully prevailed on by him to conceal and disguise the same, according to a complot devised betwixt him and the said Julian Avenel, whereby the poor damsel was induced to believe that the ceremony had been performed by one not in holy orders, and having no authority to that effect. Which sinful concealment the undersigned conceived to be the cause why he was abandoned to the misguiding of a water fiend, whereby he had been under a spell, which obliged him to answer every question, even touching the most solemn matters, with idle snatches of old songs, besides being sorely afflicted with rheumatic pains ever after. Wherefore he had deposited this testificate and confession, with the day and date of the said marriage, with his lawful superior, Boniface, Abbot of Saint Mary's, *sub sigillo confessionis*."

It appeared by a letter from Julian, folded carefully up with the certificate, that the Abbot Boniface had, in effect, bestirred himself in the affair, and obtained from the Baron a promise to avow his marriage; but the death of both Julian and his injured bride, together with the Abbot's resignation, his ignorance of the fate of their unhappy offspring, and, above all, the good father's listless and inactive disposition, had suffered the matter to become totally forgotten, until it was recalled by some accidental conversation with the Abbot Ambrosius concerning the fortunes of the Avenel family. At the request of his successor, the quondam Abbot made search for it; but, as he would receive no assistance in looking among the few records of spiritual experiences and important confessions, which he had conscientiously treasured, it might have remained for ever hidden amongst them, but for the more active researches of Sir Halbert Glendinning.

"So that you are like to be heir of Avenel at last, Master Roland, after my lord and lady have gone to their place," said Adam; "and as I have but one boon to ask, I trust you will not nick me with nay."

"Not if it be in my power to say yes, my trusty friend."

"Why then, I must needs, if I live to see that day, keep on feeding the eyasses with unwashed flesh," said Woodcock sturdily, yet as if doubting the reception that his request might meet with.

"Thou shalt feed them with what you list for me," said Roland, laughing; "I am not many months older than when I left the Castle, but I trust I have gathered wit enough to cross no man of skill in his own vocation."

"Then I would not change places with the King's falconer," said Adam Woodcock, "nor with the Queen's neither—but they say she will be mewed up and never need one.—I see it grieves you to think of it, and I could grieve for company; but what help for it—Fortune will fly her own flight, let a man halloo himself hoarse."

The Abbot and Roland journeyed to Avenel, where the former was tenderly received by his brother, while the lady wept for joy to find that in her favourite orphan she had protected the sole surviving branch of her own family. Sir Halbert Glendinning and his household were not a little surprised at the change which a brief acquaintance with the world had produced in their former inmate, and rejoiced to find, in the pettish, spoiled, and presuming page, a modest and unassuming young man, too much acquainted with his own expectations and character, to be hot or petulant in demanding the consideration which was readily and voluntarily yielded to him. The old Major Domo Wingate was the first to sing his praises, to which Mrs. Lilias bore a loud echo, always hoping that God would teach him the true gospel.

To the true gospel the heart of Roland had secretly long inclined, and the departure of the good Abbot for France, with the purpose of entering into some house of his order in that kingdom, removed his chief objection to renouncing the Catholic faith. Another might have existed in the duty which he owed to Magdalen Græme, both by birth and from gratitude. But he learned, ere he had been long a resident in Avenel, that his grandmother had died at Cologne, in the performance of a penance too severe for her age, which she had taken upon herself in behalf of the Queen and Church of Scotland, so soon as she heard of the defeat at Langside. The zeal of the Abbot Ambrosius was more regulated; but he retired into the Scottish convent of ——, and so lived there, that the fraternity were inclined to claim for him the honours of canonization. But he guessed their purpose, and prayed them, on his death-bed, to do no honours to the body of one as sinful as themselves; but to send his body and his heart to be buried in Avenel burial-aisle, in the monastery of Saint Mary's, that the last Abbot of that celebrated house of devotion might sleep among its ruins.*

Long before that period arrived, Roland Avenel

* This was not the explanation of the incident of searching for the heart, mentioned in the introduction to the tale, which the author originally intended. It was designed to refer to the heart of Robert Bruce. It is generally known that that great monarch, being on his death bed, bequeathed to the good Lord James of Douglas, the task of carrying his heart to the Holy Land, to fulfil in a certain degree his own desire to perform a crusade. Upon Douglas's death, fighting against the Moors in Spain, a sort of military *hors d'œuvre* to which he could have pleaded no regular call of duty, his followers brought back the Bruce's heart, and deposited it in the Abbey church of Melrose, the Kennaquhair of the tale.

This Abbey had been always particularly favoured by the Bruce. We have already seen his extreme anxiety that each of the reverend brethren should be daily supplied with a service of boiled almonds, rice and milk, pease, or the like, to be called the King's mess, and that without the ordinary service of their table being either disturbed in quantity or quality. But this was not the only mark of the bounty of good King Robert towards the monks of Melrose, since, by a charter of the date, 29th May, 1326, he conferred on the Abbot of Melrose the sum of two thousand pounds sterling, for rebuilding the church of St. Mary's, ruined by the English; and there is little or no doubt that the principal part of the remains which now display such exquisite specimens of Gothic architecture, at its very purest period, had their origin in this munificent donation. The money was to be paid out of crown lands, estates forfeited to the King, and other property or demesnes of the crown.

A very curious letter written to his son about three weeks before his death, has been pointed out to me by my friend Mr. Thomas Thomson, Deputy Register for Scotland. It enlarges so much on the love of the royal writer to the community of Melrose, that it is well worthy of being inserted in a work connected in some degree with Scottish History.

LITERA DOMINI REGIS ROBERTI AD FILIUM SUUM DAVID.

"Robertus dei gratia Rex Scottorum, David precordialissimo filio suo, ac ceteris successoribus suis; Salutem, et sic eius precepta tenere ut cum sua benedictione possint regnare. Fili carissime, digne censeri videtur filius, qui, patris mores in bonis imitans, piam eius nititur exequi voluntatem; nec proprie sibi sumit nomen heredis, qui sane ipsius predecessoris affectibus non adheret. Cupientes igitur, ut piam affectionem et sinceram dileccionem quam erga monasterium de Melros, ubi cor nostrum ex speciali devotione disponimus tumulandum, et erga Religiosos ibidem Deo servientes, ipsorum vita sanctissima nos ad hoc excitante, concepimus; Tu ceterique successores mei pia sinceritate prosequamini, ut, ex vestre dileccionis affectu dictis Religiosis nostri causa post mortem nostram ostenso, ipsi pro nobis ad orandum fervencius et forcius animentur: Vobis precipimus quantum possumus, instanter supplicamus, et ex toto corde injungimus, Quatinus assignacionibus quas eisdem viris Religiosis et fabrica Ecclesie sue de novo fecimus ac eciam

was wedded to Catherine Seyton, who, after two years' residence with her unhappy mistress, was dismissed, upon her being subjected to closer restraint than had been at first exercised. She returned to her father's house, and as Roland was acknowledged for the successor and lawful heir of the ancient house of Avenel, greatly increased as the estate was by the providence of Sir Halbert Glendinning, there occurred no objections to the match on the part of her family. Her mother was recently dead when she first entered the convent; and her father, in the unsettled times which followed Queen Mary's flight to England, was not averse to an alliance with a youth, who, himself loyal to Queen Mary, still held some influence, through means of Sir Halbert Glendinning, with the party in power.

Roland and Catherine, therefore, were united, spite of their differing faiths; and the White Lady, whose apparition had been infrequent when the house of Avenel seemed verging to extinction, was seen to sport by her haunted well, with a zone of gold around her bosom as broad as the baldrick of an Earl.

omnibus aliis donacionibus nostris, ipsos libere gaudere permittatis, Eosdem potius si necesse fuerit augmentantes quam diminuentes, ipsorum peticiones auribus benevolis admittentes, ac ipsos contra suos invasores et emulos pia defensione protegentes. Hanc autem exhortacionem supplicacionem et preceptum tu, fili ceterique successores nostri, prestanti animo complere curetis, si nostram benediccionem habere velitis, unacum benediccione filii summi Regis, qui filios docuit patrum voluntates in bono perficere, asserens in mundum se venisse non ut suam voluntatem faceret sed paternam. In testimonium autem nostre devocionis erga locum predictum sic a nobis dilectum et electum concepte, presentem literam Religiosis predictis dimittimus, nostris successoribus in posterum ostendendam. Data apud Cardros, undecimo die Maii, Anno Regni nostri vicesimo quarto."

If this charter be altogether genuine, and there is no appearance of forgery, it gives rise to a curious doubt in Scottish history. The letter announces that the King had already destined his heart to be deposited at Melrose. The resolution to send it to Palestine, under the charge of Douglas, must have been adopted betwixt 11th May 1329, the date of the letter, and 7th June of the same year, when the Bruce died; or else we must suppose that the commission of Douglas extended not only to taking the Bruce's heart to Palestine, but to bring it safe back to its final place of deposit in the Abbey of Melrose.

It would not be worth inquiring by what caprice the author was induced to throw the incident of the Bruce's heart entirely out of the story, save merely to say, that he found it impracticable to fill up the canvass he had sketched, and unwilling to prosecute the management of the supernatural machinery with which his plan, when it was first rough-hewn, was connected and combined.

THE END OF THE ABBOT.

B'DEH